Nippy, Zippy, Muddy and Bobby help out

Rev Tom Benson

Once there were 4 motorbikes.

There was:

Nippy – he was the smallest

Zippy – he was the shiniest

Muddy – he was the toughest

And Bobby – well, Bobby thought that he was the coolest

They all lived in a garage in a town just like yours. Every now and then they would get annoyed with each other, but most of the time they got along just fine. In fact, it was very rare for them to be altogether at the same time.

Zippy would be taking someone to work.

Muddy would be out on the moor.

And Bobby- well Bobby generally didn't go anywhere, because Bobby was TOO COOL.

Anyway, life went on for years like this.

The town had its ups and downs, people came and went, but the four motorbikes carried on just the same. It seemed like this would go on forever, but one day the town started to hear about lots of people getting poorly in a land far away. Eventually, it was decided that the best way to help the townsfolk keep well was for everybody to stay home as much as possible. This was hard for some people, especially the children who wanted to play with their friends in the sunshine, but staying at home was a very, very good idea.

The four motorbikes got to thinking about how they could help. Well, it wasn't really four, because Bobby was TOO COOL.

'I know,' said Nippy
(in his quiet voice)
'I could deliver some books or some hearing aid batteries because they are small and will fit onto my carrier'.

'I know,' said Zippy
(in his speaking-very-quickly voice)
'I could deliver medicine if someone needs it urgently, because people will see my shiny red paint and get out of the way'.

'I know,' growled Muddy
(in his deep voice)
'I could take big boxes of food to people because I am very tough and nothing can stop me'.

And Bobby?
Well Bobby didn't say anything because he was
TOO COOL.

Anyway, the days went past and then became weeks. The motorbikes thought that they were very lucky to live in such a great town because everyone was being very sensible and looking out for each other. All the people that needed to, stayed at home just as they had been told and nippy, Zippy and Muddy kept everyone supplied.

Well, all the motorbikes except Bobby, because Bobby was TOO COOL.

There was one group of people in the town that were very, very special. These were all of the doctors and nurses and everyone else who worked in the hospital to look after all the patients. Every Thursday all the people at home would come to their front door and clap and cheer and shout to show how grateful they were to everyone who worked so hard.

Well, everyone except Bobby, because Bobby was TOO COOL.

One day, Nippy was out taking hearing aid batteries to a woman so that she could hear her family on the telephone.

Zippy was taking medicine to a man that was poorly, and Muddy was carrying a great big box of food to a family that needed it.

The telephone rang and Bobby answered.

'Yeah, it's Bobby here' he said in his coolest voice.

'Hello, this Ms Bunn the midwife' said the voice on the other end.

'I have to go on to the moor because someone is having a baby and my car has broken down. Can you help?'

Well, this wasn't Bobby's type of thing at all.

He did not want to go up onto the moor. There were hardly any people there and no one would see how cool he was. So what was the point in that?

'The others will be back soon' he said trying hard to be cool 'They will help you'.

With that he put down the phone and he settled down to wait for the others.

And he waited...

And he waited...

In fact, he waited most of the afternoon and still the others hadn't come back and so he started to worry...

This was unusual for Bobby, because usually Bobby was TOO COOL.

The clock ticked round until he could stand it no longer.

He rang Ms Bunn and said, 'Pack your bags and I'll take you'.

He rolled out of the garage, turned on his petrol tap, switched on his headlamp and... nothing!

Bobby couldn't start, he had spent so long trying to be cool that he couldn't start... he could hardly remember how.

He tried and tried but his engine just wouldn't go.

Luckily the motorbikes lived at the top of a steep hill and bobby decided to roll down it.

Faster and faster he went until he let out his clutch and with a pop and a bang and a big black cloud of smoke he got his engine running.

By the time that he got there he was sweaty, sooty and a little out of breath.

NOT COOL AT ALL.

'Hop on' he said to Ms Bunn and away they went.

They rode up the hills and down the hills.

They rode over the bridges and through the streams.

They rode on the smooth paths and over the rough tracks.

The sheep and the ponies saw them go past but weren't interested because they were too busy eating grass.

At last, they arrived at a cottage on the edge of a wood and Ms Bunn went inside.

Bobby had never been so muddy and so tired.

In fact he didn't feel COOL AT ALL.

After what seemed like a very long time indeed, Ms Bunn came out to see Bobby.

'Look up at the window' she said, and there looking down at them was a lady and in her arms was a brand-new baby.

'The baby is a little girl' said Ms Bunn, 'Her name is Hope'.

Bobby didn't know what to say and his headlight filled with tears because he was so happy.

All the way home Bobby thought about all the good people that lived in his town and how lucky he was to have them around.

By the time he got back home Nippy, Zippy and Muddy were all tucked up in the garage.

'Where have you been?' they asked sleepily.

Bobby took a moment to answer and then said, 'I've seen Hope'.

'COOL' said the others.

They all went to sleep.

I do hope that you liked this story.

If you would like to help out like
Nippy, Zippy, Muddy and Bobby
why not give a donation to:

www.nhscharitiestogether.co.uk

This will help with the fantastic work
that our health services are doing.