The chariot race happened a few days ago and Perilous is visiting Madasbananus, where the mad inventor shows Perilous his new invention. But remember, Madasbananus’ inventions, although brilliant, are too far ahead of their time. You can use your invention from last week and describe how it fails to work.

**Story Plan**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Characters | Perilous – the young hero, who is always taking risksScorcha (only mentioned) – the charioteer out in jail, who Trendia loves.Croakbag – Perilous’ faithful ravenTrendia (only mentioned) – Perious’ sister, who Madasbananus is always trying to impress. |
| OpeningWhere is it taking place?Who is there?Describe the atmosphere. |  |
| MiddleWhat is the new invention?Describe how it is supposed to work,How has Madasbananus made it? |  |
| EndWhere does Perilous head off to? What does Madasbananus do? |  |

**What a good one looks like**

It was three days since Perilous had won the chariot race for the green team. Still excited and holding his head high, Perilous decided to visit Madasbananus to see how he was coping with the news that Scorcha would soon be let out of jail.

“He will probably be panicking in case Trendia starts to like Scorcha again,” whispered Croakbag.

As he walked through the door of Madasbanans’ small apartment, the crazy creator barely even noticed Perilous waltzing in. Madasbananus was totally engrossed in yet another of his bizarre inventions.

“What’s the latest invention?” Perilous enquired, trying hard to sound excited.

“Ah, Perilous.” Madasbananus stated, without looking up.

“I haven’t had a chance to congratulate you on your wonderful win. Has your pater forgiven you yet for taking Scorcha’s place at the race?”

“Erm, well, he’s getting there. My mater is still horrified about what could have happened?”

Standing up at last, Madasbananus gave Perilous a quick hug, “You were amazing, I hear. Your parents will come round soon, once all the excitement has died down.” Next to him, standing proudly in in the corner of the room was a large wooden rectangle, with a badly-painted black rectangle in the middle, Maddasbananas continued, “What do you think?”

“Er, nice,” Perilous replied, “What is it?”

“It’s my newest invention to impress Trendia. She’ll love this! It’s a vision box.” Madasbananus stated, smiling from ear to ear, and as if Perilous should know exactly what a vision box was.”

“Okay,” sighed Perilous, trying to muster up some enthusiasm for the inventors latest disaster, “So what does it do exactly?”

“This box will bring entertainment into your home. Imagine, you can use this in your own home to watch theatre shows, without having to leave the house. Trendia and I can cuddle up on the sofa with a take-away, while watching the actors as they perform.”

“Erm, just one thing!” exclaimed Croakbag, “How does the image..”

He didn’t get a chance to finish as Perilous jumped in, “It’s great!” he exclaimed, “How does it work?”

“Well, the actors are filmed performing their show and the images and sounds are transmitted ioto the black part of the screen. It’s going to change the world. Just think, millions of people can watch at the same time if they have one of these in their lounge. Everybody will have one one day. Some people might even have more than one in their house. They’ll be able to watch chariot races, theatre shows and loads of other things, all from the comfort of their own home.”

Croakbag tried again, “So how does the image and sound travel to it?”

“Well, erm……… I’ll obviously I’ve got that bit to sort out yet. Don’t worry though, I’m sure I could use a rope or something from the theatre to here.”

“Brilliant! I won’t say anything to Trendia and you can show her yourself.” Perilous muttered. “Now, we best get off, Croakbag. I want to be the first one there when Scorcha is released. I bet he can’t wait to hear what’s happened!” Shooing Croakbag towards the door, Perilous called out. “Catch you later, Madasbananus. Can’t wait to see it all working!”

Undeterred, Madasbananus turned back to his invention. “What if I just….” He muttered as Perilous walked out into the bright, burning sun. Behind him, Croakbag enthusiastically hopped along before taking to the air. “Maybe, Scorcha and I can get some practice in before dark.” Perilous thought to himself.