

# *Trevie Bear & Lazy Baba Go to Indonesia*

## **Chapter 1**

The train ride was very bumpy.

Clickety click. Clickety click. Clickety click went the wheels of the train as they zoomed along past stunning scenery. The foliage was the most beautiful Lazy Baba had ever seen. The tall trees had lovely long leaves which were a shade of green she had never seen before. She stared out of the window her eyes hungry to see more and she was never disappointed because there were hundreds of them, sprouting out of the ground all over. It was like riding through a rainforest. This illusion was only broken now and again with the intermittent spattering of small houses and huts along the side of the track with the occasional family working and playing in the garden. She could see that the favourite past time of the children was flying bright, multicoloured kites high in the sky. As she looked up to follow one particular kite she noticed that there were many many more up in the clear, light blue sky floating this way and that way and up and down. She strained her eyes to see, but no matter how hard she tried she couldn't see where they were being flown from. She sighed, sat back down in her seat and looked at Becky who was fast asleep leaning her head on Dad who was also fast asleep and snoring!

“What type of tree are those?” she asked Trevie Bear who had his nose stuck inside a travel book about Indonesia.

“They are palm trees,” he said matter of factly without even looking up from his book.

“No they're not. I've seen pictures of palm trees and they don't look like this one. Look at how the leaves reach downwards, not upwards. They are really beautiful.”

“There are many different types of palm tree. This one is called the 'Chinese Fan'.”

“But we're not in China.”

“I know that, they grow all over the world in different places.” Trevie Bear was starting to get irritated with Lazy Baba’s questions. He was trying to read about where they were going next. They had already been to Jakarta which was an amazing but loud and busy city. They had not spent very much time there as they would be coming back through Jakarta on the way home and would be able to spend more time exploring then.

They were on their way to a city called Yogyakarta from where they would be able to visit some great temple sights. Dad had been given a new, very expensive camera for his birthday because he has a new found interest in photography. Trevie Bear had seen some of the pictures Dad had taken and was quietly impressed with the standard. Dad was good! Dad was looking forward to taking some fabulous pictures of the temples and Trevie Bear was looking forward to seeing them.

Lazy Baba had begun to get sleepy as she had been looking intently out of the window for a long time. They had been on this train for three hours already and they had at least another three hours to go. Mum, Dad and Becky had all fallen asleep within the first hour, giving Trevie Bear and Lazy Baba a chance to climb out of their backpack and stretch their legs. Lazy Baba now stretched her arms up over her head and yawned a large, deep yawn, before climbing back into the backpack and curling up for a much needed snooze. Trevie Bear sighed as she did so, he thought it was a waste of holiday time being curled up in the backpack and he longed for the times like this when he could be free to enjoy the sights and learn more about the cultures and places they were visiting.

“You’re so lazy,” he mumbled under his breath as he watched her snuggle up in a comfortable ball and drift off to sleep.

## **Chapter 2**

Yogyakarta was not a very big city and there wasn’t very much to it. There were plenty of markets with stalls selling all kinds of goods for tourists such as bags, shoes, clothes and jewelry. The streets were small and busy with rickshaws lined up against the pavements with men sitting and chatting or sleeping with their feet up on the handle bars. There was nothing of

interest in Yogyakarta (or Yogya for short) everything was a car ride out of the city and Trevie Bear was eager to move on.

Mum, Dad and Becky booked themselves in to their hotel, quickly got showered and changed after their long train journey; it had taken eight hours, not six like they had originally thought. They decided that they would go exploring in Yogya for a while and find something to eat. Dad told Becky to leave her backpack (with Trevie Bear and Lazy Baba inside) in the hotel room as they had no need for it in Yogya.

Once the door shut behind them Trevie Bear, angry that he had been left behind, climbed out of the bag.

“I can’t believe that she left us in the hotel room!” he shouted. “Why bother bringing us all the way to Indonesia just to leave us in this stupid room?”

Lazy Baba was crawling out of the bag which had been left on the floor beside the bed. “Don’t be ungrateful. None of the other toys back at home get to come on these adventures with Becky. She chooses us because she loves us the most. She has had a long day and needs a rest. You can’t expect her to carry us with her everywhere she goes.”

