

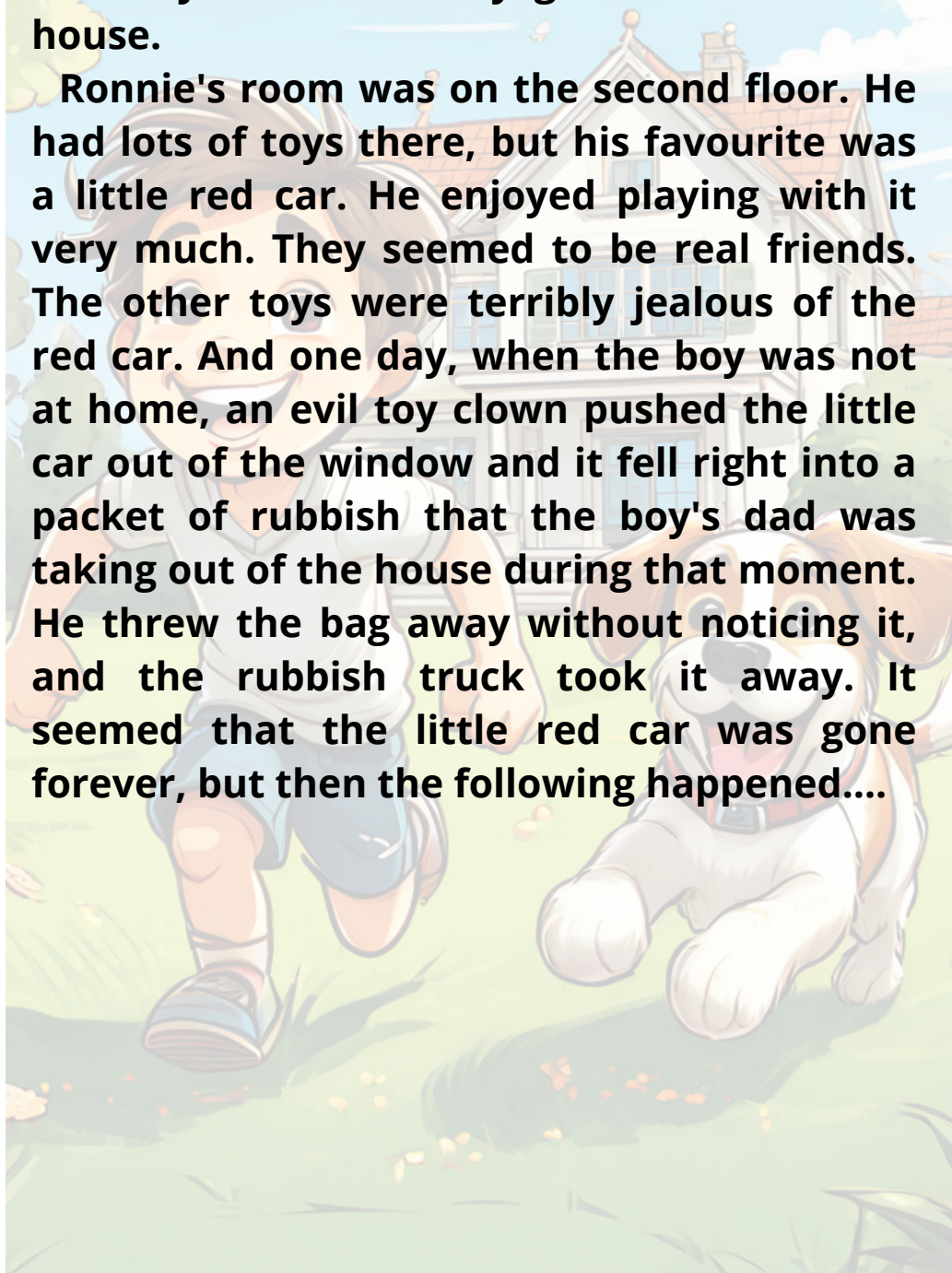
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**The Little Red
Car**

In a small town there lived a boy named Ronnie. He lived in a house on Shady Street with his parents. They had a beautiful lawn in the yard and a cosy garden behind the house.

