ZEBULON: QUEST FOR THE CURE

Written by the boys of 7NV-En1,
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~ Contents ~

Chapter 1: The Calling of the Hero (Zain Nusairi-Hughes) 03
Chapter 2: Law and Order (Abbas Abedi) 07
Chapter 3: The Mayor of Grimsville finally Rebels (Abbas Abedi) 09
Chapter 4: Packing for the Journey (Vinesh Ragavan) 11
Chapter 5: The Journey to Oban (Neo Perrera) 12
Chapter 5: continued (Ethan Jayesinghe) 15
Chapter 6: A Day in Oban (Anay Gudka) 18
Chapter 7: Letter from Oban (Neo Perera) 19
Chapter 7b: Letter from a Sidekick (Fritz Storp) 20
Chapter 8: The Crossing (Neo Perrera) 21
Chapter 9: Arriving in Tongwe Island (Harsh Vyas) 24
Chapter 10: Meeting Zebulon (Max Qu) 26
Chapter 11: Making the cure (Jack Rapp) 27
Chapter 12: A Final Twist 29
ALTERNATIVE VERSIONS 31
Chapter 1: The Calling of the Hero (Zain Nusairi-Hughes)

Simply one rock...

The chances are that without that one rock, I, Erin Thindrel would probably not have done anything, and I would still be the same old peasant, working on a farm, living the exact, same, old, middle-age style life I used to live. I started walking down the road, staring at the stones and the sand as the warm wind brushes by my face. I see two figures to the right of me, behind the off licence. They were my two friends! Link and Hank. I always thought Hank sounded like something off earth. I remember the stories my mum used to tell me about ‘technology’ and how this world used to be utopia with the most amazing contraptions you’ve ever seen. When I ask her why we don’t have that now she always tells me the same thing:

“When the time comes…”

I never feel right like this. Like my entire species is meant for better. That Gromitz never does anything to help us. What’s he in that palace for anyway? If I ask my mom I get the exact same response. “When the time comes”

What does that mean anyway? Am I destined for something greater? Or is something going to happen to us. If you’re wondering where my dad is he’s in the fatality ward in the community hospital for the plague that swept (and is still sweeping) the land. And, again, when I ask my mom why, she, as every other time, like every other response: “When the time comes”

Anyway… I see my friends behind the off licence. I walk up to them.

“Hey dudes” I say.

“Wassup?” Link says

“Yeah… hey,” Hank mutters. I’m able to just about notice a sweat break out on his face.

“We’re sorry, Erin...” Hank whispers. Before I have a chance to think a man comes behind me and presses a cold cloth to my face.

I fall asleep and after what feels all but too short of a time I wake up. All I can feel is a throbbing pain in the side of my head. My throat kills. I can barely see; they must have drugged me or something. Everything’s blurry, maybe they wanted it that way, but now they are saying things, something about… languages? Voices? Cure? Wait, Cure?

By this time, I’ve come round again. “Did you say cure?”

“Yes, Yes, Erin.” He starts to chuckle to himself. “We knew we would find the right person eventually.”
“No! Tell me about the cure! I want to know about it!” It comes to my mind now that I’ve just been kidnapped. Wait! Hey! I’ve been kidnapped! I start to wriggle in my chair. The man comes within 3 centimetres of me. He’s tall, very slim. He wears a black suit with white vertical stripes going down it, a top hat on his pale, smooth looking face. He examines my head. He picks out a small strand of hair. It slightly hurts, but not anything to even show emotion about. He pulls out a pipette and puts the smallest drop of brown liquid on it. He opens his mouth and puts another small strand on his pale pink tongue. He then instantly takes it off.

“You are very special Erin. Haven’t you wondered why you have never displayed any form of symptoms from the plague? You are immune Erin.”

All I’m thinking of is how I can help, if I can say my dad, will I have to go on a quest? This could be the beginning, the calling, of a hero.
Chapter 2: Law and Order (ZN-H)

My mum and I are called to watch another ‘Public justice announcement’…

Again…

I’ve never known why they call it an ‘announcement’; it’s just Gromitz’s way of finding new ways to kill people.

We walk up to the centre. There are armed guards looking over the throngs of people with hard eyes and firm, tight lips.

Some of the guards are holding on tightly to a leash, where a snarling dog like creature growls at passers-by, whose turn it isn’t to come to the ‘announcement’, My mum holds my hand tightly, and squeezes my shoulder. I think she thinks she’s trying to comfort me, but she’s really trying to comfort herself.

We had both been to the justice announcements before and I can see that in the eyes of some people in the crowd, the ones who have been here before. Dread and fear fills their faces. Mum gives me a tight smile.

We know what to expect.

Mum and I kneel down on our allocated pews in the newly built establishment stadium, and we wait. Some people chattered excitedly, these were the higher class people, the ones more closely related to the establishment. But most others held their breaths in suspense. I think back to the strange and life changing meeting I had with the slender man with the top hat. When he gave me hope for a cure and hope that my dad would be saved.

My thoughts, however, are interrupted when the crowd grows silent and I see people moving and scurrying down below on the pitch.

In the middle of the pitch there is a raised podium with hard, stone steps leading up to it. A chair sits in the middle with straps and the dreaded device all around it.

A small, old man half stumbling and half being dragged comes into view. He is surrounded by four huge guards and the man looks terrified. He knows what is coming just as much as I do. The guards strap the poor old, frail man to the chair with the leather straps and look
towards the wretched Mayor of our town who is now standing in front of the podium and facing the crowds. The mayor will give his usual speech, his fake voice, too frivolous to be believable.

“This man stole our food!” the mayor says with contempt. “He stole from our hard working civil servants!”

I look at the man and he is frail and weak with hunger. He must have been desperate to risk his life all but for a few slices of bread.

The hateful Mayor went on, “Let this be a lesson in Law and Order to you all!”

He nods at the two guards nearest the old man and they each press a hand into a scanner. The Establishment are the only ones allowed technology.

Waves of blue light gravitate down from the device around the chair towards the poor man’s body. He tenses. His eyes fly open along with his mouth and screams echo throughout the stadium. Long, screw like pieces of metal are slowly screwed into his legs, blood gushes out and onto the floor, grooves get his blood and are thrust into tubes, these tubes are put right back into his blood system, it is torture you cannot die from… The last part is the only bit I would never watch, they get spikes and inject a serum into his open eyeball, if his eyes are shut; they inject it through his eyelids. The serum is a yellow liquid, Nano tech, that’s what they call it anyway… It makes the victim see their worst fear… All while their ears have an ear piercing screech. This is how anyone who does any wrong is treated, not only like filth, but like scum…

I can hear gasps, sobs and some cheers. Some people have silent tears running down their faces and mum holds me close and tries to shield me from the horror in front of us. I look anyway.

Eventually the screams stop.

I take a deep breath and I know what I have to do. I have to find a way to stop this plague and to save my dad.

To save us all…
Chapter 2: Law and Order  (Abbas Abedi)

For a moment I froze. Waiting for a response for the task I’m meant to be given. “Jake, I need you only to go on a really important mission to…” the tall man said as I interrupted him and replied by saying:

“Why do I have to do this dumb mission?”

He didn’t take that in very well but he did manage to utter a few words,

“Dumb mission!?, Really, you think the mission is dumb even though I haven’t even said what it’s for or what you’re going to do in the mission yet”

Then, he sighed and continued:

“As I was saying earlier, your mission is to find a cure for all the people of Grimsville”

That just confused me as I had tons of questions like where am I allegedly going to find the cure for a disease that won’t stop?