Trevie Bear had climbed up to the window sill and was sat in a grumpy slump looking out of the window at the busy Yogya streets. He watched Becky, Mum and Dad hold hands and cross the road before disappearing down a long, dark alleyway. He knew Lazy Baba was right. So far he had been on some wonderful adventures in China and in Nepal. Now here he was in Indonesia. How many toys could say that they had been to these fabulous places? He just wished Becky hadn’t left him behind.

“She’ll soon be back,” Lazy Baba said as she stretched out on the extremely comfortable bed, ready for an afternoon of relaxing. Trevie Bear left his place at the window and joined Lazy Baba on the bed where they curled up and fell asleep. This, Trevie Bear knew was Lazy Baba’s favourite pastime. However for him it was just a way of making time go more quickly and it worked. Before Trevie Bear knew what was happening he was woken with a sharp thump to his head as he landed on the cold, hard floor. He had been thrown on the floor by Dad to make

space in the bed for Becky whom he was carrying in his arms. Poor little lamb must have been exhausted after the long day she had had. She woke up just long enough to grab on to Lazy Baba before Dad could send her to the same fate as Trevie Bear. Dad tucked Becky and Lazy Baba in to the warm bed and kissed Becky on the forehead.

“Good night Princess,” he whispered before going back to his own room with Mum. Becky rolled over, her arm wrapped securely around Lazy Baba and fell into a deep sleep. Trevie Bear, having landed upside down on his head righted himself and rubbed his bruised head. This was not the first time he had been thrown on the floor. Goodness no. It had happened countless times in the past, but somehow tonight, after being left behind in the room all day, Trevie Bear took it quite personally. He grumpily paced the floor wondering why he was being left out by Becky. Didn’t she love him anymore? He knew that she did, he knew deep down that he was being oversensitive, but he couldn’t help it. He curled up on the mat on the floor and tried to sleep, but he couldn’t. He couldn’t stop his mind from thinking bad things about Becky and how she no longer wanted him. When he finally did fall asleep his dreams were tainted with these same horrible thoughts.

### **Chapter 3**

Needless to say when Trevie Bear woke up the next day he was not in the best of moods. Lazy Baba on the other hand had had a wonderful night’s sleep cuddled up next to Becky and so was completely oblivious to Trevie Bear’s troubled mind.

It wasn’t until Dad came to the room to get Becky ready for their day out that Lazy Baba realized there was something wrong with Trevie Bear. He was quiet and sullen. He wouldn’t answer her questions and if he did it was with a grunt. Trevie Bear knew he was feeling jealous of Lazy Baba. He also knew he was being silly. But he needed time on his own to get over it and Lazy Baba just wouldn’t take the hint and go away.

“Ok then Becky. Looks like you’re all ready. Just pack your bag and we’ll be off,” said Dad. Trevie Bear and Lazy Baba sat on the bed tense with excitement at finally being able to get of

the hotel room and go on an adventure, but Becky didn't pick them up. In fact she was already zipping up her bag with Trevie Bear and Lazy Baba still on the bed. What was going on?

"Aren't you bringing your dolls?" asked Dad, a hint of surprise in his voice. Trevie Bear glowered.

"I am *not* a doll," he thought anger surging inside of him.

"No," said Becky. No! No? What did she mean no? Trevie Bear felt Lazy Baba give a small gasp next to him.

"No," she said again as if to confirm Trevie Bear's fears. "I lost them in China and Trevie Bear got hurt in Nepal. I don't want to take them in case something happens to them. If I leave them here they'll be safe until I come back."

"That's a very sensible idea Honey." Dad looked at her with pride. His little girl was growing up.

"I just need to use the bathroom quickly," she said as she ran in to the little en suite bathroom and closed the door.

Dad shouted after her, "Ok, we'll meet you down stairs," and then left the room.

"Come on!" shouted Trevie Bear to Lazy Baba who was just making herself comfortable for another day lazing in the room. She looked up to see Trevie Bear and unzipped the bag and was climbing into it.

"What are you doing?" Lazy Baba gasped. "She doesn't want to take us."

"I don't care!" said Trevie Bear indignantly. "She is not leaving me behind again. I want to see the temples. I don't want to spend all day in the hotel room again." His eyes were shining with fierce determination. Lazy Baba sighed as she got up leaving the comfort of the bed behind her; she climbed in to the bag alongside Trevie Bear, who zipped it up just in time for Becky arriving back from the bathroom. Without a second glance Becky picked up her bag, hoisted it on to her back and left the room.

