

I am a girl who lives in a Caravan

Carrot's fright

I am a girl called Anna that lives in a caravan with 36 rabbits. I used to live in a huge house with 4 golf courses, 2 swimming pools that I was not allowed in, my mum was afraid I might drown, and a cinema (well a big room with a huge tv and about a trillion comfy chairs.).

Most people might think I am bonkers wanting to live somewhere else. But I mean, use your head. If you are not allowed to swim in the pools, play on the golf courses or watch tv for more than 15 minutes a week and if you must wear a tight pink dress everywhere you go, you will probably agree that living there is absolutely no use at all.

Klutzy's parents own this huge campsite. So, his parents let me have one of the oldest, tiniest caravans. Klutzy is my best friend, well, most of the time.

At 04:43 in the morning I rolled out of bed headfirst, I cannot help it if the caravan is missing one wheel. I decided to go outside, and I saw Carrot lying in the grass with his eyes open. Carrot is also my best friend, but not always.

I sat next to him (a bit too quickly for his liking) and he jumped up while giving a high-pitched scream.

"You should probably not scream too loudly, otherwise you might wake up the whole campsite," I told him.

"Next time you could warn me you are coming," Carrot responded.

We were lying together on the grass; Carrot was humming a tune. He loves Jazz music. The sun was slowly starting to come up.



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“Will you stop pulling my hair,” said Carrot.

“I’m not pulling your hair!” I said, looking behind towards Carrot’s hair. I saw Rabbit number 16 taking a nibble of his hair. Carrot looked back to where I was looking.

“Your rabbit thinks I’m a carrot,” said Carrot. At that moment Klutzy came wandering around the corner listening to music on his headphones.

“Klutzy, we need your help,” I said.

“Why would you need my help?” asked Klutzy.

“Anna’s rabbit thinks I’m a carrot,” said Carrot.

“And??” asked Klutzy.

“How should we solve this problem?” I asked. Carrot’s hair is even more a mess now.”

“I have an idea,” said Klutzy and he left.

“What do you think he is going to get?” I asked.

“I don’t know but I hope it’s going to work,” said Carrot anxiously.

“He might have some hair dye,” I said thoughtfully.

We both stood up hoping to see Klutzy coming back with some hair dye, but instead he came back with huge gardening scissors.

I run up to Klutzy.

“Are you going to cut his hair?” I whispered in his ear so that Carrot could not hear me. He nodded. Carrot noticed the gardening scissors now as well.

“Are you going to cut my hair off or something ... With that thing?” he asked.

Me and Klutzy nodded.

Klutzy asked if we were ready, I said yes and eventually Carrot agreed as well. Klutzy held up his gardening scissors and started snipping Carrot’s hair. After a few minutes his hair was in all different lengths. But in the end it looked amazing.

Well, kind of.