

"Who is she?" asked Rock as he looked at Paper dancing between the flowers.

Snap thump wallop.

"Oh No, someone is cutting down the trees in the forest," groaned Rock.

"I must tell Paper; she could get hurt!" he exclaimed.

"What am I going to do she will hurt me?" mumbled Rock.

He rolled down the hill.

"Are you alright?" asked Paper.

"I am fine," replied Rock.

"You must come with me, you are in trouble, please," begged Rock.

"No, I must stay here and protect the woods," insisted Paper.

"Please," he repeated.

"Fine," she agreed.

"Come," he said.

So, they went running through the trees away from scissors eventually they came to a dead end.

"Oh No," he groaned.

Scissors goes into a fight with Paper, but Paper gets cut. Rock gets angry and demolishes Scissors.

"Why did you do this," moaned Rock.

"I don't care if I get hurt, I will take you back," shouted Rock.

So, he took her back but when he had finished, he had crumbled to his death. Paper sadly mourned him every day.

Comment [M1]:

Comment [M2]:

Comment [M3]: