

The Alchemist's Letter by Olivia

Many years ago there lived an Alchemist whose only reason for living was gold. To power the machine he fed it his own memories. Too late he remembered there were more important things to life. Soon after the Alchemist's death, his son Verideon searched for his childhood home where he would find his father's machine that could turn any metal into gold.

Verideon could hear the sound of horses galloping and smell Summer flowers as he trundled along in the carriage. Memories flooded his head. Finally he was at his childhood home. As he got out of his carriage, he remembered the swing that he once sat on as he strolled up to the old, damp wooden door. He picked the key from out of his pocket. As he took in a big sigh, he thought, would his father mind? What would he think of me now? Finally he unlocked the door.

He spied around the house and he found silver, silky cobwebs and dust covering everything. Suddenly he noticed a smooth, white cloth. He cautiously pulled it and found the machine. All at once Verideon spotted a letter with his name on it, carefully he opened it and it read...

Dear Verideon

I have created a powerful machine. I have left for you my most precious memories, of your mother and you Verideon ...

Out of nowhere the machine ticked and chimed. As it started up it showed his father and mother sitting near a waterfall. It carried on and showed a baby...it was him, Verideon. It started to show a memory of his father giving Verideon his father's pocket watch. Pure joy came across his face. Even though it hurt he wanted to find out more...