

Wendy  
the end-y

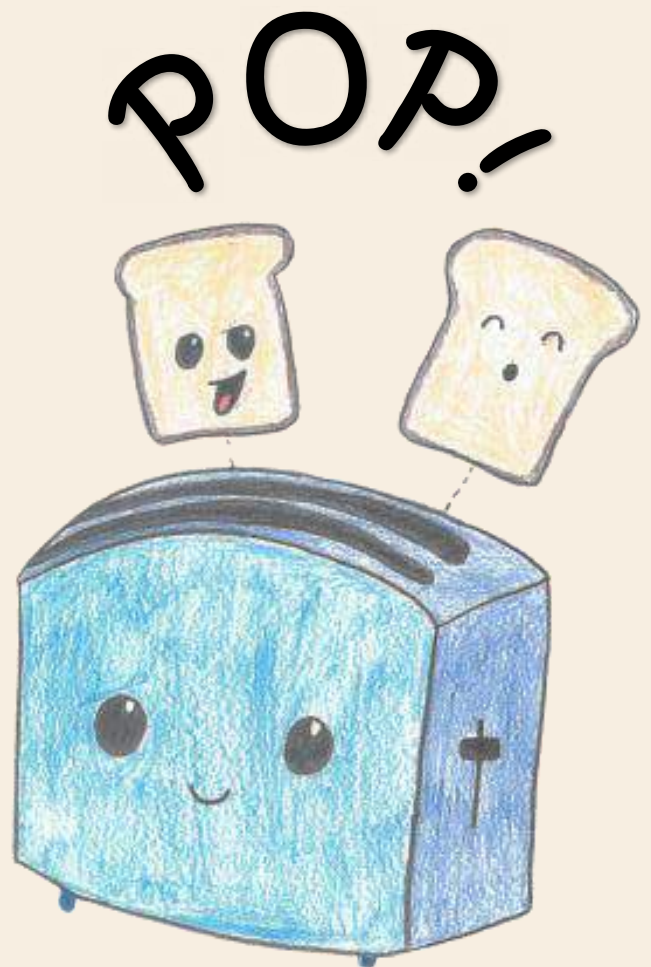




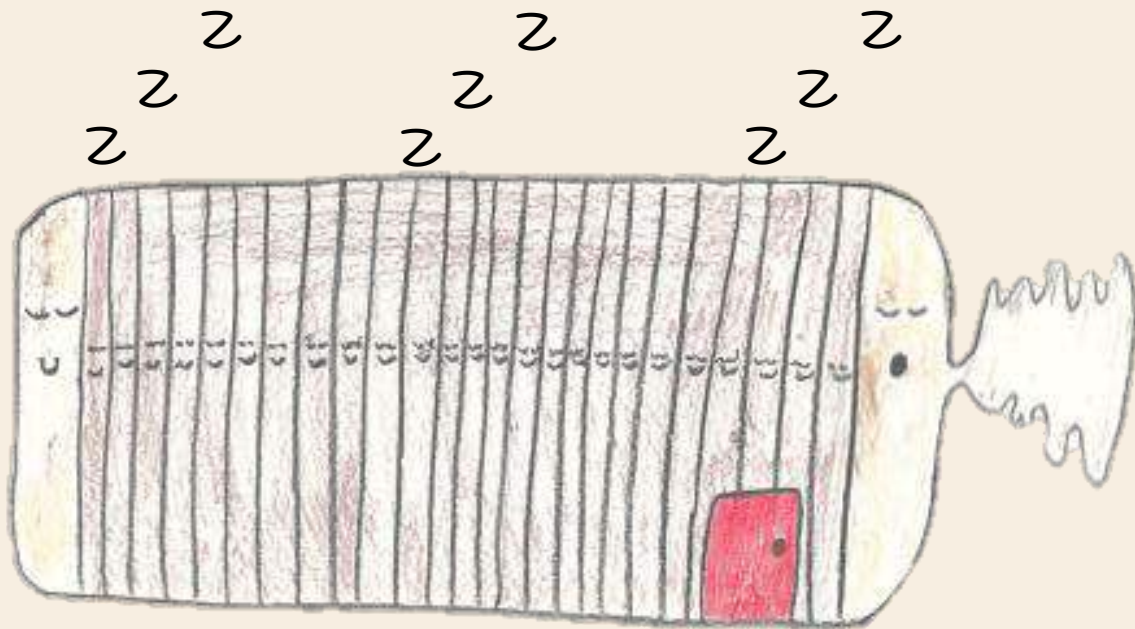
Wendy woke up with a burst of excitement. The sound of the toaster acted as her alarm clock, and she never wanted to hit snooze.

