

This story has been written by the pupils of St Anne (Stanley). Each class has written a chapter, combining their various ideas, skills and developing writing techniques.

To celebrate World Book Day 2025, we have included some of our favourite storybook characters to create an exciting mystery story for your enjoyment.

We hope you get as much pleasure out of reading it, as we did from writing it.

Pupils of St Anne (Stanley)

The Mystery of the Missing Creativity Orb

Chapter 1 - The Gathering

Hidden away, in the dip of a glowing, sunlit valley, stood an enormous and most beautiful building. Usually, this space was filled by an enchanted forest, but for just one day a year, this magnificent palace magically appeared, to host the annual Storybook Character Awards.

In front of the palace, was a shimmering and golden pathway, winding its way towards the gates. Rushing along this path, towards a set of dazzling golden gates, was a collection of bizarre and quirky characters dressed for a most special occasion. Suddenly, the golden gates slowly creaked open, as all the strange and excited characters hurriedly pushed and shoved to get into their destination; Buckingham Palace.

"Wow!" gasped the incoming guests, who were in complete awe as they entered the spectacular ballroom. They gazed upon the gigantic crystal dance floor in front of them. They marvelled at the glistening diamond chandelier hanging above them and the carefully carved tables, filled with so much

food that there was almost no space to put anything else down.

Then they saw the host. The magnificent host. Standing in the most wonderful ball gown ever created. She shone brighter than any star; she glistened and sparkled. Everyone gasped when their eyes eventually wandered upon Glinda, the most powerful sorceress in the land of Oz.

"Welcome to the ball." Glinda whispered. A sudden hush enveloped the room. All were still. All were silent, anticipating what she would whisper next. Softly, she descended the diamond encased staircase, that matched the elegance of the central chandelier. It was as if she was gliding; the delicate, sparkling, green-blue skirts of the ball gown swishing from side to side, like a soft gentle wave on a calm blue sea. As she arrived at the bottom of the staircase and into the ball room, the characters silently parted, making a route for her to come to a stop in the middle of the vast, but inviting space.

With a gentle smile and wide eyes, she majestically raised her arms and announced: "Let our annual celebration begin." And so it did.

The ballroom was alight with friendly laughter, marvellous music and much merry making. A story reader's dream. How could so many different characters fit into one space? It was a palace and palaces tend to be grand. Buckingham Palace was, of course, no exception. But there were hundreds of characters from many, many books. It was rumoured that each invitation was personally delivered by Hedwig and his

feathered friends - and there must have been many of his friends involved, but even so, how did so many characters receive an invitation? The guests were from all corners of the universe!

Ah! The universe! This may have been the first clue that something would go wrong in this seemingly perfect event. After all, this was the first year that invitations from outside the realm of Earth had been included in the 'party list'.

One of the main highlights of this annual event was to award the prestigious *Creativity Orb*. A luminescent mini football-sized sphere, rooted in deep purple with a delicate blue hew; silky smooth to touch and, if you listened every so carefully, a faint, just about audible mesmerising hum could be detected. Last year, it had been awarded to one of the Three Little Pigs, who had concocted a story about how it was actually his two big, bad brothers that had blown down the straw and wooden houses, only to have poor Mr Wolf blamed and imprisoned for six months, under great protest. It was his carefully crafted illustrations of this event, that had edged his entry to the top position.

There it was, the magnificent *Creativity Orb*, nestled in the presentation cabinet, in the far corner of the ball room, awaiting its next celebrant; the lucky character who would get to take it home. In order to win it, and to keep it for a year, you had to have written a story that captured the interest of girls and boys everywhere. When you had it in your possession, you had the power to write many more.

Just as the host raised her arms again - to indicate that the special part of the ball was about to begin, Little Red Riding Hood let out a scream.

"It's gone!" pointing at the presentation cabinet, she screamed again "It's actually gone!"

Everybody turned to look and true enough, it was gone. The Creativity Orb had been stolen.

The ball room was silent. Not a whisper could be heard by anyone or from anywhere. Suddenly, a deep and confident voice spoke: "This is surely a job for me - Fantastic Mr Fox and my feline assistant, Puss in Boots".

"Come on Puss!" announced clever Mr. Fox, "it's time to start asking our guests some questions..."

