

THE JOURNEY to Save the Heart of Life

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The barbarians charged across the harsh landscape like a swarm of raging wasps. Their horses' hooves embedded themselves in the vast deserted scorched landscape. The king and his most trusted bull-like warriors worked their way across the empty desert towards their destination, the forest. He was a fair and loyal king and a brave warrior who had conquered many lands and was unbeaten in battle. The king's face was shattered like a pane of glass from all his brutal battles. His body was muscular and tough and he had the build of a three-tonne rhino. His eyes had a gleaming spark of revenge deep inside them. His hair was entwined with knots making it look like a filthy mop. His warriors praised him and served him with loyalty.

Among the bunch of fierce warriors there was one who stood out for his lack of ferociousness, Drack. Although he was still a great warrior, he was less brutal and had a more gentle spirit. He was looked down upon by his fellow warriors due to his young age and because he was from a poor family of peasants. Drack had short blonde hair, was tall and had a taste for adventure.

Finally, the evening came and they had reached the forest. The trees loomed over them like enormous giants. Their lush green leaves blocked all light from peeking its way into the dense undergrowth. The branches covered the forest like a rug. The king and his warriors tied up their horses and crept into the forest, bows and arrows at the ready. The deer hunt had begun.

A little while later the king started to notice something was wrong, there were no deer at all. Then as they stepped into a clearing which was usually filled with deer there was a loud crack as one of the warriors stepped on something. The whole companion looked

down. Awaiting them was a vast sea of deer bones. “What happened?”, muttered one of the warriors. All of a sudden, the tree's leaves began turning brown, they started to sizzle up like a tissue when you chuck it in a fire. Then the leaves began slowly drifting down to the ground, dissolving into the thick undergrowth.

“Oh no!” Gaspd the barbarians. They had all been taught about the dark age, a time when the dark wizard was powerful and used his power to wreck the Heart of Life. This was the source of nature and goodness to all living things and if it is wrecked, all nature dies slowly and all happiness vanishes. Luckily there is one way to save it. If a pure heart touches the Heart of Life, it will restore nature and happiness. Though it isn't that easy, the Heart of Life is deep underground in the core of the earth surrounded by goblin towns and other horrible creatures that live down in the caves with them. So, the king and his men decided that they would have to vote for which one of them would save the Heart of Life. All of the warriors thought that to have a pure heart you have to be brave and strong. They didn't realise that they were wrong. So, they selected their king to save the Heart and the rest of the barbarians stood ready to help protect the king from the dangerous quest they had in front of them.

Night fell and the barbarians set up camp. They all settled down to get some rest. Slowly morning chased the darkness away. With the rise of the sun all of the barbarians heaved themselves onto their horses and charged off towards an entrance to the underground maze of caves. Finally, they arrived at the jagged cave which was more of a mouth than a cave. That did not stop them from entering the rotten cave filled with the stench of hideous horrid goblins which were everywhere in the caves. Slowly they started going downward, getting deeper and deeper. It was as if they were sinking down into a furious beast's gnashing jaws. Gradually the foul smell grew and the barbarians were well aware that they were being watched. They drew their weapons as the stench of goblins grew stronger and stronger.

Suddenly out of nowhere the chief goblin leaped in front of the accompaniment of barbarians. His eyes were glowing like a raging, fuming ball of fire. He was vile. Then he swung his sword straight through one of the warriors. In seconds blood began gushing out of his wound forming a small river. The wound was very severe but the barbarians were very tough so he would probably survive. In moments the wounded barbarian had been hurled to safety and was well protected by his fellow warriors. The goblins gushed out of nowhere like a bursting dam. The goblins attempted to drive their swords into the barbarians but the barbarians were excellent warriors and drove the goblins back with skill and courage. The king tackled the chief goblin and slit his throat which caused his remaining troops to retreat.

By the end of this battle three of the thirteen warriors were severely wounded and two killed. The three who were wounded could not continue on the quest so they were sent up

to the surface with two other barbarians to protect them. So now the group of barbarians only had six warriors left. The group contained the king and Drack. But there was no stopping them. The warriors were tired so they fumbled around in the darkness like blind men until a yellow glow far in the distance met their eyes. The barbarians followed the light source until the beam began to grow brighter and brighter - they were like moths getting drawn towards a light. They finally reached the glow - it was a dull fire surrounded by fresh leaves and dry hay. "Ahhh"sighed the king. "We will camp here for the night". "Something feels wrong," muttered Drack under his breath. "Why would there be a fire and leaves for a bed and hay for a pillow?" he wondered. "This is why!" boomed a tremendously hideous ogre. The ogre was carrying a massive club and behind him another ogre was carrying a buffalo, which they had just killed. The ogre swung his club straight at Drack but he dodged it. The club swung past him and shattered a boulder to pieces like it was a ball of glass. One of the not so lucky warriors was picked up by the ogre and chucked straight down the ogre's throat. The ogre let out an earthquake of a burp which echoed around and around the caves. Drack was enraged, his anger was like a ferocious beast ready to be released. Drack snuck round the ogre to the lowest bit of the cave. Then he yelled, "Over here you ugly fat beast." The ogre lost it; he turned around and charged straight at Drack. But, because the cave was so small, he ran into it with such force that it collapsed on him, making a perfect grave. With that the last ogre ran for dear life while the king and his four men shouted out cries of victory. But there was no time to celebrate or even sleep because they were running out of time. They charged on courageously deeper into the caves.

The dark sorcerer's magic had nearly swallowed the Heart of Life completely. It would soon vanish, never to be seen again, lost for all of humanity. So, the king and his men did not stop. The smell of evil grew heavy in the air. It glided through the air haunting the barbarians until they could no longer bear it. One of the warriors fainted and another choked. The evil was just too strong. The barbarians fumbled around drunkenly towards the evil source until finally they reached the Heart of Life. The king moaned and reached for the Heart of Life, touching it just as he crumpled to the ground. Drack looked up, also ready to collapse. But nothing happened. This didn't make sense. The king had touched the Heart of Life. Then it suddenly occurred to Drack that the king was not pure-hearted. So this is how Drack would die. Without thinking Drack limped over towards the Heart of Life. As he almost reached it he fell to his knees, his legs could no longer carry him, he had to crawl. Drack could no longer move. He collapsed under the Heart of Life and rested his hand upon it. "BOOM!" The stench suddenly vanished. Evilness was swept away from the Heart of Life. Drack sat up half conscious. He didn't know how it happened but he knew that he had saved all of humanity.

The End