

"Silence."

Amy's high pitched screech filled the room with echo, causing every child to stop talking, listen and obey. Her ballerina like shoes nudged across the room. Amy had always had a bad thing to tell the children whenever she entered the room. She narrowed her eyes and looked for her first victim. Amy never broke her stride.

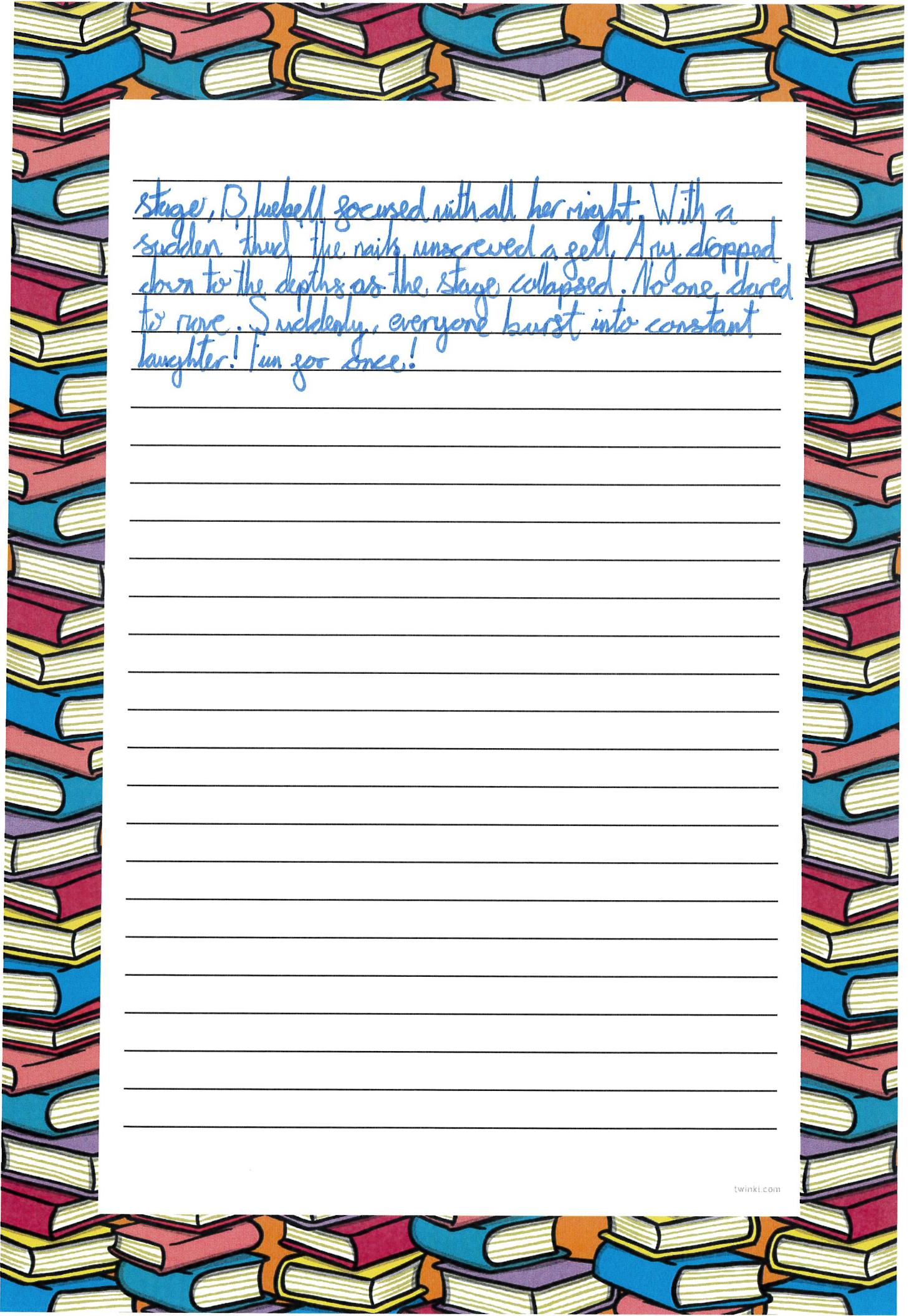
"Indigo Toot!" Barked Amy through her cavity, gilled teeth. "Bring your small self to me!" A small shaking girl no older than 8, stepped up on the stage. Tears dripped down Indigo's face as she thought of her punishment. Could Indigo survive? With crazy speed, Amy looked down at Indigo with her blue, bulging eyes taking a firm look at Indigo's hands. "Do you know the punishment for filthy hands?" Amy hissed. Amy clenched onto Indigo's hands and Indigo slowly rose. Before anyone could move, Indigo got thrown across the room with a 'CRASH' as she landed on her spine. Bluebell watched in terror, thinking who was next. Enough is enough she said to her brain, as she brewed up a revenge plan.

Bluebell was a kind girl, who saw the happiness in everyone. It was said that she never saw Amy's happy. In stark contrast to Amy, Bluebell greeted everybody

with the biggest smile. Unlike other Tugar olds she loved school and adored her teacher - Mr Madens. Bluebell loved it when Mr Madens made songs to spell, learn times tables and number facts! Amy hates all types of fun. Once a week, Amy visits Bluebell's class and inspects the children for any signs of germs. Some how she always finds some! It was constant hassle. Bluebell had had enough she could only think of revenge.

Only 2 weeks ago, Bluebell had discovered that she had a special power. She had been sat in her room quietly writing her next thrilling novel, when it first happened. As she was writing, Bluebell noticed a loose nail protruding from one of the floorboards in her room. Bluebell started wondering how it had worked itself free from the floor. As she stared more and more intently, that the magic began. Tentatively at first, the nail began to wiggle itself free! As Bluebell concentrated harder, the nail flew from its resting spot, high up into the air! With further practice, Bluebell realised that she was able to make this happen to any number of nails, simply by focussing her thoughts.

As Amy continued her stomp across the wooden



stage, Bluebell focused with all her might. With a sudden thud the nails unscrewed a yell. Amy dropped down to the depths as the stage collapsed. No one dared to move. Suddenly, everyone burst into constant laughter! Fun for once!