“Why do I have to do this mission and not someone else?”

I asked hoping I would receive a reply.

“I chose you out of everyone because you are strong and brave which is just what you need to complete this mission”

Although I did seem right for the job, I refused. Think about it, it’s pretty much impossible to find a cure for the disease, it’s like the Black Death. Listen, if you were doing that mission, then you would be searching all around the world and then end up dying without accomplishing anything because you couldn’t find the cure, you see.

Just as I walked away from the man I heard screaming and yelling for help. I went to check and I realised that the person screaming was a man being tortured for being accused for stealing money from another guy. I had to stop this and show the people of Grimsville who I really am, a hero. I gazed at him with no emotion on my face. The accused man was on a stock and people were throwing fruit and vegetables at him. Then, I quickly ran across to where all the stocks were. I put my hand up in the air and yelled:
“Why hurt these people when we should be hurting ourselves? We’ve all made mistakes in our lives, and has that made us any better? No, no it hasn’t. Gromitz has made terrible decisions too, like using the Chemical weapon”

Then I took a glare at everyone as they were in complete silence and thinking about what they’ve done wrong as I freed the prisoners in the stocks.

Straight after that, the tall blonde man comes up to me and says “Wow, that was impressive…” Then I butt in and asked him “what is your name, I mean you haven’t told me yet”.

He whispers: “Name’s Bill… but you can call me the Neutralizer”.
Chapter 3: The Mayor of Grimsville finally Rebels (Abbas Abedi)

The mayor of Grimsville had invited a few people, including me, to come over for a very important meeting. All I know is that there are rebels (who are against Gromitz) who would be attending the meeting. On the way to the town hall, Bill caught up to me and repeatedly kept saying this, “You must act in a civilized way and your behaviour…” I interrupt him, “Hey, I’m not a baby anymore!”

“Just making sure” he replies sarcastically.

I get really annoyed and tell him that I won’t attend the meeting and won’t do the mission because he is really irritating to deal with; the next second, he turns around, looks at me in a very serious way and says he will stop doing that (always works).

When we arrive at the town hall, there are a few rebels already there. Each pulls a lever and falls through the floor. I am as shocked as Bill when I see them disappear like a shadow. It was as if they had been here before. “I suppose that’s where the meeting is going to take place” I mentioned, Bill nodded, then, we walked over to the lever and pulled it. We were falling like crazy, I felt as if our lives were about to be swiped away. All of a sudden, a voice says “Welcome: Erin and Bill”, then we land on two separate soft seats.

Next, we saw the mayor and a few other rebels. Before I could say anything, the mayor begins to speak, “Hello rebels, today I have brought you here to announce a few important things, firstly, I have found out that there are strange reports of a plague or disease from the chemical weapon Gromitz used, which I am totally against and can’t cope with anymore, so, I have found a cure for this disease that can save the whole of Britannica”.

My heart stopped pouncing for a second or two when the mayor said that there was a cure for the disease, and then I realised that my mission got a whole lot easier until he said this, “But, to retrieve the cure or antidote, you must find Zebulon because he has the cure. Now, you may be thinking that it would be easy to find him but the problem is that Zebulon is in prison on Tongwe Island”. That was terrible news. Then he continued talking, “Luckily, we have a risk-taker to do it, a man who wants us to call him: Mirage!” That’s when I stand up and bow. Later on, the mayor said more tragic things like, “The journey would be dangerous as you would be crossing mountains, going through rivers, walking in the heat at the desert…” He just mentioned different terrains that are impossible to go through.
“Because the journey would be dangerous, Mirage can’t go by himself, he would need back-up, now would anyone like to volunteer to become the Mirage’s sidekick?” It is true that I would need a sidekick so I wouldn’t feel lonely on the journey. Forthwith, a hand rises up, the man looked familiar; it was as if I knew him. He sort of looked like Blaze, who can survive any climate. Then, I stood up and announced this, “The person I want coming with me on the journey is… Blaze!” He accepted the mission as a sidekick. That was the best day ever; we’re going to go on the quest for the cure!
Chapter 4: Packing for the Journey (Vinesh Ragavan)

Mirage and Blaze were told by the mayor that they had to pack their bags to go on a journey to Gromitz’s palace. They could only take twelve very important items with them. Mirage couldn’t decide what they needed and what they had actually wanted because they can lose the item. Mirage and Blaze had wanted to take the following twelve items: tinned food, sword and bow with an arrow, hair comb, hair gel, tooth paste, tooth brush, an inflatable boat, water bottles, tent, spare clothes, medicine, first aid kit, energy drinks, water filters and pictures of his family.

Blaze wanted to take a gun with them and they quarrelled about this for a long time. Mirage knew that, if they were to work together, they had to make allowances for each other. Mirage explained the consequences of taking a gun with them such as: being shot with your own gun, however he finally did allow Blaze to take his gun with him. They spread their items into two bags and then left their apartment so that they can go to the mayor’s office. They noticed that their bags were really heavy; so they went back to their apartment. They went through every single item that they had in their bag. The only unnecessary thing that they had was the hair gel. Blaze had insisted that he needed the hair gel. Mirage was fed up of his sidekick bringing too many items that they didn’t need.

“Which one do you want to bring the gun or the hair gel?” said Mirage.

“I want to bring both and if you don’t let me bring both then I will quit and the whole town will be suffering,” said Blaze.

Mirage gave up and he let Blaze bring the hair gel and the gun. Both of them were running late so they got on their horse and departed to go to the mayor’s office. There were many people there in the mayor’s office wishing them luck. They said their final good byes to their families and then they departed on the fastest horse in Grimsville.
Chapter 5: The Journey to Oban (Neo Perrera)

Stallion was joyfully trotting along as night fell. The area was full of murky trees and poison lakes. The foul stench made me sick and the scenery reminded me about how Gromitz ruined the land. The atmosphere was full of sadness as well. The hay cart was trailing behind me and bouncing up and down like a car driving on humps. It did not take a lot of time for us to start setting up camp for the night. We had no idea what we were All I could think about was what it would feel like to have technology back, and how it would help my family. I hoed and prayed that they were safe at home. For now, I had to focus on the perilous journey ahead. I also had no idea about what we might encounter during the night in this unknown terrain. Quickly, we stocked up on wood and went around cutting off tree branches to build our shelter and sat down to gaze at the stars

“Don’t you think that we are a bit open to a patrol?” Blaze said anxiously.

“Yes, but we cannot do anything about it. Just focus on what we are going to do tomorrow as we reach closer to Oban” I replied.

“I am still a bit scared though. I have never been out alone before. I have always spent hours training for missions but I feel as if it was meaningless as it is nothing like what we are doing now. I like butt-kicking missions” Blaze said sorrowfully.

“If you know the meaning of stealth, you should use it in this mission. Now dream about you stealthily doing this job” I sighed, wanting to rest and for Scarlett. Slowly, we drifted off to sleep.

I woke up suddenly. I could sense that we needed to set off now as it the Sun was starting to rise. Quickly, I woke Blaze up so we could have a quick start and have more time to travel. I knew it was going to be dangerous and there just had to be some really dangerous obstacles we had to overcome. I fed Stallion some carrots and we set off on the second day of our adventure which would change Britannica.

