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9/22/2014

## William Story

Adrenaline. It surged through my body as I sprinted through the woods towards my farm. I was sprinting in fear of what was chasing me, conquerors. They are the ogres that took over the land years ago shortly after the time of the dragon riders. They brought the human race to it's knees. A small band of humans, elves, nymphs, and fauns choose to fight back against the ogres. I was one of them.....

I was running fast as I could, but still too slow. I saw a clearing, the clearing that would save my life. *Within the clearing was my farm, within my farm was my cottage, within my cottage was my sword.* I reached the front door of my cottage and ran in. I slammed the door shut behind me and hefted a oak wood board over the door so the ogres couldn't get in.

"They are coming, father!" I shouted as my father, who, with his battle-axe in hand and his chestplate on, was clearly ready to fight.

"I'll go up to the roof to get a better vantage point,"  
I ran over to the ladder on the wall that led to the roof.

I gripped the ladder on either side and began to ascend. When I got to the top I leaned back on the wall behind me and looked over to a board next to the ladder. I slid the board on the wall over and took it off. I reached into the cold dark hidden cabinet and felt around for the things that would save my life.

I grabbed on and pulled out my sword, and hooked my scabbard onto my leather belt. I reached back into the hidden cabinet and grabbed my quiver full of arrows and my bow. I put the quiver on my back and put the board back in place.

I removed the board that held the hatch above me closed and dropped it down to the ground below. I push up on the hatch and it opened with a creak. I climbed out onto the roof. I looked down and saw my father fighting the ogres with his battle axe. I reached into my quiver and grabbed an arrow, I put the back of it in the bow string. I pulled the bow string back to my cheek. I breathed deep three times as I took aim, I released the bow string from my fingers and watched the arrow as it flew threw the air.

It hit an ogre and went straight through his chest. His knees buckled and he fell to the ground like a ragdoll. I saw a group of ogres run away from their dead brother towards a pile of hay bales. They were safe, except for one minor detail, we hide our **TNT** in hay bales. I looked over at the torch that lit up the roof so we could see at night. I got an idea as soon as I saw it. I reached to my quiver and took out another arrow, I put the tip of it in the flame.

The tip of the arrow lit on fire, a small flame, but just big enough. I aimed the arrow at the nearest hay bale. Around three seconds after I released the arrow the hay bales lit up in flames. **BOOM!** The ogres flew the air. I smiled a little, when I saw a shooting star fly through the air. Except it wasn't a shooting star, it was a fire ball from one of the ogres' catapults.

It flew at my cottage at a raging speed. It only took seconds before it struck my cottage and I fell to the ground and was knocked unconscious. When I woke I was being dragged by my upper arms through the forest by big ogres. *Where is my father, where am I?* I had to get out of here. I jerked around and tried to break free, it was no use, the ogres were too strong.

When we stopped I heard them speaking an ancient language only they understand. A monstrous shadow fell upon me. It was an ogre with

a battle-axe standing by ready to behead me. As if in slow motion the ogre raised his battle-axe. His axe loomed above my head. All of a sudden three arrows flew out of the trees and hit the ogres in the head simultaneously. I knew what this meant, Elves had come to save me.

The ogres grip loosened and they fell to the ground. When I stood up I saw hundreds of Elves jump out of the trees. Legolas, an old friend of mine, ran up to me and handed me my bow, quiver, and sword. "Thank you" I said, but he just patted me on my back and ran at the enemy to fight.

I attached my quiver to my back and put my bow in it, I hooked my scabbard on to my belt. I took out my sword, it departed from the scabbard with a *SHING*. I looked around for an enemy, over there by that boulder, he would be my target. I charged at it screaming at the top of my lungs, "AAAAAAAAAAAAAH" He turned around just in time to see my sword swing at his neck like a flash of lightning. *SLICE*. His head fell off and he dropped to his knees before falling down in the mud.

***END OF CHAPTER 1***