

Mr Chatley joins the Circus!

One cold, snowy morning in the middle of winter, Mr Chatley looked out of his window and saw the circus. He gobbled down his breakfast of waffles with chocolate spread, reminding himself he needed lots of energy today. He washed and dressed quickly putting on his bobble hat, gloves and snow boots. Mr Chatley picked up his packed lunch of ham salad and Hula Hoops, checked he had his juggling balls and his red nose and set off down the road. In the distance he saw Miss Archer practising her hula-hooping. He sang a song to himself because he was feeling excited. He was off on an adventure!

As he approached the circus, Mr Chatley jumped for joy! However, this didn't last very long because out of the corner of his eye, at the back of the circus, he spotted many clowns riding bicycles as they juggled!

"Oh goodness me, I can only juggle! I'm not able to ride a bicycle and juggle at the same time. What on earth can I do?" thought, Mr Chatley.

Just at that moment, he was greeted by a friendly face. "Oh, Mrs Wallace! How lovely to see you," said Mr Chatley.

"Hi, Mr Chatley. You look a bit worried. Would you like some help with anything?"

"Oh yes, please, Mrs Wallace", replied Mr Chatley. "I never knew I had to juggle while riding a bicycle. Could you help me?"

"Of course I can. Follow me", said Mrs Wallace, in kind voice.

Just then, Mr. Chatley saw Miss. Cackett riding her bicycle while juggling. "Wow look at you, you can juggle and ride your bicycle" said Mr. Chatley.

"Oh Mr. Chatley you are so silly. You can juggle and ride a bicycle if you keep trying" said Miss. Cackett.

"Okay, so do I need to keep trying or just give up?" asked Mr. Chatley.

"No, Mr. Chatley. You should never give up on your dreams. If you just keep trying you will get there – you are just not there... YET!" said, Miss Cackett, with a big smile.

Mr. Chatley skipped off feeling hopeful. He walked past a shop called 'Bicycle Lessons'. "Oh yes, just what I need," he thought to himself. Mr Chatley walked into the door and saw Mrs. Gallie!

"Hello Sir, can I help you?" said Mrs. Gallie.

"Oh, yes please. I need to learn to juggle and ride a bicycle at the same time!" said Mr. Chatley.

“Great – come in!” “OK,” said Mrs Gallie “First of all I need to see how well you can ride and bicycle and then I need to see how well you can juggle.”

Mr Chatley climbed onto a magnificent rainbow coloured, two wheeled bicycle with a Star Wars bell and light sabre lights! Excitedly, he rode around the shop doing wheelies and ringing the bell. “Fantastic!” said Mrs Gallie “Now show me your juggling skills.”

Mr Chatley nervously took out his juggling balls and started juggling. “Wow! I can see you have been practising really hard to be able to juggle so well” said Mrs Gallie.

“Yes I have,” said, Mr Chatley “When I first started I wasn’t very good at all but I have practised every day and now I am so much better.”

“Right,” said, Mrs Gallie “Now we must have a go at juggling and riding the bike at the same time.”

Mr Chatley tried to climb on the bike but could not because he was holding the juggling balls. “I need something to put my juggling balls in,” said. Mr Chatley. Mrs Gallie showed him a selection of baskets to go on the front of the bike and he chose a bright blue one with a Tottenham Hotspur badge on it.

“Now for the big moment...” said, Mrs Gallie.

Mr Chatley climbed on the bicycle and started pedalling, he reached for the juggling balls from the basket on the front of his bicycle and started pedalling... one ball, two balls, three balls and ... CRASH! He landed in a heap at the feet of a passer-by who introduced herself as Mrs Bedford.

Mrs Bedford said “Oh dear, are you ok?”

Mr Chatley smiled bravely at Mrs Bedford and replied, “Yes, I’m OK but I have hurt my knee.”

She helped him up and noticed that he looked a little bit sad so she asked “What is wrong Mr Chatley?”

“I’m trying to ride a bike while juggling but it is not going very well. I’m worried everyone in the circus will laugh at me if I can’t do it.”

“Nonsense! You just can’t do it ... YET!”

Mrs Bedford remembered she had a friend called Mrs Childs who was a circus trainer. “I have a friend who could help you, Mr Chatley. Would you like that?” she asked.

“Yes, please!” said, Mr Chatley in a jolly voice as he jumped up and down with excitement. Mrs Bedford showed Mr Chatley where Mrs Childs lived so they could start training. Mr Chatley waved happily goodbye and ran off to Mrs Childs’ house. He knocked on the door softly and waited for her to answer.

Mrs Childs had the most wonderful door! It was multi-coloured with sparkling diamonds all over it. Mr. Chatley squeezed the doorbell which was like a bright red clown’s nose, then as quick as a wink, Mrs. Childs appeared at the door. “Hello, Mr Chatley,” said Mrs Childs, in a merry voice, “Would you like to come in for some tea? Miss Cackett is here too.”