It is too late now to wonder whether Trevie Bear would have made a different decision that day if he had known what would happen next. The fact is, this is the decision that Trevie Bear made and it is one which would affect all of them for the rest of their lives.

## **Chapter 4**

The journey to Borobodur temple was extremely long. The motions of the car sent Lazy Baba almost directly to sleep, but Trevie Bear was very uncomfortable. This was one of the problems he faced regularly when travelling in Becky's backpack. She kept so much junk in there such as pencils and books. This pencil had been poking him in the back now for almost an hour. He didn't know how Lazy Baba could just sleep through it.

Eventually the car ride was over and when Becky picked up her backpack the pencil case fell to the bottom taking the sharp pencil with it. Trevie Bear was relieved. He couldn't wait to see the temple and so began to unzip the bag gently and gradually so that he could see out. The sunlight streamed in to the back of the bag waking up Lazy Baba as the warm rays landed on her face.

"Are we there?" she asked mid yawn.

"Yes," said Trevie Bear hardly able to contain his excitement. He was feeling much better now than he did this morning; his grumpiness had all but left him. He could see the temple in the distance. It looked amazing even from here. It was like a pyramid. It had a square base but there were steps leading up to different levels, each level was also square in shape. At the top there were at least 50 bells made of stone. Each bell was placed upside down and each one had a stone Buddha sitting inside. Trevie Bear couldn't wait to get up close to the temple and have a good look at the architecture.

"Wow! That looks amazing," said Lazy Baba as she strained to see past Trevie Bear.

"I know. Aren't you glad you aren't still at the hotel now?" He asked her a little sarcastically.

As they got closer to the temple Dad started taking lots of pictures on his camera. He was being very artistic. He took pictures from a distance and close up. He took pictures of the view from

the temple, which was mainly of beautiful skies and hill side. He also took pictures of the Buddhas hidden inside the bells. All the while Trevie Bear was watching from the backpack on Becky's back. He thought Dad was a very talented photographer. After a while Dad asked Becky to keep his very expensive camera in her bag. He was tired from carrying it around his neck. He offered to take Becky's bag for her because it would be heavy now it had the camera inside it. Trevie Bear was delighted to have Dad's camera so close to him because it meant that he would now be able to flick through the pictures Dad had taken. Lazy Baba took this opportunity to take a good look at the temple from the opening in the backpack. She hadn't been able to see properly past Trevie Bear earlier. She was amazed by the intricate carvings in the stone.

After a short time Mum, Dad and Becky walked back to the bottom of the temple and noticed a large white tent which was just set off to the right of the temple. There was loud music coming from the direction of the tent so they decided to go and take a look inside. The tent had a stage area where there were some Indonesian girls dancing. They were dressed in traditional dress and dancing in a line.

Dad put the backpack down next to his feet while he stood and watched the dancing. This meant that Lazy Baba could no longer see what was going on. She turned to Trevie Bear, who was still intently looking at the pictures on the camera, to tell him about her predicament when suddenly they both felt the bag being lifted off the ground.

"Dad must have got bored of the dancing already," said Lazy Baba. She was disappointed because she had wanted to see it. She looked out of the little gap in the backpack again to try and get one last glimpse before the dancers disappeared, but the sight which met her eyes was not what she had expected at all. There stood in front of her were Mum, Dad and Becky. They were all happily watching the dancing, yet they were getting further and further away. Whoever had picked up the bag was running and Lazy Baba was thrown backwards deep in to the bag, knocking the camera out of Trevie Bear's hands.

"Hey! Be careful," He shouted, but then he noticed the look of horror on Lazy Baba's face. "What's wrong?" He asked.

“We’re being stolen,” she replied, a tremble of fear in her voice.

“What do you mean stolen?” Trevie Bear asked impatiently.

“Dad is not carrying this bag. Mum, Dad and Becky are all still in the tent. We’ve been taken!” Her voice was beginning to rise to a high pitch as the full reality of what she was saying started to sink in.