Hours passed before we reached a very dangerous obstacle that we had to overcome, as I had predicted earlier. It was a tarnished bridge with molten lava flowing down below. It was like a Devil’s area, full of death. There were two options. To take the bridge or walk around and waste about eight hours. I knew we had no time to waste, so without any hesitation I chose the Devil’s area.

12
“Mirage, I think that this is a bad idea,” Blaze said nervously.

“Would you rather be killed by lava or be tortured brutally by the Grommies?” (That’s my rude way of referring to our evil overlord’s minions)

“Certainly die in lava. I don’t want to suffer the way my mother did. I want revenge and…”

“I have heard enough, now let’s not waste any time. You are beginning to slow me down a lot now. Your chatter has ruined half an hour of my precious day!” I shouted angrily.

“Alright, alright. Keep your hair on,” he said to make me even angrier.

We reluctantly approached the bridge, violently shaking about in the strong breeze. One wrong step would mean certain death, which just filled me up with fear. Fear was dripping from my hands as I approached the bridge to take my first step. I hesitated and discovered that there were minute makings carved onto the rotting wood. The beginning plank I was standing on said ‘The.’ Then I saw different markings on other planks of the wood, sprouting with moss and murky mould. These must mean that one path should lead us to the end, but another would make us plunge to our deaths. Which one should I take? The one with the sword or the one with the shield engraved on it. Wasting no time, I stepped on sword and nothing happened. Was something going to happen or was I safe? All I could do was carry on. The next planks read ‘That’ and ‘Kills.’ I immediately realised that this was a sentence that I had to correctly assemble, and say at the end to get through safely.

“Blaze, just take the steps that I take,” I said.

The next steps were ‘Defend’ and ‘Attack.’ I took defend and it was correct. I continued to form a sentence and then I finally reached the final one, with Blaze behind me guiding Stallion along with her. So far I had got ‘The sword that defends a kingdom is the bond between its.’ The next words were ‘Kings’ and ‘People.’ These were getting much harder and it was getting increasingly difficult to choose. I thought deeply and then out of the blue, I was sensing they were extremely close. I had to act fast or I would be toast. King or people? King or people? With sweat tumbling down from my forehead, I stepped on people. Nothing happened. It was correct! We had finally overcome the Devil’s area! There was no time to celebrate, we had to move, quickly.

“That worked your brain didn’t it?” Blaze asked me.

“A lot” I replied.
“I am happy that you kept me alive, above all” she said, relived she was away from danger.

“Yeah, yeah” I mumbled to myself. Blaze was a serious pain in the butt. I spotted a sign in the distance. Quickly, I dashed closer to read what it said. ‘Oban – 10 km.’ I was delighted that we had made so much distance so rapidly. We only had a bit to go, but it felt that it was going to be much harder that it sounded.
Dong! The town clock rung loudly. Once the twelfth bell had rung the two were woken up. Their eyes had dark black bags around them as they only got a few hours of sleep. "Aww already!" groaned the two as they crawled out of their beds and slouched forwards. They walked at a snail's pace towards the hay cart which they were going to travel in.

They set off with all their supplies (some stuffed in the hay cart with them) and would travel to eagles’ peak at the top of the mountain range known as the final valley. Mirage and Blaze would have to travel across a scorching desert, the sea of the demons, and then they would reach the mountain range.

Everyone who had gone on this journey before had never returned, although if anyone were to make it, these two would be those people. It was the middle of the night and the two could hear crickets chirping and owls hooting. This was the perfect cover for the bandits to appear. They came as suddenly as a snake strikes its prey and attacked.

Blaze spotted a dark silhouette in the corner of his eye and shook Mirage who woke just as a bandit pulled him out of the cart. Blaze got out his bow and shot the bandit in the leg, he hopped back and retreated but the other two pursued.

Blaze shot an arrow which narrowly missed the neck of one of the men. The other was taken down by Mirage who jumped onto his feet with his sword ready and slashed down the bandit's arm. The other man came up behind but Mirage skillfully whipped his sword around and stabbed the man in the waist without even turning around. He was humiliated and immediately jumped back on to his feet the same time the other bandit did.

Mirage tilted his head left indicating that the man to his left was the one he was going to attack. Blaze hit one of the men in the back paralyzing him while Mirage simultaneously parried a bandit’s strike and put him into a headlock. Then Mirage zoomed forward at light speed and struck the man with his sword. Blood gushed out of the man's arm; he now lay on the floor yelling, "Argh!"

Mirage jumped back in the cart and the two escaped. They set up the two hammocks that they brought along with them, across four trees adjacent to each other. Although they realised that they were in the outskirts of the forest of death. The bushes rustled and Mirage reached for his katana. Sweat dripped down his face as he tiptoed towards the bush. Then a wolf jumped
out and attacked but Mirage blocked it and threw it back before throwing a shuriken into its eye. The wolf gave out a small howl and retreated into the undergrowth.

The next day the two reached the desert. They were clearly suffering from heat stroke and they used up all their water they had gotten from the trees (they hammered a tap into the bark so water filtered out of the tree). Luckily they found the coast where the sea of demons was. The only way across was through a thin, weak and decayed bridge that spanned the river. Each side was really steep so falling was essentially a one way trip to your death.

"How are we going to get past this? There's no way the bridge will hold!" Puzzled blaze, "well it's the only option we've got," replied Mirage. He gave Blaze a smile to reassure him but he was just as petrified as Blaze was. As the cart made its way across, the bridge lowered clearly showing signs of collapsing under the weight of the cart. They were half way now but just as they made it to the end the bridge snapped. The two quickly grabbed their rucksacks and weapons then leapt out of the cart. Mirage's hand found one of the Planks and he grabbed it; Blaze was hanging on Mirage's leg.

They struggled to get up but eventually made it. The pair lay on the ground panting as they had just reached the base of the mountain. Eagle peak was so high up that the clouds were covering it; there was still a long way to go. They made their way to the bottom of cloud falls (it got its name as the water in it is completely white).

Mirage made his way along to the base of the mountain while Blaze had already started climbing. Then he noticed that behind the waterfall was a clearing. He went through and found a small room with a creature inside. It was a turfrog (half turtle half frog)! Mirage had read about these in a book. It is an extremely rare creature and once it finds an owner it is extremely loyal to them. They are light blue in colour with a white belly and a dark blue shell.

It crawled towards Mirage who was now apparently its owner. The creature has the ability to shoot high pressured water from its mouth and can summon magical clouds which allow it to fly. Mirage picked up the turfrog and it created a cloud. “Up here. Jump on!” Mirage said with glee. He was ecstatic. Blaze climbed on the magnificent creature and looked at the creature in awe and astonishment.
Then they reached Eagle peak. The sun shone over the horizon and it was full of green rather than snow. Mirage looked at the long journey ahead. The view was a once in a lifetime experience, and Mirage was making the most of it.

They set up camp again and sat staring at the horizon. The pair had a long way to go. They turned back and realized just how much lad they had covered so far. It was nightfall and Mirage looked up at the gleaming stars in the night sky, and heard the majestic howl of a wolf. He knew that they had just done the easy part. Now they had to infiltrate Oban and make their way to Tongwe Island...
Chapter 6: A Day in Oban (Anay Gudka)

From the docks we now had a three hour trek to our next destination, the docks of Oban. We strolled along fields, each step aching in distress, and at the limit of my vision, the sun was beaming heat at us, making us stop every ten minutes or so, to take a quick sip or so. We were sweating, and the heat was reaching unbearable; every step now felt like torture.