All of the slices of bread in the kitchen waited excitedly for breakfast – it was their favourite part of the day! This was because they wanted to be chosen for the toaster.

You see, the bread's house could get very cold, especially at night.



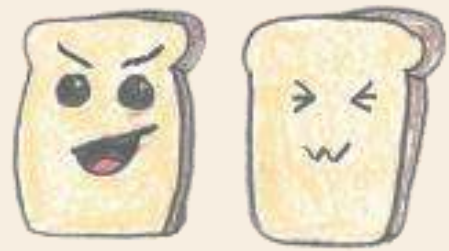
They had to snuggle up close to each other to keep warm.



Everyone longed to feel the heat of the warm, snug toaster and the oozy butter melting into them..... especially Wendy.

Wendy had never been chosen to go to the toaster, because she did not look like the other slices of bread. Wendy was the end piece of bread in the loaf. This meant she was crustier, harder and thicker than everyone else.

Some of them would even call her names, like 'Wendy the end-y'.



Wendy tried her best to stay positive. "Today is going to be the day that you get chosen for the toaster!" she told herself.

She looked over at the carton of milk sitting on the counter, who gave her a smile of encouragement.

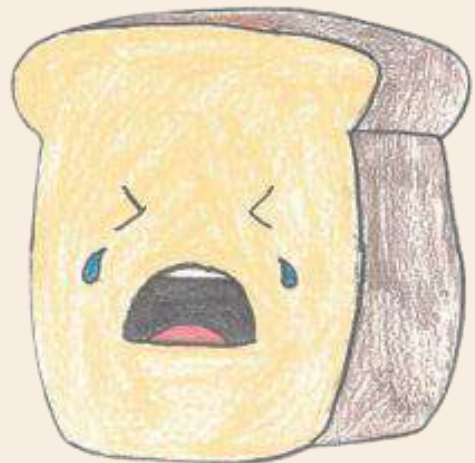




She saw a hand reach into their house. “I’m first in the pile,” Wendy thought to herself, “so it makes sense that I’ll be chosen today.”

But her delight quickly turned to disappointment when she realised that the hand wasn’t coming towards her – it was going past her!

“WHY DOES  
NOBODY WANT  
ME?”



she cried in a shaky voice.

Benny the bread let out a giggle. “It’s because you are... well... different than us” he said. “You don’t fit in – that’s why you are never chosen!”

From that day on, Wendy lost hope of ever being chosen for the toaster.

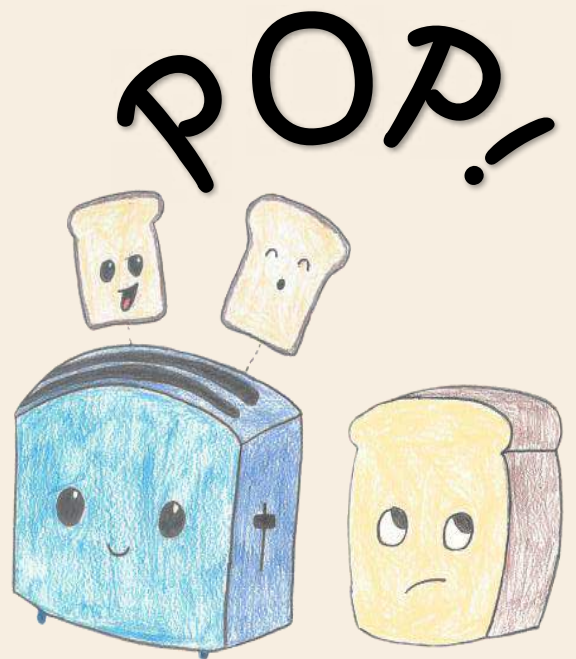
\*\*\*\*\*

Wendy woke up with a jump.  
“There goes the toaster...  
again” she groaned to herself.

