

Not Exactly a Hero

Acealeas woke up with a rustling in the bushes. Quietly he approached making sure every step he took was sneaky and sly. Then when he had got close enough he made a grab at the prickly, thorny hedges and pulled out his giggling cousin Baggerby.

“Baggerby, you little mascot!” Acealeas yelped. “I scared you then didn’t I,” Baggerby chuckled.

“HA! HA! HAA!” Baggerby laughed sarcastically.

“Be quiet!” Acealeas bellowed, making Baggerby jump.

“That was not funny!” Acealeas shouted, pointing his finger at Baggerby, “You could get put in jail for that, especially for scaring people at 1:00 am in the morning! Honestly, hasn’t your mum taught you any manners?” Acealeas bellowed,

“She did, I just choose to be the way I am!” argued Baggerby, poking out his big chest.

“Ok, argument settled,” Acealeas spoke.

“There’s a big challenge today,” pronounced Baggerby.

“What challenge?” Acealeas asked.

“People are going to travel to the mountain of dread to collect the golden sword.” Baggerby said continuously,

“Then I will go and collect it” Acealeas muttered.

“Will you need this? How about this? Or this?” Baggerby asked.

“Baggerby!” Acealeas bellowed.

“What? I’m only trying to help,” Baggerby squeaked.

Acealeas muttered “Yes, I know that but”

“But what?” Baggerby asked angrily,

“Just leave me alone,” Acealeas pleaded.

Acealeas watched Baggerby walk out the pine, wooden, door, as he dropped his toy pet

Belonieon on the cold, whirly, coloured floor.

In a matter of seconds, Acealeas rushed up,

and gently took hold of the soft bird, as its

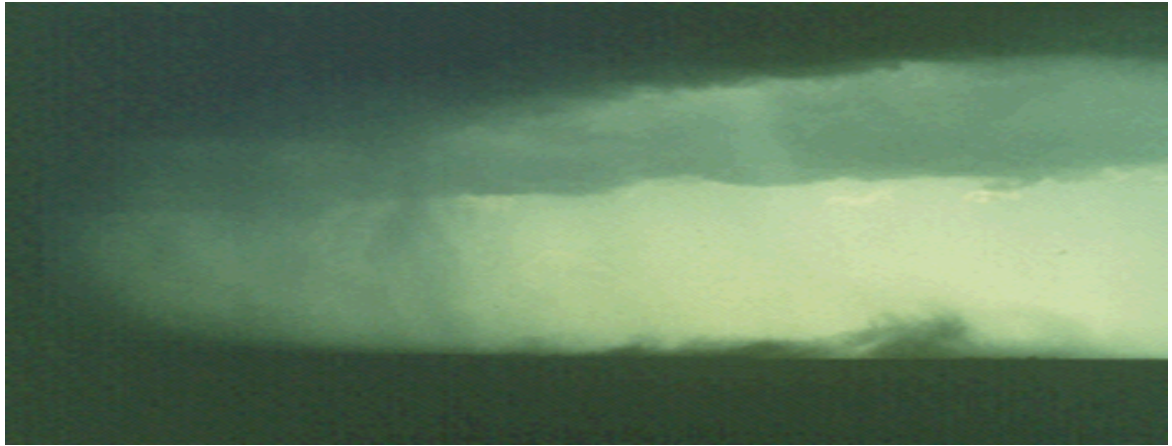
gentle feathers brushed against his cheek.

All alone Acealeas packed sadly, not forgetting

Belonieon, his little bird friend.

As the hour passed by, Acealeas sprinted madly to the royal palace, to collect the correct equipment. The wind was howling noisily, and the thunder crashed down on the towering

mountains, as the heavy rain forced against his face, as if it wanted to go straight through him.



Acealeas banged on the golden, smooth doors of the gigantic palace, but no matter how much noise he made the king would not answer.

“King Gregory!” he bellowed, as the lightning lit the sky with a whiteness of a snowy day.

Fifteen minutes later Acealeas scampered round the back of the palace, and then he caught a faint glimpse of a man limping to a tree and settle down beneath it.

“King Gregory, is that you,” he asked willingly, “Who’s that? Whoever you are come here so I can see you,” spoke a gruffly voice.

Acealeas approached the weird man, who was bossing him about, Acealeas gasped.

“King Gregory, who did this to you?”

“Don’t worry about me my brave warrior, worry about my men there about to be cooked alive,

that is if you don't stop them," the king cried out as he gasped for breath.

"Stop who?" asked Acealeas

"There's no time for questions, **GO NOW!**"

Acealeas rushed through the dark and dangerous forest, leaves whipped his frozen face, his mind was poisoned on finding the men, he was despairing to find them alive or even injured slightly, but not dead, no, they can't be dead. Then as quick as his own heart beat, he was swooped into a giant net, and in whirl of blurs Acealeas eventually fainted.

SPLASH! ! ! ! The oaks tipped a bowl of scolding hot water on to Acealeas face, he yelped out in tremendous pain.

"**ARRGGHHH,**" Acealeas tried to get up but he found that he was firmly tied.

Then one of the oaks murmured, "Finally sleeping beauty awakes." Then the oaks carried him off to a place where Acealeas thought he'd better ask where he'll be going, "where are you taking me?" Acealeas asked, "you'll see" laughed one of the oaks. As time went on, Acealeas realised that he was begging to get so sweaty, that he smelt of a dead chicken, then

he started to melt, and his fingers started to shrivel up very slowly and...



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