The fields were thousands of glistening emeralds, shining from the bright light of the glowing medallion on the horizon. The sun was hard to describe as every daring look was an agonizing torment to my eyes. Everything I said did or think was negative, what was positive?

Finally after two hours of intense pain, we reached the docks of Oban. It seemed as if the pathway of rock and cobblestone was playing a trick on us, leading us to another direction; however, we were not fooled.

Just as we thought we had done enough to enter Oban, a strange man followed by two armed men walked suspiciously towards us. When they were close enough, I realised they were here for a reason. I started to get nervous but acted normally. Then the man in front spoke “why do you mean to pass. Who are you?”

“Don’t worry, were only from the nearby village; I’m Tommy and this is my buddy Charles”, I lied as innocently as I could. The man told the men to load up their gun. I was sweating again but this time for a different reason. No, no you’re mistaken! We mean no harm. Why would two weak scruffs come here for, well, whatever you’re talking about?”

“Stop lying,” he shouted impatiently. I thought for five quick seconds then came up with “why would anyone not want to come here? The river is a magnificent piece of artwork, and at least staying here for a couple of nights will provide a new atmosphere. A change from being in my small wrecked house all day” The stupid old fools actually believed me and let us pass! However the man in front kept making eye contact with Bob, and Bob kept looking back, as if they were trying to pass a message. Ignored that, and Bob said to me “nice one”

“Thanks,” I replied.
Chapter 7: Letter from Oban (Neo Perera)

21 Death Lane

Grimsville

Britannica D34 TH2U

Moonday 5th Aries 2121

Dear Hooeva,

I am writing to let you know that we arrived safely at Oban. This place is definitely not as beautiful as I thought it was. I pictured it a Heaven, but it is a hell. The once divine restaurants and theatres have been turned into firing ranges and armouries for all the heartless Grommies. I think that Grommies are born with hearts of stone and are possessed by evil spirits, don’t you? All the buildings are dull and lacking in joy and colour. Instead of parades of people celebrating, there are Grommies relentlessly roaming around the streets, taking the happiness out of all the citizens’ lives. I always see the distraught tenants peer out of their windows and gaze at me as if I was superhuman.

I have a woman who follows me around. I regret to say that she is my partner. (Not in marriage.) She is incredibly hyperactive and very good at improvisation, one really peculiar skill in my opinion. She saved us from being confronted by a Grommie spy.

On the way here, we passed through the Devil’s region, and walked an extremely long way. We used a stealthy hay cart with toxin bees swarming it to get past a death trap which Gromitz cunningly built to stop us from getting to him. He is as sly as a fox, and as deathly as a mighty kraken. Our driver turned out to be the spy that we confronted in Oban; I knew that we were being tracked and followed by an enemy patrol. Under the reign of the unconquerable Gromitz, things were like suicide missions. The rebels are finding it difficult to cope with that monster.

Thanks for the scroll that you gave to me. I will hang you close to my heart.

From your best son,

Erin (AKA Mirage)

P.S – Hope you get better soon!
Dear Mum (who calls me Pickle),

I am writing to you to tell you that I am fine and well, if you were wondering. This might come as a bit of a shock but I am in Oban on a secret mission to find Zebulon and get the cure that will save everyone and bring the reign of Gromitz to an end once and for all……. (Evil Normal laugh (At something completely unrelated, heh))

In other news Oban is beautiful and I think once I am finished with getting the cure I think it would be a nice place to live as it has everything even a butcher, a real with real meat. It also has a dock because Oban is perched right in front of the Tongwe stretch wouldn’t it be lovely to wake up in the morning to the fresh sea breeze and seeing Tongwe Island and even better Kerrera Island.

Tomorrow I am crossing to Kerrera Island to get some information about how to get to Tongwe Island. Also I am very scared about crossing because the time we have to leave a shark nano is estimated to hit the stretch. By the way, a SHARKNADO is a tornado filled with fierce, hungry, sharks.

Last night, I think something happened to me… I may or may not have maybe lost a finger at some point; I was trying to save my idiotic challenged sidekick friend Fritz from Gromitz’s Guards.

So what happened was I was walking down to the pub to get a pint of Guinness (yummy) and I heard a scream. Being the helpful guy detective I am I followed it. When I got to where the shout came from I found my sidekick dead on the floor with a sword katana (that I bought him) through piecing his heart I fell down in tears and winced cried for a good our I am still crying. I walked over to help him and I saw a post-it note on his chest saying ‘turn around!’ I turned around and three guards standing behind me and staring straight in my eyes and ‘slice’ I shouted “ouch my finger finger is gone”. Sorry about all the mistakes my hand hurts so much. Any way the guards felt a bit bad so they ran away without leaving a trace. I woke up to find my wound had been covered up with skin that makes me happy.

I hope to see you within the next 2 4 months.

Your (kind of annoying 20 year old) son

Blaze

P.S: Please tell me how baby Oscar is doing, I can’t wait to see my little one eyed freak.
Chapter 8: Journey to Kerrera Island

“Quickly! Before they see us!” I shouted as we dashed into the boat. It was covered in Grommies, ruthlessly torturing the prisoners who were locked up in steel cages with birds picking against their rotting skin. They were covered in boils and they were losing a lot of blood. A foul stench blew past me, making my eyes water and cough violently. I could only hope that I wouldn’t get a punishment as bad as that if I was caught. With Grommies constantly walking about and wrestling, we had to find a way to look as if we were one of them. Peering out of the thin gap in the door, I spotted two Grommies leading a prisoner into this room. We could not get spotted, so as soon as he set foot into the room, I stabbed the first one from behind as Scarlett strangled the other. My sword was covered in crimson blood, slowly dripping onto the floor. The prisoner gazed in shock like a statue, not moving a muscle. We just put on the uniforms and ripped off the name badges. We hadn’t even got out of the dock yet, and we had already rescued someone and disguised ourselves.

“I owe you with my life Sir. Where should I bury the corpses?” the prisoner said, leaving us gobsmacked that he would actually do that.

“Dump them down through this small hatch so they sink to the seabed. But look here Sir, we still don’t trust you completely so…”

Blaze hauled in another vile-faced body, peppered with cuts and bruises.

“Here, use this uniform. We could use your help to get to Tongwe Island” said Blaze, washing the blood off her hands from her second kill.

“I am Daniel. I guess that you are hunting Gromitz. I have always wanted to spill some Grommie blood.”

“Good then, you are in. Just do what I tell you to do. We just need to stay on the boat until we reached Kerrera Island!” I replied.

We stepped out punching one another to make us look barbaric. As we looked around the Grommie zone of the boat, we were looking into paradise. There were cocktails, snacks, meals, cakes and so much more. Desperate for food, I shoved a slice of cake into my mouth and devoured it, whole. We were all so hungry, as we had not eaten properly since the Great Chemical Attack led by Gromitz’s army. All our animals died of disease and crops failed for simultaneous years.
“Come on guys, this is the only time that we actually get to eat and stock up on food so dig in!” said Daniel.

