The Fruit People

‘What on earth is she?!’ whispered Stacey Strawberry to Paul Pineapple. ‘Where has she come from?’ Stacey and Paul tried not to stare at the strange fruit walking up Fruit Lane. They couldn’t help but look and wonder what kind of fruit this was as they had never seen the likes of her before. All the fruit knew each other in Green grocer Village and they weren’t too sure about this new arrival. The new fruit was an oval shape with dark pink skin and green spikes! ‘She looks spikey and scary!’ Paul said to Stacey. ‘Let’s stay away from her!’ ‘You never know she might actually be a friendly fruit!’ replied Stacey. ‘I don’t think so! Let’s just stay away!’ said Paul.

As they were walking along the lane they spied another spikey fruit! Then they looked behind them and there were four more! ‘Where are all these crazy fruits coming from?’ said Stacey. ‘They have really jaggy spikes! Do you think they are dinosaur fruits?’ asked Paul. Stacey became very scared of these peculiar fruits as she thought they might try to eat her, so they decided to run as fast as they could to Fruit Bowl Street.

Stacy and Paul started to sprint towards Fruit Bowl Street. All of a sudden, Stacey heard loud footprints behind her. She turned around and saw that the spikey fruits were running after them. ‘Quick Paul! They are following us!’ screamed Stacey. ‘I have an idea’ said Paul. ‘This way!’ Paul grabbed Stacey’s arm and pulled her down another lane. They both ran into the town square and hid behind the statue of the Green Grocer village mayor. Stacey and Paul hid behind the statue for a while. The town square was very quiet and eerie. ‘ I think we are safe now’ said Stacey. ‘Let’s go!’. As Stacey and Paul began to walk away, something jaggy pulled Paul’s arm…

Terrified, Paul turned slowly around to see what was pulling him. Paul let out a sigh of relief as he realised it was just his brother, Percy. “Those crazy, spikey fruits were chasing me but I managed to get away,” panted Percy.

“The same thing happened to us!” Stacey replied. Suddenly they saw thousands of the spikey fruits marching towards them like a parade of soldiers.

“What are we going to do?” Percy whispered anxiously.

“We could set up a barricade. We’ll need to gather all the bins and bricks from the construction site and build a wall, but we’ll need to be quick,” suggested Paul. They all ran and collected the materials they needed and started to build a barricade at the end of the lane that joined on to Fruit Bowl Street. “At least we are safe…for now,” said Stacey hopefully.

Nervously, Percy Plum peered through gaps in the barricade. ‘They’re going to break through!’ he said, his voice quivering. Paul, Percy and Stacey frantically gathered more materials to make their barricade stronger but it was no use. The spikey fruits used all their power and tore the wall of materials down like a wrecking ball. ‘RUN!’ screamed the trio, petrified by the events which were unfolding.

As they sprinted through the town Percy reached out and grabbed Paul and Stacey. ‘I can’t run much longer…let’s hide behind the statue of the mayor.’

As they crouched behind the statue, gasping for breath, the sound of footsteps could be heard. With a bang as loud as thunder the statue came crashing to the ground around them as the powerful spikey fruits collided with the stone.

Suddenly, a familiar sound could be heard overhead. The sound was getting louder…closer. As Percy, Paul and Stacey looked up they felt a huge wave of relief as they saw Larry Lemon and Andrew Apple, their dads, approaching overhead in the flying watermelon. Discreetly, Larry and Andrew let down a banana ladder and quickly rescued their children from the chaos below.

Paul, Percy and Stacey sighed with relief as they thanked their dads for coming to their rescue. Knowing that the spikey fruits were still running free in their town, they decided to make a plan to eradicate them.

In the back of the watermelon, Paul, Percy and Stacey were desperately plotting ideas to overthrow these queer fruits.

Stacey Strawberry looked out the slushy watermelon seed window. A chaotic sight met her eyes, it seemed like millions (maybe even trillions!) of purple spiky fruits were following them, like a bloodhound follows its prey. Quickly Stacey Strawberry told everyone about what she’d seen.

For a moment everyone panicked, thumping the sticky walls until they were about to burst. “Wait a minute!” said Andrew Apple suddenly. ”I’ve got my carrot computer maybe we could contact the pea police “. Hands trembling Andrew dialled the emergency number.

As kids, Stacey Strawberry and Paul Pineapple had loved the watermelon but now with all the tension it seemed much too small. The spiky fruits were now closer than a bee to honey. As they were about to jump on to the vercle… BANG!... The pea police had arrived in there invincible pods. They had brought the SWAT team (strawberry, watermelon, apple and tomatoes) and each member had the heart of a lion.

Using giant strawberry lace nets they eventually rounded up the monstrous spikey fruits.

Later on in the day they strolled up to Coconut Cave (a prison) to check on them. The cells were as empty as mist…

Stacey Strawberry and Paul Pineapple, although terrified, tiptoed into the cave. They had to find out how the spiky fruits had escaped the hard coconut shell. Then, Stacey spotted it, “Look Paul, it’s here, they must have used a banana bomb to make a tunnel out!” In the corner, there it was, the tell-tale sign of banana bomb use – the banana peel and the whiff of slightly past their best bananas.

“We’re going to… have to… go down… that tangerine tunnel,” stuttered poor, petrified Paul.

They crouched down, and bravely pushed their way into the tunnel.

It was very dark. Very, very dark. Stacey and Paul quivered with fear as the crawled down the slope. Suddenly, they fall into a dark hole. It was a trap! How on earth were they going to get out? Nobody knew where they were to save them!

Hours and hours passed by. Poor Paul and scared Stacey were giving up hope. Then a small light appeared above their heads. The light got bigger and bigger.

“What on earth is that?!” whispered Stacey Strawberry.

“I recognise that orange and yellow glow,” exclaimed Paul Pineapple. “It’s Mango Man and his son Banana Boy! We are saved!”

Nobody in Green Grocer Village ever worked out where the spiky fruit had come from or where they had gone. All they knew, was that, for just now, they had left them in peace.