

The Sticky Paste

By Emily

It was time Mrs. Twit payed back Mr. Twit for all the disgusting tricks he had played on her. Mrs. Twit was always having to listen to Mr. Twit groaning or whining. "Give me those sausages, you fat old pig!" demanded Mr. Twit as he sat down.

"No, you get them you ugly frog" snapped Mrs. Twit. Mr. Twit grabbed all the sausages and started shoveling them into his mouth. Mrs. Twit sighed as Mr. Twit complained again.

Just then Mrs. Twit started to plot away like crazy. She thought about her trick for a long time. Then she finally came up with a plan. She would get a broccoli and put it in a cupcake wrapper with sprinkles to make it look like a muffin. After she would get glue from Mr. Twit's shed. HUG-TIGHT glue, the stickiest glue in the world which she would put in Mr. Twit's toothpaste. "Ha ha," she mumbled under her breath.

That day just before lunch while Mr. Twit was pulling all those poor little birds off the big dead tree, Mrs. Twit went to the kitchen which smelt of dead rats. She opened the fridge quietly so Mr. Twit wouldn't come running for food.

From the top of the fridge she grabbed quite a large piece of broccoli. Then behind all the china vases and plates she grabbed loads of rainbow sprinkles. 'Hundreds and Thousands' the label read. Quietly she tiptoed to Mr. Twit's shed. She opened Mr. Twit's cupboard of bits and bobs and the door swung open behind her. Mrs. Twit didn't dare to turn around. "Squeak" came a gruff voice. Mrs. Twit turned around, about to get caught red-handed. "Squeak" said the voice again. She looked at the rusty door to see a tiny rat squeezing through the gap in the door that it had pushed open.

Mrs. Twit grabbed a peg and a tub of HUG-TIGHT glue. She ran into the kitchen again and started making the broccoli muffin. Halfway through Mrs. Twit realised she had forgotten the cake wrappers. She rushed into her disgusting bedroom and opened her drawer, which made a loud creak. She put the peg on her nose and she opened the draw fully. In the draw there were thousands, even millions of dirty, disgusting socks. She ruffled through until she found what she was looking for.

There at the bottom of her sock draw were yellow and white dotty cake wrappers. She grabbed them and ran back into the kitchen. Mr. Twit came into the kitchen. "You need to get more HUG-TIGHT glue," said Mrs. Twit quickly pushing him out the door. She heard the car engine roar and Mr. Twit was off.

Mrs. Twit placed the broccoli muffin in the cake wrapper. Then it was time for the second trick. She hurried to the bathroom scaring all the rats away. She grabbed a funnel from the cupboard and made a beeline for the top draw. She squeezed all of Mr. Twit's toothpaste into a large bowl.

She added HUG-TIGHT glue to the mixture. Mrs. Twit mixed the bowl with her dirty hands. She got big chunks and plopped them in the funnel attached to the top of the toothpaste. Big gooey chunks were dripping down the side. Mrs. Twit wiped the chunks off with her hand and put the tube carefully back in the top draw. Some of the mixture was still in the bowl. She chucked the rest of the mixture in the toilet.

When Mr. Twit got home Mrs. Twit was in the kitchen. Mr. Twit slurped down bird pie so Mrs. Twit wouldn't be able to have any. She pushed the muffin across the bench so it would be in clear view. "Give me that muffin you old baboon!" instructed Mr. Twit. Mrs. Twit smiled sweetly. "Give it here, you moldy maggot!" shrieked Mr. Twit.

Mrs. Twit picked up the muffin, skipped over to Mr. Twit and placed the muffin carefully on the fancy plate. Mr. Twit opened his mouth and took a big bite making a loud crunch. He was about to take another bite when he realised it tasted disgusting. He pulled all the sprinkles off to reveal a broccoli! Mr. Twit gasped with horror and banged his clenched fists on the table causing it to tip sideways. He ran into the bathroom knocking his chair over as he ran. He opened the top draw and grabbed his toothbrush and toothpaste. He squeezed the whole tube of toothpaste onto the spiky bristles of his moldy toothbrush. Mr. Twit started brushing furiously in order to get the disgusting taste out of his mouth. He brushed faster and faster.

As Mr. Twit brushed more he became slower and slower until he couldn't brush anymore. The toothbrush was stuck to his teeth! Mr. Twit couldn't move his hand because Mrs. Twit had also smeared HUG-TIGHT glue all over the handle of the old toothbrush. "NO" screeched Mr. Twit realising that his mouth was glued shut. By now, Mrs. Twit was rolling around on the tiled floor in fits of laughter. "I'll get you next time, you maggoty old sardine!" screamed Mr. Twit through his teeth. Mrs. Twit dodged him as he jumped at her. She ran away on her short chubby legs as she shrieked with laughter.