

# The Storm

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## Chapter 1

“Of course I can!” said a strong and well dressed man to a young woman.

“Really? My wagon is pretty stuck,” said the young woman.

“I’ve done it many times before!” he said with a very fake and perfectly white smile.

“Oh thank you Brad!” the young woman squealed, “It’s this way,” Brad followed her to the wagon in the mud. He quickly and easily pushed the wagon out of the mud.

“And the money?” Brad asked the woman.

She happily handed him a small pouch of gold coins. Her cheeks blushed as he rode his majestic white horse to his large brick house.

He put his horse into the backyard with beautiful and vibrant green grass. The air smelled sweet like chocolate. *It must be chocolate chip cookies from Barbara’s Bakery*, he thought. More smells of rich chocolate wafted towards him as he walked down the cobblestone road. Soon he was opening the bakery the bakery’s round wooden door.

The bakery had a warm and cozy feeling to it, and the delicious mouthwatering scent was stronger than ever. Brad spotted many treats such as muffins, (blueberry, cinnamon, and chocolate chip) bagels, loaves of bread, croissants, cinnamon rolls, baguettes, and much more.

There was a plump old woman smiling at the cash register, she had big round glasses and a yellow dress with small daisies on it.

“Oh hello Brad,” the old woman said, “What would you like today? We have freshly baked cookies if you would like some.”

“That sounds great, I’ll have those—” Brad was interrupted by a group of fairies’ squeals.

“Oh my gosh! Brad is that really you? Could you sign this please?” a fairy in a pink dress said obnoxiously.

“Oh sign this too!” said another fairy in a green dress this time.

“I...uh...” Brad stuttered. He stared at the inch tall fairies holding tiny notebooks and miniature pens for him to sign with.

“It’s a bit small, but I’ll try my best.” Brad said hesitantly. He carefully took the pen and tried his best to sign his name without breaking the tiny pen.

A few minutes later, he was sitting at an outdoor table, eating cookies and milk. The cookies melted in his mouth. He enjoyed the sun streaming on his face. *It sure was nice of ancestors to make a force field to give us only sunny weather,* he thought.

Before he knew it he was feeding his horse in his backyard. It was colder than earlier today, but Brad didn’t seem to worry. SPARK! The sound was familiar. It was the spark of dysfunctional magic. As if a spell was going to break. Brad frantically looked around. *Where is this magic? Why isn’t working? Why is it so cold outside anyway?* He continued to ask himself questions when he came to a realization. *Could it be? Could the ancient magic...break?* He hesitantly looked up.

The beautiful blue sky wasn’t there! The force field was broken! All he could see was enormous dark grey thunder clouds. A huge gust of wind blew through the town. Brad grew very cold, drops of water poured out of the stormy clouds. Even his horse was shivering. His horse dashed into the shed, while Brad ran inside the house.

Out the window, he could see that people were screaming, babies were crying, and fairies were rushing to safety. A few people slipped on the wet cobblestone. CRACK! A strike of lightning frightened everyone of the road.

Brad was panicking. *What do I do?!* He asked himself. CRACK! Another strike of lightning made him jump. He felt as if he was going to faint.