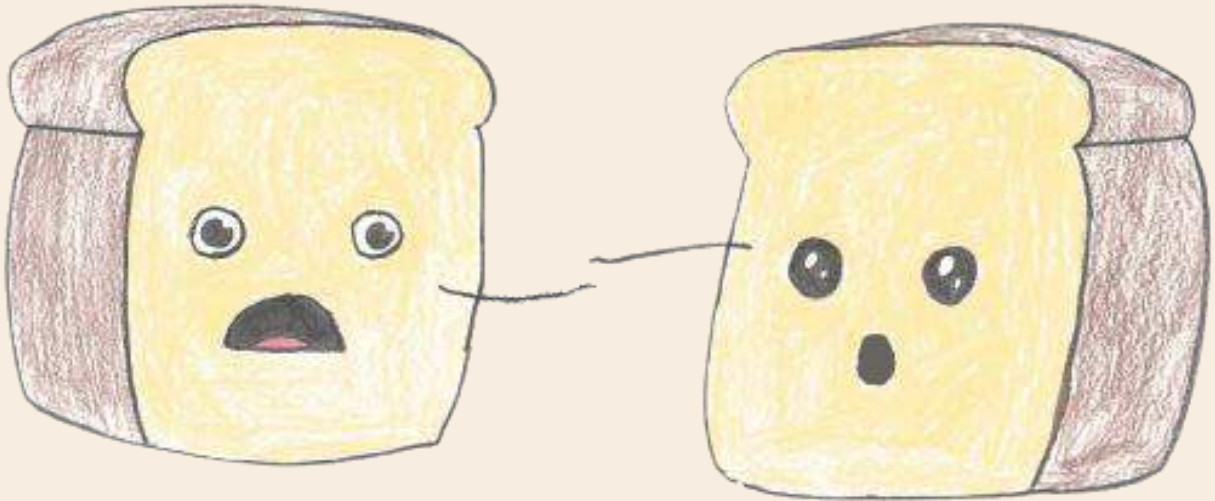
Wendy was one of the few that was left in her house, as everyone else had been chosen for the toaster. She sat in the cold, dark house, all alone... or so she thought.

“Hello?” peeped a quiet voice.

“Who’s there?” Wendy replied shakily.



Wendy could not believe what she saw: another piece of crusty, hard and thick bread. He was... the other end of the loaf!



“YOU... LOOK JUST LIKE ME!” they both exclaimed.

“What’s your name?” Wendy asked him.

“Finn” he replied shyly. “I didn’t think anybody else looked like me... I thought nobody wanted me because I was different.”

“I suppose we both are different,” Wendy replied,  
“but at least now we have each other!” she said  
with a smile.

Morning had arrived, and Wendy  
and Finn were eager to finally  
experience the heat of the toaster.

Tweet! !  
Tweet!



“Happy birthday to you,  
Happy birthday to you,  
Happy birthday dear Molly,  
Happy birthday to you!”



“It must be Molly’s birthday – the  
little girl who lives here!” Wendy said  
to Finn.

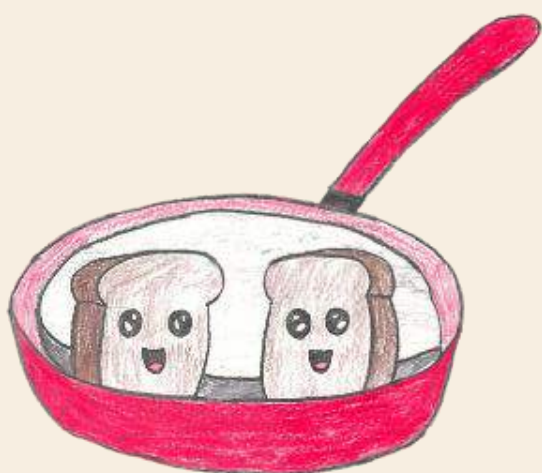
“Happy birthday Molly!” said mummy.

“Would you like me to make you  
some toast?” she asked her.



“Mummy, since it’s my birthday, would I be able to have something a bit more special?” Molly chirped.

“Of course,” replied mummy, “What should I make you? Oh, I know! I’ll make you some French toast!”

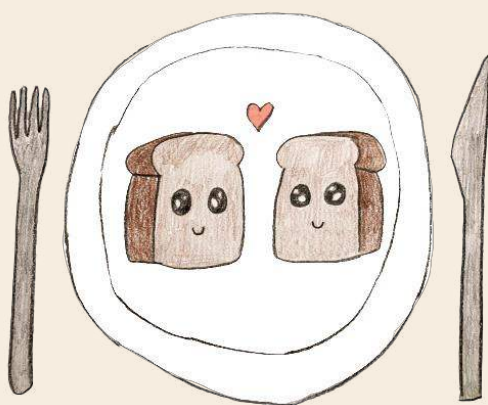


So, Wendy and Finn did not get put into the toaster to become toast. Instead, they became something much more special.

They made lots of new friends...

... and realised that being different is

a good thing, and that something better had been waiting for them all along.



The End