


imaginary journeys

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3rd Prize

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Magical Mishap

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Many years ago, never mind how long exactly, there lived a young wizard. This young wizard was ever so happy as he had just passed his Master Wizard degree at Magicversity. even though he hadn't thought he would pass at all. He was really forgetful you see and had to have all his spells written down in a notebook, which he kept in the pocket of his robes at all times. Out of all the spells in that notebook, one was his favourite. It really cheered him up after bad days.

A week after the results came out, he had a bad day. When he got home he felt like performing his favourite spell. With a flick of his wand he chanted:

*“Abracadabra, abracadee!
Come my favourite spell to
Fill me with glee!”*

He waited – but nothing happened. How strange, he thought to himself. I know what I'll do! I'll do what it says in chapter 6, paragraph 12, subsection 84 of the wizards handbook; if a spell doesn't work, then just try it again! So he drew his wand and sang:

*“Abracadabra, abracadee!
Come my favourite spell to
Fill me with glee!”*

He waited..... but nothing happened. Very, very strange.

Meanwhile, all the way over on the other side of the land, there lived an older wizard. This wizard was very experienced and knew all of his spells off by heart. Like the young wizard he had a favourite spell; he would often perform it to himself after a bad day. By chance he also had had one of those days today, so he decided to cheer himself up with his favourite spell. He drew his wand and chanted:

*“Abracadabra, abracadee!
I’ve had such a hard day,
Fill me with glee!”*

He waited – but nothing happened. How peculiar, thought the old wizard. This had never happened to him before and he was totally baffled. “I know what I’ll do!” he said excitedly, I’ll just try the spell again! So with a little less enthusiasm than before he sang:

*“Abracadabra, abracadee!
I’ve had such a hard day,
Fill me with glee!”*

But yet again, nothing happened. Strange, strange, strange.

The older wizard sent out letters to all the other wizards in the land. He got a surprisingly large amount of replies from wizards with the same dilemma. However, only one wizard was willing to venture out with him to find and retrieve their favourite spells.

This wizard was the young wizard.

They met at the entrance to a deep dark forest to discuss what they would do.

“HmMMMMM” said the older wizard, twisting his beard, grey as a rain cloud, as he would when deep in thought. “I’ve got it!” He said, clicking his fingers. “We must travel to the almighty powerful king wizard, Merlee the great! He knows every spell, every potion, every hex! He must know the answer to our queries.” So, with little supplies, they set off on a quest for their favourite spells.

They travelled far and wide through the dark, gloomy forest with only each other for companionship. After at least two weeks of tiring, exhausting trekking they reached the entrance to a towering valley. The sides were as high as 3 double decker buses and all around were just stony ground. The occasional cactus or weed reached for light out of cracks in rocks plus, set deep into valley sides, were caves reaching into a never ending sea of black. Sometimes they would step on a crumbling rock and dust would fill their senses as waterfalls of dust and gravel fell around their feet. A small stream was running through the valley; a rare sight in such a hot place. All they could hear were buzzing crickets in the scorching heat and (every so often) an eerie rustling which made them feel like someone – or something was watching them.

“Oj!”

They spun on the spot to see an ugly three headed troll blocking their way. It wore a chain mail vest, armour on its limbs and brown leather gloves. It was strongly built and one hand held a concrete hammer the other a spiked mace. Both looked like they could do some damage. The troll came across as very short tempered and quick to its fists.

“Oj!” The troll’s heads repeated in deep gruff voices. “What’s your business here?” said the first head.

“We wish to climb the mountain to King Merlee’s castle” stated the older wizard hesitantly.

“May we pass?” added the young wizard.

“No” said the second head

“No one gets past us, the bash bro’s” continued the third head.

“We should warn you, you stupid creature that we are wizards and can dispose of you easy as pie.”

“Mmmm pie...” said the first head dreamily.

“He’s insulting us you idiot!” shouted the second head.

“Right, we gonna bash you good for that!” said the third head.

Angrily they advanced towards the wizards.

“I’ll deal with this!” shouted the young wizard bravely. He fumbled for his note book (which was in the pocket of his robes of course) and in all the panic he dropped it in the stream! He fell to his knees and grabbed up the note book and he suddenly realised he had written in ink so the writing was all smudged by the water! He could only just make out the words and just before they were both bashed to bits he shouted:

Abacadabra, abracadaboo!

Make these three heads

Argue, argue, argue!

“I’m going to hit them with the mace!” said the first head.

“No I’m going to hit them with the hammer!” argued the third head.

“No I’m going to do both!” exclaimed the second head

“No me! No me! No me!”

Whilst the three heads were arguing (which really was quite amusing to watch!) the wizards crept past towards the mountain.

Tirelessly they climbed with ruthless determination until, after many scratches and bruises, they reached the top. Standing before them was King Merlee’s castle made entirely of stone blocks. Turrets with archer stations reached up to the sky with look out posts at the very

top. In front of them was a big brown door with crusting old paint. The older wizard knocked on the heavy brass knocker. The door swung open. Standing in the doorway were two regimental soldiers. "What are you doing here?" one of them said.

"We have travelled from far away as we lost our favourite spells, we seek an audience with King Merlee to see if he knows what is going on."

"Well", replied the other soldier "the king is very busy today but perhaps he might have a few minutes to spare for you. We'll go and see."

"Thank you" said the young wizard, relieved as he had thought that this was all going to be a complete disaster and that the king would slam the door in their faces.

After an endless minute the door opened again and standing there was King Merlee himself! He wore purple robes and an ocean blue hat. Winding from his chin to his chest was a grey beard and he bore a cheerful expression upon his face. "You've passed you've passed! Oh well done well done indeed!"

"What are you talking about? What have we passed?" questioned the young wizard.

"Oh yes, sorry about that it's just I'm so excited that you passed! Let me explain. Every few hundred years we take away the ability for some wizards to perform their favourite spells. Then we watch them and see what they do. Out of one hundred wizards you two were the only ones who were brave enough to venture out and seek your favourite spells, so you pass!"

"But why bother with all this?" asked the old wizard, completely confused.

“Well it keeps you on your toes ; a wizard should be ready for anything. They should have the true bravery that our great ancestors had, the true bravery that should run through all of our great race.”

“But how are we going to get our favourite spells back?” The young wizard said.

From his pocket, the king took a bottle of gleaming yellow potion. “This potion will restore your favourite spells to you and take you instantly home. Be proud, I will always remember you both as true wizards. Now drink up, and be on your way.

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