

The Enchanted Key

by Sanjana Khatri

Aged 9



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Chapter One

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The moonlight glistened over the serene lake and the twinkling stars looked like diamonds scattered in the night sky. A perfect night for Lucy's swim. Little did Lucy know that this would be far from anything mundane. This was the first time that Lucy was left alone without anyone's supervision, now that she is almost eleven. Luckily she had her adopted dog Daisy, who had black fur and blue eyes just like hers, to keep her company. She loved swimming and it was a hot summer's night.

After Lucy's regular swim, as Lucy approached out of the warm waters, she saw something glimmering at the bank of the lake. As her hands reached down and pushed the dirt

aside; she saw it was a small bronze key reflecting the moonlight.

Lucy examined the key closely and she found the number ten, coincidentally, engraved on it.



Suddenly, there was a gust of wind and the peculiar key began to glow. “Ohhh!” Lucy gasped softly. Dripping wet, Lucy returned to her cottage in the woods, tossing her wet, jet-black hair aside and clasping the key tightly to her chest.

That night, when she came home, Lucy took a red piece of ribbon left over from her cousin's birthday present. She put the ribbon through the hole in the key and tied it around her neck. Then she decided to research what type of key this was

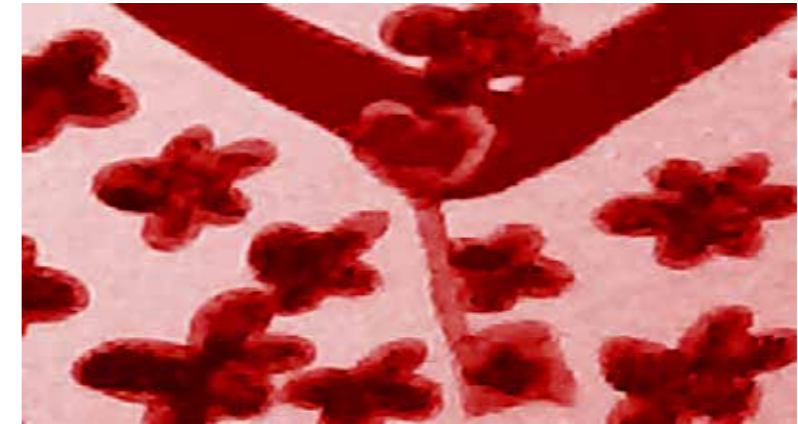
within her parents' range of forbidden books, whilst they were out for the night.

Chapter Two

She matched the key to the exact picture in the 'Book of The Weird' which stated '*This special key grants three wishes and eternal youth to its master as long as he or she may live.*' In extremely small print at the very bottom it said 'BEWARE OF THE WITCHES'. Lucy wondered what this meant and why the key was glowing when she found it...

As she approached the bed, the key started glowing red; Lucy had a sudden urge to touch it but as soon as she did the key sent an electric shock down her fingers. It then floated up to eye level and pulled her down the stone cold stairs leading to the back yard. "Come on Daisy," Lucy whispered, but her

trusted dog Daisy whimpered and hid under the bed. *That is unusual, Lucy thought. Daisy never did that unless she didn't trust what was happening.*



The key jolted to a stop outside her cottage. A knot formed in the pit of Lucy's stomach. She had a bad feeling about this. Something felt strange...

“AAAARRRRRRR!!” exclaimed Lucy as she was swept away by three witches on their broomsticks. They cackled and sniggered at each other.

“What is happening?” questions rushed through Lucy’s head.

“Hand us the key and we will let you go free!”

Lucy realized she was holding her breath. She let it out in a long woosh. She clutched the key in her sweaty palm.

“Fine. You want to do this the hard way?” a witch sneered.

From underneath the tallest and most slender witches black cloak she pulled out a chocolate brown wand.

“Darkest winds and darkest hours make this girl lose her power!”

the short chubby witch bellowed before blasting Lucy with an emerald green blinding light. Lucy was petrified and couldn’t move a muscle.

Chapter Three

A little while later, Lucy woke up to find herself in a shallow underground pit covered in mud. Lucy wanted to scream but she knew mud would pour into her mouth.

Suddenly she remembered about her parents back at home who would be wondering where she was by now. She would be grounded all year; nobody would believe what had happened was true.

Fortunately, Lucy found a small hole in the mud, covered in dark brown, orange and golden leaves.

Lucy then pushed the slippery leaves aside and clambered her way out.

“OUCH!!” screamed Lucy as a thorn bush pricked her hand when she pushed herself up.

She looked around and instantly regretted crying out. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the bottom window of a house; through the clear window she saw the three irritated expressions of the witches looking directly at her.

Her heart was pounding. Lucy began to run; she cried out as she fell to the floor. She looked behind her; the witches were catching up. Lucy’s eyes widened, her mouth opened but no scream came out.

Lucy managed to clamber to her feet, with all her strength, and began to run. Her trainers squelched through the saturated muddy floor as she tried to keep balance.

When Lucy thought she was picking up speed, she turned around to check.

But, to her horror, the witches were gaining on her.