Written by Y6L and Y6N

Chapter 2 - Harry Potter



Harry Potter was a wizard. He had a scar on his forehead. Normally, Harry was friendly and happy. Harry was excited, amazed and joyful to be at the ball, but he was also acting very mysterious. He was casting spells and turning some of the

other guests into different characters. Jasmine became Batman, Cheshire Cat turned into Tinkerbell and Spiderman now had Dog Man ears!

Harry told the investigator that he was getting ready earlier and it took a very long time, so he couldn't possibly have stolen the Orb. Mr Fox thought that Harry was being a bit suspicious and so he asked one final question.

"Mr. Potter. Did you take the Orb?"



Chapter 3 - Gangsta Granny

Gangsta by name, Gangsta by nature? Or was she just a quiet, lonely old Granny living miserably in her tiny, terraced house. What a surprise when Hedwig (Who was he anyway?) delivered an invitation from Buckingham Palace.

Gangsta Granny was overjoyed, as she had never visited Buckingham palace before. She felt as if she had just received a golden ticket from Willy Wonka himself! Gangsta Granny looked in her wardrobe. She knew she had a real task on her hands...what was she going to wear? She opened her wardrobe and all she could see was her old, moth eaten clothes until she parted some old cardigans (as if it was the doors to Narnia), only to find her secret stash of sparkling, dazzling gowns that she had been saving for a special occasion like this. Decisions, decisions...

Gangsta Granny arrived at the ball wearing a vintage silky, beige gown decorated with lace and pearls. On her feet, she wore the whitest of white sparkling heels that made her feel like Cinderella. Her feet would certainly be feeling the pain in the morning. Her hair was brushed to perfection as she paired it with the most amazing tiara, that looked like it was bought from a charity shop. Little did everybody know it was actually part of her previous robbery hauls. As she entered the room, all eyes looked her way, Gangsta Granny thought she was the most famous person in the world.

The first person she saw was, Humpty Dumpty laughing with the big tall Gruffalo what a conversation that would be. Her arms were covered with pearly white satin gloves just like the Queen used to wear! Over her arm was her not so innocent handbag! It was encrusted with Rubies as red as the reddest of poppies. Inside the handbag was her secret stash of tools - this included a UV light, a heat detector, the brightest of flashlights and her trusty spy mask just in case she needed a disguise!

She couldn't believe the screech of Little Red Riding Hood announcing that something had been stolen! She was only having a conversation with Goldilocks and complementing her on her fabulous Golden hair. What shampoo did she use I wonder? But the Creativity Orb was missing. Who had stolen it?

Gangsta Granny was pulled in by two rather strange looking characters and questioned for what seemed like hours. What did she see? What happened and did she do it? I have done nothing, she replied I am innocent, I was talking to Goldilocks about her hair!

Fantastic Mr Fox and Puss in Boots told the security guards (Miss Trunchbull and The BFG) to search her handbag for the Creativity Orb. What would they find?

Written by Y5K

Chapter 4 - Little Red Riding Hood

Little Red Riding Hood had been looking forward to this occasion for a very long time. It seemed like a lifetime of waiting...

She finally arrived in her best dress made of beautiful, silky scarlet material. Her hood was as pointy as a witch's hat. She added a ruby, red ribbon to her glossy auburn hair. Her cape fell over her shoulders like a flowing river.

When she arrived, she was delighted to spot her best friend Goldilocks. Little Red Riding Hood skipped over to offer her a creamy cup cake from her grandma's brown, woven basket.

They were mischievously giggling whilst dancing the conga. Suddenly, out of the abyss, Fantastic Mr. Fox appeared out of nowhere.

"Little Red Riding Hood, I know it was you who stole the orb!" bellowed Mr. Fox. "Let me check your bag please," he insisted.

Little Red Riding Hood felt mortified at such a thought that she immediately denied it.

"I was dancing with Goldilocks the entire time I was here. How could you think such a thing of me?"

Chapter 5 - The Very Hungry Caterpillar

The Very Hungry Caterpillar was so excited to be going to the party. She decided she would really dress up for the occasion.

She wore a golden headband with a pink bow and Mickey Mouse ears. She also made sure she was wearing her headphones as she knew the music would be too loud. The Very, Hungry Caterpillar took a golden crown to wear when she arrived at the party. It looked very fancy. It was decorated with gold and silver jewels, with a pattern of triangles, stars and hearts. On the top of the crown, right in the middle, was a beautiful silver butterfly.

