

THE MERBEAR

Gummy was the sweetest little furball around. But all the girl bears thought he was so sweet, they only ever wanted him as a bestie, not as a proper bearfriend.

"It's time to bear up" he thought, "I've got to stick my fuzzy chest out and show those ladybears that I'm as grizzly as I am sweet"

But as Gummy had no fuzz on his chest, he did what any self-respecting bear would do. He turned to his cellphone and hit the dating apps.

Beatrice the bearded dragon. Erm...no *(swipe left)*

Tamsin the terrapin...not for Gummy *(swipe left)*

But who's this?...

Martha... is that...is she...a mermaid? *(swipe right)*

They met on a barnacled rock. Despite her shimmering beauty, Martha was feistier than a firecracker. She had just beaten Vlad the Impala in an arm wrestle and was about to go chasing killer whales just for laughs.

Martha and Gummy just clicked. She the tough cookie, he the soft touch. They wrestled, tangled, danced, fell over and fell in love. It was awkward. It was unsightly. It was impossible.

This unlikely union gave rise to the Merbear. An intensely sweet, yet totally tangy new species. Lick left for strawberry, lick right for lime.



THE UNISHARK

Sancho the teenage shark had always loved a chase. Fish, octopus, boats – he chased everything. And everything he chased...he generally ate.

Every creature on the reef feared this troublesome teen. But on the day Sancho turned 14, he suddenly felt...bored.

"Why am I spending my life chasing defenseless little critters like Simon?" he thought (*Simon the prawn looks nervous*) "There has to be more to life than this".

Sancho fell in to an existential malaise. He moped around the ocean, dragged his tailfin and scoffed at the sponges.

Finning through his phone one afternoon, he allowed himself a faint smile as he checked out the funny filters on SnapShack.

He sniggered at himself with a monkey head...

...a snail body... spider's legs...

Then he saw himself with a unicorn head...and stopped...

"Ha, if I really looked like this, no one would be scared of me. No one's scared of a unicorn"

At the very moment Sancho had this thought, a gigantic mutant electric eel passed by. It's stray, swinging tail ZAPPED the phone right out of Sancho's fins. Sancho was shocked to the core and thrown to the seabed.

He awoke a moment later and caught his dazed reflection in the belly of a passing wrasse. Incredibly, bizarrely, astonishingly, his unicorn head had become...real.

In time, Sancho grew to love his new identity. He no longer felt he had to chase every creature he encountered. In fact a remarkable thing happened... the other creatures began to embrace this unique new Unishark.

And no one, not even Simon the shrimp was afraid of him ever again.

The Unishark. Seriously sweet, with a tangy underbite.
A spike of raspberry, with a splash of pineapple.



THE SUMMARY

These would be flowing animations, moving and morphing, telling stories a bit like they're a stream of consciousness.

Each story is essentially a funny tale about belonging, with social misfits at the heart. The stories reference conflicting personality traits that reflect the sweetness and tanginess (feistiness) of the Jolly Rancher flavours, and there are cues which young teens would enjoy – anarchy, silliness and references to phones, apps and social media.

I hope you enjoyed these origin stories. I look forward to the opportunity to develop them further with you.

Many thanks

Deon