“Oh my God!” Trevie Bear quickly climbed up to look out of the gap in the backpack. Mum, Dad and Becky were nowhere to be seen. The person carrying the bag was heading away from the temple and towards the car park. Trevie Bear sat back down in the bag and turned to Lazy Baba who had started to cry.

“Ok. We need a plan. We can jump out of the bag now, but we’ll have to be very quick, then we can make our way back to Becky in the white tent,” Trevie Bear was being very calm and cool headed considering the danger they were in.

“That won’t work,” Lazy Baba replied through her tears. “We won’t make it back to the tent in time and also Becky thinks we are in the hotel room locked up safe and sound. We can’t just walk up to her out in the open.”

Trevie Bear thought about this. Lazy Baba was right. If they were going to get back to Becky unnoticed they would need to go back to the hotel. They had been in a situation like this before, in China. Back then Trevie Bear had a map with the hotel name on it. Now they didn’t have anything to help them and Trevie Bear didn’t know the name of the hotel, or the area that it was in.

“Do you know which hotel we were in?” He asked Lazy Baba. He knew that she wouldn’t know, but he had to ask.

“No,” she said meekly.

They felt a jolt as the bag was thrown on to the back seat of a car. They heard the car door shut and the engine start. Desperation caught hold of Trevie Bear now.

“Lazy Baba, stop crying. We need a plan and we need one right now! In a few minutes we’ll be driven away from Becky forever with no way of getting back to her. THINK!” He practically shouted this last word as the car lurched forward and sped away. Trevie Bear climbed out of the bag and stood on the back seat of the car looking out of the rear windscreen. He watched as the temple disappeared from view and as a result so did Becky. Tears welled up in his eyes.

“Goodbye Becky,” he whispered. Lazy Baba had climbed out of the bag as well and was stood next to Trevie Bear on the back seat. She put a gentle hand on his shoulder and said “What are we going to do?”

## **Chapter 5**

Trevie Bear and Lazy Baba were huddled up in the backpack. Trevie Bear was clinging on to Dad’s camera and Lazy Baba was clinging on to Trevie Bear. They hadn’t dared unzip the backpack since they had been carried from the back of the car to wherever they were now. The bag had been dumped somewhere (the corner of a room? A table in plain sight?) and hadn’t been touched for a while. There was the occasional mumble of somebody talking. It was a male voice, but he wasn’t speaking English and Trevie Bear had not been able to figure out who he was talking to.

“We don’t have to do anything,” Lazy Baba said. “We can just stay here in the bag. Maybe he won’t open it. Maybe he won’t want us and he’ll let us go. Let’s just stay here in the bag where we’re safe.”

Trevie Bear sighed. He knew that Lazy Baba was terrified. He had to admit he was quite scared too. They had no idea where they were or if they were safe. They couldn’t even understand the language that this man was speaking. But they couldn’t stay here in the bag. He knew that much. They had been stolen; this man would probably want to sell them or worse, throw them away!

“Lazy Baba, I know you don’t want to step out of the bag. I know that you are scared. I am too, but we have to escape. We don’t know what this man will do with us.”

Tears began to well up in her eyes again. She knew that he was right. She was going to have to be brave. She sniffed back her tears and nodded.

Trevie Bear very carefully and quietly began to unzip the bag. He stopped after every millimeter to check that he had not been detected. Soon he was able to see out of the bag. They were in a small dimly lit room. There was a wooden table in the middle and this was where the man was sat. He was smoking a cigarette and was talking to a small boy. The boy was sat at the table opposite the man. He was wearing a pair of blue shorts and a white and blue striped t-shirt, which reminded Trevie Bear of a sailor. The boy was young and his feet did not touch the floor, he could not have been more than five years old. Trevie Bear watched cautiously as the little boy kicked his legs under the table. The man laughed at something the boy had said before blowing smoke high up in to the air.

Without warning the little boy jumped down from his chair and ran towards the bag where Trevie Bear and Lazy Baba were hiding. He picked it up and placed it on the table between himself and the man. The man started to unzip the bag. Trevie Bear gasped and grabbed Lazy Baba's hand.

## **Chapter 6**

The man emptied the contents of the bag on to the table top. Pencils, rulers, a drawing a book, a very expensive camera and Trevie Bear, still holding on to Lazy Baba fell out of the bag. The man picked up the camera and turned it over in his hands. He was clearly very impressed with it.