She drove to the party in a rainbow Mickey Mouse car, with her best friends, Minnie and Mickey Mouse. At the party, she headed for the kitchen where she knew all of the party food would be getting made. This is where she had been when the orb was stolen, she explained to Mr. Fox and Puss in Boots, so she certainly couldn't have stolen it. Anyway, the chefs and cooks were watching her closely all of the time, because she ate so much food that they had to make more! She gobbled up sausages, watermelon, strawberry ice cream, chocolate cake, a donut with chocolate inside and sprinkles and icing on the top. She also ate cheese and party rings which were her favourite. She was so full, she couldn't even move, let alone have taken the orb!

Chapter 6 - The Boggart

The brownie was relaxing riding up and down in the dumb waiter, listening to the quiet hum of the motor. All of a sudden, there was sharp knock on the dumb waiter's door as it paused on the first floor.

"You have a very important letter, that I have been ordered to hand-deliver to you. It is a very special invitation to a very prestigious event" declared an impeccably dressed fairy.

"Ooh" squeaked the brownie "I love mail...and I love parties. What shall I wear?"

Over the next week, the brownie scavenged, searched and rooted throughout the Grace family's house for anything sparkly and fancy. He decided on a fur scarf (made from weaving Mallory's hair), a shining silver suit (made from tin foil), and a glorious honey-filled pendant, fashioned from a thimble and an elastic band. He made a dazzling belt by "borrowing" Mallory's bracelet and cutting it to size. The brownie made some beautiful shoes from a combination of shiny jewels and rolled up baking paper.

He decided that he really wanted to make an entrance to the party and be the envy of all and so began to saddle up the friendly squirrel that lived in the walls...

The brownie was fully expecting everybody to be jealous, what with his dazzling outfit and riding a squirrel for his

noble steed. However, this was not the case. Instead of gasping in awe, the other guests burst into fits of laughter. The brownie looked around, Little Red Riding Hood was crying with laughter and could barely catch her breath. The Snow Queen was shouting insults, while laughing breathlessly. Even Captain America joined in at one point. The brownie was furious...his heart started to race...his blood pressure went through the roof and steam started to come out of his ears. All at once, his temper finally boiled over and the strange change began!

Whereas a second ago, there had stood a friendly brownie, now stood a furious boggart. This boggart was intent on taking his revenge!

Written by Y4H

Chapter 7 - Matilda

One bright sunny day, Matilda was at school having her favourite lesson...reading! After school, Matilda was feeling very excited to go home and carry on reading her favourite story.

When she arrived home, she was extremely surprised to find a pink, glittery envelope on the door mat with the word 'Matilda' in large letters on the front. She picked it up and hurried to the couch where she carefully peeled back the sealed part of the envelope to reveal the most wonderful and exciting invitation. Matilda felt very nervous at first but quickly began to feel butterflies in her tummy when she read that she had been invited to the Annual Storybook Character Awards at Buckingham Palace.

After jumping around like a mad hatter, Matilda decided that she needed to find the most wonderful outfit to wear for the ball. As Matilda's parents didn't really care for her, she decided not to tell them. Matilda had a good root through her wardrobe to find her best party dress and headband to wear. She got herself ready and sneaked quietly downstairs and out of the front door.

Matilda was unaware, but at the end of her street, she found a party bus waiting to drop her off at Buckingham Palace. As they pulled up outside, Matilda was absolutely amazed! Never in her short life had she seen anything so spectacular.

Matilda made her way along the shimmering path, towards the most exquisite palace gates.

Once inside the grand palace, Matilda made her way around the room checking who else was on the guest and looking for the creativity orb. Finally, she found the large wooden display case in the corner of the room. She was totally fascinated to lay her eyes on the most special award - the Golden Creativity Orb. Matilda decided to go and join Little Red Riding Hood and friends, so she could really enjoy the party atmosphere.

They spoke all about their favourite books and recent trips through the woods and, when the DJ started to play some of their favourite tunes, they decided to have a boogie. Whilst they were dancing to Die with a Smile, Little Red Riding Hood announced at the top of her voice that the creativity orb had gone!

The music stopped and Fantastic Mr Fox and Puss in Boots arrived at the scene. Mr Fox announced, 'Don't panic! We are here to investigate this crime and we will find out who is responsible.'

When it was Matilda's turn to be interviewed, she told Mr Fox and Puss in Boots that although she had been looking at the orb not long before it went missing, she had no idea what had happened. She told them that she had been busy telling Little Red Riding Hood all about a new book called The Ironman, that she had just started reading.

