

“ Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaarrgh! ” screamed Mrs Mad, the local school teacher. “ You evil smelly dog. What are you doing in my house again? You are a health hazard. ”

The dog, whose name was Scruff, sat on the floor and stared back at Mrs Mad. Little did she know that Scruff was no ordinary dog. He was really a Bonzoo.

Bonzoo’s are half pig and half dragon. Most of the time Scruff was just Scruff but at a full moon he would turn into a Bonzoo and tonight was going to be a full moon...

(Jeremy Strong and Aldbourne CBG)

Scruff stared at Mrs Mad. He thought, "What a horrible woman." He was furious, how dare she call him "a health hazard". Scruff considered his next move. The woman deserved some pay back. Would it be a nip to the nose, a bite to the bottom, a gnash to the leg or a scratch to the forehead? That would have to wait until tonight. Meanwhile he needed to hide.

(Ipswich CBG)

“Help!” yelped Scruff, pointing a paw at the calendar. ‘Can’t you see that it’s full moon tonight? That means I’m going to –’

Whoooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooosh!

Scruff couldn’t say any more, because instead of words, fire was coming out of his mouth!

(North West London CBG)

Mrs Mad’s eyes bulged in astonishment. “You? You are a dragon?”

“Yes,” snarled Scruff. “This time I’m a dragon. Sometimes I’m the other thing. The p-thing.” Flames flickered between his growing jaws.

Mrs Mad looked terrified. “Don’t hurt me, please,” she whimpered.

“You? You’re not worth it!” Scruff replied. Anyway, Mrs Mad’s carpet was now nothing but soot and ashes.

Then Scruff took another deep breath and blew. Fire shot across the room and –*Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzt!*– the entire door was gone. With one bound, Scruff dashed through the smouldering space and out into the night.

As the moonlight shone on Scruff’s shoulders, he felt a strange tickling deep within the scales of his back.

Suddenly – creak! - one wing tip appeared. Creak! – a second wing tip appeared.

Scruff scuttled behind a bush. Slowly, steadily his wings unfolded until at last he was ready. Scruff ran across the grass as fast as he could and – whoooosh! – he took off, flapping his new wings about rather awkwardly.

“Ooops! A curly tail is so much easier to manage!” Scruff gasped as he rose into the air, just missing an extremely tall tree.

Scruff soon flew into a great big cloud. It was so vast he couldn’t see a thing.

When Scruff came out the other side, he spotted mountains ahead. He aimed towards a shadow on the rocky crag. Just as he hoped, it was a deep dark cave!

Scruff landed, folded his wings, crept inside and crouched down. Soon a tear dribbled down his nose, hissing on the hot scales of his cheek.

Sometimes it was such hard work being a Bonzoo – changing from dog to dragon to pig and back again every time there was a full moon or shooting stars or something slightly unusual in the sky.

Why was his life so difficult? Why could he never find a home? Even a friend would do, he thought. And when would he find himself changing shape yet again? It was all so complicated.

Scruff sniffed away his tears. Then he sniffed again. He could smell something unusual. He could even hear something unusual – unusual for a cave, that is.

What could it be . . . ?

(Harrogate CBG)

“Who’s there?” asked Scruff nervously. He could hear a strange squeaky, squealing, noise, like windscreen wipers in a light shower, or chalk pulled down a blackboard. Scruff wrinkled up his snout as he tried to sniff out the source of the unusual noise and the unusual, and really rather dreadful, smell. He moved slowly into the darkest part of the cave, and, as the sound got louder, the smell got worse and worse.

“Ouch!” cried a squeaky, squealy, voice, “get off my tail.....please”

Scruff was so surprised that he stepped back quickly and let out a lick of flame. In its light, he saw a small, grubby mouse, a mouse whose tears had left damp, dirty tracks down his small, furry cheeks.

“I’m very sorry”, said Scruff “are you alright? I didn’t see you down there.”

“You weren’t meant to,” squeaked the mouse, “I’m a hermit. No one’s meant to see me. No one *wants* to see me....and they certainly don’t want to smell me” and with that he started squeaking and squealing again.

Scruff was not quite sure what to do, so he backed away and found a stick at the entrance of the cave which he lit with a careful little flame. He took the light back towards the weeping mouse.