Out of the blue, the boat started to shake violently, the waves were building up and it wasn’t long before our boat started to crack. The crystal clear water filled up our deck. The boat was being tossed around like a ball being thrown in volleyball. Suddenly, tentacles as tall as buildings launched towards us like a missile and grasped onto our boat with a tight grip. Grommies were tumbling down into the sea like plankton getting eaten by a whale. One by one, the victims were drowned and turned to ashes. Blaze, Daniel and I were clinging on to the metal pole, which was slowly jolted out of position because of the immense pressure that we were putting onto it. Then, the grotesque creature lifted its head and screeched, deafening my ears. I abseiled down the ship in through a tiny gap. Blaze and Daniel followed me quickly. At least now we had some kind of defence, but we spoke too soon. A tentacle came and smashed the iron and glass barrier. We had nowhere to go. We had to dive and kill this thing, otherwise we had no chance of survival. Together, we took deep breaths and we plunged down into the frothing sea with our swords drawn, ready to slaughter this terrorizing thing. In a flash, I swam to the tail and cut it off, making a murky liquid pour out. It seemed as if no damage was caused at all. We all continuously thrust against the impenetrable scales of the beast. We were running out of breath, but I saw a red illumination. Knowing that this must have been its weak spot, I thrusted my sword into the gap with all the strength that I had bubbling in my veins. The beast screeched in pain and it seemed as if I had inflicted some kind of adrenaline rush which made the creature tear the boat to pieces. I ripped out the heart in that weak spot and swam back up to the surface. Taking its last breath, the creature burst open and sank down, out of our lives forever. Taking one fresh gulp of air, we were all relieved. I grasped onto a small plank of wood left from the boat and used it as a float to quickly get to the tiny island that we could see in the clearing….

“My legs can’t go on much longer” said Daniel, as he showed us an infected cut on his shin. I hauled him onto my wood plank and carried on pushing it through the deep water. Just then, I spotted little things glittering in the sea.

“Coral! How are we going to get to the island now? Come on genius, you have all the really smart ideas,” sighed Blaze.

“Pass me your piece of wood” I replied. I fixed both of them together. The only way through was to make small raft, or the coral would shred us into pieces. Bit by bit, we crafted a small
raft that we all got onto. I used the end of my sword to push us through the death trap. Slowly, we approached land. I set my first step on the island and peered around to find nothing but a mossy cobblestone pathway leading to a neighbouring island much larger in size and a much bigger biodiversity.

“We have to build a camp by sunset because there is no way that Daniel can walk that far” I said.

“Yes, but we don’t know what creatures are lurking among us now Sir. I say that we go” Daniel replied.

“Look out!” shouted Blaze.

Just as things seemed as if they could not get any worse, a Cerberus dashed towards us. Then a baby caterkiller rose up from behind him, towering above us all.

“Blaze, make crutches for Daniel so you can get out of here!” I shouted. Reluctantly, I ambled closer to the caterkiller and used its scales to my advantage. I climbed up them with extraordinary dexterity and got to its neck, cutting it with one clean swing of my razor-sharp sword. Its head plunged onto the ground and rolled into the corals. Blaze and Daniel weren’t running away; they were just watching me fight. Blaze yelled in agony, as the charging Cerberus launched his claws into her arm, dislocating her shoulder. The Cerberus stared at me as if I had killed his family. Then a hydra leaped out of the seas, hissing and spitting neurotoxic venom at me.

“Run!” I bellowed to my friends.

Just then, two Hammerheads came ashore and grabbed my friends. Defenceless, they fell on their knees. They were gone. Surrounded by more and more beasts, I had no choice but to retreat. Rapidly, I got back up and ran through the path, curious to see whether I would live or not…
Chapter 9: Arriving in Tongwe Island (Harsh Vyas)

Mirage arrived in Tongwe Island drenched and half dead, but brave. There was no-one around except for the odd guard here and there. In the space of 5 minutes looking for Zebulon's palace Mirage had been attacked by a murder of feral storps and then (predictably) getting lost.
"Where are we? Do we literally keep walking until we find Zebulon or his palace?" Blaze moaned.
"Yeah. Pretty much. What other hope do we have?" Mirage replied.
Blaze said nothing. They continued walking until...
"WHO GOES THERE ?"
"Mirage of Grimsville. Also known as Erin Thrindel."
"Good for you, kid." Just then a huge figure appeared. It was a giant scorake. They were rare after Gromitz had used them to do his labour.
"We want to know the directions to Zebulon's palace. We are on his side and we will do all you and your family a favour... I promise."
"And why should I trust you."
"Because you have no choice. The whole planet will die unless you give me the instructions of how to get into Zebulon's palace."
"I wish you folks would stop answering in such a clever manner... But I suppose you are right. I will show you the short cut. Follow me." The scorake led them to a much darker place. Mirage had the feeling it was a trick...
"Now, look here. You see that pile of grass over there? Yeah, you see it. You jump into it. You will have a soft landing but then now you listen carefully. You will hear some noises as you walk straight. Do not turn around to look or you will erupt into a pile of ashes."

The study, which they found first in the castle, was empty and everything was empty. There was some fresh blood on the desk. FRESH! It was still a liquid. That meant that Zebulon might still be in his palace. Or worse, the intruder who hurt Zebulon might still be here...
Blaze looked seriously worried and Mirage was looking for something to explain what has happened. Zebulon was not stupid. He would definitely leave something for them to find. All there was were some holes stabbed into the wall. Wow! This was most certainly not... Mirage then saw it. There were fresh holes in the wall. Mirage joined them up with a pen and it made an arrow leading to the garden.

When Mirage eventually found the garden he was stunned. The garden was colossal. How was he meant to find anything in this field? The only thing they found was a body of a feral storp. It had been decapitated. Where was the head? Would this be a clue? Half an hour later they found a head in a hole.

"Why is the head in the hole?" asked Mirage.

"Technically, it is a head in a burrow," replied Blaze.

"You've done it. Say “head in a burrow” quickly. It makes Ed-in-burgh. And the only Edinburgh I know is the castle..."
Chapter 10: Meeting Zebulon (Max Qu)

I walked into a dark room and then a vivid light shone at me. In the centre of the room sat a man dressed very smartly with a bow-tie. Zebulon! The one who knows how to make the cure and the one person I desperately needed to meet to save my city! A very haunting voice came out of his mouth:

“You dare approach me, fellow!” said Zebulon. “After all of these years, I have not met one person except for my servant, Xerox.”

I was not afraid of this elderly man. He is old and tired and what can he do? I approached the geriatric one meter by a meter.

“Your majesty, I have come all this way, I have rode on a horse to the forest of horror, and passed through the Oban port and I crossed through the deadly see and rested on Kerrera Island. And I finally have reached Tongwe Island!”

Zebulon came off his chair and grabbed his wooden walking stick and went to the curtains. Then he gently opened the silk curtain and inside was a large safe, he pressed the keyboard, and the sizeable titanium door and inside was one object (a wooden box). He slowly handed me the box.

“This is the recipe needed and the ingredients are very difficult to get and it tells you on the recipe where to gather these ingredients.” Zebulon explained. “And do not lose this recipe once you get the ingredients, go to Gromitz – the person who made the plague and you will find a lab and it has the equipment you will need, but it’s very strictly guarded!”

“Thank you Sir Zebulon, I very much appreciate this box.”

The next thing to do is to get the ingredients.
“It’s through there,” Zebulon said pointing towards black window with a sign above saying maze of death. It is said there are more than 3,000,000 different paths all leading to some sort of thing whether it is robot guards or kraken. Normally the monsters have a thing you need to get; however, there is one person in there at this very moment his name is genji. The ingredients are as follows:

- Basilisk tooth
- Mosasaurs egg
- Adam and Eve’s golden apple
- Road hogs grappling hook
- Mini feral storps’ funky shoes X6

The quickest death time is 1.55 seconds. Genji has currently got a mosasaur egg and Adam and Eve’s golden apple. The closest one to him at the moment is feral Storp pit you enter.
from the west and there should be a basilisk or road hog which are the two which remain seeing as he is super close to the mini feral storps.

