

The Boy And The Sword

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In the harsh, snowy woody world of Fax, four clans thrived. The Dragon Clan, the Wolf Clan, the Phoenix Clan and the Snake Clan.

Martin Lo lived in the Dragon Clan. Martin was a tall, slim, young man. He was 19 years old and was in grade 11. He loved to use swords. His favorite sword to use was a sword he nicknamed Blade. Blade had a blue plasma blade, purple hilt, and was 60cm up and 6 cm across. Martin also liked King Sham, the king of the Dragon Clan. King Sham's castle was on a mountain called Mount Rumble. King Sham ruled justly and was kind. All the clans lived in harmony. That is, until King Sham was counting his treasure and he found one missing.

Martin was training with Blade in the Training Arena with some other people when he heard a muffled yell coming from the treasure room.

"WHERE IS MY DIAMOND!?" The King quickly summoned Martin Lo, his most trusted advisor. Martin, with Blade still in hand, came to see the King.

"Yes sir?" Asked Martin.

"Well, as you might have heard," said the King in a somewhat embarrassed tone, "my diamond is missing." At this, Martin nodded gravely. "Martin, I need you and Robert to investigate," said the King. Yes! Martin thought. Robert was his only friend. Robert was in a grade higher than Martin so he didn't get to see him that much but Martin still liked to play with him whenever he could.

" Yes, sir," said Martin. When he was back in the Training Arena, his training session had ended. He sighed and put Blade carefully back into his plasma proof

sheath, when a thought struck him. *What if the Dragon clan lives forever without our precious diamond?* That night, when Martin fell asleep, that thought still rang in his mind.

In the morning, when Martin woke up he looked around. Here he was, in his room. His room was about as big as a normal bedroom except it had what most bedrooms didn't: a secret compartment. Martin liked to put his special things in it. Today he decided to wear his blue shock watch. As he took it out of his secret compartment, he thought, *just in case*. Soon, he was downstairs, changed, eating breakfast and getting ready for science. Martin loved science. As he went up the winding stairs to science, he passed Robert. Robert whispered, "See anything suspicious?"

"No." Martin whispered back. Robert nodded silently. Martin continued up the stairs. As he entered the classroom, Martin was greeted warmly by Mrs.Sky, the science teacher.

"Hello Martin! If you would please find your desk and open your book to page 209." Mrs Sky had flowing blonde hair and kind eyes. She always carried her trusty purple pencil behind her ear. Martin guessed she was 38 years old. As he made his way to his desk, the whole class erupted in laughter. Sean, the class bully, had put an "I'm stupid" sign on Martin's back. Face burning, Martin slipped into his desk. His eyes traveled to Sean as he turned to his friends to tell them about how he did it. *Is he the thief?* Martin wondered. But then he thought, *No, I'm just angry at him*. He focused his mind on science. Normally, he easily focused on and loved science, he still did both, but today his thoughts drifted. His thoughts traveled to thievery, to diamonds and to lots of

other ideas about the robbery. At last science ended. As he walked out of the classroom, Robert pulled him aside.

“Hey, I know you’re stressed and worried. I am too. But you have to keep it together, O.K.?”

Martin swallowed and said, “O.K.”

“See you soon!” said Robert.

“Ya, O.K. see you soon,” said Martin. His next class was combat training at 1:35 after lunch. As he went to the cafeteria, he passed Sean.

“Not so smart anymore, are you Martin?” teased Sean in a taunting voice. Martin decided to ignore him.

“What’s the matter? Are you mute or something?” Taunted David, one of Sean’s mean friends. Suddenly, all Martin could see was red. His jaw was clenching and unclenching. His fists were clenching too. And his knuckles were white. All of a sudden, Martin decided to punch David. It was a beautiful punch; his hand fighting teacher would be proud.

Instantly, Sean called out to the closest teacher.

“Mr. Henry! Martin just punched David!” As Mr. Henry started to walk towards Martin, he thought, *I’m going to get detention*. But he never did get detention because an alarm went off.

“ATTENTION STUDENTS! YOU ARE TO GO TO YOUR BEDROOMS AT ONCE! THE WOLF CLAN HAS SENT A SMALL ARMY TO ATTACK OUR WALLS!

