Bandabi Adventures

On a cold snowy day Bandabi was excited because he likes to play in the snow and it would soon be the Paralympics. He dreamed of being in it one day. He dashed to the window to look out but to his surprise all the snow had disappeared. He screamed at the top of his voice

‘Mum, mum this is the worst day of our life.’

Mum raced up the stairs wondering what was the matter. Mum could not believe her eyes. Panic raced through their body. In five days time the Paralympic games were about to begin. They had to solve the mystery of the missing snow. Could they do it in time?

As soon as Bandabi had finished his jam and peanut butter toast, he put his brand new skis in his rucksack and rushed out of the door. He ran as fast as he could to Soohorang’s house. When he arrived, he pressed the doorbell and said to himself

‘Don’t worry, everything’s going to be OK’. Soohorang’s dad slowly opened the door with a worried look. At the end of the hall, Bandabi could see Soohorang in his Pokemon pyjamas. His eyes were red and his cheeks were blotchy. Soohorang must have noticed that the snow had gone, too.

As they walked outside they saw some footprints in the mud. Oh no! It’s the footprints of the Evil Snowman. They followed the footprints down the road and over hills until they saw an amazing sight. There was a snowman rolling over and over. As he rolled he got bigger and bigger with all the snow disappearing where he had rolled.

Bandabi and Soohorang were totally shocked and amazed at the magnificent sight in front of their eyes. The gigantic snowman, which was getting larger by the second, continued to roll away out of sight. Despite running after him they could not catch him up. Now they knew where the snow was disappearing to, however how were they going to stop the evil snowman and get all the snow back in time?

Bandabi said to Soohorang, “This needs a team effort, the Paralympians are all preparing for their events, but without the snow, these will not happen. Let’s go and see if they can help. They might have some great ideas.”

At speed, taking care not to slip on the icy pavements, the dynamic duo, Bandabi and Soohorang, headed to the Olympic Village. As they entered one of the accommodation blocks they could hear sobbing. Dashing into the dining room Bandabi announced, “Never fear, we are here and we have a plan.”

“Well that’s not quite true “ interrupted Soohorang,” we know what’s made the snow disappear but we are hoping you will be able to come up with a plan.”

They continued to tell the Paralympians the story of the Evil Snowman and how he was using all of the snow to make himself bigger and more powerful.

Sobbing turned to anger and ideas began to formulate.

“I’ve got an extraordinary plan, let’s confront the Evil Snowman to a winner-takes-all challenge!” Soohorang exclaimed excitedly.

Suddenly, an immense shadow was cast over them and a deep voice boomed,

“Challenge? I accept your challenge, but I have certain terms that must be adhered to. Firstly, if I win, I get to keep ALL of the snow forever. Secondly, all winter sports must be forbidden. Finally, if I am victorious, I will require all the carrots in Korea to construct an army of snow soldiers!”

The Paralympians shifted nervously in their seats, they felt jittery and their teeth began to chatter.

“Is this too risky, or do you think we can pull this off?” asked Bandabi quietly to Soohorang and the athletes.

The Evil Snowman tapped his foot impatiently.

“Come on then! What are you waiting for? You aren’t scared, are you?” taunted the Evil Snowman, with a devilish smirk on his smug, despicable face.

The athletes and the mascots shared a worried glance, but Soohorang spoke above the nervous crowd and put his nerves aside and replied,

“We’re not scared of you!” His words, although supposed to be powerful and confident, came out in more of a stutter than he had intended. Soohorang continued, despite his nerves, “But if we win, you must return the snow and leave us at once to enjoy our Paralympic Games. Also, we get to choose the sporting events that we compete in. Deal?”

The Evil Snowman chuckled confidently and shook his head at the ambitious, little, gaggle of athletes.

“I agree to your terms,” The Evil Snowman sniggered.

“Let the games begin at dawn.”

Emerging from the horizon, the sun rose majestically greeting the new day like an old friend whilst warming the faces of the crowds. The terms were set. The sport agreed. The event was Football-but more snowball.

Inside the stadium, the athletes felt confident that their intense training, experience of working as a team and physical fitness would all pay off. They took their position (strutting as if they were on a catwalk) with their heads held high.

Roaring crowds masked the hesitant sighs of the Evil Snowman as he divided himself up into his team who took their positions.

The referee squalled his whistle. The match commenced.

Soohorang sprinted forward with the aqua coloured football tapping gently against his trainer until he was tackled. Winded he turned to sit up, beside him was a little pile of snow. The Evil Snowman’s leg, had fallen off and was quickly melting into the prickly, newly cut grass. Bandabi tilted his head realising what had happened. If they could just keep defending, if they could keep the opponents charging around, if they could keep their nerve and concentration, then maybe they could win.

The minutes passed…

Little pockets of snow began to appear over the pitch. The Evil Snowman was weakening and getting smaller with every tackle, yet no one had scored a goal.

The final minute turned over onto the clock. The crowds wailed with excitement. The Snowman and his henchmen continued to battle on until all that was left was a single tumbling carrot resting on the pitch. No one saw the ball rolling towards the goal…

Stunned because of shock, the arena fell silent. Frozen to the spot, Soohorang and Bandabi stared at the ball bouncing into a goal.

They had won! It was their goal! Triumphantly the silence broke; small snowflakes began to gently float down from the clouds. Covering the earth like a soft blanket, snow returned to each of the events. Bandabi felt the familiar feeling of the cold air up his nose. He sneezed. The games were back on!