“I’m Scruff”, he said gently, “and I’m hiding too. Erm.....what’s that nasty smell?”

The mouse stopped his squeaking and let out a surprisingly loud wail.

“It’s me!” he cried, and hid his face with his grubby little paws.

A dragon’s eyebrows are always missing because they get burnt off, but Scruff nevertheless raised his brows in surprise.

Scruff sat patiently waiting for the mouse’s sobs to subside. Eventually the mouse was able to explain that his name was Timothy and that he had been

sent into exile by his mouse tribe because of his unbearable smell. He had been in the cave for one night and one day and he was sad, cold, hungry and above all, lonely.

Scruff looked down on the little mouse and a plan was forming in his mind.

"I think we can help each other, Timothy. Why don't you hop up onto my back and come with me?"

(Oxted CBG)

They started to gallop towards the mouth of the cave. With a hop, skip and a jump, Scruff was gliding elegantly through the soft windy air. Timothy was hanging on for dear life. As the wind rushed past his eyes, it made them water.

Scruff was feeling rather tired. Although Timothy was very light, he was starting to weigh Scruff down and they were slowly dropping down towards the forest below. As they descended, Scruff felt a tingling in his back legs and then it struck the whole of his body. Scruff looked behind him and saw a pink curly tail like a curly chip. His scales were being covered up by pink, rough skin. Scruff was scared as he knew there would be a crash landing because he could feel his wings shrinking.

"Oh why did this have to happen now? Anytime but now!"

They flew down towards the ground in a flurry of legs and fur. With a crash, they hit a thin branch, which was beginning to bend as it couldn't take their weight. The branch began to tickle Scruff's belly as he could feel the wind blowing. They could hear a creaking noise as the branch began to snap. It cracked with an ear splitting and deafening sound. They plummeted to the ground and landed in a heap of soft leaves. Scruff's agile smile suddenly turned to a frown as his body was in agony.

He was about to tell Timothy something when pig words came out instead.

"Timothy are you oink oink?"

(Yeo Valley CBG)

Timothy was stunned, where did Scruff the dragon go?

"Tim, I'm here, I've turned into a pig, oink!"

A strange smile spread over Timothy's face, "Yum, Yum, walking pork chops, I haven't eaten in days!" he squeaked.

Scruff began to back away.

"Only joking!" sniggered Tim, "It's nice to have someone as smelly as me as a friend."

They looked around their eerie surroundings, cautiously shuffling along. Suddenly a huge owl swooped down, grabbing Timothy in his mighty talons and abruptly lifting him off the ground. Just as it was gaining height the owl stalled in mid-air; shaking its head from side to side, it sniffed the poisonous fumes coming from Tim's little body and dropped him as if he'd been electrocuted.

Timothy fell at top speed and hit the ground with a dangerously loud THUMP.

"Phew!" he squeaked, "Perhaps being smelly isn't so bad after all!"

The moonlight shone through the dark misty wood. Gazing around, looking puzzled Scruff said: "I'm confused, which way shall we go?"

Before Timothy could answer, they felt a slight tremor in the ground and there was a blood-curdling roar. Suspiciously they looked at the forest floor in front of them, it seemed to split apart.....and out popped a pink fleshy worm!!!

"That's a very loud noise for a little worm to make," said Scruff.

At that moment Timothy started nudging Scruff, while making pathetic whimpering noises. Scruff couldn't understand what all the fuss was about, until he looked up to see where Timothy was pointing.

Towering above them stood a ten foot grizzly bear.....

(Solihull CBG)

The bear's sleek fur shimmered in the eerie light. Scruff's wrinkled ears bent backwards as he and Timothy stood, shaking with fear, watching the huge beast shuffle closer...closer....closer, his jaw opening wide, until all they could see were two big, hairy kneecaps. The bear was sniffing the air in huge gulps. "P-please, d-don't eat us!" pleaded Timothy, his voice rising higher and sounding squeakier than ever. To their astonishment the bear chuckled, a deep rumbling sound that began somewhere behind his belly button and bubbled up out of his throat.

"Eat you?" he growled, "Don't be silly, I'm a vegetarian!"

