

## The Alchemist's letter by Kate

A long while ago, there was an alchemist who was slowly becoming a mean selfish monster. He selfishly left his family to obsessively follow his dream of creating gold. He loved having the power over everything and everyone. He abandoned his son, but after a lengthy amount of time, he learnt his lesson. But he didn't learn quick enough to change how he acted.

The son -Verideon- decided to return to what used to be his happy, healthy family home. The house was dark and lifeless. The outside of the windows were covered in condensation. The floorboards were dusty, not a single board was shiny and clean.

Verideon looked through objects left on the kitchen floor and he found a letter from his father. It was addressed to him specifically. The letter said:

**My dear son,**

**I have made this spectacular machine! It can turn any base metal into gold. The machine is fuelled by my memories. The most special memories are the most powerful fuel.**

The son put the letter down and saw the magnificent, unique machine in front of him.

He watched the memories as they travelled through the machine powering it on. As he watched, he

remembered most of them: when he ran away as a young child, his mother dying alone, because of the monster his father was becoming. Verideon's father predicted that he , Verideon would have a daughter, but abandon her too, just like his father had done to him.

As the memories came to an end, there was a hot oily liquid that was about to drop onto some metal objects. It slowly built up into a big and heavy enough droplet so that it could drop. It dropped onto the metal. All of a sudden, a loud fizzing sound came from the bowl of metal. Then a poof of smoke. There was gold everywhere! Coins to gold, pocket watches to gold, necklaces to gold and much more.

Verideon didn't want to become addicted to gold making - like his father - so he decided to only take a pocket watch for his daughter. He left all the priceless gold behind. He knew he would never abandon any of his family like his father had done to him. Closing the door and leaving the memories behind him, he returned home to his precious family.