Suddenly, the whole hall was in a frenzy. All Martin could see was people. He made his way to his bedroom and was safely inside in a few minutes. Soon he was

served warm mushroom soup with steaming bread. The mushroom soup tasted like cream with delicious cooked bacon in it. The bread was nice and crusty and neatly buttered. He was finished in around 30 minutes and was reading for the next hour.

The next thing he knew all his lessons were cancelled and he was told to report to the king. As he jogged to the king's secret office, which only he and Robert knew about, he ran into the exact person he was thinking about.

"Hi Robert. Were your classes cancelled too?"

"Yup. Do you remember how to get to the secret office?"

"Yeah. Follow me." Martin resumed jogging and Robert followed. All of a sudden, they met a dead end.

"Are you sure this is the place?" asked Robert.

"Yes. I'm sure." Said Martin as he typed the secret code into the hidden computer in the wall. The king was on the other side of the wall when it opened with a hiss.

"I need you to try to hunt out the mole working for the wolf clan that I have figured out that is in our castle. My men are still fighting off the enemies, but we have them on the verge of retreating." The king explained.

"Yes, sir," said Robert quietly. Martin said nothing.

"I must help my men drive the enemy back now. You are dismissed." said the king. As the two friends walked out of the secret office, Martin asked "Do you know who the mole is, Robert?"

"Nah," replied Robert. "Well, Martin, I think that it's time for us to go to our bedrooms."

“See you later Robert!” said Martin. They both went different ways at the fork where the grade 11’s and 12’s halls meet, where their bedrooms were. After Martin entered the password to get into his room, he found a note on his drawer saying:

DON’T TRUST THE KING AND HIS OFFICIALS.

A thousand thoughts swarmed in his mind: *Who sent the note? Why did it say that? Why can’t I trust King Sham?* Martin panicked but he decided to tell the king about the letter the next day and read his favorite book to calm himself down. He settled into his comfy bed and started to read his favorite book: *The Chronicles Of Narnia: The Last Battle*. One thought remained: *Who sent the note?*

Martin woke up to his alarm blaring. All of the previous thoughts and events of the day before came flooding into his mind. Most of all, he remembered the note. He shot out of bed and immediately ran to the hidden compartment where he’d stashed it. But instead of the old note, a new one was there. He decided to wait to open the new note until he had told the king about the old note. And to read the new note in front of the king. He sprinted to the king's office.

As he met the “dead end” his fingers flew across the keyboard, the door hissed open and he saw the king. King Sham looked more tired than usual. He had dark circles under his eyes and he spoke in a weary voice.

“What is it Martin?”

“Well sir, I found a note on my dresser, and I put it in my secret compartment, (King Sham knew about the compartment) and the next day a new note was there.

“Martin, what did the first note say?” King Sham asked.

“The first note said DON’T TRUST THE KING AND HIS OFFICIALS,” answered Martin truthfully.

“First of all, you know you can trust me, right Martin?” Martin nodded. “Second, What did the other note say?”

Martin answered “I haven’t opened it yet sir.”

“Well, what are you waiting for? Open it up!” Martin opened the note. It said:

WE WILL DECLARE WAR IN EXACTLY 22 DAYS.

All of a sudden, Martin was back in the hallway. The king had ordered that all classes should be turned into combat training to get ready for the war against the Wolf clan. Martin ran as fast as he could to the Training Arena so he could be the first to pick Blade to practice with. He was the fastest runner in the castle, other than Ashley, the actual fastest runner. He got there first and dived for Blade. As his hands met cold metal, Ashley entered the arena. She chose the sword Martin had nicknamed, Hilt. As the other people filed in to choose their swords, Martin’s instructor teamed him up with a kid named Mike. Mike had chosen a sword nicknamed, Slash. Slash had a wickedly sharp blade. Luckily, the instructor had said that they had to keep the sword's sheath on.

As the instructor ordered the fight begin, Martin reviewed the rules: to win, you had to hit the opponent on the leg with your sword. Suddenly, Mike attacked. He attempted to hit Martin on the leg to win, but Martin blocked it and launched his own attack. He feigned and swung his sword at Mike's legs. Since Mike had been busy trying to block Martin’s first “attack”, he didn’t notice that Martin had hit his legs.

“Good game,” said Martin.