Ronnie's room was on the second floor. He had lots of toys there, but his favourite was a little red car. He enjoyed playing with it very much. They seemed to be real friends. The other toys were terribly jealous of the red car. And one day, when the boy was not at home, an evil toy clown pushed the little car out of the window and it fell right into a packet of rubbish that the boy's dad was taking out of the house during that moment. He threw the bag away without noticing it, and the rubbish truck took it away. It seemed that the little red car was gone forever, but then the following happened....





Chapter I .

The little car and Vera.

The little car lay in a packet of rubbish and cried miserably. She did not know what awaited her and whether she would be able to see her friend Ronnie again.

"How do I get out of here?" she thought. However, nothing came to her mind. Suddenly she heard a suspicious rustling.

"Who is here?" the little car asked.

"It's none of your concern!" a grumbling voice spoke. "First, tell me who you are."

"I..." the little car was too confused to give an answer.

"I? Such name does not exist!" the voice said, sounding irritated.

"I'm a little car," the little car finally responded.

"A little car? Do you have a name at all?" the voice asked again.

"My friend Ronnie used to me Cherry," the little car said.

"Hahaha...sounds like a tomato," the voice chuckled.

"No, I'm a little car, not a tomato," Cherry answered, feeling offended. "Anyway, you still haven't told me your name."

"Just a moment," the voice said.

Cherry heard the rustling intensify and holes appeared in the bag. Cherry looked into one of them and saw a grey head with two black eyes.

"What are you staring at?" asked a rat. Yes, it was a rat.

"My name is Vera, by the way," the rat introduced herself.

"Nice to meet you, Vera," Cherry said. "I like your eyes. They look so beautiful and intelligent."



"You look nice as well," the rat answered, sounding kinder now. "Okay, I will help you get out.

"The rat chewed the packet harder and Cherry was able to break free.

"Where are they taking us?" Cherry wondered.

"To the landfill, rubbish is always taken to the landfill," the rat said.

"But I'm not rubbish!" Cherry exclaimed.

"Who are you then? If you end up being in a rubbish packet, it means you are a piece of trash!"

"No, I am not..." Cherry said as she started to tell Vera her story.

"Heh," Vera the rat sighed. "You need to get out of here. There is a hill soon and the car will go slower. Climb up over there to the very edge and jump down. I'll help you."

And indeed, after a while the car started going up the hill and slowed down.

Vera helped Cherry climb up, and when the car went even slower, the rat said:

"Now is the time! Jump! Good luck, Cherry!"

"Thank you, Vera. Byyyyye..." Cherry felt herself flying.