Two hours later:

There was cry of a basilisk I followed the sound like a mouse smelling cheese I was afraid but I knew I had to go. I sprinted and there was genji spinning like a mad man trying to kill the basilisk. I threw a throwing star at its face before swiftly dodging out of the way of the enraged basilisk. Genji wall climbed up before using his ultimate and came down slashing at his opponent I stood amazed at the ultimate weapon of destruction destroying the basilisk in two. He removed three teeth before moving towards me. He whipped out his swords at first he walked and then bolted forward in a run he built up pace before Charlie realised he was about to attack. I span around and ran for my life knowing his ultimate would destroy me. After his ultimate was gone I attacked. The swords chimed as they collided. After about ½ hour we stopped and he spoke in a thick Chinese accent. He asked loads of questions including how I was so skilled in combat. He replied: “Training. I trained for 5 years.”

They talked and talked until a load shrieking sound was heard it was the mini feral storps they were close they looked at the ingredients list before chasing after the sound and there was a group of small people wearing pink shoes and massive Harlesden jumpers. The closest one tried attacking genji so he sliced him in a half and took his shoes this was a mistake on his behalf because the entire feral storp armada came flying at him with hockey sticks in hand. I had one choice let Genji die and all the things Genji killed would come back to life. So I decided I wound use earthquake power to kill all the mini feral storps and grab their shoes but as I did this road hog rounded the corner he got hurt by the earth quake and had low health due to this so I was a 20 shots of ninja stars and he was down we collected the shoes and road hogs grappling hock before leaving the maze and joining Zebulon to create the cure.
Chapter 12: A Final Twist

I rocketed up the hill and for once I was feeling extremely cheerful and happy. I watched the loud twittering birds go by and the beautiful bright sun cast a shadow at the very peak of the hill.

When I reached the lovely streets of Grimsville, I felt at home; I felt like life had started again but most of all I felt closer to my family. The isolated trees in the corner, the resource filled book shops which lay on the streets were absolutely amazing to see again. I hadn’t been away from Grimsville for too long but with all the unlikely events that had occurred throughout this strange journey, home felt as though I hadn’t been there for so long.

10 minutes from the centre of Grimsville, I reached the open gardens which were right beside my house. The plants still looked as bright and colourful as ever.

Straight away, I went next door to my wonderful home and whilst looking forward to see my parents, I quickly rang the doorbell. My parents immediately opened the door and were delighted to see me but wouldn’t really let me speak. They dashed outside knocking me on the congealed concrete surface and made me stumble over to the outskirts of Grimsville with the cure still safely in my rucksack.

My eyes seemed a bit blurry but when I saw the people of Grimsville, it was evident what had happened and my mouth hung open with astonishment. There were people lying dead on the concrete and peoples’ homes had been absolutely demolished and annihilated by someone…. who really hated ME.

Soon after, my vision became clear I could see all those people that had been massacred. I felt guilty and I felt trapped in the middle of this. It had to be to do with the cure and if I was back here much quicker, people would have survived. I looked around at the survivors that lay on the ground and I felt so sorry for them, their life had been veered in another direction and they most probably would be dying soon.

The next day, I spoke to a survivor and he explained to me everything I needed to know. Gromitz’ guards had come over and tried to kill everyone so the cure wouldn’t be used on anyone to save them. The man said he hid and was a lucky person but a lot of damage had occurred to him all around his now weak body.

For the next week or so, I tried to put all the pieces together and tried to see if this cure would actually work on people but then realised Zebulon was actually helping out Gromitz because Zebulon made me go out in the mountains for so long so Gromitz’ guards could attack the whole town of Grimsville. This cure wasn’t real, people just hated all of us
people in Grimsville and wanted all of us massacred. Peace wasn’t real and life wasn’t real anymore and I was starting to wonder whether there would be any point in living anymore.

This cure was most probably going to do something to me which I didn’t want but at least if I tried it, people would know what it does to you and they would be safe in whether trying it or not. Days passed by and life wasn’t very lively anymore and it also seemed very much boring. On the 26th June I walked into a side street and the Cure was safely in my grasp. I was going to try it and if I was going to help other people, I would be willing to do this and I was. I was willing to sacrifice my life for the people of Grimsville because I cared for them so much and I wouldn’t want any more people dying.

I thought in my heart of my parents and my beloved friends and family and all of the people of Grimsville and said a big thanks in my mind for supporting me so far in my life. Then I opened the lid of the cure and… drank and I fell to the ground immediately, I couldn’t breathe no more but at least I was saving the people of Grimsville. The cure was still grasped in my hand when I wasn’t breathing, so people could see this had killed me and most of all it showed everyone that I wanted them to survive. I wanted to rest in peace and I wanted people of Grimsville to have a good life.

My life, had ended and I wasn’t a hero of Grimsville but at least I never gave up.
ALTERNATIVE VERSIONS
Prologue (Prakhar Srivastava)

It’s been many years since WWII, even WWIII has passed. When the colonies were made, the Fourth World War had started and it has been going on for 1 year. Makenroy the Destroyer stood there scanning the aftermath of the war like a vulture as he passed under a bridge. A young man with silver hair looked down keeping his eyes on Makenroy with a blond man with a goatee beside him. All of them were armed, Makenroy with a XM196 and the two men with KRISS Vector K10s. When the moment was right the men leaped onto Makenroy, he started struggling to break free and started shooting everywhere, bullets ricocheted everywhere, it was like bullet rain, Makenroy stabbed the blond in his hand and then the blond man fell, a ricocheted bullet struck the silver haired man’s shoulder, the man yelped and shot Makenroy at point blank range, his spider silk vest absorbed most the impact, the man shoot Makenroy at his rib, his rib broke off and impaled Makenroy’s heart, the blond stared and said “It’s over.” The War was won.

Chapter 1 Calling of the Hero

In Grimsville, in a luxury house boat, a man with silver hair sat down on a sofa and put a bowl of noodles onto a table.

He is infected with Demon’s Curse which makes a person’s hair white and gives blue spots on your nose, back hand or toes and can make you hallucinate bad things, most commonly demons, the man ate his noodles, as soon as he was about to finish the doorbell rang. When he opened the door to see a man with curly hair wearing a suit.”Mr Zephyr Reiin?” the man said.

“Yes.” Replied Zephyr “Well, I’m the mayor of Grimsville.” The mayor announced. Zephyr uttered “Is that so? What is your business here?” “I’m sure you know about Zebulon and the Gromitz incident and we need your help to find a cure for the Soul Killer virus and it turns out Zebulon knows it.” Exclaimed the mayor so he doesn’t waste any time “So you need to go to Zebulon, take the cure and use it in whatever way you can.” “Umm, no.” replied Zephyr “I know you very well... Captain Reiin.” Muttered the mayor, Zephyr blinked, 3 days later Zephyr was watching a little boy who Zephyr take cares of. The boy’s only friend is Zephyr. The petite boy sneaked up on the karakel (a fruit) tree, Zephyr named him Pete,
they have much in common, Zephyr is an orphan but so is Pete. Pete reached for a karakel which was too far away for him but then he fell off. A guard in his forties glanced up to see Pete fall on him, “Darn Child!” the guard yelped, after that he grabbed Pete and ran with him to some metal contraption. Zephyr ran after him but was afraid to attack the guard, he was deciding his decision and didn’t know what to do. The guard used some magic to create a shredding machine with mean, menacing and monstrous blades spinning faster and faster, Zephyr’s decision was too slow, he reached for Pete but Pete screamed as he fell into the shredder and turned into a red mist. Zephyr roared in anger, a hour later Zephyr was in a red suit and a green cloak in the mayor’s office.
“Are you sure this is it?” came a low and quiet voice. “Yah, I’m sure... wait, how do these map work,” said some in a monotone voice.
“Pass it!” boomed the first one while snatched the map of him. “Man, these maps don’t make any sense...why did that retarded Gromitz had to take away the technology.”

