

## The Adventure of Mr. Shrip and the Wise Old Whale

Bright blue reflections like a disco ball hit the sandy sea bed and fluorescent dazzling strobes of sun light shine through like a helicopter landing with its spotlights on, the light suddenly catches a glistening gold crown down in the mysterious shadows.

This is not a piece of treasure. Lying buried in the golden sand, rusted by the salt water, lies an old red telephone box with just the top poking out. Below the gold crown and the word 'telephone', and through the broken glass of the window, there lives a little shrimp.

Mr. Shrip is his name. His safe and cosy home is quite luxurious. By the window he plays his guitar and watches his friends passing by. At the end of a coiling ladder is the old telephone receiver in which he has a very comfortable bed.

One day Mr. Shrip was out tottering along his cobble path of shells, foraging for some lunchtime algae. After a while he noticed something weird going on; there were some rumbles in the sky above the surface and lightening flashed, bringing dazzling flashes zig-zagging along the sea floor. He slowly realised that it was an underwater storm! As the current got stronger and stronger, his dainty legs whizzed through ferocious clouds of sand grains back to his house as fast as he possibly could. When he finally got back, he tried to cover up all his broken window with everything he had except his guitar (because it is nice and his most treasured possession!).

Wide awake all night, Mr. Shrip was still terrified from the storm that happened yesterday. Today, he is trying to go for his walk for a second time. His heart thumping, he set out into the wave bashed sand hills now created outside his home. His little cobble path of shells now destroyed, he had no track to re-trace his steps back home. Venturing further to satisfy his hunger, he got lost. Feeling sad and worried to bits, he could not find the way back to his telephone box sanctuary. To his amazement, luck came his way. He suddenly realised that he was near to where the old wise whale lived; he could ask him for help!

The barnacle covered whale said, 'I can show you a secret tunnel built under the sand, and it should lead you straight to your back yard.'

Mr. Shrip liked the sound of that! Doing a somersault for joy, he said 'let's go!' but the whale stopped him. Speaking carefully and gently, he warned of wolf eels on the floor of the huge, dark tunnel, and ELECTRIC eels at the end! Mr. Shrip, extremely shaken up after hearing this, figured he had no other choice, so he tagged along.

When they dived into the creepy depths of the tunnel bottom, sure enough there were at least two wolf eels and they did have kids with them so the terrified Mr. Shrip stayed out of the way. They carried on through the tunnel. It was kind of cramped, the whale as big as a bus with the trembling shrimp floating alongside his eye. Towards the end of the tunnel, Mr. Shrip was terrified out of his shell as electric eels were his greatest fear of all.

He knew electric eels were extremely dangerous, deadly, and very sensitive of their surroundings. With cunning, steely blue eyes they look very mean and their long slithering body reminded Mr. Shrip of a stealth missile. Knowing that its electric tail and body can kill a person, he bolted under a barnacle on the whale's back and felt safe there.

After what felt like a lifetime, the two friends leave the danger zone. 'You can stop hiding now,' chuckled the whale. Mr. Shrip crept out into the lovely aqua blue shallows. 'Thank you for protecting me from the eels, and saving my life', whispered Mr. Shrip sincerely into the whale's ear. The whale replied with a gigantic smile, 'you're welcome,' he said. With a wave of his huge tail he turned and swam out of sight.

Back on the golden sand in the shallows, Mr. Shrip still could not see his shell path. He thought he was lost again. But then he saw a gold crown glistening in the sun and that's when he realized that he was home at last!

Back at home in his red telephone box playing his guitar, Mr. Shrip wrote a song about his awesome adventure.

THE END.