

The Alchemist's letter -by Lilly-Rose

Many , many years ago, lived a bright alchemist, who left his family for his genius , never- before -done invention.

He could make gold out of useless, unwanted metals.

But of course, like everything, there was a catch. This marvellous machine powered on nothing but his own memories! Lying on his deathbed, regretting abandoning his family, he wrote an apology letter to his son , explaining everything that had happened. He died worrying about whether his son would take the same path down greed as he had done. Little did he know, his son was a kind- hearted man who knew how to live the right way .

One calm , beautiful morning, the man walked up to what used to be his own home. He took the old, rusted metal key out of his pocket . At first he just stared. He had left his childhood home after his mother had died. He fixed his appearance which was already very elegant: black leather riding boots and a tailcoat, complete with glittering gold trimmings. After he found his courage, he twisted the dull key into the lock, placed on the nearest table was a letter...

The envelope simply stated Verideon. He looked at it in horror, not knowing what emotion to show. His father had turned into a horrific monster after his mother had passed away...

Although all the bad memories were drowning him , he was strong and fought back. His curiosity took over his fears and he tore it open . This is what it read ...

To my dear son,

After you left I invented a marvellous machine which turns unneeded metals into pure, pretty gold ! But there is a catch. This fantastic creation powers on none other than my own memories! Under the cloth behind this letter is that very machine !

It was only then that he realised that there was a large object covered in the cloth just as the letter described. But the letter continued

I have left you nothing but my most precious, most valuable memories. Memories of you Verideon ! And memories of your mother.

Then very beautiful , liquid clouds of colours formed and showed the pictures of him being born, his mother fading away, his father becoming a vicious monster. The little boy had been so angry at his beast of a father that he had thrown his most valuable possession away: a ticking, silver pocket watch.

The letter had one more line.

I finally realise that I should have come to find you instead of treating my greed. I know what is the most important thing now. Love . Your father Nicholous xx

The gold memories turned back to liquid. The pocket watch appeared along with thousands of metal coins. One drop of the liquid turned everything into pure, brilliant gold!

But Verideon was not like his father. He took only the pocket watch. And how do I know that? He gave it to my mum . Verideon is my grandfather ! That night is famous in my family!