**‘It started at the antique shop...’**

Created by **St. Patrick’s Primary School**

It was just another normal boring day in the antique shop with my granny and grandad, when we heard a large BANG! coming from the front of the store. With our interest grabbed, we went to investigate what the noise could be. When we arrived to the front of the store we saw what appeared to be a clock on the floor. However, this was no ordinary clock. This was a very traditional brown, wooden, weather clock that was used to forecast the weather for that day, which had its face cracked. We decided to take this barometer home to restore it to its original state. Once we got home, we actually made the barometer worse as we tried to fix it. Sparks began shooting out of it and the hands were spinning around frantically at high speed. Only when we looked outside the window, did we see the damage it had caused....

A storm had begun, thunder was booming and lightning was striking all around, hitting trees and setting them alight. Just like the hands of the barometer the earth began to spin faster and faster. We were beginning to feel dizzy and sick when all of a sudden.......everything stopped and became very quiet. We looked out the window again and in the middle of the garden, where our lovely tree had been, was a small, red lantern. We opened the front door slowly and even though we felt very nervous, we tiptoed slowly towards the lantern. Unexpectedly the lantern began to make a clicking noise which began to get louder as the lantern began to get bigger and bigger and bigger. Finally, a bright light shone from the lantern and butterfly type creatures began to fly out of it and settled on our heads and all around us. The butterflies pushed us towards the light and into the lantern...........

The light began to get brighter and brighter and once again BANG! we fell to our knees and suddenly we were now on an aeroplane heading to Africa. When we peeped out of the window we could see the clouds above and the sea below us. An earwig crawled from underneath one of the passenger’s seats and pushed the lantern towards the exit. My grandad, granny and myself walked towards the back door. The plane had now landed in Africa beside the sea. We got off the plane and found ourselves in the middle of shells, seaweed, crabs, rocks and diamonds. We became tangled in the seaweed that lay on the sandy beach which pulled us into the sea. All of a sudden we were swimming underneath the sea with sharks, fish, whales, crabs and the most beautiful mermaid who wore a necklace of gems around her neck. She started to swim beside us and brought us up to the top of the sea. Bopping on the waves was the most beautiful speed boat with Captain Eoghain waving out at us. The mermaid whipped each of us onto her tail and swung us onto the boat...........

We set sail heading out into the ocean, not knowing where we were going. After some time sailing, on the horizon we could see land ahead. It was a tropical island covered in tall palm trees with coconuts. We headed straight for it. Beginning to feel a little sea sick, I was glad when the captain said he was going to throw the anchor down and stop. We arrived on the shore line and made our way onto the beach. A little further down the shore there was a washed up shipwreck, so straight away I set off to explore leaving my grandparents to rest on the beach. As I made my way towards the wreck, there was a skeleton who had his arms wrapped around a small wooden box. I felt so excited but also a little nervous as I carefully took the box and tried to open it. It was locked so I had to find the key. The rusty, bronze key was tied to the helm of the ship. Quickly I took it back to open the box and inside were two little china cups. They were black, white, gold and very delicate.  Who could these belong to? Where have they come from? Why are they here, locked inside a little wooden box? Inside one of the china cups was a note.

The note said...

You have found all my clues so far, the barometer, the lantern, the seaweed and now my beautiful china cups. You have one item left to find and it is the only object that will get you safely home and fix the barometer before it is too late. Follow my lead and you will find what you need. My head spun and panic raged through my body.

Next I noticed that the skeleton was pointing to a cave. I ran frantically over to it. It was dark, damp and echoey. A voice came from one of the three tunnels. It kept repeating the message “follow my voice and you will make the right choice”. My heart was racing and shivers went down my spine. I had no choice but to obey. I walked for what seems like an eternity. Suddenly the ground beneath my feet began to crumble and stepping stones appeared. I jumped from stone to stone and as I stepped on the last stone the entire cave shook and a hole in the wall appeared and a light shone on what looked like an old perfume bottle. 

I quickly snatched it and out rolled, what looked like, a golden cog. Unexpectedly fragments of the ceiling started falling on my head and the walls seemed to be closing in. I stuffed the perfume and the cog deep into my trouser pocket. All of a sudden in the distance I spied a bright light that resembled a giant disco ball. I ran towards it and realised it was now spinning out of control. I began to feel dizzy and instantaneously everything went black. Next thing I knew was my face felt ticklish and to my horror an earwig was scampering across it and my grandad was trying to swipe it off with his hand. I sat up and could feel something sharp against my leg. I reached inside my pocket and pulled out the perfume bottle and cog. The tropical sun shone on the bottle to reveal a hidden message.

“Do what I say to go back to the start of today, spray to replay”. I nervously pressed the perfume atomiser and a beautiful fragrance filled the air and the next thing I noticed I was back with my grandparents in the antique shop standing next to the old barometer. In my hand was the golden cog which I slotted into the barometer. The hands began to move slowly towards changeable weather, as the sun began to shine brightly from behind the dark clouds.

The barometer now takes pride of place in the antique shop.

