

Word Bank

Colossal	Wondrous	Caution
Delicate	Complicated	Instructions
Intricate	Unimaginable	Precarious
Pipework	Magical	Ancient
Metallic	Powerful	Neglected
Lustre	Mysterious	Damaged
Polished	Hazard	Defected
Tarnished	Unique	Dusty
Repetitive	Clattering	Mechanical

Can you think of any more after watching the video?

A powerful memory used to fuel the machine (Narrative)

Suddenly the lights dimmed so that all I could see was the glow coming from the kitchen. All around me, my family and friends were singing. The whites from their huge beaming smiles were plastered on their faces, visible against the darkness. I felt warm inside- like some invisible force was hugging me and reminding me of all the wonderful things in my life that I should be grateful for. Yes, I was lucky but something was still missing. I yearned for that one special bond with someone who I knew would always be by my side. When would they arrive? Masking my loneliness, I tried to focus back to the current situation.

Mum strolled into the room with the most glorious cake on a beautiful mirrored plate. The candles flickered, their delicate flames dancing like some kind of ritual as she put the delicious treat in front of me.

Same routine every year. Unfortunately, the result was also the same. Candles were blown, cheers were yelled, but the empty wish always remained unanswered. I blew. Happy birthday to me.

Then, from nowhere, the cake was swiped from the table and replaced with a large box, holes poked around the top and a comforting smell emanating from within. I remember thinking that I heard it make a noise and my heart started to race, before telling myself not to get my hopes up. It couldn't be, could it?

Ever so carefully, I pulled up the corner of the soft cardboard, hoping with all my heart that today my wish had finally come true. Before I had chance to peel back the flap and peep inside, a black, wet nose poked out and sniffed my shaking hand, followed by a slobbery tongue determined to land a loving lick on its new owner. My lips curled at the edges. My heart danced. Finally, I had my forever friend...

The Alchemist's Regret (Description)

This metallic beast is a dream turned into a nightmare. A child I nurtured for far too long, neglecting my own real flesh and blood. Its mechanical sounds and manoeuvres were once so satisfying, like the sound of rain on a hazy summer's evening, though it is no longer so sweet, nor so pleasurable. I was blinded by the precious metal it produced. It made me greedy and hungry for more. Slowly, guilt began to wash over me with every new golden creation, like the waves from a toxic ocean. Yet still, I continued to work like a dog to fuel my selfish desires, until quite abruptly, my world was suddenly taken.

A tough lesson to learn.

I became lost at sea and mourning for the life I once lived: a broken soul- a shadow of the man I once was.

A return Letter

Dear Father,

I cannot begin to describe the mixture of emotion your letter has stirred within me: the machine, the memories, the betrayal- for years I have longed for an explanation of it all.

I remember the day, when, as a small child, I sat on your knee and you presented me with the golden pocket watch- its metallic casing shining brighter than rays of sunshine. The reflection of my dilated pupils stared back at me through the crystal glass face. In that naïve, young boy's eyes you were a genius, Father.

However, time did pass and I grew wiser. You were there, then you were not. I watched as my mother became lonely and unappreciated by the man who had once been the strong, kind, centrepiece of our happy family. She died and that monster within you became a priority. Gold, fortune and wealth was your only concern. You were not there when we needed you, and for this I can never forgive you.

Anger and hatred overcame me as a young man. I often felt empty. My decision to run away was an attempt to leave it all behind.

My daughter, your granddaughter, will know of the man you once were. Of the caring and humorous gentle giant who once provided for his beloved family. But she will also know the truth- that greed and ego can destroy a man and tear families apart, leaving sorrow and tragedy behind.

Your work taught me to protect and love my family, and I promise you this lesson will be honoured.

Love conquers all.

Your Son,

Verideon