

Jeff In Hooverville

Jeff lived an ordinary life in an ordinary house with an ordinary family. He had fiery red twigs of hair and eyes just made for studying the TV. Like any other boy of 7, he had always feared the Hoover monster and worried that it might gobble him up if it got too close to his toes. He'd rush to tidy his forever messy room so that his favourite toys would be saved from the hoover. One night, just like any other, Jeff was sitting in his favourite, oldest, crumpled pyjamas, that made him look like he hadn't woken for 500 years, when the strangest thing happened. He was watching Doctor Who, when his Mum strolled in with The Monster yet again. Why did she always have to hoover when his favourite programme was on?!

"Feet up!" yelled his Mum. But it was too late. When Jeff was watching Doctor Who nothing could distract him. Vvvvrrrrr!

Wahoo! The next thing he knew, he was whirling through a landscape where the walls were made of dust, dirt and just about everything you would find in a hoover bag. He smashed to the ground and thought how this looked like somewhere Doctor Who would land. "Wow! A whole world where streets, houses, trees and even toilets are made out of LEGO!" marvelled Jeff, as he gaped at this wonder.

Jeff realised that a crowd of kids had silently moved in around him, like Ninjas. Millions of questions were swelling up in his head like troublesome warts. At the head of the crowd was a skinny boy of around 10.

"Hi, I'm Percy, and we're the children who have been hoovered up, and we've made a world here out of all the things that have been hoovered up. Mainly LEGO and rubber bands."

"Oh cool, can I stay for a bit?"

"Yes, but you'll have to stay with me because parents are making their kids tidy toys away and we're only getting about 1 percent of the Lego we used to get. There are still children arriving and we can't build houses for them."

"Oh no, you have a homelessness crisis because I tidy my bedroom floor too well?!" exclaimed Jeff.

"Well, yes" muttered the boy looking solemn.

“Well...WWHHAAAGGG!” yelled Jeff as he was tugged up violently by a massive hand. Percy leapt up to save him from what he thought was a monster. But the hand was clenched around Jeff too tight, it would not let go. That was when Jeff realised that the hand was his # Mum’s!

“Stop Percy, it’s just my mum! If I get home I can tip some Lego into my Mum’s Hoover, and make sure that my friends do terrible tidying!” With that, the boy let him go, and Jeff was yanked back to his living room.

“Thanks Mum, you really are strong!” exclaimed Jeff.

“Well, I’m not letting you get hoovered up when I’ve spent all afternoon making a lasagne for your tea.” Same old Mum!