Scruff and Timothy stared up at the bear. He was still sniffing loudly, but not because of Timothy's smell. They suddenly saw a huge teardrop come splashing down towards them, and jumped back as the tears became a waterfall streaming down the bear's furry face.

"Why are you crying?" asked Scruff, timidly.

"B-because my family has been k-kidnapped, and sold to a travelling circus!" sobbed the bear, a fresh deluge of bear tears threatening to soak Scruff and Timothy. The two friends forgot their own troubles for an instant and took pity on him.

"Don't worry, we'll help you," said Scruff, reassuringly.

"W-we *will*?" whispered Timothy.

"Of course," replied Scruff stoutly. "what is your name, Mr Bear?"

“Bruno,” replied the grizzly, “and my two darling little cubs Bella and Billy were stolen with their mother, my beautiful Suzy, with her lovely dark chocolate brown fur and the kindest eyes you ever saw...oh, whatever shall I do?” He burst into tears again.

“Come on, Bruno, that won’t help,” said Scruff, severely, “we need to get out of this wild, jungly wood and find the circus.”

Together they set off through the trees, the bear sniffing loudly. Just as they were leaving the forest, an ear-piercing scream broke the silence.

“W-what was that?” stammered Timothy, putting his paws over his ears.

“Oh, that’s just Stanley, the worm,” said Bruno, “he’s obviously found his lunch.”

The two friends raised their eyebrows at each other, glad to be leaving such a strange and dangerous place.

Pinned to the very last tree on their path was a large poster.

“Look!” yelled Scruff excitedly, “this is what we’re looking for!”

The poster said ‘This way to the Bear Circus’ in large black letters. Bruno growled ominously.

“Shh!” said Scruff, “we need to be careful.”

It was only a short way to the circus field and they could see lots of tents and cages, with the huge, stripy Big Top right in the middle. Cautiously, they crept round the edge of the field and hid behind a little yellow caravan set apart from the others so they could get a better view.

“There!” growled Bruno, pointing with his huge black claw. “There they are, in that huge, horrible cage!” He started to sob quietly as they all stared at the strong steel bars and the enormous fireproof padlock on the door.

“How shall we ever get them out?” Bruno moaned.

Before they could utter another word, the caravan window flew open and a strange, wizened face looked out. On top of the face perched a black, saggy, pointed hat covered with stars that fizzed and crackled. It was a wizard!

“You’re disturbing my sleep!” shouted the wizard.

“We’re sorry,” began Scruff, “but we’re trying to ...” He stopped abruptly as the wizard started sniffing the air, his face turning green.

“What’s that *terrible* smell?” he gasped.

In all the excitement of looking for Bruno’s family, the problem of Timothy’s awful smell had been overlooked. Now he looked sheepish.

“It’s me,” he whimpered.

“Well don’t just stand there, come in and I’ll soon sort *that* out!” cried the wizard gleefully.

“Do – do you mean you can *cure* it?” asked Timothy, hardly daring to believe his luck.

“I’ve got just the spell here ... somewhere ...” said the wizard, rummaging through dozens of dusty-looking bottles on a shelf. “Ah, here we are!”

He held up a bottle of strange, murky green liquid.

“Just stand in this circle here and I’ll cure you in a jiffy.”

“Wait, Tim!” whispered Scruff. “Don’t you think we should ...” But he got no further as Timothy leapt into the circle and the strange little wizard started

dancing around him, chanting and sprinkling him with the mouldy looking liquid.

Unfortunately, Tim's smell overpowered the wizard's nostrils half way through his spell, and something terrible happened.

"Hocus pocus, didgeriee doo, smell vanish away and ... and ... and ...

ATCHOOO!"

"Oh no!" gasped Scruff and Bruno. "Look at that ...!"

(Oxford CBG)

Mrs Mad had appeared, in a puff of smoke, in place of the wizard, a crinkled smile on her ashen face.

Meanwhile, Timothy, who everyone had forgotten about, was soaring through the air like a bullet, thanks to the wizard's colossal sneeze. He landed with a bump in the bears' cage. Three bewildered faces stared down at him in disbelief. He froze in terror!