Matilda agreed that she would be happy to help with any further investigations should they need to speak to her again.

Written by Y3SW

Chapter 8 - The Crayons

The crayons (from *The Day the Crayons Quit*) were so excited to be invited to the annual Storybook Character Awards at Buckingham Palace.

They rarely left the crayon box, so this was a big deal! They knew their invitation only happened because they finally stood up for themselves and quit. The crayons felt proud, knowing that speaking out was the reason they were now recognised and celebrated in the world of storybook characters.

The red crayon was dressed up as Santa for the big awards, feeling super cheeky and laughing a lot. When the creativity orb was stolen, the crayon was making silly faces at all the other characters and giggled when they told the investigators they didn't do it. They said they were just having fun, as they don't get out much and very rarely get to leave the crayon box.

The purple crayon decided to dress up as a dragon with spiky scales and a fiery tail. It spent the whole night sneaking around, watching the other storybook characters. The crayon had never left the crayon box before and was very curious. Mr. Fox realised that the purple crayon couldn't have stolen the orb, because it was too busy observing the party, feeling both excited and nervous the whole time.

The beige crayon felt bored and miserable all night, dressed as a piece of wheat. It didn't want to be there and felt upset. The beige crayon said it didn't steal the orb and began crying in the corner. It was too sad to do anything, even take the orb. The crayon kept crying as it talked to the investigators, feeling helpless and alone.

The grey crayon was dressed as an elephant but felt really embarrassed because it forgot to put the trunk on its costume. When the investigators started asking questions, the grey crayon got confused and turned bright red, explaining that it didn't steal the orb and was hiding in the toilets the whole time. The crayon felt nervous and didn't know what to say.

The white crayon was dressed as a cloud and felt very shy because it seemed invisible. It could not have stolen the orb because it was too shy to do something so bold. When the investigators started asking questions, the white crayon froze, feeling too nervous to speak. It just wanted to stay hidden and be quiet. The black crayon, on the other hand, was dressed as a cat and was just having fun at the party. It wasn't doing anything wrong, just enjoying the night. It confidently told the investigators it couldn't have stolen the orb, because it was dancing in the middle of the dance floor the whole time.

The green crayon was dressed as a lettuce and was always hungry. When the orb was stolen, the green crayon was busy stuffing food into its mouth and didn't notice anything happening. Even when talking to the investigators, the green

crayon just kept eating, not really paying attention. It was too focused on its food to think about anything else.

The orange crayon was dressed as an orange because it was too lazy to think of a costume. When the orb was stolen, the orange crayon was taking a nap under a table, resting peacefully. When the investigators asked questions, the orange crayon told them it didn't steal the orb, yawning as it spoke. It was too sleepy to be worried about anything!

The crayons all knew they were innocent. None of them had stolen the orb. They were just having fun at the party! All they wanted now was to go back to their crayon box, relax, and do what they did best—colouring and making beautiful pictures for everyone to enjoy. Mr Fox thought this seemed fairly believable, but as far as the crayons were concerned, he couldn't draw any conclusions.

Written by Y2B

Chapter 9 - Mr Wolf

Mr. Fox and Puss in Boots approached Mr. Wolf cautiously. They already knew about his reputation.

"Hello you two! I have just jumped out of Grandma's bed. I am the wolf" the wolf announced, "What seems to be the problem?"

"There has been a theft" said Mr.Fox.

"Yes... and we are looking for anyone who looks... well... suspicious" added Puss in Boots.

Mr Wolf stroked his long grey muzzle thoughtfully, as he spoke.

"My fur is stone grey and my eyes are as green as grass. I am disguised as Grandma for a silly reason. I can be sneaky but I would never steal anything if that is what you're asking!"

"Fair enough" said Mr.Fox, "but why are you licking your lips and drooling while you look at us?"

"I'm sorry... I don't want to eat you or anything! I just came to this ball to make some friends. It's lonely being a wolf" said Mr.Wolf.

The detectives nodded with relief.

"Can anyone confirm that you were nowhere near the orb when it disappeared?" asked Puss in Boots.

"Please go and find Grandma, wherever she is in the palace - we actually danced together. I know she will remember that!" said the wolf, with a wicked grin.

