

Will and His Dog and the Bully

Copyright 2020 Paul Cook

Cover Image by Paul Cook

Smashwords Edition License Notes

Thanks for downloading this ebook. You are welcome to share it with your friends. This book may be reproduced, copied and distributed for non-commercial purposes, provided the book remains in its original form. Thank you for your support.

Will and his Dog and the Bully

Will's nan always placed her dark blue teapot right in the middle of the kitchen table. His nan had always put the teapot in the same place and reminded Will not to touch every time it because it would be very hot. At eight years old Will knew not to touch the teapot but his nan reminded him all the same.

Will liked to watch the steam rise from the teapot's spout and he enjoyed smelling the tea's sweet, delicate fragrance. It wasn't that he liked drinking tea – he didn't, but the smell reminded him of his nan.

Will's parents sometimes worked away from home during the week and, when they did, he stayed with his nan. Clive, Will's dog, also enjoyed staying with Will's nan because she always fed him biscuits as a treat.

One cold day in November Will had not enjoyed his day at school. Some of the older boys liked to make fun of Will because he was short and wore glasses. That particular morning, they had kicked water that had collected into puddles up Will's trouser legs as he had walked through the yard on the way to his classroom. The water made Will's trousers cold and wet and so he started to cry. The older boys loved to see Will cry and so they started making fun of him even more. It took such a long time for the trousers to dry and poor Will sat through his first two lessons very cold and upset.

Will's teacher, Miss Fletcher, asked him why he was upset but he didn't dare tell her the reason because he was worried that the older boys would find out and then they would be even more horrible to him afterwards.

As the children were leaving for morning break, Miss Fletcher called Will back to speak to him. Will told Miss Fletcher what had happened to him earlier and she said that she knew who the boys were and that they were bullying other boys too. Miss Fletcher said that she would deal with them and that they wouldn't be bothering him again any time soon.

Will was grateful to Miss Fletcher for helping him but very worried that the boys would come after him because they would assume that he had told her who they were – even though he hadn't.

When Will got home that afternoon he told his nan about his day and the horrible boys. She told Will not to worry because Miss Fletcher was a good teacher and that she was very kind for helping him. Will's nan gave him a banana and a cup of milk which he enjoyed beside the fire before he went to bed. Will soon fell asleep and forgot about his horrid day.

The next morning, Will was just about to leave for school when he suddenly remembered that the children had been asked to take something red to class to draw in their art lesson that very morning. Will couldn't think of anything red to take into school and so he asked his nan. She went into the kitchen and returned with a large, ripe, bright red Tomato. Will's nan always said that a Tomato was a lovely thing, especially when eaten with some lettuce, onion and pickle. Will put the Tomato in his lunchbox with the cheese sandwiches that his nan had made for him and the apple that he would eat at lunchtime.

On his way to school that morning, Will saw the boys who had made him cry the previous day. The boys glared at Will but didn't say or do anything to him. Will was very relieved and so grateful to Miss Fletcher who had obviously spoken to them. Miss Fletcher was very kind and Will wondered what he could give her as a present to thank her for helping him.

Will had a lovely morning in school and some of the other children had said that his picture of the Tomato was very good. Miss Fletcher said that the children had done very well and she chose Will's picture, with three others, to be put on the wall. At the end of the lesson, as he was leaving the classroom to go to lunch, Will gave Miss Fletcher his Tomato as a present for helping him with the older boys. He explained that he had helped his nan grow it in her greenhouse and that it would taste very nice indeed. Miss Fletcher thanked Will, left the Tomato on her desk and went to have her lunch with the other teachers.

After lunch, Will returned to his classroom but the Tomato was not on the desk where it had been left. Miss Fletcher had also noticed that the Tomato was missing and asked the class if anyone knew what had happened to Will's Tomato. Nobody answered because no one knew where the Tomato could have gone.

Will sat in his chair wondering where the Tomato could be and who could have taken it. Perhaps the caretaker, Mr Jenkins, had taken it by mistake and put it in the bin thinking that it would go off and start to rot. Will wished that Clive was there because he was very good at sniffing out food.

What no one in that classroom knew was that, during lunchtime, one of the older boys had crept into the room and had stolen the Tomato. He had hidden it in his satchel and planned to throw it at Will after school to make him cry. The boy, who was called Cole, was two years older than Will and he was angry because Miss Fletcher had rung his mum the day before about kicking water up Will's trousers. Cole was always getting in trouble for bullying younger children and was a most unpleasant boy.

After school Cole lay in wait for Will outside the main gates with his satchel open so that he could quickly reach inside to grab the Tomato and throw it. He hid the Tomato in his satchel because he didn't want to be seen holding it by one of the teachers as they left school to drive home in their cars.

Suddenly three boys a year younger than Cole jumped on him, pinned him down and told him that he needed to stop bullying everyone or they would go and tell all the

teachers. Cole struggled but couldn't get free from the boys and as he kicked his legs his foot knocked the satchel aside. The contents of the satchel, including the Tomato, rolled out. The Tomato started to roll down the steep hill that led to the High Street. It bounced over a drain, off the pavement, into the road and back onto the pavement again. Faster and faster it rolled until the road levelled out at the bottom of the hill and the Tomato began to slow down.

The Tomato finally came to a halt beside a mother and her young daughter Cerys. They were waiting for Cerys's older brother Harry to walk down the hill from the school with his friends to meet them.

