

3. The Adventures of Rhiannon and Gwydion: The Magic Harp, by Cadle Primary School

Once upon a time, a long, long time ago, there lived a bard. His job every day at sunrise was to play a magic harp. The beautiful magic music protected the crops and the courageous Celts who lived in the village from dangers such as enemies, animal attacks and evil.

Every morning, the villagers came to listen and to receive protection. The first ones to come every day were a sister and brother called Rhiannon and Gwydion.

One stormy night, an evil druid named Pellfire kidnapped the bard and took him to a remote island.

The next morning at sunrise, the courageous Celts met as usual, but they could hear nothing but the wind. The bard was missing! They looked everywhere, but all they could see was the harp. Their crops had already started to turn black, wilt and die.

The druid Pellfire had taken the bard to a room at the top of his castle. Inside the room there was a harp with a skeleton face with glowing eyes instead of the flowers which were on the bard's harp in the village. Pellfire hypnotised the bard using a magic ball on a pendulum. As the bard stared at the pendulum, Pellfire commanded him to play the evil harp. The tune was beautiful but ghostly. As the bard started to play, a wolf howled in the distance.

Back in the village, the tribe heard the pack of wolves howling fearsomely and they knew that this was a sign that they were in danger. Rhiannon and Gwydion were the bravest, strongest and smartest children in the village. They decided to set out on a mission to rescue the bard and save the village.

Rhiannon and Gwydion ventured into a thick, dark forest. It was pitch black and cold and they were as scared as mice. Their bodies were shaking and their teeth were chattering.

Suddenly, out of the darkness appeared a pack of vicious, hungry, savage wolves. They surrounded the children and started to close in. What could the children do? Quickly, Rhiannon pulled out the harp and played a soothing tune which sounded like birds singing and waves crashing on the shore. Some of the wolves started yawning and began lying down on the ground. The more Rhiannon played the gentle music, the more sleepy the wolves became. Just as the last wolf closed its eyes, Rhiannon and Gwydion ran as fast as a sprinting stag through the forest and out of danger.

They found themselves by a freezing shore and they could see an island in the distance. The island looked dark and creepy and the water was still.

"How are we going to get across?" asked Gwydion.

"Let's play the harp again and see what the magic can do," replied Rhiannon.

As Rhiannon played the harp, the sea began to turn into shining, clear ice. When they put their feet on the ice it was slippery like glass. They could see the water underneath them but they managed to skate across.

As they got closer to the island they could see the druid's castle. It had crooked windows and tall towers with spikes on top. In front of them was a gigantic wooden door with rusty metal hinges. Gwydion took the harp and played it. The door creaked open and they walked inside. They felt petrified but they held on tight to the harp.

As they entered the gloomy, mysterious, evil castle, their faces were as pale as snow and their bodies shook nervously, but they both had the heart of a lion. In the corner of the room they saw skulls buried under the ground and shields covered in blood.

Suddenly, they heard a loud scream and Rhiannon noticed red lights shining through the dark corridor. Their hearts racing, they crept towards the blood-red lights. As they got closer to the room they both heard unusual, scary music playing.

Gwydion whispered: "Let's push the door on three. 1, 2, 3!"

The door made a weird screeching noise and there in front of them stood the evil druid Pellfire, holding the bard hostage. In his hand was the evil harp of doom. Quick as a flash, Gwydion grabbed their good magic harp and began to play a sweet tune. With that, the evil druid fell to floor with a crash and Rhiannon ran and grabbed the evil harp out of his clutches. She climbed to the highest window and threw the harp into the deep blue sea where it disappeared forever...

...Or did it?