**One Family**

*Becky, Jenny, Bruce and George*

Becky, Jenny, Bruce and George, huddled close together as they waited for Pa Snip to begin their story.

 “Out in the great wide fields of Lincolnshire...”

“That’s *our* home!” The sprouts shouted.

“Now, be quiet and let me tell the story “ Pa Snip quieted them. “Out in the wide fields, there were rows and rows of tall green plants growing.

They stretched up above all the cabbages and cauliflowers. They went taller and higher every day, holding up their heads to the sunshine and getting fatter as little green buttons grew all over them. Day after day the buttons grew round and big until they were almost squashing each other. There was barely room for all of them.”

“Just like us,” said Becky. Bruce and Jenny giggled. “Hush!” whispered George. “I want to hear our story.”

Pa Snip went on .... “When it rained they grew. When the sun shone they grew. When the wind howled, they grew. But then, when the sunny weather ended and cold frosty days arrived, the brussel plant said to its family, “It will be time to go soon. Try to stay together. Remember you are a family.”

A few days later when the wind had dried up the fields and the sparrows were pecking under the hedges, men came with a tractor. Behind the tractor was a trailer loaded with wooden boxes, and behind that a huge, noisy machine on wheels. As the machine went past the sprouts were all pulled from the stems.

“Good-bye called the brussel stalk, shivering with cold. “Stay together now, like I told you.” The sprouts had no time to answer. They were all thrown together in the box and shaken down. They called to one another, “Keep together! Stay with your family!”

The trailer, now loaded with boxes of sprouts, bumped across the fields. The little green balls were being shaken up, pushed away and then pressed against other sprouts until it seems everyone was lost from their family.”

“That’s just how it was for *us*,” said George. “I couldn’t find the others anywhere.

Please, let me tell how *our* story went on ...”

Pa Snip, nodded at George with his spiky green top, and George went on with the story …..

“We were all taken to a big shed,” he said. “Then we were picked out of the

boxes and put into orange nets. The net cut our green coats and left brown marks on us. We were calling each other all the time, “Becky! Jenny! Bruce!” They knew my voice. Everyone thinks we sprouts are all the same, but we’re not - we are all different. As we fell into the bag I managed to stick to the side by getting one of my green leaves caught in the net. Then I saw Jenny and Becky rolling in. I called to them, and they grabbed hold of the bag with me. Next thing an extra big sprout rolled past us He looked so cross. “I’ve lost all my family,” he said. He tried to push us out of his way but we held on and kept looking for Bruce.

In a little while we were put into a lorry with bags of potatoes and cabbages and

carrots. We bumped up and down. In the net, everybody was trying to hang on but kept changing places. The grumpy sprout bumped into us again. Then suddenly, Bruce popped up from between two others. We rolled together and held him tight between us.” “They nearly squashed the life out of me,” said Bruce.

George went on. “The grumpy sprout bounced past us again. “We’ve found another of our family,” we told him. He wasn’t grumpy then. He pressed against us and started to cry. “I’ll never find my family, he wailed. “They will be in a different bag now, and a long way from here.”

Becky felt so sad for Grumpy, who wasn’t grumpy anymore. She said, “You can be part of our family if you like.”

“Yes, yes,” cried Jenny. “We are all one big sprout family! You can be my

brother!” she said to the sprout who used to be grumpy. “Let’s all be one family then no-one needs ever to be lost or unhappy.”

Becky tried to turn to look over the edge of the pink paper, so she could see the big box of brussel sprouts on a shelf the other side of the shop. “We’re all one family,” she called out”

“We’re all one family!” All the sprouts in the box shouted back together.

“Don’t make so much noise,” said Mr. H. Appy. “I want to go to sleep.” He didn’t really. He just felt it was time to say something. He wanted to hear more stories really.

“Well,” said Pa Snip to the sprouts. “That was a good story. It was just like the one I was going to tell you. I wish I had a family like yours.”