

## Wasarama - The Story created by Ross, Sophie, Holly, Abbigail, Mary & Dylan

‘Are you trying to be funny?’ the pig asked.

Mr Snugglemuffin wasn’t in the mood. The fact is that being funny was exactly what he was trying, and failing, to be. So he turned his back on the pig and walked away. How he wished he could be humorous, if only for one day.

‘Not funny, not funny, not funny,’ the pig continued.

Mr Snugglemuffin tried to ignore him. What he didn’t need, what he really didn’t need were stupid comments to remind him how difficult he’d always found it to be even slightly amusing.

‘Not funny, not funny.’

‘That’s enough!’ the clown shouted. He turned to confront the pig, only to find that the pig had been replaced by a tree. A tree with huge green leaves that turned into a hat, then a dog, then a pair of shoes and then finally back to a pig.

‘Impressed?’ asked the pig.

Mr Snugglemuffin was more than impressed. ‘But how?’

‘I’ll tell you one day,’ said the pig. ‘But first, I have an idea about something that could make both of our dreams come true.’

So he told Mr Snugglemuffin his plan. He said that he knew how the clown and Queen Clarina were friends. He explained how his ability to morph into anything he chose didn’t seem to work in the Wax Kingdom. Apparently, it had something to do with the fact that the Queen didn’t trust him. Just because he’d been accused of being nothing more than a dangerous spy, it didn’t seem fair.

‘All you need to do, is get me inside the castle and I’ll do the rest. No-one knows the Wax Kingdom better than I do,’ the pig continued.

‘I’m not sure this is right,’ said Mr Snugglemuffin.

‘You want to be funny don’t you?’ said the pig. ‘All you need to do is listen to everything I tell you and the Queen will make it happen.’

Desperate for his wish to come true, the clown left his home in the valley and with the pig at his side, he made his way to the wax castle in the sky.

‘You can’t come in here,’ bellowed the guard at the castle gates as the pig approached. ‘You know the rules!’

‘But he’s with me,’ said the clown.

The look on the face of the guard softened. ‘Oh, Mr Snugglemuffin, how lovely to see you.’

With a loud squeak, the wax gates to the castle began to open. Mr Snugglemuffin looked towards the pig, expecting a thank you. All he received, however, was a sly, horrible grin.

‘Now,’ said the pig. ‘Make sure you do exactly as I say.’

So he did. For the next few weeks, Mr Snugglemuffin did exactly what the pig asked him to do. If he asked him to be somewhere at a certain time, he was there. If he asked him to help a certain person, he did this too. Every step, every move, every word he used was governed by the pig until at last, he was invited one morning to visit the Queen.

‘This is it,’ said the pig. ‘The Queen is about to grant you a wish. She’ll ask you to accept the wish in the castle. You need to refuse this option and tell her you would like to take it away with you – okay?’

Mr Snugglemuffin nodded.

Sure enough, the next morning the Queen offered him a wish. As the pig had suggested, he asked if he could take it away. The clown told her that it was such a precious gift, he needed to take his time to make the correct choice.

‘Of course,’ the Queen replied. ‘I know I can trust you.’

Unfortunately, as soon as Mr Snugglemuffin met with the pig, the pig stole the wish from him. The pig then used the stolen wish to morph into anything he chose to within in the Wax Castle. After changing into the Queen, he used the knowledge of the castle he'd gained as a spy to tunnel into the Queen's bedroom. Then he tied her up and kidnapped her.

With the pig as the new ruler of the world, he started to change things for the worst. Instead of sunshine there was rain. Instead of colour there was grey. Instead of health there was disease.

'Stop it now,' Mr Snugglemuffin told him, finally, as he burst into the castle. 'You're not the Queen, you're just a pig.'

'For once the clown IS funny,' said the pig to the guards that surrounded his throne. 'Take him away!'

Moments later, Mr Snugglemuffin was thrown from the castle and banished from the Wax Kingdom. With no other alternative, the clown realised it was time to go home but before he did so, he decided to go for one final walk. He hadn't gone far when he noticed a set of bars in a cave on the side of a hill.

He climbed to the cave and peered into the prison cell to see the Queen laying on a cold stone floor.

'Hello,' he called. 'Hello, it's me, Mr Snugglemuffin. I want to ask for your help.'

Eventually, the Queen turned towards him. 'I trusted you once. Why should I help you now?'

The clown thought for a moment. 'Because last time I was stupid and weak. I'm so sorry.'

'It is too late to apologise,' said the Queen. 'The problems of the world are your making and only you can put things right.'

Mr Snugglemuffin lowered his gaze and his shoulders slumped.

‘However, I suppose everyone deserves a second chance,’ the Queen continued. ‘Just remember, only YOU can put things right.’

‘But how?’ said Mr Snugglemuffin.

The Queen stood up. ‘By using this wish,’ she said, handing it to him. ‘Don’t let me down again.’

Mr Snugglemuffin didn’t take the wish away this time, but made it there and then. He wished that everything would return to how it used to be with one exception – that the pig would be transformed into something good.

In a flash, the world changed. Back came the colour and the sunshine and as Mr Snugglemuffin raced to the castle, he knew straight away that it was the Queen, and no longer the pig, who was sitting on the throne.

‘But where is he?’ he asked.

‘Behind you,’ said the Queen.

The clown turned to see an Elephant standing in one of the corners of the room. ‘But I don’t understand.’

‘This is Abraham,’ the Queen replied. ‘A truly wonderful symbol of good.’

Mr Snugglemuffin looked at the elephant. There was something strangely pig-like in his colouring even if he did have the look of an elephant.

‘He doesn’t look too well,’ said the Clown. ‘But don’t worry, I’ll make sure he gets prescribed with the relevant oinkment.’

‘That’s funny,’ said the Queen. ‘That really is quite funny!’

Mr Snugglemuffin looked at the Queen, then back at Abraham. For a moment he allowed himself to believe that maybe, just maybe, his absolute biggest wish had come true after all.