

Teapot by Izzy (Y6)

No one knew where they had come from. Nobody had even been present when they appeared. Once word had spread about these mysterious objects, people had started to flock from far and wide.

Dria loved a mystery, and she herself had journeyed a great way to see if the rumours she had heard of were true, were there more? She stood on the makeshift cobble path that had been hurriedly been thrown down to guide the curious onlookers through the dense greenery of the 'odd' forest, and she gazed up in amazement at the sight that greeted her bewildered eyes...

To be surrounded by shades of emerald, maroon, and amber was all completely normal to Dria and her generations of family, but the sight of pristine white was very-much unusual. Dria suddenly felt like a grain of dirt on a freshly brushed floor-tiny, out-of-place. The teapot just looked odd, because of this the forest was given a name of 'the odd forest'. Dria was only 6-years-old when these peculiar objects started to appear all over the planet, her home was destroyed by one of the beasts that followed with it, humans. The only things that should roam the woodlands was Dryads and Elves, or Drelves. There were only three Drelves in Dria's home country, she was one of them so were her two sisters-Mysta and Ruine.

Her golden eyes flickered with pure fear. 'But you must not dwell on the past little one, it will only define you' her mother's words were soothing in her head. Mysta and Ruine were at her side calming her, they were both just as afraid as Dria was of the object. In the attack on her village everyone lost something that they dearly loved, for Dria and her family it was their beloved father. His death was the most tragic in the village. If it wasn't for him Dria would be in a deep hole layered in grime and mud, instead it was reversed. One day she would join him.

'DRIA! Are you okay? you fainted again' it was Ruine her eldest sister. She managed to stifle out a small 'yes' but her mind was blank. 'What do you mean 'again'?' Dria questioned. Mysta and Ruine hesitated before they answered 'you don't remember after you faint do you?', they exchanged looks of concern before Ruine whispered something into Mysta's ear. In a flash of a second Dria found herself in their carriage, that they had brought with them for the journey back home, an abundance of pillows under her head. Dria was confused, where were they going?

She must have dozed off on the ride home because she was next in the four walls of her grandfather's hut on what looks like his table, there was a cold compress on her head and her grandfather was by her side as were her sisters. Everything was blurry not just physically but mentally as well.

'Your okay young one' said the peaceful voice of her grandfather, he brushed one of her auburn curls away from her eyes it revealed a long scar on her face from the attack. She soon noticed that she was surrounded by a glowing dome. 'What's that around us?' The terror rising in her voice. 'It's just incase something happens to the house while we are in it, like what happened in the village -well our *old* village' responded Mysta. 'NO! LET ME GO! NOW!' Dria had forgotten more since she fainted. 'GET OUT OF THE BUBBLE! SHE'LL KILL US ALL! Cried their grandfather. Dria's horns started to lick the air with scorching flames, her eyes started to turn a blinding white, her usually ash black

wings started to crumble to show blazing flames replacing each feather. Would the magical force field contain her?

The inside of the orb burst in to an aura of flames slowly enclosing Dria in her own unknown abilities. Several minutes later Dria dropped to the floor, was she dead? 'Dria?' wept Ruine next to her sat Mista, her wings wrapped around her sister. 'Grand Papa is there a way to bring her back with our own abilities?' Begged Mista, waterfalls of tears clouding her words. The elderly man shook his head as small groups of tears rolled down his cheeks.

As their thoughts of Dria's death filled the sister's heads there was a slight intake of breath came from the, slightly, burned body. 'Dria, Dria, oh thank goodness your okay' laughed Ruine. 'I am glad to see your okay but this is no time to laugh and have fun, inside those structures are armies of the *Demoni* to come and destroy us. Forever' claimed Dria. Were they really going to be wiped out? They needed to be stopped, now...