The little boy however, saw Trevie Bear and his eyes lit up. He gently lifted Trevie Bear from the table and smiled. He pulled him in close and cuddled him stroking his fur. Then the boy jumped down from the table and ran out of the room, taking Trevie Bear with him. Lazy Baba was left on the table, alone with the man.

The man was still inspecting the camera and had not noticed any of the other things which had fallen from the bag. Lazy Baba wondered whether she would be able to climb down from the

table and follow Trevie Bear without the man seeing her. She decided against it as she would have to move extremely quickly and stealthily, but she was frozen with fear and would probably make too much noise and be too slow. As a result she lay there, on the cold wooden table, not moving an inch, waiting for either the man to leave or Trevie Bear to return. She hoped that Trevie Bear would be okay with the little boy. She wondered where he had taken him.

Trevie Bear was catapulted on to the little boy's bed. The boy climbed on moments later and jumped up and down on the mattress. Each time he landed he sent Trevie Bear hurtling through the air. The boy soon got bored of this game though and then began to use Trevie Bear as a punch bag. He punched Trevie Bear's nose with his fist several times laughing after each one. Trevie Bear was not used to this kind of rough play. His first and only owner had been Becky. She was gentle and kind. She liked to have tea parties and never played games where Trevie Bear could get hurt. He preferred Becky's games he thought as he was once again propelled through the air, landing with a thud on the floor. He missed her terribly. He wondered what Lazy Baba was up to. He hoped that she was okay on the table in the other room with the man. He was worried that the man would decide she was rubbish and throw her away. He had to get back to her...somehow.

## **Chapter 7**

As night fell, the little boy fell asleep in his bed. He had left Trevie Bear on the floor next to the bed. In the unfamiliar room the moonlight cast strange shadows on the furniture. It was frightening for Trevie Bear as he looked around the room for the door. He saw that it was slightly ajar. He listened intently but could not hear anything outside the room. It was pitch black outside the room and not another sound could be heard in the whole house. Trevie Bear had not seen much of the house when he was being carried by the boy, so he had no idea which direction to take. Suddenly he heard a scuffling noise in front of him. He couldn't see anything and he had no idea what could be making that sound. He flattened himself against the wall and held his breath.

The scuffling noise was coming closer and closer. Terror gripped Trevie Bear, what could this be? Tiny drops of sweat began to form around his forehead. He could feel his heart beating frantically in his chest. He was willing himself to be quiet and still.

Ever closer it came, scuffle, shuffle, scuffle. What was it?

Then he felt a hand on his shoulder. It was all Trevie Bear could do not to shout out in fear.

“Sssh!” It was Lazy Baba. She had managed to escape from the table and had come to find him. He gave a deep sigh of huge relief. He was so glad to see her, he had been so worried and so scared.

“We have to get out of here,” He said in a whisper.

“I know and I know the way out,” she replied, her voice full of confidence. “The man went out about half an hour ago. I watched him go; I saw which door he used. I waited on the table until I thought it was safe and then I came looking for you.”

“Why were you shuffling?”

“I hurt my ankle when I climbed off the table. I landed funny.”

“Are you ok?” Trevie Bear asked concerned.

“Yes I’m fine. Take my hand and stay close to me. I don’t think we should hang around.” Lazy Baba took hold of Trevie Bear’s hand and little by little directed him past all of the furniture in the little house and towards the door which held their freedom. Lazy Baba couldn’t walk quickly and she dragged her left ankle behind her. It was clearly hurt quite badly, but they didn’t have time to think about that now. They needed to get out of the house before the man came back or the boy woke up.

The door in the kitchen was shut tight. There was no way that either of them would be strong enough to open it. Lazy Baba dropped her head in misery and was about to give up all hope of being able to escape when Trevie Bear grabbed her arm.

“Look!” he said pointing to the window above the sink. Lazy Baba looked to where Trevie Bear was pointing and noticed that the window was open, it was high up though. Trevie Bear was already pulling a chair from the table towards the kitchen worktop. He climbed up on to the chair swiftly before clambering on to the worktop to see if he would be able to reach the window. If he jumped as high as he could then he would just be about able to reach.

“Come on Lazy Baba, it won’t be easy, but we can do it. It’s our only chance.”