Written by Y2B

Chapter 10 – Mr Twit

Amongst all the chaos in the ballroom, Mr Twit was quite oblivious to all that was going on and continued to stuff his face at the buffet table. In fact, it wasn't just his face he was stuffing with food, he was also shoving large amounts into the greasy pockets of his jacket.

Unlike the rest of the guests, Mr Twit had definitely not dressed for the occasion. He wore his high-waisted, dirty, ripped trousers which he had worn every single day for the past twenty years. His long, matted beard not only hid his disgusting face, but also hid lots of pieces of mouldy food that had somehow not made it into his toothless mouth.

Mr Fox approached Mr Twit with caution.

"Good evening, sir. May I ask you a few questions?" Mr Fox politely enquired.

"Just leave me alone!" commanded Mr Twit, and as he spoke even more pieces of food fell out of his slimy mouth.

Brushing the pieces of pre-chewed food of his suit jacket, Mr Fox continued with his questioning.

"Did you see anyone acting suspiciously around the orb this evening sir?" he asked.

"The only thing I have seen this evening is meagre amount of food on this so called buffet," Mr Twit scoffed.

"What was your exact location when the orb went missing?" Mr Fox asked Mr Twit.

"I have been right here, next to the food since opening time. Mrs Twit is not the greatest of cooks you know. One time the crazy old woman even put worms in my spaghetti, so I am eating as much as I can now. You can ask any of the other guests and they will all tell you the same thing. I haven't moved from this spot all evening." Mr Twit replied angrily.

"Ok sir, thank you for your cooperation. I will let you get back to your food," said Mr Fox.

With a heavy sigh, Mr. Fox politely walked away from the disgusting old man and on to his next suspect. Would he ever find out who had taken the orb?

Written by Y4B

Chapter 11 - Jonty Gentoo

Jonty Gentoo was an explorer who loved adventures. He loved to ask questions and figure things out. He was friendly, playful and was always ready for the next journey!

Jonty was a small, black-and-white Gentoo penguin with a bright orange beak and large feet. For the party, he decided to put on a bright pink bow tie and a large spotty hat that keeps sliding off his smooth feathers!

When he got to the party, Jonty was waddling around, chatting with everyone and asking lots of questions, like...what is your costume? Can I try a burger? Have you ever seen a real treasure orb before? He was full of energy and excitement!

When Jonty was asked about the missing orb his eyes widened, and he flapped his little wings.

"The orb is missing? That's so fun—I mean, awful! We have to find it! Where did you last see it? What colour is it? Could it have rolled away?". His mind was full of questions.

Mr. Fox asked him where he was when the orb went missing.

"I was by the cake, trying to see if I could eat it in one bite! I was much too busy shoving the cake in my mouth to take the orb" replied Jonty.

Mr. Fox nodded - he had no reason to doubt him.

Jonty jumped to his feet.

"Oh, this is just like a cool detective case! Can I help look for clues? Maybe the orb left a trail! Or maybe a polar bear took it — I remember seeing one who looked like he wanted to eat me when I was on my trip!"

Fantastic Mr. Fox and Puss in Boots just stared at him quietly, intrigued at his strange behaviour.

Jonty waddled off curiously, ready to start the search himself.

The detectives watched him leave and shook their heads!

Written by Y2M

Chapter 12 - Willy Wonka

Willy Wonka was a strange and colourful character, who was a real magician with chocolate. When he got his invite, he had to think long and hard, deciding what to wear. He decided to dress in his finest purple and silver, velvet suit, which was shimmering brighter than the central chandelier in the ball room.

Most of the other guests agreed that he had been acting strange all day, but then again, he usually did act quite strangely, because he was so eccentric.

When Foxy and Puss asked him if he knew anything about the disappearance of the orb, he reacted with disbelief. He explained that he is the least likely person to have taken the creative orb as he is already full of magic creativity. He felt he was the last person who would need this orb.

"Me!" he said "My factory is full to the brim of luminescent décor; every square inch delights the eye. What would I need with a football orb?"

The investigators thought he had a point. They shrugged and told him he was free to go.

Chapter 13 - Alex Ryder

Oh No! Not again! Alex Rider could feel the hair on the back of his neck begin to prickle. This was starting to feel like another very unwanted situation.

