

TEN WORD TALES No. 7

# The Ninth Ninja

by The Story Spinner

## CHAPTER 5



The monster said the other rubbish would not rebel until dawn. Josh began to make phone calls and from the houses and flats of Southfields people answered his calls. His friends came with brothers, sisters and parents, armed with torches, to see the monster for themselves.

The monster explained how a bigger monster would grow unless the rubbish could be rightly sorted, with anything recyclable put in the right bins. Josh shouted “Go!” and everyone dived back to their homes and the homes of their neighbours to sort their rubbish before daylight.

Josh was left with the monster.

“What about you?” he asked looking into the blue plastic bags of the monster’s eyes.

“You must sort me,” said the monster.

Josh was gentle. He sorted the monster into recyclable and non-recyclable, separating plastics and paper until the monster had almost gone.

Josh looked sadly into the monster’s face. “Don’t be sad,” said the monster. “Putting me in the right place is sending me home.”

By morning everything had been sorted rightly. Many people felt bad that they had put out their rubbish so carelessly and everyone promised they would be different in the future.

Josh went back home. He was closing the back gate when he heard a sound behind him. The eight ninjas were whizzing over the wall and on to the grass.

The chief ninja stepped forward. “You have been a brave warrior tonight,” she said. “You are now one of us, number nine in our Southfields ninja clan. You used a weapon tonight that we sometimes forget. You used your ears and listened. You found out what was wrong and did something about it.”

The ninjas made a low bow to Josh then whizzed away into the sunrise

Josh watched them go. “Extraordinary,” he said.

