

# Slime, Gunk and an Invention

## Hartley Ashworth

*A non-picture, and utterly crazy made-fresh-from-the-mind-story by Hartley Ashworth*

### WARNING!

*This is a story that contains slime, gunk and an invention. If you are interested in stories that are non-gruesome than you are better off reading something- ANYTHING - but this book. I am sorry to say this but that is how the story goes.*

"Do you think it will work?" Prince had asked the ultimate want-the-answer-now question.

"Why are you asking me? Besides, if it doesn't that means... well that means that thanks to GUNK we're going to be..." Imogen drew her finger across her neck and her brother instantly knew what Imogen meant: they would be done for.

GUNK was a monstrous, booger-green ball of gunk that had gathered up in the corner of a child's bedroom. It looked a whole lot like slime. It was not unlike a snail and that is because everywhere it went it left a trail of slime. Everything it touched turned into rubbish.

It had actually devoured Prince and Imogen's parents two years ago. Imogen and Prince were siblings, as well being the last survivors on earth. They had been smart enough to hide from GUNK in the old bombing shelters. The shelter was old and rickety and falling apart. They were as likely to die in there as become part of the debris. Which was very likely. They were working on an invention that would destroy the GUNK forever. But so far all of their spears, arrows even bombs had been turned into rubbish by GUNK! They realised that with GUNK gone everything that had been delightfully devoured by the monster would be rubbish no more.

Their papa had worked as a soldier in the army with all the now-rubbish spears, arrows and bombs. Their mum Bianca? She had been baby-sitting the child, Binkie, whose room created GUNK. Of course they had unquestionably been the first

victims. Bianca had tried to defend Binkie with no luck. Prince and Imogen were intelligent children and they learned how to cope on their own. They got all their supplies from the local supermarket. Since everyone had fled all their essentials were for no price whatsoever. They got all they had ever wanted. Except one thing. Their parents.

Prince and Imogen worked on a great many inventions however none seemed to work. All but this one. "Let's go," Imogen announced after an ever-going silence. "Let's catch the GUNK." She was very confident and courageous and didn't mind challenges if there was a reward involved. Indeed there was. Big prize. No more GUNK, everything and everyone back but more importantly their parents back. Prince and Imogen would do anything. ANYTHING. To get their parents back. Imogen was going to Le Chocolate chocolate shop where the GUNK was last reported. "So far, so good," Imogen thought. "Tracks," she breathed. "Fresh ones." Then suddenly, as if by magic, the booger-green ball of gunk zipped past her like a bullet.

She brandished her flashlight and spun round a fair few times until she spotted it hiding underneath a pot. Prince had insisted that he check trees for nests although Imogen did not know why (Prince was scared and thought this excuse would let him off the hook. It didn't). "NOW!" She heard a voice in her head screech. "NOW GRAB IT! QUICK!" She stuck her hand in her backpack to grab the invention. As soon as she had it she tiptoed across to where it was hiding and....CRASH!! As she lunged she knocked over the pots and pans that were once used for making chocolate. As she knocked them over she woke up the sleeping GUNK. Imogen saw this and lunged. "YES!" she screamed with joy. "YES, YES, YES!"

She bolted home, karate kicked open the door and scrambled for her phone. As soon as she found it, she thwacked Prince's number. "OH HURRY UP!" she sighed. BOING! Prince's face appeared up on the screen. "Oh hi sis, what's up?" Anyone could tell he was eager for news. "Hey what would you say if I found and caught GUNK?" Imogen shrieked a bit too loudly. "Um I would go like this," Prince said and then he proceeded to whoop, holler and dance around. "Ha! Yes!" Imogen managed to shout through the noise.

"Did you find any nests?" Imogen asked in a tone that sounded like she was sarcastic about it. "Luckily, none," Prince shrugged. "Okay then. But come home, okay? Let's do this together." Imogen was stern when she said this. "See you there," Prince smiled. Imogen waved and tapped the end button to the call. She took a slow and

deep breath. Everything would be back to normal.

They met each other at their house later that day. Imogen had the job of putting GUNK in the cart so the magic could work. This was hard as if one speck touched her she would be done for so she chose to wear her dad's digging gloves. Whilst Imogen did her fair share Prince was beginning his. He was putting all the bit's and bob's pulley's and levers back together. Imogen had accidentally broke it when she burst into action to catch GUNK. "DONE!" Imogen and Prince said in unison. "Ready?" They said in unison again. "Oh I was born ready!" They shared a smile. "3, 2, 1, GO!"

They slammed both their hands onto the button. BOOM!! The GUNK had exploded! It was magical. There were vomit-causing colours everywhere. They bolted outside only to see their parents standing in the doorway. Smiling. Prince and Imogen couldn't hold it any longer. They threw their arms around their parent's waists. They drenched their parents with happy tears that had long gone since the first episode of GUNK had appeared. They were a family once again. Nothing was rubbish. GUNK had burst and Prince and Imogen made the headlines and front pages all around the world. "We did it!" the 13 year olds said together, "WE are heroes." They shared a smile that had since long gone when GUNK appeared. A family smile.

The End.

I hope you enjoyed this disgusting and thrilling story. It took a while to make and I put a lot of effort into it. I love reading and writing. It is one of my greatest pleasures and it is how I can entertain myself at times like this where lockdown is in session. I learned to read before I learned to walk. This story was based on how much dirt and gunk has gathered up in my room. As soon as I heard about this competition I asked my mum what I should write and then I saw the corner of my wardrobe. It was a made-fresh-from-the-mind story.