“Good game,” Mike said back. The instructor ended the class and Martin realized that he had only been practicing for 20 minutes. He decided to continue to practice in his room with his wooden sword. Once he was in his room, he brought out his training dummy and his wooden sword and started to practice. If you were outside his room at that time, you would have heard the thwacks of the dummy being hit for at least 2 hours.

After the 2 hours Martin was training, he was soaked in sweat and was very hungry. It was 11:47 AM so he made his way to the cafeteria. Inside, he could smell the delicious smells of pizza, burgers and pie. He filled his plate full and ate until he was stuffed full with yummy food. He went to his room and read 2 of his books until his next combat lesson.

The days sped by until it was the last day before they were going to fight for their lives against the Wolf clan. After all the training on the last day, Martin couldn't sleep. Even though the castle instructors pushed him very hard, his body just chose not to get some shut eye. Until he remembered what his dad had said, “If you just lay there, you'll fall asleep eventually.” So Martin did just that. And he fell asleep.

He woke up with a startle.

“Everybody up!!!!!! The Wolf clan is attacking!!!!” a guard that was running down their hall yelled.

Martin got ready in a flash. He sprinted to the weapon shed (which was heavily guarded) to grab Blade, ran up to the watchtower and surveyed the scene. The Wolf Clan was outside the barriers. (Martin could tell because the army outside the barriers

had a purple flag that had a wolf on it.) The Dragon clan's blue flag occasionally flashed in the sunlight. The kids in his grade and all the other grades were streaming out and there were red stains and dead bodies all over the snow already. He ran out and downstairs to the courtyard where most of his classmates were fighting, only to be confronted by Robert.

"I'm really sorry about this." he said as he pocketed the shining diamond that he was holding. Martin realized what had happened in a moment. Robert had stolen the diamond!

"You're working for the Wolf clan?!" Martin yelled. He had figured out that the Wolf clan was the enemy by now.

"Duh, how do you think that I got into your room and your secret compartment?"

"How do you know about my password to get into my room?" questioned Martin in a calm voice even though he was boiling with anger.

"I just do." said Robert in a voice just as calm as Martin.

"Traitor!" yelled Martin. He slashed at Robert. He attacked him again and again. He didn't give Robert any time to attack him back. Suddenly, there were frantic yells from outside the courtyard. He saw a flash of a red flag with a snake on it and realized that the Snake clan had arrived to help the Wolf clan. He hoped that King Sham had called the Phoenix reinforcements as he had said he would. His mind snapped back into reality as he realized that Robert was attacking his head. His arm jerked up just in time to block the blow that, if connected to his head, would have cut it off. Suddenly the cry of a phoenix sounded. He saw a flash of a green flag with a phoenix on it. *The reinforcements have come!* Thought Martin, full of joy.

“No!” yelled Robert. He pulled out a round shaped disk and twisted the small circle in the middle. A green mist floated out of the disk. Martin was instantly unconscious.

He woke up inside a red tent and remembered what happened in the hours before. The nurse, who had been waiting until he woke up, told him that the king wanted to talk to him. The nurse also told him that he was in the medical tent and was on his way to recovery from the knockout gas. The king came in and told him what had happened after he had been knocked out.

“Before you were knocked out, as you probably know, the reinforcements had arrived. Then you were knocked out. The Phoenix reinforcements helped us destroy the Wolf and Snake clans. Just so you know Martin, there are still remains of the Snake and Wolf clans in the courtyard. Sadly, Robert got away.” When the king saw Martin’s troubled expression, he quickly added, “But I will send a search crew out right away to find him.” (Martin’s face returned to normal.) Martin ran outside of the tent and looked around. He was glad to see that all the kids in his school were safe. He went to his room and saw that his room was still in order. He crawled into bed and was so tired that he fell asleep before he even got to tuck himself in.

Years later, Martin was in his room (it still had the secret compartment) and he was remembering the battle between the Snake and Wolf clan versus the Dragon and Phoenix clan that he was a part of. He had just been awarded the Medal of Honor for finding the spy. He went to the science classroom and saw Mrs. Sky and waved. Then he went to the cafeteria and looked around and saw all his friends he had made after all

the years. *I will never be alone*, he thought as he picked up Blade in the Training Arena.
He was ready for anything.

THE END