Lazy Baba struggled to climb on to the chair. She winced; her ankle was more painful than she thought. Trevie Bear noticed that she was having trouble so he leant down over the worktop and reached out to her. She grabbed on to his fluffy paw and he pulled her up. She was heavy and it hurt his arm to pull her, but they had to act quickly before they were caught and trapped here forever. Trevie Bear pushed Lazy Baba up as high as he could until she was able to grab on to the window sill. She pulled with all her might and scrambled through the window. Trevie Bear was just about to jump up and make his escape as well when the kitchen light went on.

Trevie Bear froze and stood as still as he could pushing himself against the wall behind the sink in the hope that he would not be seen. The little boy entered the kitchen. He sleepily rubbed his eyes as the kitchen light shone brightly. He walked over to the fridge squinting as he went because his eyes had not yet adjusted to the light and took out a bottle of water. He then closed the fridge and without a second glance he walked out of the kitchen turning the light off behind him. While the light had been on Trevie Bear had noticed that this was the room they had been in when they first arrived in the house. There was the wooden table in the middle of the room where they had been tipped mercilessly out of the bag and there on the table top was Dad’s camera. Now however, Trevie Bear was once again cast into darkness. His eyes took a few minutes to adjust to the pitch black so he stayed exactly where he was until he could see what he was doing. He jumped down off the worktop and on to the chair. He waited for a few seconds to make sure he was alone before jumping from the chair and on to the floor. He darted across the kitchen to the wooden table as quickly as his little legs would carry him before attempting to climb up on to the table to fetch Dad’s camera. When he reached the table top he quickly put the camera strap around his neck and then made a run for it to the

window the same way he had come. It was more difficult to run with the weight of the camera around his neck. It was awkward as it moved from left to right, pulling as it did so. He looked up at the window from the worktop, jumped with as much power as he could muster and grabbed on to the window sill. The camera crashed in to the glass of the window making a loud noise which Trevie Bear was sure the little boy must have heard. He felt as though his heart was in his mouth while he waited for the inevitable thump of feet and the bright kitchen light.

It didn't come.

Trevie Bear could see Lazy Baba on the other side still standing on the window ledge, looking at something far below her.

"What are you doing? You need to move else I won't be able to get out," he whispered through the glass.

Lazy Baba did not take her eyes off whatever lay below her.

"I can't move," she replied urgently. "There is a dog sleeping beneath the window. If I jump I'll land on it and wake it."

"Ok, I have to get out of this window. Move over as far as you can to make space for me."

Lazy Baba shuffled a few steps sideways on the window ledge to allow space for Trevie Bear. He quickly climbed out of the window and joined Lazy Baba. He looked down to where the dog was sleeping. The dog reminded Trevie Bear of a Labrador, but he couldn't be certain. It looked undernourished as its ribs were poking out under the dirty yellow fur.

"I think it may be a stray, with nowhere to live," said Trevie Bear.

"How does that help us?" asked Lazy Baba.

"It doesn't. If anything it makes the situation worse. He may be vicious."

"Oh great, that's just what we need," she sighed.

Trevie Bear looked around them in order to get a better judgment of their situation. The window had taken them out to a very thin, dark alleyway. The dog was asleep below the window between two tin rubbish bins, one on either side of the window ledge. The smell from the bins was overwhelming and made Trevie Bear's eyes water. Then he had an idea.

"We're going to have to jump into one of those bins," he said pointing them out to Lazy Baba. She rolled her eyes.

"I was afraid you were going to say that. Can you smell them?"

"Yes, I know they smell bad, but the choice is get a bit smelly or get eaten by the dog," he answered. "I think we should jump into the bin nearest to you because it is the closest." He knew that it would take ages for Lazy Baba to muster up the courage to jump into something that smelt so bad so he didn't wait for a response and pushed her with all his might. She screamed as she felt herself lose balance and fall from the ledge. As she fell everything seemed to slow down and she felt like she was moving in slow motion. She could see Trevie Bear looking down at her, smiling, but it wasn't a reassuring smile, it was an evil smile. He was enjoying watching her fall. Suddenly she flashed back to China when she had fallen into a tub of frogs, he had laughed at her then in a similar way too. She vowed not to let him get away with this as she landed on a pile of rotten, stinking garbage retching at the foul stench and picking bits of squashed tomato out of her hair.

