

## The Mystery Book

Once there was a boy called Arin, who lived with his grandmother and loved to daydream. He would sit in a high tree and just think. He also loved stories. His grandmother would tell him great ones about different creatures, and people going on daring adventures, like his Mum and Dad did. One day, Arin hopes to have a daring adventure of his own.

Arin was sitting in his tree when he saw a strange book! ‘Hmm, that’s weird’, he thought to himself. So he hopped down and picked it up. It had gold edges and five gems on the cover, each a different colour. When he opened it, he couldn’t read the words. It was like it was written in a secret language.

Arin decided that he would go to the basement to get the magnifying glass to get a better look. When he got there, there was a weird blue light shining around the corner, and he saw a strange man in a blue cloak and tall hat.

“Who are you?” the man asked. “I am the only surviving wizard left on Earth”, he said in a deep voice.

“Wizard?” said Arin, shocked.

“I know it seems practically bonkers that I’m a wizard, but it’s true.”

“But why are you in my basement?”

“Well, you see I was in my spell room back at my castle when I heard a weird thud. Then I saw a hole and it led to this place.”

“Do you know what this is?” said Arin, holding the book.

“By golly, that’s the Spell Book of Good and Evil. It’s the most powerful spell book on the planet. Maybe there’s a spell to get me back home.”

“But how do you read it?” said Arin.

“Well, there’s a very simple spell that lets you read any language you like.”

“Really?!”

“Yes. In fact, I could conjure it up now.”

Arin was excited. “Okay, do it!”

Arin passed the wizard the ingredients and Arin had to drink the potion. He could read all the words!

“Is there a spell to get me home?” asked the wizard.

“Yep”, Arin replied.

“What are the ingredients?”

“Giraffe tails, bunny noses, zebra stripes and mayonnaise”, said Arin.

The wizard said that he didn’t have any giraffe tails but he could teleport them both to Africa to find dead giraffes and cut off their tails. With a snap of the wizard’s finger they were there. The

wizard removed the tails quickly, and in return he brought the giraffes back to life with golden tails. Then they were off back to the basement to make the potion to take the wizard home.

They mixed everything together. They said goodbye to each other and the wizard was gone.

Arin decided to go upstairs to the kitchen to get a snack. When he got to there, he saw the wizard hugging his grandma.

“What are you doing here?” Arin asked.

‘Arin, your father’s home”, said his grandma.

**THE END.**