Cerys was three years old and she waited for her brother every afternoon at three o'clock – not that she could tell the time as she was too young to understand clocks. Harry walked down the hill every day laughing with his friends and he always kissed Cerys on her forehead when he reached her. Cerys couldn't wait until she would be big enough to go to school just like Harry.

Cerys looked down, noticed the Tomato, picked it up from the pavement and put it next to her doll inside the toy pram that she was pushing. There was no reason for Cerys to pick up the Tomato, but three year old children don't need a reason to do anything – they just pick things up as they please.

It always seemed to Cerys and Harry that it took ages to walk the short distance home because their mum would always stop and gossip with the other mums. The two children would pass the time by inventing a game of some sort which usually involved Harry pulling silly faces at Cerys. She would laugh at his silly faces and the voices he would put on. This particular afternoon Harry had decided to pull a silly face at Cerys's doll in her pram. He put his head in the pram and couldn't believe it when he saw a bright red, juicy Tomato beside the doll's head.

Harry knew that their mum would not be happy with the Tomato and, to save the row that would follow, he looked for a place to hide the Tomato. He tried to explain the situation to Cerys but she started to cry because she couldn't understand why Harry had taken her Tomato. Quickly, and before their mum noticed, Harry stuffed the

Tomato into the letterbox on the corner of their street. Harry told Cerys that, because the letterbox was red, like the Tomato, everything would be alright and that the postman would send it to her the next day – he hoped that Cerys would forget all about it.

The Tomato spent all night in the letterbox alone with many letters and parcels. Some of them were business letters, some of them were birthday cards and some of them were just boring parcels.

In the morning the postman came, emptied the letterbox and took the letters and parcels to the sorting office. He saw the Tomato and put it in the pocket of his jacket.

During his lunch break the postman, who was called Terry, ate his food with his mate Colin. Terry was eating a turkey roll and Colin was eating cheese sandwiches. Terry washed the Tomato, chopped it into slices and shared it with Colin. They both enjoyed their lunch very much and were happy that they had enjoyed such a juicy Tomato with such a lovely flavour.

The next morning, Will's nan gave him another Tomato to give to Miss Fletcher. This Tomato was even bigger than the first one. Will gave the Tomato to Miss Fletcher as soon as he arrived in the classroom. She was very pleased and put the Tomato in her bag.

On the morning of the following Saturday, Will and his best friend Charlie, who was also eight years old and Will's dog, Clive, went out together for a walk down the lanes near their houses. Will's favourite place was a little mill pond about one mile from his house and that's where they were going. They would only stay there for about an hour but they would enjoy throwing sticks into the pond for Clive to fetch.

Will had forgotten all about the incident with the Tomato and the boys were discussing which of them would be able to throw the stick furthest into the pond for Clive to jump in and fetch.

A boy was approaching them on a bike. Will knew who it was immediately.

It was Cole. Will really hoped that Cole had not seen him. He told Charlie to be ready to run.

Cole had most definitely seen Will and started cycling towards him as fast as he could.

Will and Charlie turned and ran – Clive followed.

Cole was travelling at a much faster speed on his bike than Will and Charlie could run. Will looked over his shoulder and could see Cole gaining ground on them.

Five seconds.

Three seconds.

One second. Cole had caught up with them and it looked like he was going to try and knock Will over. Will leapt out of the way at the very last moment – too quickly for Cole who didn't expect Will's move. Cole lost control of his bike and his front wheel hit the grass verge at full speed. The bike wobbled and Cole was thrown over the handlebars headfirst into the ditch. The bike fell on top of him and the boys could hear him groaning.

Will wanted to run away and part of him wanted to laugh at Cole because of all the horrible things that he had done to him in school. Instead, Will lifted the bike off Cole and set it on the grass verge. He then offered his hand to Cole and helped him out of the ditch.

Cole seemed to be angry, embarrassed but grateful all at the same time. Cole thanked Will for his help and Charlie inspected the bike. The front wheel had buckled when it had hit the grass verge and there was no way of riding it without it being repaired.

Cole had cut his face and twisted his ankle in the accident and he was struggling to walk. Will suggested that they went to his house because his dad would be able to fix

the bike – Cole agreed. Will and Charlie took it in turns to walk with the bike and Cole limped behind them.

Will's mum was astonished when she saw that Will had bought Cole back home with him. She knew who Cole was and what he had done to Will in school but she said nothing.

Will's mum prepared three glasses of squash for the boys and a fresh bowl of water for Clive. She gave Cole some wipes to clean his cut and Will's dad knocked the buckled wheel of the bike back into shape in the garage with a hammer.

Cole said that his ankle was feeling better and that it was time that he went home. He thanked everyone for their kindness and took his bike to the bottom of the drive. He turned around and asked Will why he had helped him after everything that had happened in school. Will replied that Cole had needed his help and that it had been the right thing to do. Cole smiled, got on his bike and rode home.

Two days later Will saw Cole in school. He felt the same fear that he always did when he saw Cole. Cole saw Will but, instead of chasing or kicking him, he gave him a slight nod of his head and walked on by.

It was clear by the end of the week that Cole was not going to bully Will anymore. Cole didn't seem to bully anyone anymore.

By the end of the term, Will noticed that Cole had made some friends. Cole looked happy – and he had never looked happy before.

Will and Cole never became friends but the shared experience of the bike crash in the lane had given them a bond which neither boy would forget.

The end.

Dear reader, I hope you enjoyed my story. I wrote this story for my eight year old son to read during the COVID-19 lockdown. He enjoyed reading the story and so I

decided to share it online. This is not Will and Clive's only adventure and so, if you enjoyed this story, why not read the other books?