

"What's that for? What does this do? What is that called?" Red asked excitedly, examining the creation device. Quizzically, she asked the inventor how he had made her. He told her that it had taken much skill and imagination.

"Don't touch anything!" the inventor pleaded as he placed the other mannequin carefully into the chair. He closed the door. "Now stand back and watch", he instructed with a proud smile on his face. Red jumped forwards and peered into the round window of the chamber, in awe of the clever machine. Behind her, the inventor began to turn the huge brass cogs which clinked and clunked as they slotted into place. Carefully and skilfully, he added a mixture of potions to the ingredients tank whilst Red watched over his shoulder, but as he tipped the final few drops into the bowl, Red lost her footing and slipped, knocking the entire contents of the flask into the container. SPLASH!

"No!" cried the inventor, "oh, Red, what have you done?!"

"Oops, I'm sorry! It was an accident!" she cried. "What happens now?"

Blue smoke began to billow furiously from the machine. Sparks flew. A piercing whistle screeched like an over boiled kettle on a stove until BANG... The door burst open and the pair stood back, mouths open and eyes wide, nervous to see what would appear from within.