-The Magical Descendent-

Once upon a time, in the English countryside there lived a boy called Christopher Bentley who lived with his family on a farm. They were a well -off family and were making a living. Christopher was 13 years old and always helped his father on the farm. His sister Isabel helped their mother with the house work. Christopher’s mother [Mary] and father [Philip] both worked hard to give their children a good future. The Bentleys were a normal sort of family, but one thing would happen to them so that their whole lives would be turned upside-down.

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One summer day Philip told Christopher to go to the market in the town of Wimberly, about five miles away from the farm. So Christopher was dispatched to Wimberly with ten pounds.

Christopher happily skipped down the road. He passed fields of bluebells and primroses. He was in good spirits until he came to cross roads. His father didn’t tell him which road to go down, so he decided to try figure it out by himself.

The road to the right lead to a dark forest, Christopher decided not to go there. Then he looked to the left, he saw a long, long road that looked like it went on forever. Now Christopher wasn’t dumb, and he had heard about highway men and the way they like to attack you on long roads. So he decided not to go that way. But then he looked straight in front of him he saw a forest full of birch trees. The sun was streaming through the leaves and he could hear birds singing. “And that is where I am going to go” he said.

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After a while walking through the forest. He came to a break in the trees. And looming in front of him was a quaint tower. It was a tall tower; around 75 feet high. And all the bricks looked well-scrubbed . "How did they reach that high?” thought Christopher. Straight in front of him was a large oak door. When Christopher tried it he found it open, so he walked inside. Inside there was a long spiral staircase, which you would think would go to the clouds. He started on the long journey to the top of the tower.

When he got to the top of the tower there was another door which he went in, to find a big room with empty cauldrons and huge bookshelves. At the far end of the room there was a staff with a huge blue gemstone. “Sapphire!” said Christopher “My birthstone!” He walked over to it and took it in his hand. There was a flash of light and a man dressed in shining armour appeared in the middle of the room. Immediately he turned to Christopher. “Christopher, son of Philip, descendent of Merlin.” said the man while taking a bow. “You are to go on a quest to find your great-great-great-great-great-great grandfather Merlin Bentley, who is lost in the Dark Forest. I bid you good day.” And he was about to go out the door but Christopher stopped him. “What’s all this about Dark Forests?! And descendants of Merlin!!! And I don’t even know you!!!!!” The man turned around and looked at Christopher calmly. “I am King Arthur, and my great magician Merlin has gone missing and you are meant to find him.” “But why me?” said Christopher. “Because you are his kin, you… you are a descendent of Merlin…” There was silence in the room. Then Christopher said “I’ll go.”

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The sun was beating down. Even without the heavy armour he had left in the field behind him, he was still roasting. But he kept the sword Arthur had given him. Luckily the Dark Forest was really close. When he got to it, it suddenly got cold; he continued on. In the distance he saw a huge cave. Inside it was a gigantic serpent, that was sleeping He didn’t know what to do so he poked the beast with his sword... and it exploded. “Well... that was easy.” Christopher thought. But then at the back of the cave he saw a man getting up of the ground. Christopher walked over. The man was muttering to himself. “All he had to do was touch him...” “Hello...?” Christopher whispered timidly. “Christopher how are you!” the man declared. “Who are you?”asked Christopher. " I am Merlin "the man announced proudly .

THE END

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