“What a lovely idea that is! But I really need your help. I need to learn to ride a bike and juggle at the same time by TONIGHT!” Mr Chatley replied in a panicked voice.

Mrs Childs thought for a moment then suddenly she had a spectacular idea! She rushed back inside to Miss Cackett and asked her to bring her bike outside.

“Why do you need my bike?” asked Miss Cackett, who was very confused. Miss Cackett’s bike was pink with rainbow streamers on the handles, and a sparkly seat but more importantly, she had stabilisers!

Mr Chatley realised why Mrs Childs had shown him Miss Cackett’s bike and he jumped for joy, “Oh, thank you, Mrs Childs. What a brilliant idea this is! This will make things much easier. Please can I borrow your bike Miss Cackett?”

With a beaming smile, Miss Cackett replied, “Certainly and I know a great place to go and practise.”

Mrs Childs waved goodbye to Mr Chatley and Miss Cackett who disappeared into the distance. Then, feeling very pleased with herself, she returned to her tea.

Mr Chatley decided to peddle all the way to Mote Park to practise his riding and juggling skills. As he entered the park, he noticed other people on their bikes, so he followed them. He peddled up a steep concrete ramp. All of a sudden, his bike started to do a massive wheelie, throwing Mr Chatley up into the air! With a large thud, he landed on his bottom with a very sore knee! Through the trees, he heard a loud siren followed by Nurse Tristram! She said, “Don’t worry, I’ll help you with one of my special juggling clown plasters.”

Once patched up, Mr Chatley carried on peddling with the amazing ability of being able to now juggle as well. Had the juggling clown plaster given him magic powers?

Mr Chatley remembered that Miss Gower had magic powers. With directions from Mrs Tristram, he peddled furiously until he reached her house. Miss Gower’s house was not a house but a massive circus tent! Pushing aside the tent doors, he carefully stepped into a magical, colourful land. Was this really Miss Gower’s house?

As soon as he entered the tent, the colour around him drained away. Mr Chatley was approached by a figure cloaked in darkness. He felt scared as he couldn't see its face! Frozen with fear, Mr Chatley couldn't move! As the suspicious figure moved closer he started to tremble.

All of a sudden, a friendly voice was heard. "Silly, Mr Chatley. Why are you shaking? It's me, Mrs Armstrong."

"You scared me half to death!" Mr Chatley said in a shaking voice. "Why are you dressed like that?"

Mrs Armstrong explained that she was part of a Shape Shifting Act in her spare time. Mr Chatley was confused as Mrs Armstrong was also a full-time teacher and wasn't sure how she managed to fit all this in.

Mr Chatley explained that he was trying to ride a bike and juggle at the same time. So, after further discussions, Mrs Armstrong suggested that Mr Chatley should also join the circus. There was one problem....he needed a costume.

Miss Ridout also worked part-time at the circus as a costume designer for the circus acts. Mrs Armstrong pointed Mr Chatley in the direction of the back stage costume department...

"I need a costume for my juggling act," said, Mr Chatley, "Can you make one for me?"

Miss Ridout replied with a smile,

"Of course I can, Mr Chatley."

In no time at all, Miss Ridout had made a beautiful cloak which was black and covered with sparkly stars. Mr Chatley thanked her and sped as quickly as he could to the circus.

Little did he know there was someone lurking in the shadows, determined to stop him performing.

Sitting in the audience, was an evil witch who cast a spell on Mr Chatley as he practised behind the scenes. Her ancient face was covered in pustules, and her eyes were as black as coal. Luckily, Mrs Vincett and Mrs Kyte were on hand to help.

As quick as a flash, Mrs Kyte pulled out her karate moves, and chopped wildly at the evil witch. She fell to the floor with a big thump! Mrs Vincett pulled out her magic wand and with the magic words "Hibbidi bobbidi boo!" reversed the evil spell. They ran over to Mr Chatley and told him to keep going. They believed in him, and so Mr Chatley believed in himself.

Little did the trio know, behind them, the witch had vanished. They had to find her before she could cause any more trouble. Mr Chatley spun around on the spot to find an empty potion bottle with the label 'Teleportation'.

"I know a thing or two about witches" proclaimed, Mrs Kyte, with her hands on her hips.

"Great! announced, Mr Chatley. "But first we must get to the Magic School Bus!"

Whilst on the bus, Mrs Vincett questioned, "Where on Earth are we going?"

"We need to fly to the homely cottage in the heart of the forest," Mrs Kyte arrogantly explained.

Mr Chatley, who was twiddling his moustache, interrupted, "Hang on a minute! Isn't that where Miss Mason used to live?"

