

5C / 6OB / 4S / 3C World Book Day story

“It’s super fun camping in the woods,” exclaimed Stephanie enthusiastically, as she collected wood for the fire.

“I know it is!” called Mum, putting up the tents, “but don’t stray too far.”

The dark floor of the huge, isolated wood was covered in a thick layer of moss and crisp crunchy leaves, with sticks and branches scattered everywhere. Dull evening light filtered through the ancient oaks and a wild wind was swishing the bushes. The air was cold and damp. Insects hurried along branches and scurried through the dead leaves.

Stephanie and Jack (her younger brother) were camping with their parents for Stephanie’s birthday treat. Stephanie was adventurous and loved to explore, unlike Jack, who preferred watching TV and playing on his x box. Stephanie was a risk taker and fearless, always determined to take on any challenge that came her way.

Searching through the dense, green bushes for sticks, Stephanie called, “Hey look Jack! Look what I’ve found!”

Jack sprinted over, as quick as a blink and excitedly asked, “What is that?”

“It is an ancient, leather sketch book with fiery, red ink drawings. Shall we take it back to the tent to see what lies inside?”

“Brilliant idea!” agreed Jack.

A couple of hours later, after they’d had dinner, Stephanie and Jack were tucked in their cosy sleeping bags. Stephanie was poring over the beautiful, enchanting pictures in the book. What could these unusual images be? Suddenly, she began to yawn. Her eyes slowly closed. She drifted into a deep, restless sleep.

As she slept, shoots and leaves crept from the pages, twisting and turning in tangles that wrapped stealthily around her arm...

SLAM! Stephanie woke up screaming in pain.

“Wh-wh-wh- where am I? What is this revolting place?” Everywhere she looked there were human skulls littered on the floor- a foul stench surrounded her; it felt like she was in a terrible nightmare. Stephanie pinched herself to check that she was not dreaming. It was real; she wasn’t in the tent anymore.

Right ahead of Stephanie, there stood a majestic and ancient statue: it looked like a Greek god. This seemed very out of place in such a grim and repugnant environment, thought Stephanie. She edged closer to the regal statue and she noticed on the front

it said (in what seemed fresh blood) 'Through the maze you should go, if you want to go back to your family. Three tasks await you on your quest, through the twisting and deadly labyrinth:

- 1) Solve the riddle to pass through the door.
- 2) Cross the pit of peril.
- 3) ?

Stephanie edged toward the wooded and time beaten door. Stuck on the door was another message in disgusting fresh blood:

Solve this riddle if you are not to fail.

If you are stuck in a prison and all you are given is an orange and a knife- how do you escape? Cut the orange in half with the knife which creates two halves- together this make a whole!

Confused, Stephanie stared at the words in front of her wracking her brain as to what it might mean. She scratched her chin and thought hard. Suddenly, it clicked. Did it mean a hole?

Excitedly, Stephanie started searching all around. However, after several minutes of scanning the hard, stony ground she could not find anything. Disappointed, she trudged towards the door. She ran her hand over the rough surface of the ancient door. To her amazement she felt a cold, rusty ring. It was a metal handle. Cautiously, she turned the handle and a hole appeared in the door.

Stephanie peered through the hole in front of her. She climbed through. Ahead of her she could see a narrow passage that made her choke in terror. At the end of the passage she could just make out a glimmer of light. She tiptoed towards it feeling a tingle down her spine. Eventually, she reached the opening and gasped as she caught sight of a river stretching into the distance. However, it was not an ordinary river but a bubbling, blood red lava river. Frantically, she looked for some way to get across.

Tears poured down her face as she knew that this would be her only chance to get back to her family. At that moment, as if by magic, huge, jagged stepping stones appeared out of the lava, just high enough for her to cross to reach the other side safely.

As she stepped safely onto the other side, Stephanie let out a huge sigh of relief thinking she had completed the quest and could return to her family once again. To her astonishment, the ground started to uncontrollably shake like an earthquake as she heard a chilling, ear piercing scream from behind an army of skeletons. Was this the end of her?

Stephanie warily turned her head to the side where she was horrified to see her brother tied up behind the army of skeletons in a rope of fire! An evil voice echoed through the gloomy stone wall which said, "This is your final task Stephanie. Tackle my ferocious skeleton army and you may have your beloved brother back and return safely to your family; fail Stephanie, and you will die!"

Stephanie touched the head of the leading skeleton and an enchanted, magical sword appeared in the palm of her hand. She gasped in amazement and ran courageously swiping fiercely defeating the galloping army. One by one the skeletons fell littering the ground like she had seen before. Had someone else completed this challenge already?

The fiery, blood red rope untied around Jack allowing him to sprint to his sister's side. They held onto each other in disbelief of what they had just experienced. At once, they dropped to the floor in a deep sleep and before they knew it they were back in their tent.

When they awoke, their mother asked, "Did you both sleep well?"

They shared a knowing glance at each other and replied "Yes, we had an amazing dream!"