After a long while, they finally made sense of the map. “Are you sure that is it? It feels like déjà vu. Isn’t this the same place” said the one with the low voice.
“Yes it’s the same place and it’s the right place monotone voice.
“You’re sayin’ that waste 3 hours.”
“Yes... yes we did.”
“Let’s just do what we came here to do.”

KNOCK! KNOCK! SLAM! They broke the door on the third knock.
“Well that was weak door” said monotone.
“No!” said a voice from the house. “You’re muscular... the door is made out of frecking iron.”
“Well then that was IRONIC... Ha Ha Ha. Did you get the pun,” said low voice.  
“No,” said the house owner, “it doesn’t relate and who the heck are you guys.”
“Um-Uh-Uh..... we – we are Gromitz’s evil and stupid army,” said low voice in an evil low voice. “Yah we are totally Gromitz’s evil people, Yah” implied monotone “our guns are in our pockets.”

“So, what exactly are you doin’ here?” said the house owner.
“We are looking for a culprit... And his name is... John Cena!!!” screeched monotone.
“Dun Dun nun Da nun!! Sorry, got excited” cried low voice.
“There’s no Cena here only John, that’s me” said John. “But I was home for the last one week”
“Bah we were just kidding, we are part of the part of rebellion” said monotone.
“But why are you here?” said John.
“Oh I am Ed and he is Ted,” monotone said (aka Ed) 
“We want you to go on quest to save Britanica,” Ted went on, “we want you to go to Zebulon as he has the Cure for the Disease.”

“Aw... No” said John “I got a family to take care of...”
“Wait if your family is really in a crisis and you really think it is not appropriate for you to find the cure that will save your family and get rid of this devastating disease,” argued Ted.
“But... But what if my family dies when I’m gone, I want to live the final moments with them,” pleaded John.
Silence lurked in the air. The faint echo of the town crier was heard from the distance.
“Deal!”

“Come with me I guess.”

The Mayor led me to a miniscule single seat car, which he could barely fit in himself, so I thought it would be best for us if I just hopped in the boot. I would have asked how he got the car with all that no technology but I thought it would save us a whole other story. Now you can’t just hop into any persons boot, but I knew seeing a person like him, if he did try to kidnap me it would not be hard to out-run him. We soon started approaching some not so friendly parts of town and I gradually started to feel more and more uncomfortable in these places.

“We’re here! “

I heard chanting, not because I was in a fume (fart) infused car! I also heard crying, and screaming!!!

“You get out it will probably save us thirty minutes or so” said the Mayor in an awfully proud way. I noticed an anxious crowd surrounding a mountainous futuristic looking cage.

I glanced, and reluctantly tiptoed towards it. Now, being a rather large man such as myself, you would not exactly get through crowds like a hot knife easing through butter yet in the end I somehow made it.

I saw a little child, about five or six years old, in handcuffs and in front of a giant set of speakers; I thought it could not be that bad. Then…

“Screachhhhhhhhh”

“(Crying)!”

That “screachhhhhhhhhhh” sounded like someone putting their nails on a chalkboard and dragging them along. I mean you could put them into a rack or a Spanish Bull but this, this was taking it to a whole new level.

I tried to save the kid.

I belly-flopped the cage, witch to my surprise did not work. Time for plan B! I tried burning it with a giant torch raging at everything in sight, Fire-proof, darn it!!!Then I went onto plan C
Sing so loudly that it would drown out the noise, but I figured that that would be more torture making them listen to me sing. It was time for plan C.5 Shout so loudly that it would drown out the noise!

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

“Screachhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

But it did not work. So I tried a bit louder!

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

“Screachhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

But that did not work either, which left me realizing that the louder I shouted, the louder it got.

Ah–ha, Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

It went silent for a few seconds then…

“Shreakkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk;

I had no chance,

But what else could I have done?
Chapter 2 (Kian Hirani)

Zeech and he is being put on trial for killing an animal that is almost extinct, the animal is the zoebog and it is half dry skinned grey elephant mixed with a tropical coloured macaw. Now he is in court people are deciding if he should punished severely.

The debate lasted for about three hours. Finally, the judge decided to send Zeech to be hung up by the neck by a rope from a tall branch while people throw whatever rubbish they want at the guilty person(in this case Zeech is the guilty person). Zeech walks slowly towards the massive tree anxiously, with handcuffs on and having shotput balls tied to Zeech’s ankles so he cannot escape. There are six bulky soldiers with razor-sharp spears with blank faces whiles marching like they were at war. As Zeech approaches the giant thin golden noose with a small ring that was the perfect size of his neck. Zeech walks slowly up to the levelled platform; his feet were trembling and shaking with fear. Mirage puts his neck through the noose. Zeech could already feel the agonising pain. All the bones in Zeech’s body shattered even though he was not hung up. He thinks positive because, it would probably be the last thing he would imagine about the pain around his neck.

All of a sudden the floor dropped. All of Zeech’s intestines inside his neck got hammered inside of his neck. It looked like Zeech had vomited a lot of blood; he also gagged too many times to count. He also up chucked parts of his guts. Zeech looked like he came from a bin from all the rubbish that was thrown at him. When he was on the brink of dying he heard a voice in his head. He recognised the voice; it was his great grandma that passed away from a horrible disease called zorbation. She spoke and said in a trembling tone, “Don’t give up on hope. Don’t close your eyes. Hang in for a bit longer. Look up the rope is nearly broken.”

Zeech had given up on hope but, then the rope had broken and his neck was free but, it still felt as though he was being strangled. Mirage had a really bad whiplash across his neck. He could still not breathe properly. But, he was saved.
The mayor of Grimsville finally rebels (Aman Hoque)

At the dead of night I finally approached Westminster Grimsville, I was nervous but I wanted to save those people. I walked through the grand gates where two guards were standing with rusty swords. I took my seat within the big hall and waited for Mr Mayor to begin his speech.

After a few hour Mr Mayor finally shows up, the whole room stood up and waited to until Mr Mayor told us to sit. Mr Mayor inhales and lets off a loud but calm speech saying this, “Thank you everybody please take your seat now! We are here today to witness a hero volunteer himself and possibly his life to find the cure for this evil plague set upon us. Throughout this mission our hero shall get to Tongwe island by travelling over a mountain, a dessert and a sea. We will equip you with the things you need, it will be a tough job but if you are willing to take it on please stay behind. Thank you for your time.”

Nearly everyone left... it was just me and 4 other people left. But one person really surprised me, it was Mr Mayors son. I could already see the anger in his face, Mr Mayor called one of his guards and told him to take Jr Mayor out of the room, he refused. I immediately put my hand up and Mr Mayor pointed to me and said to come to him. I ran to him like a school boy running after a ice cream van, I was excited.

