



By Declan Ready

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One dark and stormy night, a peaceful owl who loved poetry was in his nest. His name was Brodwin. On days like this he would sing his favourite poem about the mysterious Cambrilearn Castle.

“In the beautiful house,  
There was a delicious mouse.  
There was a dangerous devil cat,  
That slept on the mat.  
In every room,  
There was doom,” he sang aloud.

Beep! Beep! Beep! Rang the microwave. “Ah my tea is ready,” said Brodwin in relief. “It’s off to bed after this,” he yawned.

In the morning, Brodwin packed his supplies getting ready for his adventure to find the Legendary Cambrilearn Castle. “Hmm where is my machete? I can’t leave without it,” mumbled Brodwin. “Ah ha here it is,” exclaimed Brodwin.

“It’s a fine day to go on an adventure,” he smiled. When he came out of the nest, the birds were chirping, and the sun was shining. “Ok, I have everything so let’s march to it,” he said with a sigh. He set off with his hiking stick, hat and backpack. This backpack was no ordinary backpack. Inside was a bed, a ladder, a chair, a table, a tv, a couch, a microwave and most importantly his tea.

He walked and walked for hours until he reached the endless desert. “Ok, first I need a map, so I don’t get lost, but I don’t have one,” he said sadly. “Oh a map, thank you!” he said in a surprised voice. “AAAHHH,” he shrieked, “Who are you?” “Hi, I am Crock the desert lizard, nice to meet you!” Crock smiled happily while shaking Brodwin’s wing.

“Where are you going to?” asked Brodwin.

“I am going to find the legendary lost Cambrilearn Castle,” replied Crock.

Brodwin was astonished. He thought he was the only one who knew about it. “I am also going to find it,” said Brodwin. “Why are you going South when the Cambrilearn Castle is North?” asked Brodwin in a confused voice.

“Oh no, I have a map but I think its upside down,” chuckled Crock.

“Since you have the map and I know the co-ordinates, lets team up and find the Cambrilearn Castle together,” smiled Brodwin.

The both of them set off into the Endless Desert. The sun was blazing and Brodwin was sweating. “Are we there yet?” complained Brodwin.

“No, for the last time, you asked numerous times and it’s only been 10 minutes!” exclaimed Crock. “Oh, sorry for shouting,” he apologised.

“It’s okay, it’s just that I am extremely tired,” panted Brodwin

“It’s probably because you have feathers and I have a wet, moist skin which allows me to handle the heat,” replied Crock.

They travelled far and wide for several hours. “I think we should set up camp,” yawned Brodwin.

“Agree,” gasped Crock. “Wait don’t move,” shouted Crock.

“Why?” stared Brodwin.

“Desert scorpions,” froze Crock. One by one desert scorpions appeared from the sand. Clack, click pinched a scorpion. “Where is my pen?” said Crock in a frustrated voice. “Ah ha!” exclaimed Crock.

“Why do you need a pen?” shouted Brodwin

“To draw a big, magic, protection box,” said Crock while drawing in the air. The scorpions came closer and closer but bounced back when they hit the magic protection box. They were finally safe and sound.

Brodwin unpacked everything including the ladder! Meanwhile Crock was getting the food ready. “Care for some tea?” asked Brodwin.

“Yes please,” replied Crock.

After dinner and tea, they decided to call it a night. Brodwin slept on the bed and Crock curled up by his talons.

In the morning, they got up and packed everything into the backpack. They began walking again. After a few hours they reached the humungous, warm jungle. It was green, muddy and had lots of animals like parrots. “Ahh so many plants and vines. Do you have a knife in that backpack of yours?” complained Crock.

“Oh yeah, I forgot about my machete,” replied Brodwin.

“Please can you cut the plants in our way?” asked Crock.

As Brodwin cut the plants, Crock followed and directed him from behind.

Suddenly Brodwin stopped and Crock bumped right into him. “Why aren’t you moving?” asked Crock.

“Hyenas,” whispered Brodwin. The Hyenas slept as still as rocks. “Let’s go past them,” said Brodwin while creeping. They were sneaking past them when...Crack! went a stick that Crock stepped on. “Oops,” froze Crock. One of the hyena’s woke up and howled which woke up the rest of the pack.

“Run!” screamed Crock in alarm. “Fly Brodwin, fly!” he shouted.

