

Blue = stuff for the structure

Red = the setting

DON'T EAT CUCUMBER:

- CUCUMBERS HAVE FEELINGS TOO - SYMPATHY AND PITY FOR -
 - CUCUMBERS THREATENED BY DESTRUCTIVE HUMAN APPETITES.
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- REPETITION: constant never stops - descriptions of eating
 - PATTERN: repeated cause and effect - destroy a mouth - reappearing mouths - infinite

There once was a boy called Gregory who lived in Surrey, in a small village called Dullwich. He lived in a square house on a square street in a square neighbourhood. And every day was the same.

Just like every morning, after waking up and getting ready to go to school, he had cereal, but he was still hungry. His mouth watered for more and his tummy rumbles insatiable. Walking to the fridge, opening it slowly, he peered inside and found the solution: a cucumber!

Gregory unwrapped it and took a bite. Chewing carefully, he swallowed and bit down again. And again. And again. Biting repeatedly until there was just half of the vegetable left.. and a cucumber that he left half eaten.

While walking to school through a beaten down, grey neighbourhood, cars fired through the wet, cold street. Gregory plodded on towards the blocky, concrete school that he went to he saw an old man sitting on a bench eating a cucumber sandwich. He watched as his jaw opened widely and clamped down hard on the feast. The man chewed, and chewed, and chewed, each mouthful devouring more and more until there was barely anything left.

After passing the old man, Greg felt himself getting pulled back. He turned back and saw the old man had grabbed his shoulder and said, "Hey you kid!"

"What?" Greg responded.

"I'm Cue, and I think I need your help." The old man waved his cucumber sandwich and a glistening Cucumber shaped door appeared on the wall next to him. "What is that?" Greg cautiously asked. "Come with me." the old man replied and dragged Greg through.

Walking through, Greg was startled by the bright sun directly above them raining down beams of light onto the fluffy cucumber green fields with Cucumber green daisies. The dreamy forest with green trunks and dark green leaves.. “Am I dreaming?” asked Greg. “Welcome to my home!” announced Cue, “Walk with me.”. As Cue led Greg into the Cucumber forest Greg saw various animals and insects that appeared to be made completely out of Cucumbers. “Please explain what is going on.” whispered Greg, trying not to disturb the “wild life”. “I’ll explain at my hut.” urged Cue.

After walking through the forest they made it to, what appeared to be, a gingerbread house but made out of cucumbers. While looking through a window Greg found out that the interior was all cucumber green. Cue opened the door for Greg and he stumbled in on the clean green carpet. Cue signalled for him to sit on the green sofa while Cue found a stool to grab and sit on. Before sitting down to tell Gregory what was going on, Cue rummaged in his pockets and found a squished cucumber and lettuce sandwich “So first of all, welcome to Cucumbia,” explained Cue, taking a bite, “secondly, It is getting destroyed by ‘The Great Mouth’ the most evil being ever and has already destroyed around half of Cucumbia.”

“What do you want me to do?” asked Greg.

“Well obviously kill The Great Mouth,” retorted Cue, chomping on the lettuce making a crinkly sound, “wasn’t that obvious?”

“Listen, I am a 14 year old, I’m basically a stick figure and I have no weapon skills. How am I supposed to destroy something?” Greg asked unenthusiastically.

“With this of course.” throwing what was left of the sandwich into the depths of his mouth, Cue responded revealing a dagger with its blade replaced with a cucumber slice. “This is the sacred blade of Cumber, now go and defeat it or I won’t let you go back home.” Cue then proceeded to shove Greg out of his house, slam the door and lock all the windows.

So after being forced to kill The Great Mouth Gregory started walking through a Cucumber path to the edge of Cucumbria. As he walked along he saw that the leaves turned into a greyer green. Greg thought it was nothing but slowly all the nature around him got greyer.

And greyer.

And greyer. The nature around him got more blocky and the plants started to wilt. The sky got brighter, but like there was a white led shining on it. In a more hurried fashion, Gregory speed-walked until he saw the giant human looking mouth opening and closing slowly moving towards him. “What on earth is that thing?” Greg muttered to himself. After deciding that this was too much for him, Greg just threw the cucumber sword into

the mouth. The cucumber screeched and fell to the ground. The world instantly turned back to the green form it once was. Expecting it to all be over, Gregory turned his back to the mouth and ripped a sliced cucumber in the shape of a leaf from a tree. As he put it in his mouth, Greg saw that the world slowly got brighter and the plants had started to rot, the trees started creaking as if to warn him and what was left of the flowers turned to face away from the corpse. Suddenly he heard a yawn behind him; looking back, he saw that another mouth had released itself from the other corpse and had started chomping again.

Gregory felt an item appear in his pocket.

Reaching down, he found that another dagger had appeared. So, he threw it again into the mouth, and it screeched and fell to the ground. Turning back again, Gregory heard the yawn again.

Another mouth.

Another dagger.

Gregory threw it again, and the whole process happened again. And again, and again and again.

After being stuck in this loop for over an hour Gregory decided to give up and threw the dagger into the bushes.

Then a green, cucumber-shaped door appeared in front of Greg and he slid through it.

Greg suddenly woke up in the same square house, next to his square kitchen, sitting on his square chair. The kitchen was half-filled with an unmoving, tepid, grey light. Just like it always was. He sat with a cucumber in his hand at the square dining table, grinding down on his cereal and cucumber, indulging in all the goodness until nothing was left. Yep, *all* a dream.