He glanced up the elaborate stairwell and scanned the whole host of magnificently (and not so magnificently) dressed characters. His gaze snagged on the steely, gimlet eyed stare of Mrs Jones. She gave him one of her Paddington Bear really hard stares and nodded, whilst still sucking one of her ever-lasting peppermints. Mrs Jones knew it was time for this fourteen-year-old, stealthy, adventurous, tenacious, determined, brave, handsome schoolboy spy to leap into action.

Alex had been doing his best to blend into the background at this wacky, wonderful and quite frankly, eclectic congregation of a party. He was leaning against the twisted and gnarled bark of the ancient, far away tree. His baggy trousers were matched with a black, leather jacket that shone in the sunlight. He adjusted the frames of his chic, black aviator Ray Ban shades. To the rest of the assorted mob, he looked like he was just posing with his gelled back hair. Only Alex and the support crew back at HQ knew that Alex's glasses were secretly X-raying the assembled crowd.

His feet were starting to twitch, it wasn't due to the heavy, pounding, ear splitting backtrack of Cinderella's ugly twin

sisters singing their duet, or because of the band playing their jazz music. It was because his feet were encased in the futuristic Nike Airforce ones. They were like no other trainers. These trainers could make Alex teleport to a different destination. They were out of this world!

Mr Fox and his feline sidekick appeared to be playing the well-loved (and sometimes hated) game of 'who stole the cookie from the cookie jar?' They were confronting every suspicious stinker and nasty pasty from here to Mars, questioning them about the great missing orb incident. Alex was frustrated, this was such an energy sucking waste of time and Puss in Boots had fishy smelling breath. The furry, eight-limbed duo stood in front of Alex. It was his turn to be interviewed, interrogated and play cookie jar. But then he interrupted them.

"Let's just cut to the chase, guys. I know who did it!"

Written by Y5P

Chapter 14 - Revealed!

Fantastic Mr. Fox and Puss in Boots stared quietly at Alex Ryder. He had such confidence in his voice and they were hanging on his every word. He slowly paced backwards and forwards as he spoke.

"Every character here at the party has an alibi. Everyone you have interviewed was either no where near the orb, or had a witness proving they were not the culprit. That leaves only two possibilities. We must ask ourselves who *really* wanted the orb badly? Who craves stardom and fame so much, that they would have been tempted? Who are these super confident characters, that have no alibi and have not been challenged as yet?"

Mr. Fox and Puss looked nervously at one another. Puss in Boots' whiskers started to twitch uncontrollably. They both took the tiniest step back.

Alex's finger shot out, pointed at them furiously.

"I think it was BOTH OF YOU TWO! You stole the orb!" accused the now stern-faced Mr. Ryder.

A loud gasp came from all the guests, as the whispers and murmurs began all, around the ballroom.

"Absolutely preposterous!" announced Mr. Fox, waving Alex away with his hand. "Why on earth would we agree to find the thief, if it was us all along?"

"Because it's the perfect cover!" said Alex, pointing again.

"You've no proof!" hissed Puss in Boots, his whiskers now wobbling like wiry branches in the wind.

"What about THIS?" declared Alex, grasping Puss' velvet hat and yanking it off his head. A beautiful golden ball, balanced between his two furry ears, rolled and then dropped onto the hard floor, with a clang! It was the orb.

Everyone in the hall gasped and froze.

"Run for it, Foxy!" shouted Puss, sprinting towards the main door.

"Right behind you!" yelled Mr. Fox, as the two figures whizzed out of the enormous front door and away into the distance, before anyone could snap out of their shock and give chase.

Alex Ryder picked up the orb and stared thoughtfully at it.

"What should we do now, Mr Ryder?" asked Glinda, gliding majestically down the marbled staircase. "Who on earth is worthy of the award now, because to be honest, this year my money was on Mr. Fox until he turned crook!"

All the characters in the hall watched in silence, as a knowing grin grew across Alex Ryder's face.

Alex looked at the orb. He raised it and addressed the crowd.

"This year, I think the award should go to... no one in this palace today!"

Gasps and mutterings filled the air. Matilda stepped forward and addressed the young Ryder.

"Then who, Mr. Ryder? Who?"

"Well," said Alex "this year, the creativity award should go to a very special school I know, not far from here. Their creativity has no limits and they really know how to write a story."

"Ahh... I know just the school, Alex" replied Glinda. "Let's deliver it right this moment..."

And with that, she raised her wand and waved it. Alex, Glinda and the orb were suddenly gone with a pop! The crowd gasped and then cheered, as they too knew where this wonderful award was finally going.