After a long journey, they finally arrived at the cottage. Shaking violently, Mr Chatley and his gang disembarked from the bus. They come across - what from behind looked like - Miss Mason washing her clothes outside the cottage. Mr Chatley, while juggling his balls, announced firmly, "Miss Mason, have you seen a wicked witch anywhere around these woods?"

Miss Mason, whilst gradually turning around, boomed in a deep voice, "Why yes I have, boss!"

The three of them suddenly realised the truth and gasped in horror. It was Miss Mason all along!

The wicked witch (Miss Mason) raised her wand, that'd been in her hand, in an attempt to vanquish her foes. With all his might, Mr Chatley hurled a juggling ball at the cackling witch's ugly face!

Wallop! The ball went straight into the witch's mouth, knocking out all her teeth, and lodged itself in her windpipe!

Miss Mason was finally defeated! The trio celebrated while the evil witch choked to death. Mrs Vincett announced, "Ah she would have succeeded if it wasn't for us pesky teachers!"

The triumphant trio returned to their magic school bus. In a flash, they were back in the relative safety of the tent.

Breathing a sigh of relief, they felt safe again. However, their relief was short-lived. Emerging from the inky darkness, a familiar cackle reverberated around the big top. She was back! Swooping swiftly on her broomstick, Miss Mason narrowly missed Mrs Staple (the champion tight-rope walker) who was performing her new death-defying move! Mrs Staple wobbled, Mrs Staple wiggled. Mrs Staple... fell! Falling, falling, falling! Poor Mrs Staple!

Fortunately, Mr Chatley, who had been watching from the shadows, spotted Leo the Lion in the corner. As quick as a flash, he darted towards Leo performing his own death-defying roly poly. Leo gave a familiar growl as Mr Chatley released him.

At the speed of light, Leo bounded towards the still flailing Mrs Staple. He positioned himself in the centre of the arena to avoid disaster. Leo opened his jaws wide, Mrs Staple dived straight into his jaws head first with her legs

sticking out of Leo's mouth. At that very moment, Miss Mason swooped in again and caught Mrs Staple's foot as she passed, dragging her out of the tent into the night beyond with Leo racing after them.

Meanwhile, Mr Chatley approached the 'Nolanizer' (Mrs Nolan) and her sidekick 'The Super Root' (Mrs Root).

They were a daredevil stunt duo that performed at many live events. Mr Chatley needed some top tips on how to make his performance extraordinary. They suggested that he try for the 'Flaming Flip' as it always got a colossal applause. It required setting his juggling balls alight, doing a backflip whilst juggling and landing back on his bike. Mr Chatley didn't have any time to loose so he hoped that all would go as planned.

It was time. Time for the show. Time for Mr Chatley to shine. Peddling warily, he was ready to perform his solo act. Shaking nervously, he dipped his juggling balls in gasoline, hoping and praying it would work. Super Root and Nolanizer stood on the stage eager to see the amazing act. They hoped nothing would go wrong...

Meanwhile, waiting in the wings, the devious Miss Mason had returned. She neutralised Mr Chatley's luck given to him by Miss Gower. With an evil cackle that reverberated around the tent, she was gone.

Unknowingly, Mr Chatley mounted his bike ready to take centre stage. As he approached the middle with a rapturous applause, Mrs Ball (one of the stage hands) ignited the balls. In a blaze of wonder, Mr Chatley began.

With adrenaline fuelling his blood, Mr Chatley wibbled and wobbled around the tent. Suddenly, out of nowhere, an elephant came charging in. Mrs Fullagar had forgotten she was holding the rope! Scared of the fire, the elephant charged in a panicked rage. Mr Chatley dropped a ball: his trousers were alight!

Crashing into the side of the wooden stage and setting it ablaze, Mr Chatley let go of the other balls which ignited the tent. Within seconds, the whole tent was like a scene from the Great Fire of London. The crowd were like a swarm of bees fleeing their burning hive. Mrs Fullagar grabbed the elephant and set it to work hosing the fire down with its trunk. Sitting in the middle of the tragedy, Mr Chatley sat there sobbing. A river of tears put out his trousers.

Out of nowhere, Miss Gower appeared. Mr Chatley was amazed. She smiled sweetly and asked him what was wrong. Mr Chatley couldn't believe the question.

"Isn't it obvious, I was a disaster!" explained, Mr Chatley.

"Don't worry, I will grant you one wish and make all this seem like a dream," said, Miss Gower.

"Really? I wish for this disaster to have never happened." asked Mr Chatley.

The air around him began to spin and magical sparkles filled it. The tent and all its audience reappeared and Mr Chatley was back in the centre juggling the balls of fire. The crowd were going wild and Mr Chatley was filled with a sense of happiness. The determination had paid off. From that day forward, Mr Chatley was the new star of the show and everyone from far and wide would travel to see his amazing juggling act.

THE END (until next year...)