

The adventures of me and Alfred Von Wigglebottom: The world of darkness and raining food

“I don’t want to go to the cinema with you and Alfred,” mumbled Etta to me. “Trust me it’s cat’s pajamas, you won’t regret it,” I replied as Alfred agreed woofing, as he was dancing to the funky groove of the music that I put on before, Alfred continuing to stand on feet.

Soon the three of them heard an absurd sound from outside pristine house, a sound that seemed to attract Alfred to go upstairs, falling when it stopped, whining after having a hard landing, which made me laugh but covering my mouth trying not to wind him up.

As we set off to watch the classical Charlie Chaplin movie at the cinema, since me and Etta bought ‘Toffee fruit waffle bugle gusher’ Wigglebottom demanded for ‘Bertysquatt dog food’ which looked like to me like mushed brown peas which were always revolting and made me puke especially because it smelt like a 70-year-old blood covered tooth.

We had arrived at the theatre and knowing we delayed ourselves for the comedic and funny movie and didn’t want to miss any funny failures that Charlie Chaplin might have made in the movie, we trudged through the crowd at the theatre and entered the room where the movie was running. I snorted as we entered and on the black and white screen Charlie Chaplin had slipped over his walking stick. At the end

of the movie we heard the strange sound from earlier and then darkness...

My eyes widened from my unconsciousness. My mind went from blackness to puzzled. My eyes visualised as I looked at my surroundings complete black.

I called for Alfred but for a few seconds there was no response. Until I heard barking through the infinite blackness. Full of terror, I carefully walked towards where the echoes were coming.

As I approached the barks vibrating through the mysterious darkness, I fiddled with my arms until I felt a tag which I circled around with my fingers which was shaped like a bird, which was like Alfred's tag. Then I called Alfred, after a dog sounding voice replied, "Wooo!" which Alfred at home would reply as yes. I felt fur and told him "It's me, Zuki."

Until above us I heard a noise that sounded like something falling down. Me and Alfred look and vibrant colors from above, which looked like food. Firstly, batons of French bread stuffed with tuna and sweetcorn filling. Then winds of yellow squared cheese, rains of spaghetti which some landed on Alfred von Wigglebottom's head which made him look more like a poopdlini than a trepip.

Next there were drumsticks of sticky, BBQ chicken, scrambled eggs, rashes of bacon, bunches of sausages. Soon it ended with endless scoops of ice cream and cheesecake.

After the continuous raining of food, I felt dizzy and my mind went blank...

As we entered out of the movies Etta told us, “Let’s go to a restaurant.” Me and Alfred then definitely felt that we were going to puke.

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