

BONZOOLOO ISLAND

A long time ago, there was an artist called Mr George Studdy, and he decided to leave his cartoon creations, Bonzo and Ooloo, on an island in Imagination Sea.



"There's not much here," said Bonzo, looking around. "The land's all white."

"Yes," replied Ooloo, "just like a blank page or canvas."

"But look over there, behind that mound," said Bonzo. "Uncle George has left his old paintbrushes here."

"Let's go and talk to them," suggested Ooloo. "They might know why we're here."

The paintbrushes were sunbathing, but as soon as they saw the two cartoon characters coming over, they jumped up.

"At last!" said the tallest one. "You took your time!"

"Oh," said Ooloo, "we've just arrived. How long have you been waiting for us?"

"Forever," replied the oldest paintbrush. "We got so bored that we painted the sky and the sea."

"Very nice," said Bonzo, stepping in a blue puddle. "Will the sky keep dripping?"

"We don't know," said the smallest paintbrush. "We've been trying to blow it dry for ages."

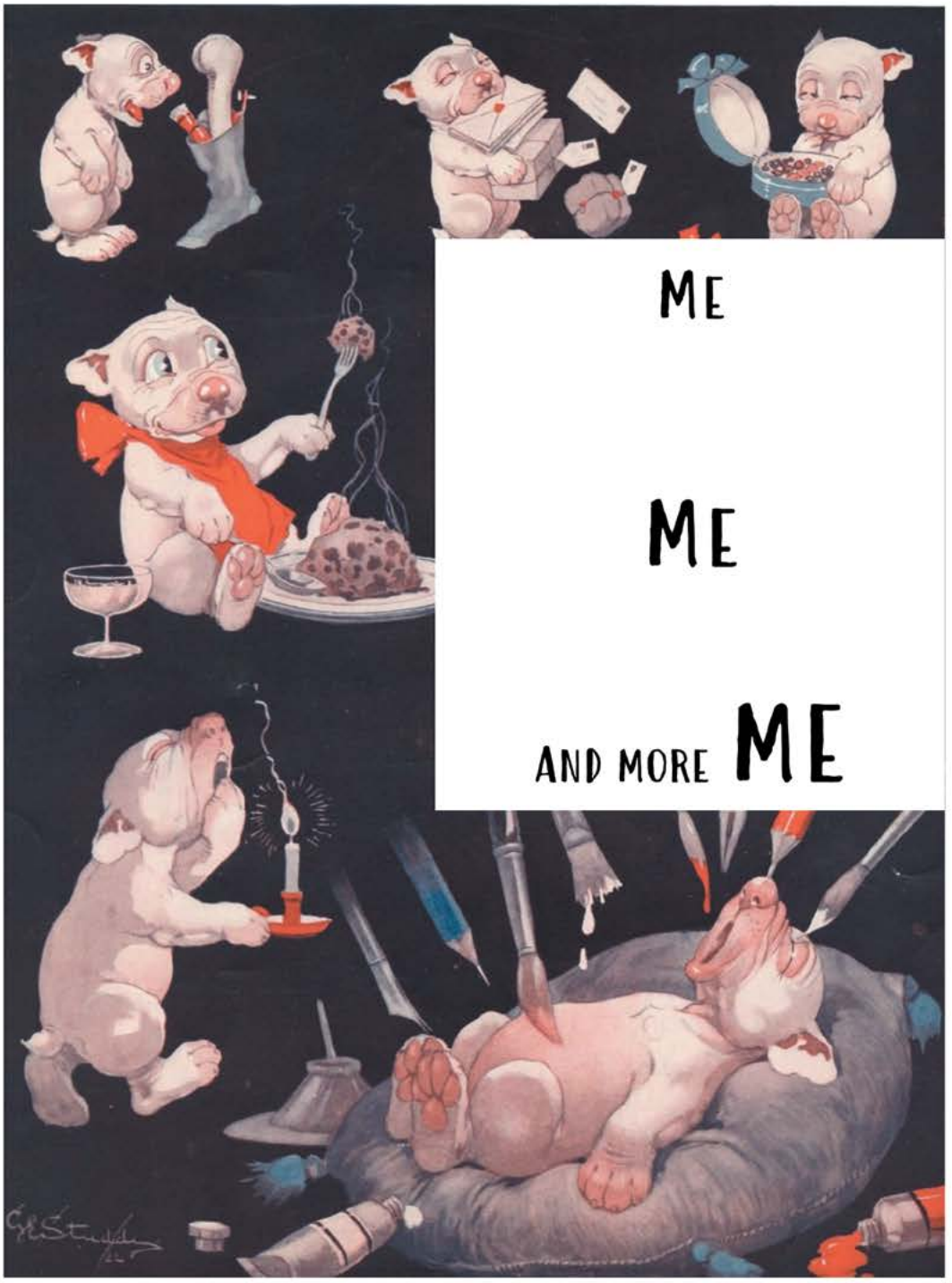
"Why are we here?" asked Ooloo.