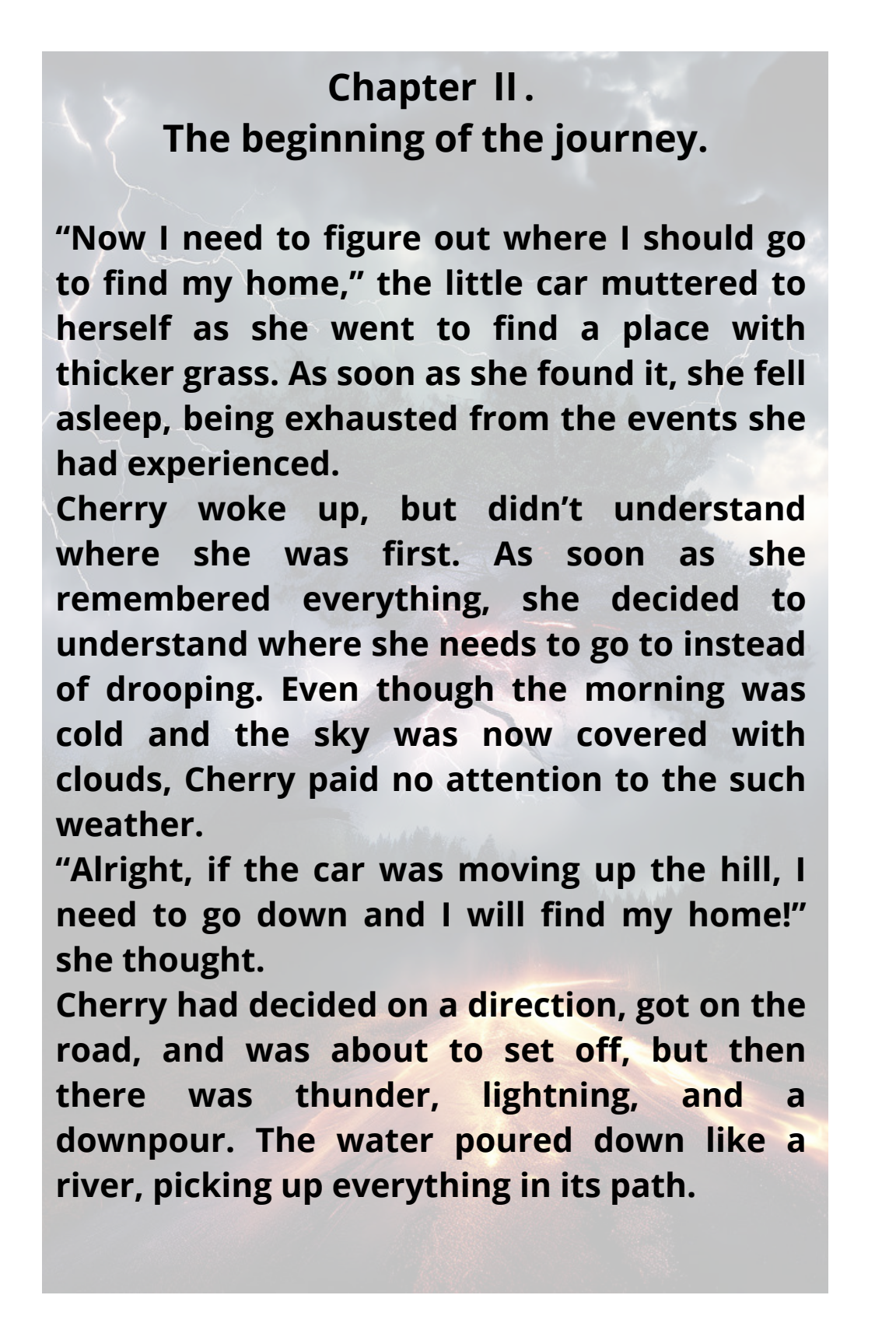


She squeezed her eyes shut. A strong gust of wind carried her away and she fell to the grass.

"I will definitely need to get a parachute," Cherry thought as she continued to lie with her eyes shut. "I've been flying too much. I'm a car, not a plane."

Cherry opened her eyes to see a road on one side and a forest on another.

"Now I need to figure out where I should go to find my home," the little car muttered to herself as she went to find a place with thicker grass. As soon as she found it, she fell asleep, being exhausted from the events she had experienced.



Chapter II.

