

## The Magic Horse Brass

Cautiously, Tim peered round the corner as the dark centaur stalked through the castle. The brave boy turned and looked at his sword. He had won many battles with it but it was still possessed with dark magic. Before the centaur could turn and defend itself, he plunged his sword into its chest. A gust of wind smashed him into a wall. He fell to the floor. His arm throbbed with pain, as he closed his eyes.

When he opened his eyes it was late at night. He jumped to his feet and sprinted towards the woods. 'How could I be so stupid? There is no time to lose' he thought. The king's horse had lost a leg in battle; Tim had volunteered to get the magic horse brass to heal it. He had to go on this mission because his father, Talidon the swift, had disappeared while fighting in the dark realm. There was no one left

He stepped into the woods and looked up, as a phoenix flew through the treetops. It was very rare to see a phoenix and even rarer to see an egg. He climbed to the top of the tallest tree and looked down at the realm.

All of a sudden the phoenix circled around and landed on his shoulder. He saw the fiery feathers that hung from its coat and the ash that fell in flakes from its talons. He walked on with his fiery friend flying just behind him. They reached a clearing, and there stood the horse brass, the one thing the King needed. Tim ran towards it at top speed, as a figure stepped in front, not moving the hood that hung in front of his face. Once Tim got to him he shouted "Put down your hood, who are you?" "You don't recognize your own father, your mother always had too much pity on you," he replied. "Do NOT speak of my mother in that matter, stranger," He shouted. "Anyway my father died in battle and you are not dead." He pulled down his hood. Tim's mouth dropped open as he saw his face, "Father, is it really you" Tim sped forward not seeing the trap in front of him. He was dragged into the air and a swinging log was coming straight for him...

### A narrow escape

Quickly he unsheathed his sword and sliced the 20foot log into transparent shards, falling like snow to the floor. Talidon looked at Tim, his eyes wide with fear as he turned tail and ran. Thinking quicker than he could act, he thrust his sword into his fathers chest. He stood, and then walked towards the horse brass and closed his hand around it.

He turned and ran back towards the castle, to the edge of the wood as a dark eagle flew around the castle patrolling the skies. He looked between the trees. The coast was clear and he ran. He got to the castle and found the king locked in the room with his beloved horse. Tim placed the horse brass on the horses hip as his leg was reformed.

Later, the king won the battle and a huge crowd formed around him. Tim separated from the crowd as a silent tear rolled down his cheek, “Rest in peace” he said and walking away...

**THE END**

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