The Long Journey

Audacious and kind, Oliver, the young wizard, wondered through his local village in great desperation. He wished to find his lost spell book. It was filled with the ancient spells of their history. It contained the contents of spells and witchcraft strong enough to destroy the Earth as we know it. "I have to find it!" he exclaimed. All he could think of was the last page in the book that read, "Death to all". He grabbed his horse and began searching, going from village to village. The journey to find his lost spell book would be a long one.

He rode for days in search of his precious spell book. The consequences of not finding it could be disastrous. "Death to all" was the only thing running through his mind. 'What did this mean?' he thought to himself. Riding from town to town on his horse became exhausting. He came to rest at a small, quiet village. "Don't move…" came a deep and villainous voice.

With a blade to his neck, Oliver turned to see an old man wearing a black cloak. "The spell book is mine…and with it…the end of the world!" exclaimed the evil looking man. Without even thinking, Oliver pushed the blade aside and ran for his life. As he turned the corner to get on his horse, he found it was not there. Standing before him was the cloaked man.

Oliver grabbed the closest stick and swung violently. The elderly man moved left and right. He was extremely agile for someone his age. Oliver stopped and stared intently. Their eyes locked. "Death to all…" whispered the man. "Death to all…" he whispered again. The old man pulled the golden spell book from behind his back. It was glowing with evil. Oliver felt a sharp pain down his back. He knew his long journey was over as he collapsed to the ground. Evil had won.