Trevie Bear did not jump into the bin. He carefully climbed down the side of it and landed gently on the ground beside it. He was not covered in rubbish, nor was he in the slightest bit smelly. Lazy Baba was not impressed. She attempted to climb up the massive piles of junk and rotten vegetables in order to reach the opening to the bin and climb down the side in a similar fashion to the way Trevie Bear had, but each time she seemed to be making progress the piles beneath her feet would give way and she would tumble back to the bottom of the bin. When she did finally manage to emerge Trevie Bear could barely contain his laughter as he looked at her. She was covered in goop and her clothes and face were very dirty. She looked utterly miserable and smelt dreadful.

“Oh Lazy Baba! Look at you!” he said through stifled giggles.

“Yes, look at me all covered in gunk and look at you not covered in anything,” she said anger resonating through her body. “Let’s go before I do something I might regret.” She turned on her heel and began to walk away in the direction of a main road. However, when she started to walk she remembered how damaged her ankle was. She could barely walk without support and needed to lean on Trevie Bear, much to her dismay. The good part about it was that he could not outrun her stench and it made him have to stop and gasp for air every few minutes.

“Good,” thought Lazy Baba, “maybe you won’t be so quick to play tricks on me in future.”

## **Chapter 8**

They had been walking along a main road for a little while in the pitch black of night when they saw that the sun was slowly beginning to rise. They could see the beautiful red and pink of the sun peeping just above the horizon. As it did so they could see that the road they were walking along seemed to be endless. It went on and on in the same direction with what appeared to be no bends or curves. They had not seen a single car or bike on the road in all the time they had been walking, but then it was only just daybreak.

As they were walking it began to rain. It started off as very gentle drizzle and Lazy Baba was glad because it meant that some of the dirt she was carrying may finally get washed off. The cool rain drops felt refreshing on her face and arms. Trevie Bear didn’t like the rain and insisted that they took shelter wherever they could beneath trees, bushes and benches. However, the rain didn’t look like it was going to stop anytime soon. In fact it got heavier as the sun rose higher in the sky. Before they knew it they were both dripping wet and getting cold.

That’s when Trevie Bear saw it gleaming up ahead.

“That is exactly what we need. Come on.”

He pulled Lazy Baba forward as quickly as he could drag her without hurting her ankle even more. It didn’t take them long to reach it. It was sat at the side of the road unattended. It was a silver motorized scooter. It had a black leather seat and a big bag on either side of the rear.

“Those bags must be used for carrying shopping,” Trevie Bear said. “Do you think they are big enough to carry us?”

“There is only one way to find out,” said Lazy Baba as she unzipped one of the bags and climbed in. It was a relief to be out of the rain and the canvas of the bag provided just enough warmth. The only trouble was that the bag was not quite big enough to carry her. She could fit inside but could not close the bag. Trevie Bear climbed into the bag on the left hand side of the bike and had the same problem.

“Never mind, it’s better than nothing,” he said. They snuggled down in to their bags as far as they could go and Trevie Bear was careful to put Dad’s camera beneath himself in the bag in an attempt to dry it out. The majority of their bodies were hidden from the rain but their heads and faces were still getting wet. They didn’t have to wait long before the owner of the bike came back. Fortunately he did not have any shopping to put into his side bags so he just put on his helmet, straddled the bike and started the engine. The bike took off at speed. The wind whipped through Lazy Baba’s hair making it fly all over the place. It didn’t matter how many times she tried to squash it behind her ears it kept coming loose and smacking her in the face, which hurt because it was wet. The rain was still pouring and now that they were travelling at speed it seemed to be hitting them both harder as it poured in to their eyes, stinging as it did so.

“I think I preferred walking,” Lazy Baba shouted to Trevie Bear, but although the rain was hurting him just as much as her he seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself. He loved travelling at such high speeds and the view of the countryside as the sun came up was spectacular.

“We should do this more often,” Trevie Bear thought to himself as he enjoyed the ride. They whizzed past lots of mountains and rice fields where the workers were coming out of their houses ready to start a hard day of tending to the fields. They passed people at the side of the road who were taking advantage of the rain and collecting the rain water, others were washing their faces in puddles at the side of the road. Other bikes and cars were starting to join them on the roads now as the sun had fully risen and the day had begun.

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