

The Grunch Who Stole Taekwondo

It was peaceful in Muville. The Mus were quite, for it was time for the daily meditation. They gathered at the town hall to start their daily ritual. All was quite except for one Mu, Molly Mu that is. She had just tested for her black belt. She couldn't sit still, she was so happy. Everyone was happy for her except for the Grunch. He was never happy, for he never received the almighty black belt. The Grunch and his dog, Punchy, were up to no good. They were planning revenge against the Mus.

Up in his lair of Mount Kickapoo the Grunch had something up his sleeve. He was jealous of the Mus. It was said, that his power was four times less than normal, that is if you compared it against the Mus. For hours on end the Grunch worked to better his scheme. With much material, he had constructed a sizeable black belt, and fitted it on Punchy. He also made a uniform just for himself. What was the Grunch doing with this stuff?

The Mus had just finished their routines and were ready for bed. This is when the Grunch would strike. He went through windows and came through some doors, but his intention was the same. He would steal their black belts and all their trusty weapons. He would rob them of all their uniforms and even their pads. He was now in Molly Mu's house robbing her too. This is when she saw the Grunch.

"What are you doing with my black belt?" She asked.

"I'm going to fix it", the Grunch replied.

"What's wrong with it"? She retorted.

"It's missing a seam". He exclaimed as he walked out the door.

"Wait, Wait!" She yelled, but it was too late.

The Grunch had everything he wanted as he ascended to his lair.

All of the sudden they stopped. He was stuck. If the Mus saw him, they would have had his head for sure. He pushed and struggled, but his lair did not budge. Finally, it sailed up the hill, but soon after it sailed faster and faster down the hill. The bag, which was full of all of the Mus belongings, was caught on an overhang. He could not let it go; even though he knew what he had done was terribly wrong. So he chased it and budged it back up the hill. His power grew and grew and grew. With that, something overcame him and he felt a horrendous urge to return what he taken back to the Mus.

He pushed the bag back down the hill to Muville and returned the gear to the Mus. With his great effort and his pleads of forgiveness, the Mus awarded him the great black belt.

The End

Christopher Colby