

The Tale of Jemima Puddle-Duck

Introduce MC and character flaw

In some woods not far from here, there lived a duck. Her name was Jemima Puddle-Duck. Jemima was a kind-hearted and friendly duck but she was rather silly. She wore a raspberry pink cloak with a large, brass fastening and a cornflower blue bonnet.

Build up – MC tries to do something/go somewhere

Jemima Puddle-Duck was on her way to Rabbit Burrow to deliver some fresh eggs to Mrs Rabbit. Although Farmer Bray had warned her not to leave the farm alone, she was nowhere to be seen. Jemima decided to slip out quietly while the farmer wasn't watching. After all, how dangerous could it be?

The woods around the farm were enchanting. Towering oak trees swayed in the warm, April breeze and blue tits flew gracefully through the air. Bumblebees hovered over sweet scented lupin. Purple forget-me-nots danced in the sunlight as butterflies landed on exquisite, yellow buttercups. A rushing, blue stream trickled peacefully through the garden.

Problem – MC gets in trouble

All of a sudden, Jemima saw something that made her heart skip a beat. By the tree, a large fox was sat reading a newspaper. Mr Tod was a frightfully ill-tempered and disagreeable character. He wore a peppermint green jacket with daffodil yellow trousers and his claws were as sharp as knives. As Mr Tod saw Jemima waddle past, his eyes glowed hungrily and he licked his lips.

Without warning, Mr Tod lunged for Jemima. Jemima Puddle-Duck was horrified. She scampered as quickly as she could towards the gate but the dreadful Mr Tod had leapt in front of her. His white teeth glistened in the sunlight. Poor Jemima Puddle-Duck was terribly frightened.

Resolution – MC gets out of trouble

Just then, Jemima Puddle-Duck had an idea. As quick as a flash, she dived at Mr Tod. Her huge, white wings stretched out wide and her snapping beak made so much noise that she looked rather frightful. Mr Tod was so startled by the racket that Jemima had just enough time to scurry past him. She ran and she ran and she ran. She ran past the waving willow trees, past the rushing stream, past the dancing bluebells and all the way back to the farm.

MC learns a lessons/changes their ways

When Jemima returned, Farmer Bray was very cross that she had left the farm alone and sent Jemima straight to bed without supper. What a silly, little duck! Jemima certainly wouldn't be going off alone again. At least . . . not for a little while.

