

Grimmtastic Girls

Snowflake Freezes Up

Joan Holub & Suzanne Williams

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Emma T., Ally M., Keyra M., Sabrina C. — and you!

— JH and SW

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It is written upon the wall of the Grimmstone Library:

Something E.V.I.L. this way comes.

To protect all that is born of fairy-tale, folktale, and nursery-rhyme magic, we have created the realm of Grimmlandia. In the center of this realm, we have built two castles on opposite ends of a Great Hall, which straddles the Once Upon River. And this haven shall be forever known as Grimm Academy.

~The brothers Grimm



Jack Frost

It was Thursday morning, and Jack Frost was in a snit as usual. In fact, he was totally frosted! Because it was *sooo* boring in Snow Globe Town, the miniature village that filled the beach ball-size snow globe he lived inside at Grimm Academy.

A snowman stood at the very center of the village. Tired of its jolly, empty-headed grin, Jack whipped the snowman's black hat off and stomped up and down on it with his pointy-toed boots. Then he kicked the fake fir tree nearby and did a double backflip before flitting around the snow globe's tiny buildings.

How dare Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm imprison him in here? Jack thought for the frostzillionth time. He stuck out an elbow and knocked an icicle off one of the cute houses in Snow Globe Town as he drifted by. Trapped inside this globe, he could only float among the teeny snowflakes day after day like a goldfish in a wintry bowl.

Those two brothers had stuck him in here around the same time they'd brought other characters from literature to Grimm Academy for safekeeping. But unlike Jack, those other characters from fairy tales, folktales, and nursery rhymes all roamed free. Which wasn't fair! He'd spent far too many years inside this globe on this shelf in Grimmstone Library's Crystal Room, surrounded by crystal balls and lots of crystal statuary. Talk about dullsville!

But he was making plans, plotting the mischief he'd cause when he got out one day. He only hoped that day would come soon.

Suddenly, Jack Frost heard the door to the Crystal Room open. Without warning, two scaly green hands shot toward him, grabbing his glass prison. The hands belonged to a dragon lady! She shook the globe, rocking his world. Flakes of snow around him became a white flurry as he went flying to and fro.

"Frabjous! I could use an extra-large paperweight," cackled the dragon lady. "This snow globe is perfect."

Next thing Jack knew, he and his fake village had been relocated to the Academy office to steady a bunch of fly-away papers on the lady's desk. He quickly figured out that she was the principal's assistant, Ms. Jabberwocky.

Sitting day after boring day on a shelf in the library had been bad enough, but to serve as a *paperweight*? He, who

had the power to bring frigid, wintry days? The power to frost the ground so people would slip and slide? Oh, the indignity of it all. And what a stupendous waste of his talents!

Fuming, Jack Frost plotted his revenge. Should he ever get free, he would waste no time in locating the wickedest character at Grimm Academy. From what he had overheard from snippets of conversation between students who'd occasionally wandered into the Crystal Room over the years, that character would be the very vain, extremely evil Ms. Wicked. She was also the Scrying — as in crystal-ball gazing and fortune-telling — teacher at GA.

He would offer to be her sidekick. When they joined forces, they would rule! Well, mostly he'd be the one ruling if he had his way.

As the morning of his relocation passed, Jack perked up. This outer office was the nerve center for the entire Academy! It turned out that he had a great view of the goings-on from his new perch atop Ms. Jabberwocky's desk. Late that afternoon, a bunch of students came to see her. While they were there, the office door opened and in walked trouble.

"Troll Moving Company. Where are the mirrors you want moved to the Grimmstone Library?" asked a sturdy-looking troll wearing a uniform.

Ms. Jabberwocky waved him toward the inner office, where the principal's door stood. "In there. And the sooner Ms. Wicked's possessions are gone, the better. Thank grimmness we've seen the last of her!"

The thick glass of the snow globe muffled sound. However, Jack Frost had gotten good at guessing what people were saying by reading their lips if they were close enough. At the moment, the trolls and the dragon lady were nearby, so doing this was easy.

Huh? he thought now in dismay. He must be behind in the news. Last he'd heard, Ms. Wicked had taken over the job as principal of the school when Principal Rumpelstiltskin went missing. What was going on here?

He didn't have to wait long to find out. As the trolls promptly set to work removing the mirrors and lugging them into the hall, the principal came out of his office. When had *he* returned to Grimm Academy?

A dark-haired girl among the group of students was called into the principal's office. Something about spinning straw into gold? For a while afterward, there were too many people around to tell who was saying what or going where.

Suddenly, all went dark. Ms. Jabberwocky had just buried his snow globe under some papers. *Thanks a lot, lady!*

Now he couldn't see a thing. And though he strained to hear, the papers muted the sounds around him.

"What's happening?" he demanded, banging his little fists against the inside of the globe in frustration. But he wasn't surprised when nobody answered. No one could hear him through the thick glass.

Crash! What was that? It sounded to him like a mirror had broken. The very next moment, something bumped his globe, sending it flying. It landed on the office floor, then rolled crazily off into a corner, where (annoyingly) he still couldn't see anything. He sat there, feeling dizzy from all the commotion.

Hey! A crack had formed in his snow globe, Jack noticed with excitement. Must have happened when it hit the floor.

At last, a way out!