I went up to him giving him a firm handshake and he said, “Thank you Sir!” and saluted. To me that was becoming a king that was amazing but anyway. He lead me to the back and said “do you have a partner?” I replied quickly “yes”, as soon as he heard that his eyes glowed and exclaimed that I have to bring “her”. Mr Mayor asked me what weapons I’m good with and I replied anything. Mr Mayor tells me that’s all the information he needs

The next morning I wake up to a massive gym bag, one by my bad and by “her” bed, I open it and it reveals a sword, bow and arrows and adrenaline. That’s enough for me to work with, I suited up and grabbed the gym bag and “she” grabs hers to and we open the door and we greeted by... 2 horses
Arthur and Cesar were told by the mayor that they had to pack their bags to go on a journey to Gromitz’s palace. They could only take twelve very important items with them.

Mr Cesar couldn’t decide what they needed and what they had actually wanted because they can lose the item. Arthur and Cesar had wanted to take the following twelve items: tinned food, sword and bow with an arrow, hair comb, hair gel, tooth paste, tooth brush, an inflatable boat, water bottles, tent, spare clothes, medicine, first aid kit, energy drinks, water filters and pictures of his family. Arthur has suddenly decided that decided that he wanted to take a gun with them as

Arthur and Cesar had quarrelled about this for a long time but Arthur knew that, if he wanted to work together they had to make allowances for each other. Cesar did explain the explain the consequences of taking a gun with them such as; being shot with your own gun, however he did allow him to take his gun with him. They had spread had their items in to two bags and then they left their apartment so that they can go to the mayor’s office. They had noticed that their bags were really heavy; so they went back to their apartment.

They went through every single item that they had in their bag. The only unnecessary thing that they had was the hair gel. Arthur had insisted that he needed the hair gel. Cesar was fed up of his sidekick bringing too many items that they didn’t need.

“Which one do you want to bring the gun or the hair gel?” said Cesar.

“I want to bring both and if you don’t let me bring both then I will quit and the whole town will be suffering” said Cesar.

They both had argued for a while but Cesar gave up and he let Arthur bring the hair gel and the gun. Both of them were running late so they got on their horse and departed to go to the mayor’s office. There were many people there in the mayor’s office wishing them luck. They said their final good byes to their families and then they departed on the fastest horse in Grimsville.
Packing (Tony Tan)

The Mayor took us outside where we saw food, medicine, weapons, water, everything that you need for an adventure. We walked over to the supplies where we saw two people who were going to look out for anyone or anything suspicious. The Mayor went back into the shack. We started packing our bags. I walked over to the weapons and I was pretty disappointed to see all of the weapons half broken. I took a bow but I only took 5 arrows because I figured that the strings would snap soon. I also took a normal sword as a backup encase my rapier broke. Then Socket came up to me shouting “I’m done! I’m done! You’re a really slow packer.”

When I looked over, I saw his bag stuffed with nothing but food. One of the Mayors guards looked and me and whispered “Good luck with him.”

I told him to go back and repack his bag but he was super rebellious. He kept saying that food is his medicine and his weapon. He was completely obsessed with food! I had to tell him to re-pack his bag at least five times before he actually did. After dealing with him, I carried on packing my supplies. I took 5L of water, 2 bottles of medicine and half survival kit. It took hours of persuading until we figured everything out. I had to shove three cans of food on my rapier just to get socket to stop moaning. It looked ridiculous but it was the only way to stop Socket from complaining. I had to check Sockets bag for anything stupid like 30 cans of food but it was all fine. I told the Mayor we were going to go to bed but before we could leave, he grabbed us and gave us a map. Then he said “wake up at by sunrise and expect danger and almost encounter death during our journey to find the cure. We went to bed and we were ready for the morning.
Chapter 6: A Day in Oban (Jack Rapp)

As they approached the once beautiful landscape they stopped to look at the view of the land that used to be, full to the brim of happy and joyful noise. Dandelions overtook the poppy’s fields in the summer, however, when Gromitz took over he cursed the town and now it is a grey place, full of sadness and stressful place was like be depressed. The flowers which were beautiful were shot with flamethrower. Every turn of the corner there is a slam. Every eye watching you through the window. The smell of fire and the dirt on the walls made the place as dead as a doornail.

As Mirage walked towards the town he told Jack the Sabre-Dog-Frog to go back to its normal life. It bowed to Mirage and set off for the icy mountainous area behind them. They neared the town before a man behind them ran towards the town they had realised that the thing behind him was a two horned rhig (a rhino-pig) they ran only to get met by some spies of Gromitz. They were told that they had to give their name and originality but Mirage had been prepared for this and shoved Treavor out of the way and jumped on top of rhig and charged it towards the Gromitz men.

After that triumphant win, they reached the port of Oban. Mirage realised that Blaze was missing and that one of Gromitz’ soldiers was taking a sleeping man towards their base. Mirage sprinted after him but before he knew it they were out of sight.

After that Mirage spent the majority of the day going to try and find Blaze. At the end of the day he sat in the corner eating a porkpie wondering where on Britannica, Blaze was. As someone walked past Mirage he dropped something as he looked up the figure was gone so Mirage stared to read the note. The note said that it was a person on the side of Zebulon. He read it avidly, it read that Sir Blaze Knightsbridge was dead and that he needed to carry on.
Dear Lusmela,

I am writing to let you know that Latami has been captured in the port-city Oban. This is very devastating for me and maybe for you. I know you haven’t seen her for a long time. We were both walking on Park view way when three big, tall men dressed in black ran towards us and put us in a brown sack which is used for globs (money). We reached a shed which was on its side. I could smell something burning it was like a morning barbeque back at home. I could hear a chainsaw cutting wood Latami and I were petrified. The three people finally took us out of the sack. I could feel the cold breeze passing my pale dry face.

I saw the door opened waiting for me to go out of this dreadful place. Latami looked at me trembling in trepidation. The three men walked out the room, I held Latami’s hand and we both ran. Latami stopped and said, “I am sorry but you have to go without me”. I was in shock and I hesitated for a few seconds. Latami gave me a warm kiss on my right cheek and she left without saying anything. I hope you understand about what happened to her. Speak to you soon.

Yours sincerely

Argus Kuda

P.S Don’t worry it will be resolved have my word
Dear Daniel,

I am really missing you but I know I am doing something right. How are Mum and you? It has been a tough journey so far but Rayo Jones has been taken. We came to Oban in a hay cart and it was longer than you can imagine. When I was on the hay cart I thought of you. We also encountered a strange man who we managed to get away from because he sounded a bit peculiar. It was very scary but certainly not a surprise.

The goal is to find Zebulon, you know Zebulon the person you have been reading about, well he has a cure we need and he has been taken by an Evil Wizard called Gromitz. The reason I had to go is because there would be no one to help as Zebulon was taken by Gromitz. I am so sorry I couldn’t have told you all of this earlier but I just wasn’t sure if I would scare you and the reason I am telling you this is because if you read this it means I am alive and on my way home.

I also want to tell you, Thank You for always supporting me all my life and that is the best thing about being a father.

On my way home I will probably be taking a different route because Gromitz has been watching me. I should be fine though so no need to worry about me and just carry on enjoying your half term. I wish I was home beating you on FIFA all the time but anyway I hope you are having a good half term. Have you been following the football, I can’t believe Leicester City won the league! We managed to finish above Spurs as well which is good. Have you got your entrance exams marks for John Lyon yet, you probably got in anyway.

How was your trials for QPR academy did you do well, I can’t imagine a father being superhero and the son being a football player. I will see you later and have a good time.

Kind Regards,

Jehan