Chapter Four

Stopping at a clearing, Lucy knew she couldn’t wait any longer; the witches would catch her. She looked around and clutched the glowing key even tighter. She saw a long, wide graveyard. An idea popped into her head of an old superstition.... *Witches can’t go on any graveyard as it is hollow ground.*

Looking up at the gloomy sky, Lucy saw the three ghastly figures floating on their broomsticks.

“Get her!” the middle witch screeched, pointing at Lucy. “Before she enters the graveyard!”

Pushing the heavy black graveyard gates with all her strength, they finally opened with a loud *CREAK!*

Lucy was always afraid of graveyards but this time she felt much braver knowing it was the safest place to be.

“NOOOO!” screamed the witches as they crash landed into the gates.

“Phew! That was close!” said the youngest witch. The middle witch let out a sigh of relief and the oldest frowned.

“YOU CAN'T STAY THERE FOREVER AS YOU WILL SOON STARVE!” yelled the middle witch.

Chapter Five

Lucy went to the far end of the graveyard, her heart thudding and bottom lip quivering. She could not hold it in any longer and tears streamed from her eyes. “I’ll never get past them,” Lucy sobbed. Just then, something hit the gates. It was Daisy, trying to dig a tunnel for her! Lucy gasped. Daisy had come to find her! Lucy then crawled through the deep, dark and damp tunnel that Daisy had dug for her.

She could hear the annoyed groans of the three witches as they floated up and over the gates of the graveyard as their brooms could not fly over sacred ground.

“Annara!” cried the middle witch whilst straightening her back. She muttered the rest of her spell under her breath in desperation to keep the witches from falling onto the graveyard.

All the witches floated for a further five seconds. When the witches were half way, the middle witch sneezed.

“AAAAAAR!!” cried the witches as they fell to the ground.

“THIS IS NOT THE LAST YOU WILL SEE OF US!” shouted the oldest as she and her sisters turned to stone.

“I think it is time to use the key,” whispered Daisy. As Lucy made her way out of the dark tunnel.

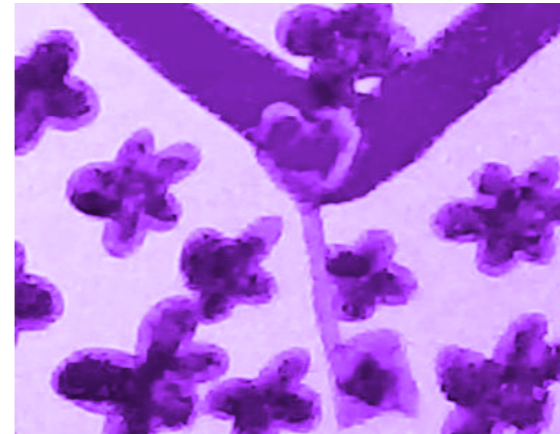
“Y-you can talk?!” stuttered Lucy.

“This wood is full of enchanted things you don’t know about,” elaborated Daisy whilst stretching her front paws.

Lucy picked up her dog in one hand and the key in the other.

“I wish I was back home,” whispered Lucy.

Chapter Six



A bright light blinded Lucy. Moments later they were back by the lake. “Bury the key nobody must find it as it will always attract dark magic,” the dog said seriously. Lucy obeyed and started digging with her hands.

Then she carefully placed the key in the hole and covered it with the wet mud.

“Bye,” said the dog. there was a puff of purple smoke.

“B-but,” Lucy stuttered. Her eyes watered and her mouth felt as dry as sandpaper.

‘THAT WAS MY EVIDENCE TO SHOW, SO I WOULDN’T BE GROUNDED!’ Lucy thought angrily.

Chapter Seven

Lucy slowly trudged back home in the dark. It must have been close to midnight but all the lights were on in her small cottage. As she entered her abode, she saw the angry look on her mum's face as her mum called her step dad. Sitting down, she dared not to make any eye contact with either of her two parents.



Unexpectedly, her step dad approached her and gave her an enormous bear hug. “Thank goodness you are ok sweetheart,” whispered Lucy’s step dad. Her mum broke into a smile, then joined in the hug too.

“Phew,” Lucy mumbled to herself, “I am not grounded.”

“You are still grounded until your next birthday, young lady,” said Lucy’s mum with a smile.

Lucy paused, grinned and looked up at her mum.

Her birthday was tomorrow!

Chapter Eight

2000 Years Later...

“Come on slowpoke!”

“Wait up Ella,” said Tim breathlessly.

“Legend says there is a key that is buried right in this spot outside this listed building,” said Ella digging violently with her hands. “Found it!” she exclaimed excitedly, holding up the key for her brother to see.

“You made me walk up here just so I can walk back down the moment I come here?!” said Tim furiously. “I am telling mum!”

Ella rolled her eyes and started walking down the hill, away from the lake, with the key in her pocket, grinning...

We hope that you and your family and friends enjoy the book that you have created.

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SWITCHED ON!

Buckle up your seatbelt and be prepared for a ride full of adventure and fantasy. This story is about a magical key and a 10 year old girl named Lucy. Lucy digs up a key but 3 witches are after it too.

Why do the witches want the key?

What is so special about it? W

ill Lucy ever get out of the wicked witches' grasp?

