

?????????????? - *The Last Dragon...*

Prologue

Long, long, long ago there was magic in the world. Generation after generation it was passed down- grandparents proud to see their grandchildren inherit the family magic. Parents and children alike, fighting against all the evil in the world: the Earth was a beautiful place to live, full of peace and harmony between all humans. Some would say it was perfect.

But perfect cannot last for ever. For there were some that, in the depths of their heart, hated the peace- their hate was so deep and passionate that they could not be persuaded, or bribed, in any way to change their wretched minds. So, for years, they played along with the people of this planet, helping them rid of all evil in the world. But secretly, they plotted against everyone (in the privacy of their homes), holding meetings and planning revenge. They were plotting
The Rebellion.

The book slammed shut with a *BANG!* Endeavour grinned at William, a twinkle in her eyes. "Did you see that? I just read that 50 page book in ten minutes flat!" William sighed, shaking his head in disbelief. How could one girl frustrate him and fascinate him at the same time? "That was quite the impressive read, Enda," he agreed, "But you could work on it." He grinned back.

"Come on. We should head back to the institute- the others will be waiting." With that, they got up from the dimly lit library and slowly made their way to the only home they knew; and the only home they ever needed...

Laughing with joy, William creaked open the door ajar. Silence met his face like a tidal wave crashing on to the beach. His laugh faded away, and was replaced with the hairs on the back of his neck standing up- something was wrong. The hallway, which was usually full of people, was empty and unlit. The jovial ambience had vanished: it was replaced with the eerie feeling someone was watching them with a close eye. He turned, wanting to reassure Endeavour that everything was fine. But, to his heart-aching shock, she had disappeared. "Enda..." his voice trailed off. He wanted to believe that she was hiding, pranking him; he knew better. Endeavour was younger than him, naïve and unknown to the dangers of this world. She would be terrified, clinging on to William's shoulder and looking up him for support. She wasn't. William knew he had to move on and find the others: he knew that was his main goal, but he couldn't help let a single, solitary tear roll down his pale cheek. He couldn't lose faith.

As he strolled through the empty corridors of the institute, William thought wondered 'What if the place has been robbed? What if they have all been captured? Is Enda with them? What if they're all dead?' These thoughts made him shiver with fear: he grabbed the nearest sword hanging from the wall (as a decoration) to protect himself. Sword in hand, the young boy continued his journey forward.

After walking aimlessly for endless hours, William decided there would be no point continuing searching here. He was out of breath, and his hands were growing tired of carrying the heavy iron sword. He had to face the fact- there was no one here. The youth had turned the place upside down and inside out searching for his fellow citizens and the turnout was not good. There was only one place he hadn't searched: the forbidden third floor.

The third floor was a restricted area; no one was allowed up. Anyone caught going up there would not get dinner for two days. This may sound strict but the floor was heard to be extremely dangerous. There was a story about a boy who went up there and never returned... William thought of this boy and a lump formed in his throat. He didn't want to die, but then he thought of all the young children who must've been terrified- he had to save them.

Slowly, he trudged reluctantly towards the damp, narrow stairs. The young boy looked up at the top of the stairs expectantly, as if he was waiting for something to happen. The brush of a whisker of a mouse could be heard in the silence that followed. Nothing happened: that reassured him. The stories they were fed must have been lies, to scare them away from the mysterious third floor. But what were they

scaring the children away for? Suddenly, an ear-piercing screech filled the air. The boy crashed to the sturdy wooden floor with a muffled scream. What on Earth was that monstrous noise? Will felt a tricking sensation down his pastel cheek: he raised his slender hand to the source, and they came away stained dark red with blood

He gulped. Was he ready to do this? Bracing himself, the young boy decided the best way to face his fear was to do it as quickly as possible. 3-he started a countdown. 2-getting ready... 1- almost there... GO- William dashed up the creaky steps as fast as his long legs could carry him. Halfway up the stairs, another loud shriek of anger exploded into the room. William was prepared; he covered his ears just at the right time. What monster could possibly make that kind of sound?

As the young boy reached the top of the stairs, he looked around him. Right. Nothing. Left. Nothing. Round the corner nothing. A hurricane of debate swirled inside his head: left or right? The dominant part of his brain won; he chose to go right. Wandering down the hall, something aglitter caught his eye. He turned. A wall, which completely blended in with the background, seemed to have opened, almost like a door...

William's inquisitiveness and loyalty got the better of him. He had to save Enda and the others. He had to go on.

Door creaking open, William stepped into the bright room. The blindingly white light in the centre of the room made him shield his eyes. As they adjusted to the level of brightness, his eyes wandered around the room. What he saw amazed him. It appeared that he was standing in a perfect sphere, floating halfway up the height. He could see long down to the bottom of the sphere. It was as if he was standing in a futuristic lab,

filled with invisible equipment. On one side of the room, several unconscious bodies. *Or dead*, he thought. He recognised all of them- Joanna, Charlie, Brock, Craig, Aliah and Marionette. *But no Endeavour*. Where was she? Finally his eyes rested on the source of the bright light. There, curled up into a tiny ball, almost unnoticeable except from the light, was a dragon. William gasped. Enveloped in the dragon's arms, Enda lay, limp as rock, whispering something. Will took one daring step closer. Her voice was barely audible-he could just make out the words: *You...are...are...are magic...* That was all he could take. With one final sigh, he collapsed in an unconscious heap onto the floor.

By

Isra Ahmed

6H