

The Mystery of the White Spots

Once upon a time there lived a very powerful wizard called Graham. He made spells and potions to cure sick people. He liked to help and cure people because his brother Gasper died when he played a dangerous trick on him: when it was breakfast Gasper went to wash his hands and while he was gone Graham put a spider in his drink to give him a scare but when he came back he didn't notice it and drank it all making him choke to death! So Graham vowed that he would become a doctor and he did. He made new potions and spells everyday like Bring Back to Life potions, Stop Aching potions, Non-Infection potions and lots more. He mixed things like eyes of newts and pickled nose, whiskers of cats and snail slime in his cauldron for different spells which he tested on his pet owl. (Who got sick very often but got well again as soon as he's took a spoonful of Graham's medicine.)

One day there was a knock on his door. "Come in!" he cried and in came a messenger covered in white spots. "Good day Sir," he wheezed, "the king would like you to come to his Palace to find out why everyone is covered in white spots." So Graham grabbed a non-infection potion from his shelf, drank it and went to the Palace only to find soldiers and servants (covered in spots he had seen on the messenger) groaning and wheezing all over the floor. Then a lady appeared (who was also covered in the spots) and escorted him to the Kings room. "Graham," boomed a deep voice, "I see that you came as I requested. I sent for you in hope that you can figure out why everyone is covered in white spots. If you manage it I will give you a good deal of money. " Graham wondered why the king would not show himself so he asked the lady who had took him here. "Oh... he's also covered in the spots and the silly man is to ashamed to show himself!" she exclaimed. Graham was taken by surprise. He had never in his life heard anyone called the king silly! " Are you related to him?" he inquired. She looked shocked and hurt. Maybe he should have asked the question more tactfully. "I *am* related to him," she said with a little toss of her head, "in fact, I'm his mother Jane, so why don't you keep your mouth shut and do your job." So Graham examined the spots on her and said a lot of 'OOOs' and 'AHHHs'. Finally when he was done he said, " It looks like you have a case of Lycira!" Jane looked confused so he added "Lycira is a serious disease that only witches can create, they have to collect lots of weeds, herbs and plants to make it, it doesn't kill by the way, it just makes you very weak, then they boil them on a purple fire making them dissolve into a dark red liquid..." He paused. She looked nervously at the floor. " What colour liquid did you drink last night?" She looked up at him. " Well... we did have a weird tasting wine". He grimaced and shook his head. "Just as I thought. Now can you please take me to the kitchen so I can have a little snoop around?"

As soon as they got to the kitchen, they heard someone hastily smother a fire, pick something up and run out of the back door but Graham and Jane were already dashing into the kitchen to follow them. While he looked around, Jane was calling guards with dogs to try and seek out the mysterious person. Suddenly, Graham saw her, she was a dark haired woman who was sprinting across the lawn heading towards the gates. "After her!" he bellowed to the dazed guards. But before they could catch her, she vaulted over it and disappeared down the hill into the dirty streets below. "Damn it!" he said under his breath, "we nearly had her!" Jane came out of the kitchen, looking fearfully around. "Did

you catch her?" but as soon as she saw their faces she knew the answer. She sat down on a wooden bench cursing. "Graham please try to think of something we can do to catch her!" Graham stared at her exasperated. "You expect me to think of something else when I have tried everything I can think of. Of course I can't think..." but as he was saying that he couldn't, he thought of something else. "Jane, are there any black cats with green eyes in the Palace?" Jane looked scornfully at him "Of course we have black cats, why we passed about three this morning!" He looked at her impatiently "Yes I know that, I'm not stupid, but I mean with *green eyes*." She rolled her eyes at him "Yes! A new cat that just appeared out of nowhere a few days ago has green eyes. But I don't see anything to do with the problem at hand!" He looked excitedly at her. "Well... I forgot to mention that witches can only make Lycira if there is a black cat with green eyes stirring the mixture with its tail." She nodded her head slowly. "Maybe if we can somehow get the cat to talk to us using a potion, then maybe it will tell us some information!" Graham shook his head sadly. "No good. There's no powerful enough wizard or witch in the city or even the world to make the potion and I'm certain that the cat would never tell us who its owner is if we could find a potion that can make cats talk." Jane glared at him, thinking how negative he was. They both thought hard for a short while when Graham's face brightened up and said "I've got an idea! What if we ask the guards to keep a close watch on the cat and it will probably go to its owner since it will have to make more of the red liquid to make us weak, for whatever reason its owner wants!" She looked at him with dancing eyes. "That's an excellent idea!" she blabbered "and I think I figured out why the witch wanted to make everyone sick and weak. She might have wanted to take over the palace and put everyone in the Palace in the dungeon and then start a war and then..." He interrupted her. "Oh Jane. You've always got such a wild imagination! When shall we carry out our plan? Right now or tomorrow?" Jane looked tired from the days excitement so he decided for her. "Let's do tomorrow morning. Okay?" She nodded her head gratefully. "Thank you Graham, you're always so understanding. I'm going to go to bed now. You can sleep in the guest room tonight if you want. Goodbye!"

The next morning, they told the guards to keep an eye on the cat but keep out of sight of anyone it goes to. Graham and Jane were going to keep watch too to make sure everything went as planned. After a while, there was a piercing whistle and the green eyed cat leaped to its feet and ran in the direction of the cook's private room. Graham gave the signal to all the guards and Jane to go in through the back door while he followed the cat. As he stalked the cat to the entrance of the room, it darted to a bookshelf and disappeared. Just then, the others came silently into the room and looked at him bewilderedly. He sighed and told them what happened. "There must be a secret entrance there!" said Jane, "we must find it." They searched everywhere for it but just as they were about to give up searching, a guard nearby gave a cry of excitement. They all raced towards him, there in front of him was a gaping hole hidden quite well among books. They could see the woman they had seen before standing with her back towards them in front of a cauldron using the cat's tail to stir a dark red mixture. They crept into the room quietly while the woman chanted a strange spell. Then, on the count of three, the guards jumped on to her and pinned her to the ground. Everyone cheered and as the guards led away the witch, Jane spotted a mask that looked like the cook and thought to herself that that was how she disguised as the cook. When they got to the throne room, Graham made a spell to get rid of all the nasty white spots and then he saw the king for the first time.

“Well done Graham” said the deep, friendly voice, “now I have a sack of gold somewhere and I...” Graham interrupted him “I don’t need any gold. I was just glad to be able to help.” The witch confessed everything and half of what Jane said before was right! The cat was going off to an animal shelter and everything went back to normal.

THE END

By Corinne