

The Alchemist's letter by Sophie

Long ago, there was an alchemist and all he wanted in life was to turn metal into gold. He had a great family that loved him, no one hated him. But one day he left because his obsession for gold got the better of him. He never came back to his family. Then a few days later, his son ran away because he was so sad and annoyed with his father. The alchemist's wife died without her husband to say goodbye to her. The son never came back or did he....

A horse and carriage pulled up to a small house with white paint that was peeling off the wall and flowers had died everywhere like a graveyard. The roof was made out of thatch, ivy was climbing up the walls like spiders weaving their webs. The windows were still intact but grimy from neglect. Standing there was a man with leather boots which were broken where the toes were. He had a navy blue jacket covering a grey shirt that had a small hole in it. His brown trousers were perfectly fine. He was standing there taking in everything he saw. It was his family home and he wanted to see how much it had changed.

He slowly, cautiously and calmly made his way to the house with the big rusty key in his hand. He was shaking, his mind was saying not to go in but he was going to do it or was he? He chose to put the key in the lock and he turned it.....

As he opened the door, the light ate the darkness that was everywhere. All that was in the house was a chair (that brought back memories that he did not want to remember). There was a big cloth that had some dirt on it which was no surprise. Did he want to pull the cloth off to see what lay under it? He pulled it and...

There was a huge machine. He looked at its magnificence. It had many things he had never seen before. It had so many platforms and crystal balls. Not even the smartest people in the world could make this. After looking around, something caught his eye. He walked over to it. It was a big plate with silver coins all over it, falling out of it. There was a pocket watch and a letter...

He picked up the letter. It had a name on it with hand writing that he remembered very well. It was his father's. The name read. Verideon. He hated his father saying his name. He opened the letter.

My dear son,

I have made this machine to turn any thing into gold. it has never worked for me but i hope it will work for you.

Suddenly the machine started to move but Verideon did not watch he was still reading.

The machine is fuelled by memories. The more memories you give it, the better it works so i have given you all my memories. Enjoy.

The letter stopped there. He dropped it quickly on the floor and started to stare at the machine. A purple liquid was in glass, then another one and it started to form an image of his mother and his dad sitting at a waterfall but then the image disappeared into different glass , then another glass...

In the blink of an eye, another image appeared. It was an egg that cracked open. It was filled with ruby red blood and a small baby and he was guessing that was him. He tried not to remember his childhood because it brought tears to his eyes as he never felt his fathers love or care. But then, a dark black shadow started to emerge from the darkness and made something but Verideon couldn't make out what it was then... Out of the liquid came a monster, a minotaur and it ate the image of his dear mother.

Verideon was terrified but he still watched...

Before him a beautiful , pink tree was formed and you would think this was good but it could not get worse from here. It was him, Verideon, as a small child under the tree crying with a pocket watch and he would never forget this, ever..

The day was fine and bright, well, not for Verideon who was crying under the small pink tree. He had just found out his mother had died and his father was gone and he had to fend for himself. Angrily, he broke the pocket watch right in his hand.

Then came something he had never seen before and sure he will not do.

It was his daughter and him at sea and his child was in a small boat and Verideon pushed the boat away. Then came an image of his daughter at sea trying not to fall out of the boat then all he could see was his daughter capsizing and the water consuming his daughter. He had a small tear in his eye that wanted to fall but just could not.

Immediately flowers started to blossom out of the hard shining wood. In milliseconds a glod shimmering, shining liquid was in a small tube and it was about to pour out on to the silver then it dropped...

All the silver was starting to turn into gold. Verideon blinked and it was gold. The pocket watch had turned to gold. He just stood at the plate taking in everything trying to replay it but he just could not. It was too hard. His mind had gone blank. All he could think about was the gold pocket watch that was in front of him.

Carefully, trying not to break anything or make a creek he picked up the gold watch and started to walk. That night his child was given a gold pocket watch and was told the story of the alchemist's letter.