Writing competition

Book an adventure and whisk us away to new lands and unforgettable characters.

Write a short story about an amazing and unforgettable adventure.

My first few hours trying to find my cousin Lily were useless. After our fight last night, I hadn't thought she'd run off into the forbidden ~~Ra~~ rainforest! But our arguement had really shaken her. I could think of a million things I shouldn't have said. But now the humungous, dense, damp rainforest had swallowed her up and I needed to find her.

I found a cave to sleep the night, but even better, it looked like Lily had been there! I even found a sloth keyring I had given to her for her birthday! She must have left it there by accident. But then, just ~~4~~ as I was about to fall asleep, a growling noise that sounded like a chainsaw began. Two yellow eyes appeared in the darkness, and a magnificent fiery dragan stepped out of the shadows! It's scales as red as rubies were an incredible sight. But then it became even more amazing! A fairy wearing a little lilac dress made from petals and emerald green wings appeared!

"Oh, a visitor," ~~S~~ she said sweetly. "My name is Lavender and this is Spitfire. Who are you?"

"I'm Emily," I replied. "Have you seen my cousin Lily? This keychain's hers."

"Brown hair?" asked Lavender. "Green eyes? Very fast?" Cause we flew her to ~~Parakeet~~ Colourful Clearing, to search for the Temple of Tigre. She wanted to find the magical medallion that can grant wishes. She need it to go home.

while Spitfire growled in confusion

"Could you take me to where she is?" I pleaded, desperation in my eyes.

They agreed, and that's how the journey of a lifetime begun.

And I ended up flying on a dragon. It was definitely going to be the greatest experience in my life. And as we soared high in the moonlit sky, I felt something like hope. I knew I could do this.

I must have fallen asleep on Spitfire's back, because the next morning I woke up to the sound of birdsong. It was already light, and I could see Lavender and Spitfire were already up.

"We're just outside Colourful Clearing," Lavender told me as we trekked toward a group of trees. "So we'd better be careful-oh!"

The fairy had nearly flew right into a large rock pillar jutting out of the ground. Carved words were written on it and it said:

Enter, enter, if you dare
If your lives are what you really care, be quiet, then, do not dispair.
For you shall have a single clue, something you had better do.
Do not awake those in slumber - or your days will be in number.

"Well, that's cryptic," I said, confused.

"All it means is, this place is dangerous," said Lavender. "It also means to be quiet, and not wake some sort of creature." She laughed at my mouth which was hanging open, then said, "Come on, it's right through here, and remember to be quiet."

We crept through the bushes to find an amazing sight. I could understand now why it was called 'Colourful Clearing'. Exotic fruit trees at every corner, and beautiful blooming flowers on every other tree. But there were no creature asleep - in fact, there were no creature as all! The clearing was deathly still. But just as we were about to reach the edge of the enormous clearing, a twig snapped under our feet, and thousands of eyes appeared in the treetops. And owl-like birds that had not been there a second ago materialised out of thin air. They were multicoloured with eyes as bright as torches.

"Invisible Omni-Owls!," breathed Lavender excitedly. "They are omnivores, but never legt go of a chance of fresh meat. They're nocternal, can turn invisible and are known for hunting prey 5 times their size!"

"Uh oh," I whispered, and just as I said that, the owls swooped. They dived, pointing their sharp beaks at us, missing me by a centimetre. But they dove again and again.

"Run!" I screamed, and we all sprinted to the edge of the clearing, getting there just in time.

"Wow, that was dangerous," Lavender said, shaking with fear. "Sorry I didn't run the second you told me too, Emily. It's just, Omni-Owls are so rare! And super interesting."

"It's alright," I replied with a small smile. "I forgive you." It reminded me of Lily. I had never gotten to say sorry! What if I never did? I shook off the thought and carried on walking.

After a bit of rest, we continued to walk. Lavender enchanted a path that would show us the way to go, and a while later, we reached another pillar of rock. But this one just said: Beware. And beyond that was the lost Temple of Tigre. Instead of being the tall, elegant building I had imagined, it was a dome made from crumbling wonky stones surrounded by overgrown vines. We crossed a bridge over a moat of scaly snapping crocodiles. And at the door of the temple were two tigers. But they just let us through. Inside were thousands of tigers. But again, they just let us through. I heard Lavender murmur, "Of course! Tigre means tiger in the ancient language."

In the middle of the room was the largest tiger (I assumed he was their leader), with fur so orange it was almost gold. And on his neck was a flower shaped medallion, with a tiger's face in the center.
Then the tiger spoke, "Fellow tigers. This girl and her friends have journeyed through obstacles to find this girl's cousin, who needed the medallion to go home. But they did not want it for gold, jewels or fame. They both need it to go home. So I will grant both their wishes. Lily?"

And out of the crowd stepped my cousin Lily.
"Emily?" she gasped. "Are you really here?"
"Yes!" I cried. "I am. Lily, I'm sorry about the fight."
"Me too," Lily replied, then turned to the golden tiger. "So, do we still get to wish to go home?"
He nodded, and gave us the medallion.
"Before we go, I'd like to say a few things," I told my friends, Spitfire and Lavender. "Thank you so much for all your help. I will really miss you. I am so sad to say goodbye."
"Ready to go yet?" Lily asked, and once I had nodded, she said, "I wish to go home!"
And just like that, she was gone. Suddenly, I felt someone nudge my shoulder, and I turned to see the golden tiger.
"Keep the medallion," he told me. "It is time to pass it on."
And then, I wished to go home. But as I wizzed through time and space, getting closer to home, I realised that my last words to my friends might not have been my last words. I was certain I would see them again.

The End... or is it?