

o. Tuesday 27th January 2026

1. To write an alternative ending to a modern fairy tale

The musician cautiously walks closer to the palace before he slowly becomes mesmerised by the life changing, gold encrusted gates. Poking out his finger in order to press the button, the towering entrance creaks open allowing him to catch a glimpse of the most colossal corridor he had ever seen in all the days of his life. A jotted guard emblazoned from head to toe in diamonds and rubies with the initials 'E.R' embroidered on his shirt.

28/01/26 "Halt! Who goes there?" the guard yelled.

The young musician replied, defining the purpose of his arrival. The guard's hand lets go of his gun, gesturing him to come inside the

palace. As the anxious young man ~~at~~ was escorted to the drawing room, a million thoughts exploded in his brain. What will the King think? Will my plan work? And most importantly, how big is this palace?! He suddenly reached the drawing room, before falling to his knees in order to bow to the King and Queen.

"What brings you here, my fellow citizen?" the King kindly asked.

"I save you daughter from cold," the musician wasn't originally English.

"Very well. Guard, escort this young man to the ~~be~~ Princess' bedchamber, the Queen and I will follow on shortly behind."

As the musician climbed up a flight of never-ending marble stairs, he finally approaches the door to the bedchamber, a

worried look on his face.

~~A~~ WHOOSH! The musician thrust open the large double doors, being hit by a gust of heat. He ~~g~~ ^{saw} ~~sees~~ a fire crackling in the boiling room, making it a snug retreat from the grey hissing veil of rain. He immediately found where the princess was 'hiding' and in the blink of an eye, a small crush developed on her. "How ~~have~~ not met you until now?" The musician looked deep into the young girl's deep brown eyes, while the girl looked like she'd seen a ghost (literally!).

01/26 ~~D~~ The musician slowly but cautiously unwrapped the flute from around his neck and began to play the old woodwind.

'Doodoodoodoodoodoodoodood' went the musician, who's real name was actually Olaf. The princess' finger began to twitch slowly before her ~~set~~ head leaned against the dicument headboard, with the name 'Mia' written in italics. Olaf carried on playing ~~befo~~ long until ~~the pirt~~ she could lift her hand and cover it over her mouth in astonishment.

A dark cloud rose above Mia's head before it became vivid red into the shape of a love heart. A bubble of tears formed in the King's eyes. He explained how they 'grow up so fast' and how proud he is of her. Ew. The girl slowly jumped off of her bed and into the musician's arms.

"I take you and marry in Russia,

"I live in!" Mia giggled at Olaf's mispronunciations while he gave her a peck on the cheek. They began to pack Mia's bag and when they were ready, they began to run out of the palace and into the darkness below.