

Wilma
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It was the first day of school. The school yard was humming from the excitement of the new first graders. Chains rattled, claws clapped, tentacles shivered.

Just when Ms. Rutherford had finished counting the students a late arriver appeared in the iron gate. The first graders stared.

Baffled.

Gasp.

Never before had they seen such an unusual monster. Pete, the jelly cube, pointed at her and declared: 'Her nose is blue!'

Jelly cubes are quite blunt but Pete only said what everybody was thinking.

Ms Rutherford clapped: "Let's hurry like a proper monster pack to orientation class."

The first graders hopped and skipped and jumped and slouched quickly to get the best seats.

In second period Mr. Twitt's introduced them to the dangers of The Plush Army. Monster kids learn early how plushies could turn even the scariest beast into a cute, funny puppy. What a horrible thought!

Everyone forgot about Wilma and listened to Mr. Twitt's dreadful stories.

Until recess.

Wherever Wilma went the monster kids were watching curiously.

She climbed to the top of the monkey bars. But Otto was already chilling there. Under him Molly was searching for her little toe that Fip had stolen during class.

"Is it real?" asked Lila closely examining Wilma's nose with her pink eyeballs.

"Was it always blue?" Otto squished her nose.

"Did someone hit you?" Larry, the troll, poked her nose.

Wilma fled behind the litter boxes.

"What an extraordinary nose!" the toilet commented in a cultivated voice.

The trash bin added: "Indeed! Maybe she is royalty?"

Finally she crouched between the reeds of the swimming pond.

Just when she was about to take the first bite a mermaid drifted by.

"Is your nose magical?"

"Arghh! You know what? Yes! It is totally magical!" Wilma yelled.

"That's awesome!" The mermaid splashed her tail. "What can you do with it?"

"Maybe she can fight plushies!" A nessie had emerged behind the mermaid.

"Ehmm..." stuttered Wilma, "Yes. Exactly! I can stun plushies!"

Luckily in that moment the bell rescued her from more questions.

Word about Wilma's incredible skill spread fast. Everyone was still talking about it at the day of their first school trip.

The vampire castle was all they had hoped for. They visited the cold, dark crypt.

They climbed over creaky wooden stairs to the top of the tower.

And Otto and Pete even were allowed to sit on the throne!

To wrap up the tour they took a walk around the cemetery.

And that's when it happened!

Suddenly members of the Plush Army popped out from behind a huge tome, ready to throw their glitter.

The monsters panicked. Some hid behind grave stones, some ran, and someone pushed Wilma to the front.

“Wilma! Hex them!”

“Safe us!”

Wilma was paralysed. The biggest plushie was coming closer.

To Wilma's left Fip was hit by some glitter and turned into a crying baby mouse.

“Wilma! Use your nose!”

The Plush Leader laughed. “What will you do? Fire a bogey from that weird nose?”

Wilma saw red.

She growled...

and charged right into the plushies.

They were completely taken by surprise, dropped their weapons, stumbled over each other and started running.

When the dust settled puppy Wilma sat on the ground covered in glitter.

But no one laughed. The whole class was cheering and wanted to hug Wilma. Soon everyone was covered in glitter and laughing.

Molly said: “Maybe your nose isn't that special but you are very special, Wilma!”

And all agreed.

They played until the sun rose and the glitter wore off. It was the best day in Wilma's life.