

A Short story

Freja woke up on a beautiful summer morning. But-*OO!*- unfortunately fell out of bed onto the hard, wooden floor of her little mud-hut bedroom. Then, she yawned, stretched her tired muscles and wriggled into her drab, brown woollen tunic and threadbare creamy-coloured (although slightly grubby) long sleeved shirt. She then strolled out to tend to her precious sheep, cows and horses, and lovingly water and check on her beloved baby turnips. She also saw that after last night her new scarecrow was a bit lopsided and went to put him right.

She spotted a mysterious sort of wigwam, which she had never noticed before. She tentatively creaked open the ancient door. Dark clouds set in, turning the turquoise sky black. She took a step forwards. *One, two, whoosh!* The floor gave way and the moth-eaten rug cascaded, along with splinters of wood and some dust, onto her shaggy blonde head. Her huge, chocolate-drop eyes blinked in surprise and confusion. She soon became accustomed to her gloomy surroundings. Freja's eyes could just make out a torch on the smooth stone wall.

Snap! Snap! Crackle! Went her flint (which she kept in her pocket in case of emergency) as she lit the charred remains of what wood and coal had been in there previously. Freja heard a muffled *what?!* and some alarmed screaming and next thing she knew, her best friend Una was sitting dazedly on the hard, granite floor behind her. "Come on! Let's check it out!" whispered Freja excitedly to her reluctant friend. "If we must, but.." Freja rolled her eyes and Una gave in. Together they slunk down the gloomy corridor, with only their torch for guidance. After about ten minutes, the tunnel came to an abrupt halt. There, at the end, was a large, dusty, golden statue of a famous warrior. They stared in wonder at its magnificent wondrousness for quite some time. "I wonder who it is?" Una eventually murmured. "Look! There's a plaque here, let's read it!"

I have no voice but I boom out my greeting,

I have no feet but I rumble and shake the earth.

I light up the sky without a flame,

I strike terror but you don't know my name.

I fill up the sky, I soak the ground,

You'll know when I'm coming if you listen to the sound.

“A thunderstorm!” Freja absent-mindedly murmured. As if by magic, the statue edged sideways, revealing an ornate tapestry. The golden and emerald lettering read:

*Thou whom has got this far,
Don't panic when I say I know who you are.
I only know you are brave and kind,
With courage and curiosity set deep in your mind.
After you read this, don't go and rest!
For I ask of you one thing, a quest.
You are perfect for this task,
Of which I so boldly ask.
May I warn you now
Of the dangers that lie before you,
But I shall not bore you.
Behind this cloth
Is the way. Now be off!*

Without a second thought, Freja flicked back the heavy embroidered cloth and stared in wonder and awe at the mysterious door that could hardly be described as a door, more like a.... a portal. A solid, wooden portal with a beautiful lapis-lazuli handle set in shimmering gold. The door itself, though... My goodness, that was a different matter entirely! It was a light, bright, snowy white and flecked with cobalt and turquoise and navy. There were blotches of azure and aquamarine, spreading out to giant, foam-topped waves, then shrinking down and swirling back up, always moving, never still, but strangely calm. The rushing of the sea was to be heard, and the salty aroma of saltwater excited Freja's nostrils. She had never seen the sea before, like most country farmers. Only the very rich or coastal-living ever got to see the sea, and experience its wondrousness. She reached out for the handle, pushed it and... it was jammed! She gasped and panicked. After she calmed down, she, as if in a trance, ran her finger over the constantly changing colours, and, and, and... her hand went straight through! The wood around her shaking wrist glowed brightly, like a magical and intoxicating blue fire, engulfing her hand. She drew back in shock. Freja then reached out again, and reached in further, and stepped, first one leg, then the other, and through! Through she stumbled, into a new tunnel; this one made of a red-veined orange rock.

Then ever-inquisitive Freja swiftly glanced round to the door, and let out a surprised "Oh!" when she saw what used to be a serene, blue oasis of tranquillity, was now a pale grey iron, with fiery orange and scarlet speckled over the somewhat cloudy door. Crimson, ruby, coral and amber sputtered up from the fast-flowing red river pouring rapidly and recklessly down a formidable, charred-earth brown mountain. This slightly alarming display put Freja on edge, like it was going to suddenly leap out at her and engulf her in scorching, scalding flames and burn her to ashes. "Freja? Freja where are you? Help! Freja!" she heard Anna yelp. "Listen, Anna. Just go through the door. Don't worry, if I could do it, so can you. Just try!"

"AAs! Oh, oh oh! Oh, no, I can't, I can't! I'm sorry, I can't! Oh, oh!" then panicked footsteps click-clacked as Anna fled the tunnel. Freja sighed and rolled her eyes. She would have to carry on alone. She shivered at the thought of loneliness, and she shook herself and gave herself a stern talking to; *now look here, she told herself; you have a quest to do! How are you going to do anything if you sit and weep like a silly little girlie? Now pick yourself up, girl, you have a quest to get on with!* She strode on confidently, not looking back for fear of giving up and hurtling back to Anna and her turnips.

A few hours later her torch went out, and it wouldn't re-light. But it didn't really matter, because there were small clumps of luminous moss, casting an eerie green glow over the moth-eaten, dusty-grey thin curtain. She brushed it aside and stepped through, straight into an enormous sticky cobweb! When she had finished spitting out bits of spider-sucked flies and wiping cobweb from her face and eyes, she got to peek at her surroundings. She winced in the bright sunlight beaming down from the brilliant, shining, flaxen sun in this beautiful, woody dell she was standing in. the bluebells bobbed and the violets winked and the primroses smiled.

Written and typed by Isabella Year 6

March 2015