The Magic Potion

The troll stepped into the gooey potion. The mouse had to put a peg on his nose because the gooey potion was so stinky. The mouse wanted to cover up the potion with the wipe. The troll put his foot into the potion so that the mouse couldn’t cover it up with the wipe.

Suddenly, the magic potion began to go crazy. It started to swirl around like a tornado. The magic potion began to flash all the colours of the world! (It still smelt stinky, horrendous, and disgusting though!). Then the smelly, ugly troll began to shrink, he got smaller and smaller and smaller! Next the smelly, ugly troll started to get bigger and bigger and bigger!!! Again, he shrunk smaller and smaller and smaller and then again bigger and bigger and bigger!! It was like a chain reaction! The purple dragon mouse was very confused, when would it stop? Would the troll end up ginormous or teeny weeny...?

Next the smelly, ugly troll turned into a gigantic red and black stripy tarantula. He could not control what was happening to him. Out of nowhere, the purple dragon mouse started to get bigger and bigger as well! It must have been the fumes. The dragon mouse got so big he was as tall as a tree. “What has happened to us!” shouted the tarantula. “I started drinking the potion as a troll and now we’ve both turned into strange creatures!” cried the tarantula, who was missing being an ugly troll. What they needed to do now was to find a magic potion to turn them back into the normal ugly selves that they were before.

“But that means we have to return to the labyrinth of abandoned mineshafts that lead to the far side of the volcano,” moaned the purple dragon mouse. They stared at each other in disbelief, shock and annoyance. They’d only just got back!

“Woohoo, I don’t stink anymore! Ha-ha.” Joyfully the tarantula shouted.

“Yeah, but you’re a tarantula! Other creatures will want to splat you, bat you and stomp on you,” the purple dragon mouse pointed out.

“Why can’t people just work together? Why can’t they just be kind? Why do I have to be treated like that?”

Considering themselves lucky to have returned the first time, the journey back would be just as dangerous. They knew they could do it if they worked together, shared their knowledge and worked as a team. Getting there and back would be quicker and hopefully they wouldn’t come up against any baddies again. Moving around as a tremendous, titan-like tarantula and a towering dragon mouse, wasn’t going to be as easy! Or was it?

Entering the dark and gloomy labyrinth, the troll tarantula and the dragon mouse suddenly felt some icy cold fingers grasp their shoulders and they heard what sounded like a wall collapsing. CRASH! BANG! WALLOP! They wanted to turn back but something in their soul told them to keep going. “What was that?”, cried the dragon mouse.

“We have to keep going no matter what,” replied the troll tarantula as they pushed away the millions of cobwebs that spread across the mysterious and magical mineshaft maze.

Eventually, after many, many mishaps, they reached a rickety, decaying bridge that was suspended in the air by metal chains that were on the verge of meeting their demise. At the other side of the bridge, they could vaguely make out a glowing, bubbling potion, resting on the edge of an anvil. They needed to get there somehow, but first they needed to work out how they were going to cross the bridge.

Knowing that the bridge was liable to collapse when even the smallest creature stepped on to it, the tarantula and the purple dragon mouse stood and thought. They thought and thought and thought. Time moved on slowly as they continued to think. After what seemed like a lifetime tarantula boomed in his loud troll like voice (which was the one part of him that had not changed) ‘I’ve got it! I will step on to the bridge, move to each chain and mend it by spinning a web, one of the strongest structures in the world!’ Dragon mouse looked at his friend in amazement, ‘There’s one thing that you’ve forgotten. You, and I am not being rude weigh a lot. Too much for the bridge to hold. I have an even better idea. I will fly to each chain and use my red hot breath to weld the chains together.’

‘Great idea’ boomed the tarantula.

When it was actually time to complete the task, dragon mouse did not feel quite as brave. Gingerly, he flapped his wings and tentatively took off towards the first chain. The bridge creaked and moaned as the breeze from his wings caused it to sway violently. Approaching the chain he opened his mouth and released a huge, whirlwind of sun like heat on to the metal. The metal began to bond together. Success!

Buoyed by this success he flew on and repaired each chain. After a few minutes the metal cooled enough to be solid, and tarantula stepped cautiously on to the bridge. It creaked, it moaned but did not fall. It stayed in place. Having complete faith in his friend tarantula crossed the bridge. They reunited triumphantly next to the anvil where the vial of bubbling, magic potion glistened in a welcoming fashion.

Tarantula reached out towards the anvil with his front most leg. As his leg was within reaching distance of the bottle, he felt an enormous sneeze building in his body. He held his breath , hoping the need to sneeze would subside. No such luck! AAAAAATTTTISHOOOOO ! The anvil wobbled in the resulting wind one way then the other. Would it right itself? Would the potion be safe? Tarantula and Dragon mouse froze as if in suspended animation. To their horror the vial slipped off the anvil, tarantula leapt into action and dived swanlike to break the fall. Dragon mouse closed his eyes. When he dared to open them, he saw the bottle was being raised in the air by the triumphant tarantula. Both knew they needed to drink at least some of the potion, just a drop, enough to restore them to their former selves. You would have thought that after their shared adventure and teamwork that sharing would be the obvious choice. But no! They began to squabble, as they got crosser the vial somehow smashed on to the ground. They both sank to the floor and slurped up as much of the liquid as they could. They felt a bubbling sensation through their entire bodies. Lights flashed and as they looked down, they realised they were back to normal. Or they thought they were! Dragon mouse was very happy but what he didn’t know was that he still had an oversized head. Troll was happy to be himself again but was totally unaware that he still had eight gargantuan legs. May be next time they have an adventure they will work together right to the end and reach their goal completely? Let’s hope so !