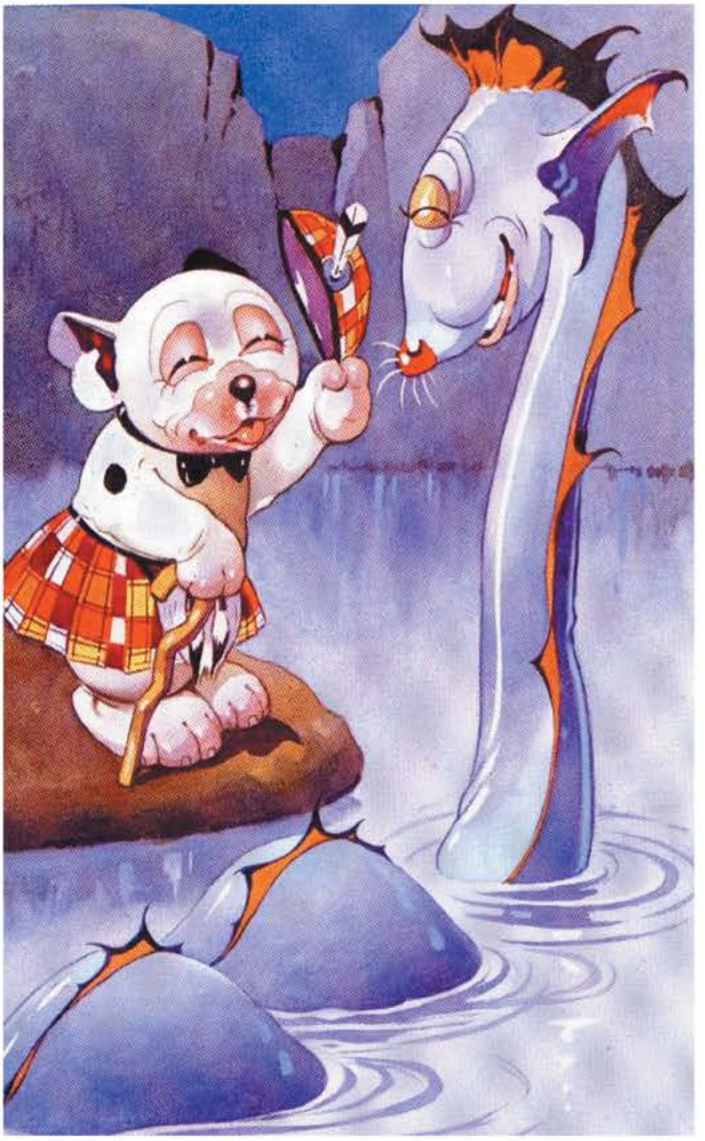
"This island is your new home," replied the shortest paintbrush. "Uncle George left it to you both in his will."

Bonzo and Ooloo looked sad for a while, and then Bonzo perked up. "So, can you lot paint anything for us?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the oldest paintbrush, "your wish is our command."

"Er... um..." said Bonzo. "My mind is just full of Uncle George's pictures of me at the moment."





"Surely you can recall one of Uncle George's postcards," said Ooloo.

"Of course," said Bonzo. "The first one that comes to mind is the Loch Ness Monster. It was her wedding day, so guess what day of the week it was."

"Er... um... I don't know," replied Ooloo.

"'Wed-ness-day'," said Bonzo.

"Do you want to add her to your island?" asked the oldest paintbrush, chuckling. "I can see your thoughts, and we can bring Nessie to life here in a jiffy."

"Yes!" replied Bonzo. "Pop her up north, and don't forget her purple lake."

"Where is her husband?" asked Ooloo.

"Oh," replied Bonzo, "Nessie decided she'd made a '*myth*take' – she didn't like him – so one day he went '*myth*ing'."

"Will you be wanting any roads?" asked the old paintbrush.

"Yes, but just quiet country roads and lanes," answered Bonzo, "and please add a few mountains for me to climb."

