

The Eye of the Storm

By Nina Year 6

As Desmond Elwin peered through his telescope, he knew he was on the right track. He put it down, and strode along the deck and over to his dragon. He patted it three times and the beast gave a soft purr of comfort. His ship had survived long enough and Desmond hoped it could go on a little longer. He could tell that in his old world, it must be sunset as through his old, rusty aviator goggles he could see an orange hue in the clouds that surrounded him. His white scarf and threadbare jacket danced behind him in the gentle wind.

He walked into the engine room. The furnace was on low power; he had to find items to put in. He picked up a glass vile and examined it carefully. Without another moment's thought he threw it in. It wasn't heavy but his bones ached with the effect of the journey. As the flames turned emerald, because there was a green liquid inside the vile Desmond thought that he could not give up. He had to finish this. For her. Another two items went into the fire: some books that contained many adventures; and a shovel with a broken handle.

Rummaging around for more fuel, Desmond found it. He didn't want to open it: it would only make him sad yet he found himself staring longingly at the wooden box in his hands. He undid the lock and it clicked open. Immediately, a warm golden glow enveloped him and filled him with wonderful past memories. He turned back to the furnace. No he could not. He needed someone to find that locket with a picture of her inside. They needed to know where he had gone. He went back onto the deck....and dropped the box intentionally. He watched it fall, his heart aching with sadness. Then, almost immediately, the clouds darkened, and a raindrop splashed against his goggles. There was no time to be sad, he thought. He was going to have to focus.

The storm that followed was ferocious. It was, Desmond thought, the boldest storm he could recall: sheets of rain poured down hard; the lightning, gleaming white, illuminated a brilliant pathway above; and the thunder cracked and boomed, right on cue. His head was aching, his bones felt broken and he felt like giving up, but his body worked tirelessly through the night. All the while his dragon hid, cowardly, below deck. Then all went dark.

Desmond opened his eyes, he was here at last, he knew it. He had passed out then fallen into a deep sleep. He steadied himself on his feet, there it was, the eye of the storm. Right in front of him. Slowly he walked back across the deck. Then something caught his eye: a small black object. He bent down and his back cracked. It was a key. The key to ensure his dragon would be safe. Desmond walked over, the bolts released, he gave a swift nod to Caesar, he spread his magnificent wings and flew away. Desmond had bought Caesar as a lucky charm, and he really was.

He could not have got this far without him. It was a rather emotional parting, and Desmond's eyes became watery.

There was no time for sadness however, though Desmond, as he had a ship to prepare. The ship had to stay right on track. He tied all the rope he had to the steering wheel. Then he went inside and turned the speed up to the maximum. He watched all the compasses turn and the speedometers rise. He was now in a different room, where cogs and pipes were everywhere. Slowly, as slowly as he could with this excitement, he walked over to his throne and looked back. The world, that he may never return to, was rapidly disappearing. He thought, although there was a lot he was going to miss, Eliza for example, maybe if he never returned he wouldn't mind. After all his wife had turned on him. Sparks, green ones, were appearing and he knew he was here. At last.