The Alchemist's letter by Reuben

Many times ago, there was an alchemist. An alchemist hungry for power. The power none of them had reached yet. Gold. His life was entwined in his quest to turn simple metals into gold. In fact, he was so obsessed about gold that he ignored and abandoned his family. His son. His wife. His unimaginable lifestyle was damaging his mind. He wasn't aware of the selfish, despicable monster he was becoming.

Verideon was just a young boy, no older than 15 years, when he ran away from home. In anger, whilst growing up, he tried to forget any memories he had of his father, throwing away anything to do with him. His pocket watch, a gift from his father when he was just a toddler, he threw to pieces. The memories he couldn't forget were about his home: the dampened thatched roof that always leaked, the darkened tinted windows that seemed to scare away the happiness of everyone who looked through them. The walls looked old and ancient. As they cracked, it was like they were screaming. Screaming in pain of trying to hold the house together. The more times he thought about it, the more hazards he noticed in the mysterious house.

Verideon approached his child hood house, his smooth brushed hair has seemed to changed into a stale unbrushed mess. His robes were not as clean or colorful as before, they seemed to be torn and ripped, stained and pale. He took the old, rusty key from his pocket and inserted it into the lock. Twisting the key slowly he felt the door click. As he walked into the room he noticed a stretched out blanket over the top of some machine. Little bits poking out of the holey blanket showed Verideon that this was nothing like anything he had seen before. As he peeled the blanket off of the contraption he noticed a plate in the middle. It has all sorts of simple metals on it. But there was a letter. A letter with a name on the front. Verideon.

"*My dearest son, I have invented a machine more powerful than any other…*

Verideon looked up from the writing and saw miniature clouds of all colours being pushed about in glass containers. He saw himself. Throwing something. Something he recognised. He saw his mother and father but his father slowly became a monster and left his mother to die alone. He saw everything.

"*Verideon I should not have abandoned you and I did realise that love is more important than gold. Sadly it was too late to tell you that. I got very sick and had to go to hospital. The machine that I abandoned you for works on memories. The more precious the memories the more powerful the machine*"

As he watched, he saw more of his fathers memories. Him and his mother on a waterfall, him and his father when his father gave him a pocket watch, the same one he could see on the plate.

After watching all of the memories fade into a liquid. Bubbling and fizzing a drop fell onto the metals and the ground and walls shook as everything turned into gold.