“I can’t,” cried Brodwin.

“Why?” panted Crock.

“I tried and tried but I still can’t fly, cried Brodwin in distress.

“It’s now or never buddy,” whimpered Crock.

Brodwin flapped his wings as fast as he could and his talons left the ground. He began to fly away with Crock hanging onto his talons.

“So long hyenas,” laughed Crock. The hyenas growled as loud as they could in anger.

A few minutes later they landed in an open spot in the middle of nowhere. “Where are we?” asked Brodwin.

“I don’t know,” replied Crock, “but at least we lost the hyenas.

“What about the map?” questioned Brodwin.

“Oh shoot, I must of dropped it while we were flying,” said Crock in shame.

“You what! Okay, let me get this straight. You lost the map and we are stuck in the middle of who knows where!” exclaimed Brodwin.

“Uh, Brodwin...I think you might want to see this,” Crock said in a calm voice.

“What now?” moaned Brodwin. “Holy shish kebab!” he said in surprise. “The legendary Cambrilearn Castle.”

What are you waiting for? Come one,” laughed Crock.

They ran to the golden door of the Castle but they found out that there was no key hole or handles. What they did find out was that there was ancient writing that only owls can read. “What does it say?” asked Crock.

“It says, place your wings here and the door will open.”

“Whoa!” gasped Crock. Slowly Brodwin placed his wings in the holes. Suddenly the door opened, and spears shot out towards them. As fast as lightning, Crock took out his pen and drew a magic protection square to block the spears.

“Phew, that was close,” gasped Brodwin. They entered the castle cautiously and were amazed at the golden walls and the fiery, red torches.

“I never want to leave here,” said Crock fascinated. Out of nowhere an axe swung at them.

“Duck!” exclaimed Brodwin.

“Duck! Where?” asked Crock. “Oh, that duck...aaahhh!” he screamed.

“That was too close!” gasped Brodwin. “Oh, my goodness, your tail...where’s your tail?”

“Huh, oh that, lizards drop their tails when scared but I’ll grow a new one quick,” explained Crock.

They walked a little further and disappeared into the darkness. When they entered the hall Brodwin accidently stepped on a pressure plate which triggered the spike pit.

Flames shot out from the sides and an acid pool appeared after the spike pit. “Oh no,

how are we going to get over this,” said Crock shaking his head.

Over mmmhh...that gives me an idea, hop on,” smiled Brodwin. Brodwin flapped his wings and flew over the spike pit and the flames. “Hold your breath! We’re going over the bubbling acid pit.” They managed to get over the obstacles and flew out of the hall to a safe landing.

They looked around and found two doors. On the doors, one read “certain death” and the other was “Devil Cat”. They were about to open the “Devil Cat” door when a mouse came out and yawned. “Mouse,” said Brodwin licking his lips.

“Owl,” shouted the Mouse. “Cat! Cat!” cried the Mouse. “I’m going to get eaten.” The mouse and Brodwin raced into the Devil Cat room. Crock followed them at full speed. The mouse took a turn and Brodwin followed pecking at him. Then a cat with 3 heads, 3 tails, 6 legs and 28 claws pounced on Brodwin.

“Help Cat,” cried the Mouse. “It’s an owl.” The Cat roared and Brodwin whimpered, “caaatttt”. Just then Crock appeared, and the Cat asked in a deep dark voice, “who are you?”

“I am Crock the desert lizard and this is Brodwin the owl of the Great Wood Forest,” shivered Crock.

“Ah, I was expecting both of you,” she bowed. “I am Hala and this is Froom.”

“Welcome my King,” Froom said to Brodwin while bowing.

“A King...me,” said Brodwin surprised. “I think you got the wrong owl.”

The legend says that a wise owl from the Great Wood Forest and the observant desert lizard will conquer all the traps. The wise will become King of the Cambrilearn Castle and the observant will be his Royal Guard.

“Please enter the throne room and take the crown to become King,” bowed Hala and Froom. He entered the throne room, took the crown and became the Cambrilearn Owl.

Brodwin decided to open the doors of the Castle and invite all the animals in. The traps were removed so that everyone was safe. When all the animals gathered in the

throne room, Brodwin bravely spoke his oath.

“Now that I am the Cambrilearn Owl, I swear under my feathers to always help anyone in need, be honest, kind and polite.