

THE ALCHEMIST'S LETTER by Harry

A long time ago, far far away, there was an alchemist who had a family. He abandoned them, obsessed with his quest for gold. He tried to make a device that turned base metal into gold. Over the years he was failing. Until his death, his device failed.

His old creepy haunted home lay waiting for his son to claim it. Opening the creaking door, stepping into the old home, Verideon, his son, pulled a sheet and under it was a letter. The letter was laying next to his old pocket watch. Picking it up, he started reading....

My son,

I left you my machine. My memories in fact. Memories are the fuel for my machine. The more precious the memories, the more powerful my machine will be. My precious memories were your mother and you, Verideon. I still remember your dear mother. She died alone because of the creature I was becoming....

Before Verideon's eyes he saw an image of his father formed into a furious minotaur which turned into black smoke. The pipe consumed the minotaur, shooting out clouds with a boy crying but the letter continued.....

I know why you ran away and I know you have a daughter now. I'm afraid you might abandon your daughter like I did to you. I now understand that the most important thing in the world is love.

Then the machine stopped and one little drop dropped on the pocket watch. Then in a blink of an eye it burned up into solid gold. Verideon walked out forgiving his dad for what he had done.