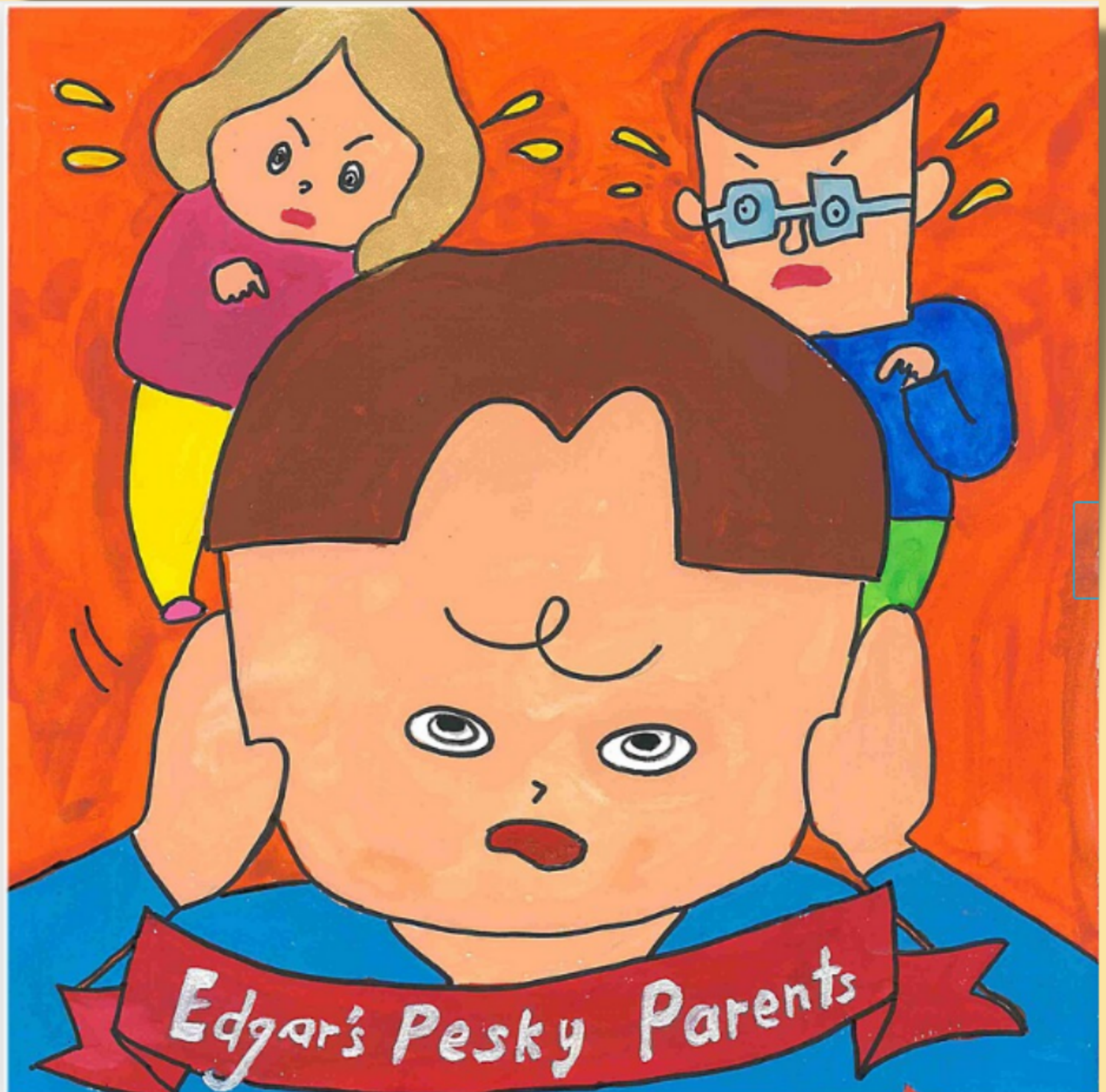




EDGAR'S PESKY PARENTS



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"Avoid junk food," Mum warned. "Read more!" Dad advised. Edgar's parents frequently nagged him, or at least that was how Edgar felt. "I wish my parents would stop badgering me," Edgar whined. His stomach grumbled, meaning he wanted something to munch on. "Off to the tuck shop it is," Edgar sang.



Edgar was about to slip on his shoes when his parents went past the doorway. "Where do you think you're going, young man?" probed Dad. Edgar groaned, "Out to buy food." Mum reminded, "Remember to avoid —" "Junk food. Got it," Edgar cut her off. Before leaving, Dad wrapped a scarf around Edgar's neck.



"Stay safe," Dad soothed before Edgar stormed out of the door. Striding to the tuck shop, wizards on brooms zoomed past the skyscrapers. The sound of bubbling potions filled his ears. Down a dim alleyway, Edgar caught sight of a crowd of children. He took a closer look.



In the middle stood a lady wearing a pointed sable hat and pitch-black garments. A menacing wart sat atop her aquiline nose. A cauldron filled with potato crisps was at her feet. The kids around him dug their hands into the mountain of crisps.

CNVFILLM FF1



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CANVA STORIES

Munching filled the air and the smell of seasoning filled Edgar's nostrils. "Would you be interested in some crisps?" cackled the woman. Mum's voice echoed through his head, "Avoid junk food." "Thanks, but I'll pass," Edgar dismissed. "More for me!" chimed a child, crisps peppered on his cheeks.

CNVFILLM FF1



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CANVA STORIES

Edgar shrugged and turned his back to the crowd. Just then, he heard a shriek that made his ears ring. The skin of the kids turned pale. Their ears contorted into elf-like shapes. Fangs grew out of their teeth. "Vampires," Edgar blurted. Their eyes flashed red upon hearing Edgar's trembling voice.

CNVFILLM FF1



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CANVA STORIES

Edgar headed for the hills and made a beeline for the nearest food stall, where a shopkeeper was frozen in fear. Edgar tossed brass tokens onto the counter and panted, "Garlic, please." The man shakingly placed a bulb of garlic into his palm. Edgar faced the hoard of vampires.

CNVFILLM FF1



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CANVA STORIES

Edgar bellowed, "You know what vampires loathe? Garlic!" Edgar broke the head of garlic into cloves and hurled them at the vampires. He muttered, "Thank goodness Dad convinced me to read more." The lady snarled as she stomped past the cowering vampires, unsheathing a wand.



She squawked, "If only you had eaten my crisps, then I wouldn't have to turn you into an immobile ice sculpture!" Bitterly cold energy zapped from her wand, racing towards Edgar. "I didn't read a book about this," Edgar panicked. Glued to the spot, Edgar watched as her spell came at him.

CNVFILLM FF1



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CANVA STORIES

Thankfully, Dad bundled him up in a scarf earlier, for it was no ordinary scarf. It deflected her curse towards her! Screeching as she froze, the vampires transformed back into children. A kid approached Edgar and piped, "Thanks!" Edgar smiled, "Thank my parents. We should listen to our parents because they mean the best for us."