

30(?) Pieces of Chocolate

It was one Saturday night, After Eight, and me and my mate, Freddo, were being paid a Bounty to guard this tomb. “Guard a tomb?” you say. Yeah that’s a Whole Nut of an idea, I know.

There was this guy, see. We’d executed him on the Friday, but he had said and he would come back to life so we were there to make sure he stayed dead! No really, I’m not Lion! You think that’s mad? Join the Club!

Now my mate is a bit of a Smartie, so while we’re stood, guarding a dead body, he says, ‘Why don’t we have a Picnic?’ And I thought, “Well, why not? I could do with some Time Out.”

So we sat down and we ate our sandwiches – Crème egg and cress for me, then Chomping some Fruit and Nut for one of me five-a-day, all washed down with a nice big glass of Dairy Milk.

Anyway, back on the Topic. After our food we were Flaked out and ... well ... I’m not going to Fudge the facts, we fell asleep. I know we shouldn’t have, but we did. We loosened our Buttons, pulled off our Snickers (that’s sneakers, not knickers!), and lay down under the Milky Way.

Next thing I know, there’s a Crunchie sound, like when you Rolo way a stone. I sat bolt upright and ... ‘What Kinder Surprise is this?’ I said. I couldn’t have been more shocked if a Penguin had arrived on a Double Decker bus!

So what was it, this surprise? Only an angel – clothes all Milky Bar white and hair all Curly Wurly– just sat there, on top of the stone! And the tomb was open!

Me and my mate, we were in a complete Twirl – we were so scared we called for our Mars – but just before we fainted clean away we heard a Ripple of fabric from the tomb. Seems the dead guy wasn’t so dead after all! I heard a Wispa as he stepped out. He winked at me and said, “Aero!”

30(?) Pieces of Chocolate - ANSWERS!* (Webmaster counted 31!)

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There was this guy, see. We’d executed him on the Friday, but he had said and he would come back to life so we were there to make sure he stayed dead! No really, I’m not **Lion**! You think that’s mad? Join the **Club**!

Now my mate is a bit of a **Smartie**, so while we’re stood, guarding a dead body, he says, ‘Why don’t we have a **Picnic**?’ And I thought, “Well, why not? I could do with some **Time Out**.”

So we sat down and we ate our sandwiches – **Crème egg** and cress for me, then **Chomping** some **Fruit and Nut** for one of me five-a-day, all washed down with a nice big glass of **Dairy Milk**.

Anyway, back on the **Topic**. After our food we were **Flaked** out and ... well ... I’m not going to **Fudge** the facts, we fell asleep. I know we shouldn’t have, but we did. We loosened our **Buttons**, pulled off our **Snickers** (that’s sneakers, not knickers!), and lay down under the **Milky Way**.

Next thing I know, there’s a **Crunchie** sound, like when you **Rolo** way a stone. I sat bolt upright and ... ‘What **Kinder Surprise** is this?’ I said. I couldn’t have been more shocked if a **Penguin** had arrived on a **Double Decker** bus!

So what was it, this surprise? Only an angel – clothes all **Milky Bar** white and hair all **Curly Wurly**– just sat there, on top of the stone! And the tomb was open!

Me and my mate, we were in a complete **Twirl** – we were so scared we called for our **Mars** – but just before we fainted clean away we heard a **Ripple** of fabric from the tomb. Seems the dead guy wasn’t so dead after all! I heard a **Wispa** as he stepped out. He winked at me and said, “**Aero!**”