

Frankie and The Witch - as created by Daisy, Mia, Corey, Luchia & Jack

'You need to stop being so nice,' Winsef the Witch snarled in Frankie's direction.

'I'm sorry,' Frankie the Frankenstein replied.

'See what I mean,' said the Witch. 'NICE!!'

Frankie watched the Witch leave the room, slamming the door behind her. He'd tried to be nasty. The trouble was, every time he'd tried to do something horrible or even attempted to pull a scary face, all he'd received were sniggers and laughs.

So he made two decisions. One - from now on, Frankie was determined to stop trying to be someone else. Two – it was time for him to leave the laboratory and the place he'd been created.

A few hours later, he crept through the laboratory window and into a cold, moonlit night. He peered through the opened door of the donut stand where Winsef lived. Certain she was asleep, he made his careful way past the roller-coaster and the sign that said '*Closed for demolition.*'

A few more hesitant steps and Frankie allowed himself to believe that he'd made his escape. But then he saw them - the pair of eyes that stared through the darkness.

Convinced it was Rorbia, the Russian Doll and magician, Frankie started to run. He was so scared, he neither looked back nor where he was going and before he knew it, he'd reached a place that frightened him more than anything – the graveyard by the church. His hands shaking, his heart racing, Frankie crouched as low as he could but it was to no avail. Footsteps crunched through the twigs as an imposing shadow lengthened in his direction.

'Please don't hurt me,' said Frankie, standing up and with his eyes closed, he lifted his hands into the air to confirm his surrender.

‘Why would I want to hurt you?’ said a voice.

Frankie opened one of his eyes. Then the other. Instead of the Russian Doll he was expecting to see, standing in front of him was a Donkey wearing a huge Mexican hat.

‘I thought you were someone else,’ said Frankie.

‘Obviously,’ replied the Donkey. ‘Where were you going in such a hurry?’

‘I was trying to escape,’ said Frankie, realising how stupid this must have seemed all of a sudden.

‘Oh, why didn’t you say so?’ said the Donkey. ‘Hop on!’

‘Hop on?’ Frankie asked, not sure what to do next but before he knew it, he was on the Donkey’s back. What’s more, the Donkey started to run. Faster and faster until his feet left the ground.

‘AAAgghh!’ shouted Frankie, as they flew into the black of night leaving the deserted fairground behind them. With the moon by their side, Frankie looked down to see both the Witch and The Russian Doll running from the donut stand but they were too late.

Past the stars they went, through the clouds and onward towards the snow-capped mountains in the distance until finally the Donkey landed next to the opening of a cave.

‘That was amazing!’ shouted Frankie. ‘Thank you Mr Donkey.’

‘Call me Dasber,’ he replied.

‘How can I ever thank you?’ asked Frankie.

The Donkey started to walk towards the cave and then turned. ‘Well, for a start you can let me know why you were so keen to get away from that place.’

And so Frankie told him everything. How the Witch was evil and planned to take over the world. How she wanted Frankie to help her poison everybody with donuts injected with a deadly venom created by the magic of the Russian

Doll. Finally, he told the Donkey how lonely he was and how he never, ever wanted to go back to his old life.

Dasber listened, smiled, nodded and then shook his head.

‘We have to go back to the fairground,’ he said. ‘If we don’t, our world may never be the same again.’

‘But I can’t,’ Frankie protested.

‘Yes you can,’ said Dasber. ‘Sometimes, all of us must face our fears. It’s either that or live with the consequences.’

Frankie knew that the Donkey was right but even so, he wished he’d change his mind. Exhausted from the excitement of his escape, he lay down on the floor of the cave and fell fast asleep.

‘Come on,’ said Dasber, waking the Frankenstein from his dreams.

‘But it’s the middle of the night,’ said Frankie, sitting up and rubbing his eyes.

‘Exactly,’ Dasber replied. ‘The perfect time to catch a Witch at her work.’

And so, once again, Frankie was flying through the night sky. He looked down at the rollercoaster, the church, the donut stand and the laboratory, hoping that the Witch and Rorbia had gone away somehow.

‘This is why we cannot give in to bullies,’ said the Donkey, landing in the centre of the graveyard. He then lit a candle and pointed at the words inscribed in the marble. ‘This is my grave after Winsef killed me,’ he said. ‘I had my chance to stand up to her once, as you have now, but I was too scared to do anything about it.’

Frankie looked at the gravestone and back at Dasber. ‘So you’re a Zombie Donkey then?’ he asked.

Before Dasber could reply, there was a flash of light behind them. Frankie turned to see the purple hair and the burned features on the face of Winsef.

'Got you,' she said.

Standing beside her was Rorbia.

Instinctively, Frankie picked up the candle. 'I'll throw it, I will.'

Winsef stepped back. 'No Frankie, please put it down,' she said. 'You know that fire frightens me.'

'Do it!' said Dasber, but Frankie couldn't bring himself to throw the candle at his mother, even if she was an evil witch. So he put it back down.

Winsef snarled and stood beside Rorbia, who conjured his magic.

'Die Donkey!' they cried in unison and Dasber fell to the ground. 'This time forever!'

'No!' shouted Frankie. Unable to control himself he picked up the candle once more. He threw it with all his strength at Winself, who screeched a deafening scream and then, with a puff of smoke, she was gone.

Frankie looked at Rorbia, expecting him to continue the fight, but instead, the Russian Doll turned and ran.

It was over and for the first time in his life, Frankie allowed himself to feel a moment of happiness. It quickly vanished when he remembered how his friend had died and that he was destined for a life full of loneliness after all.

Then, something strange started to happen. The lights on the fairground came back to life. The music started to play and the cars on the rollercoaster began to move on their tracks.

A second glance at Dasber revealed something else – he too appeared to come back to life. Frankie knelt beside him and for a second time, he felt a huge wave of happiness sweep over him as he realised, once and for all, that the Witch's spell had been broken.

'Is it over?' asked Dasber, as Frankie hugged the best friend he'd ever had.

'Yes Dasber, it's all over,' he replied. 'We've won!'