When he'd recovered from the shock, he soon realised that he was with Bruno's family. He ran through a gap in the cage, scurried up the guard's leg and chewed through his leather belt. The guard screamed as his trousers fell to his ankles and the key to the cage fell on the floor. As the guard ran away in embarrassment, Timothy scrambled for the key and threw it into the cage. One of the bears jammed it into the lock and pushed open the door. The bears were free!

At the same time, back at the yellow caravan, Scruff and Bruno were giving Mrs Mad the punishment she deserved.

(Barrowby and Grantham CBG)

That crinkled smile on her ashen face evaporated more rapidly than any spell the wizard could have conjured.

"Charge!" Scruff commanded. Bruno obeyed.

In her mind Mrs Mad screamed, but in reality, no sound came out as the ten foot bear thundered at the frail old lady who cringed in fear.

"You upset Scruff.... People who upset Scruff are no friends of mine!

Scruff appeared at the caravan door. The pig made his way over to Bruno. He motioned ominously towards the potions and gestured towards Mrs Mad.

Meanwhile, back at the bear cage Timothy was introducing himself to the bears.

"I'm Timothy, part-time friend, full-time "stinker".

Bella and Billy whined loudly, "Mummy....smelly mouse!"

Now, now children! Moving on, where's our Bruno?" Suzie enquired looking around.

"Follow meeeeeeeee...!" Timothy flew through the sky, with the three bears stomping behind. (That was one good thing about the potion)

Back at the caravan, broken potion bottles littered the floor and Mrs Mad seemed quite queer. One lonely potion bottle remained on the shelf. Scruff picked it up in his snout and proceeded to throw the bottle in the direction of the much changed Mrs Mad but it fell short at her feet.

A rising wall of vapour hid Mrs Mad from view. Unable to stand the stench of the smoke, Bruno popped his head outside the caravan only to find the air was no better outside.

“There’s only one person who could smell like that... Timothy of course!” Before Bruno could embrace his wife and children a deafening shrill came from inside the caravan. Out of the hanging vapour, a Viking emerged. “Why aren’t I at school? Sigg should be at school.....”

(Dudley CBG)

“It’s Sigurd, the vicious Viking!” bellowed Scruff. “You’re supposed to be in Denmark.” Sigg crinkled his large round nose, “Bad smell,” he mumbled. At that moment, horror of horrors, Mrs Mad reappeared. “Aha!” she screamed, “now I’ve got you.”

Before she had finished her victory dance, the ground opened and up popped Stanley the worm. “And I’ve got you!” growled Stanley, suddenly revealing his massive mouth and some dagger-like teeth. Mrs Mad tried to scream, but all that came out was a tiny “eeek” and within seconds she was gone.

No sooner had Mrs Mad been swallowed than Stanley the Worm gave a tremendous burp and in a flash and a flash he had become the wizard. “Yes!” cried the wizard, “it’s me again and before I can rest there is some unfinished business that I must attend to.” With that he pulled out his gnarled crooked wand and waved it about. In a blink of an eye, a colossal cascading waterfall appeared. It was eye-dazzlingly beautiful, but extremely smelly, although strangely in a nice sort of way; in fact its fragrance was not too dissimilar to the smell of Chanel no 5.

“Now you must all bath in my magic fountain,” demanded Stanley the Worm-Wizard.

Without further ado, Scruff, Timothy, Sigurd and the bears jumped into the ice-cold water and came out smelling of roses; well not exactly, more like Chanel no 5. Although, in fact, not all of them came out! The four bears had been magically whisked away to their home in the wood. Scruff emerged, shook his fur and realised that now at last he was just an ordinary dog. Timothy came out and sniffed. “Cor! I do pong a bit, but it’s a rather enticing kind of pong.” As for Sigurd, when he came out from the water he thought his smell was so awful that he tried to run away from himself; however, the faster he ran the smellier he seemed to get. Despite the pong he continued running away at top speed until he was physically exhausted. Little to his knowledge when he had summoned enough energy to raise his head he realised he was back in Denmark, where he could roll about in some lovely Viking mud and other mucky stuff restoring his natural smelliness.

(Jeremy Strong and Wolverhampton CBG)