

# The Adventures of Tring Turtle

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## Part 2 – A slight improvement

Tring Turtle was bored.

His enemy, Fotch Fox, had captured him with a very simple trap and locked him in a cage with more padlocks than [lockshop-warehouse.co.uk](http://lockshop-warehouse.co.uk).

However, being stuck in a cell had given him a chance to think and before long he had hatched an escape plan. A plan so unlikely to work, Fotch Fox wouldn't see it coming.

But before I tell you what it is, Tring Turtle has decided that he doesn't want to be called Tring Turtle by his close friends. He thinks it sounds a bit too posh. If you have any ideas on what his new nickname should be, please email [tring-turtle@fotch.co.uk](mailto:tring-turtle@fotch.co.uk) to help him out. He might even have a special prize for the winner! (Probably not)

So on with the story:

Tring Turtle's plan was a plan so complex, even Fred from Scooby Doo would be proud of it. He stood up in his cell and shouted to the guard:

"Hey! Mr. Guard person! Over here!"

The guard looked round. That was step one complete. He then picked up a stone that he had found stuck in one of his flippers earlier and threw it at the guard. Now, if you have ever tried to throw accurately with a turtle costume on, you will understand his problem and I hope that you will not be too harsh on him for missing. Completely. Luckily though, this was all part of his plan and the guard found a larger stone. He then threw it, much more accurately, into Tring Turtle's cage. The plan was working. Step three of the plan could now proceed. Taking the rock in hand – sorry, *flipper* – he began to climb the bars of the cage.

The guard, seeing this – and being a very stupid guard – ran out of the room to let Fotch Fox know what had happened. Tring Turtle kept climbing, and slipping, and climbing again, until he reached the top of the cage. The bars, for the simple reason of there not being any other escape methods possible, were a lot further apart at the top and Tring Turtle managed to squeeze through. Climbing onto the top of the cage, he made himself as flat as possible so Fotch Fox wouldn't see him.

A few seconds later, Fotch Fox paraded into the room followed by about six more guards. The guards surrounded the cage and Tring Turtle flattened himself even more to stay hidden. Unfortunately, one of the guards noticed a funny turtle shape on the top of the cage's shadow. Hearing the shouting below, Tring Turtle put in to action the next step of his plan. Reaching into his shell, he produced several small black balls. He rolled them one by one over the edge of the cage in a circle shape. On contact with ground or guard, whichever came first, each ball exploded and produced a large smokescreen to hide Tring Turtle's escape. Fotch Fox's lair had been built underground and was quite old, so plant roots had started growing from the ceiling down. Using these roots like vines, Tring Turtle swung himself over the smoke to

safety. After hitting the ground and doing a cool roll he sprung up and continued moving out of the damp, smoky cave. Passing by another few rooms he reached a staircase and continued up it out into the night.

Awesome.

To be continued...

*By James Child*