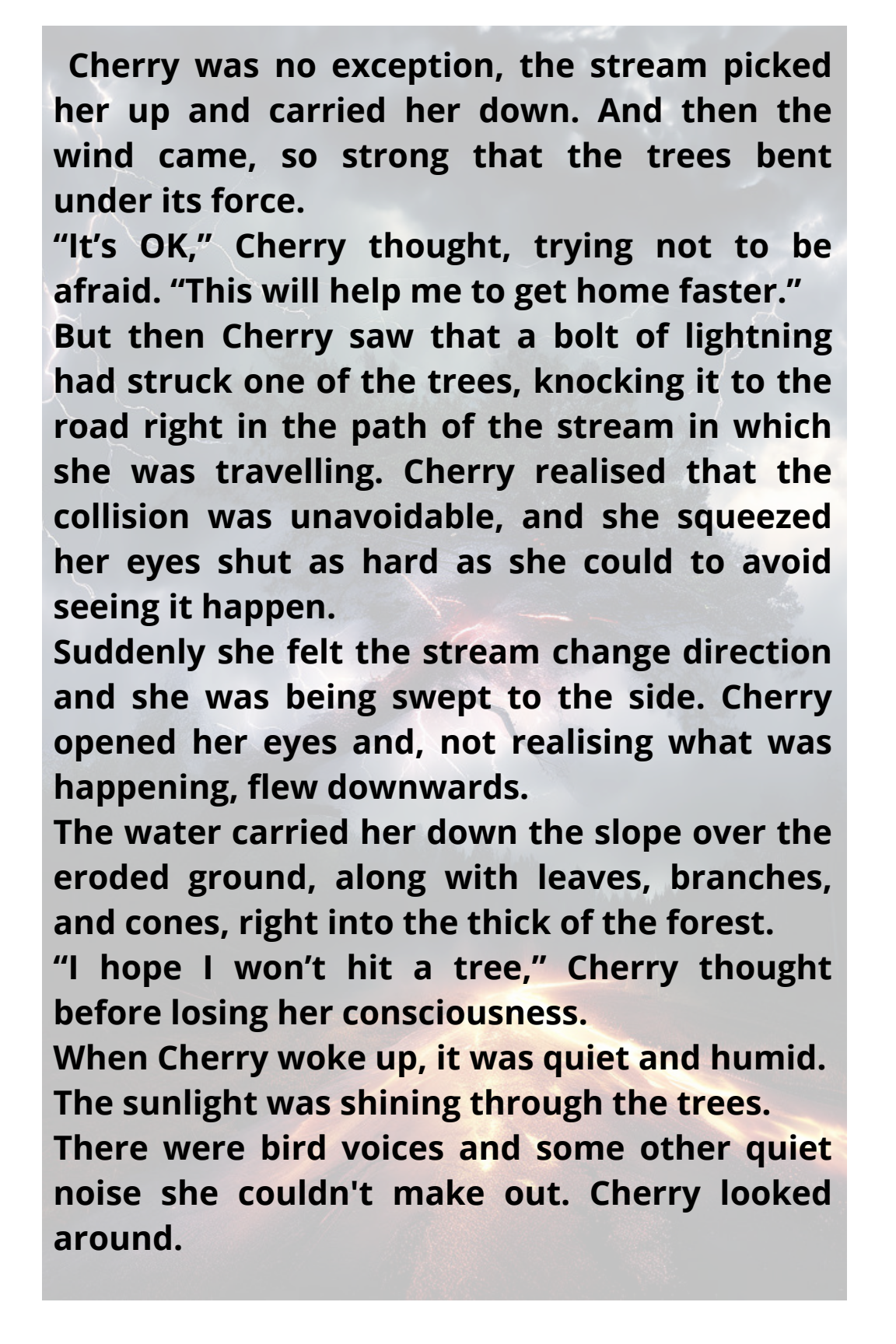
The beginning of the journey.

“Now I need to figure out where I should go to find my home,” the little car muttered to herself as she went to find a place with thicker grass. As soon as she found it, she fell asleep, being exhausted from the events she had experienced.

Cherry woke up, but didn’t understand where she was first. As soon as she remembered everything, she decided to understand where she needs to go to instead of drooping. Even though the morning was cold and the sky was now covered with clouds, Cherry paid no attention to the such weather.

“Alright, if the car was moving up the hill, I need to go down and I will find my home!” she thought.

Cherry had decided on a direction, got on the road, and was about to set off, but then there was thunder, lightning, and a downpour. The water poured down like a river, picking up everything in its path.



Cherry was no exception, the stream picked her up and carried her down. And then the wind came, so strong that the trees bent under its force.

"It's OK," Cherry thought, trying not to be afraid. "This will help me to get home faster."

But then Cherry saw that a bolt of lightning had struck one of the trees, knocking it to the road right in the path of the stream in which she was travelling. Cherry realised that the collision was unavoidable, and she squeezed her eyes shut as hard as she could to avoid seeing it happen.

Suddenly she felt the stream change direction and she was being swept to the side. Cherry opened her eyes and, not realising what was happening, flew downwards.

The water carried her down the slope over the eroded ground, along with leaves, branches, and cones, right into the thick of the forest.

"I hope I won't hit a tree," Cherry thought before losing her consciousness.

When Cherry woke up, it was quiet and humid. The sunlight was shining through the trees.

There were bird voices and some other quiet noise she couldn't make out. Cherry looked around.