

A knight in full armour approached the dark forest but didn't expect such an adventure to unfold!

The steel grey armour stood out against the blaring white snow of rural Siberia. The harsh wind moaned in the cloudy moonlight. A menacing treeline stood in front of Hazel. The evil forest was stooped in darkness. Dangerous dark shadows whipped across the frozen plain like eagles catching their merciful prey. Dunes of snow encircled where she stood. Slowly, Hazel lifted her heavy visor to reveal dark skin and beautiful, soft oak eyes with strands of bouncy black afro hair and light brown freckles. She fingered the locket around her neck, a shiny silver heart with a key hole but no key. Her eyes welled with dense tears.

Her armour was electrum that bared a fierce red dragon with a ball of jade fire in its claw. According to the locals in the small town (five thousand kilometres away) said they saw evil spirits emerge from the rugged trees. A steel grey wolf stood by the side of Hazel with teeth bared. Sharp white pointed teeth threatened anything that crossed her path. One eye was emerald green one sapphire blue. Nova looked like her coat was metal, her paws were thick, her legs were powerful. Snow thickened around her, she just stood there with thick tears in her eyes that blurred her vision to that painful memory. She was running down the stairs, it was her fourth birthday. She ran so fast that she skipped some steps and almost fell over. But when she raced into the room she saw no presents but just her mum crying on a chair with her face buried into her hands. She looked up and said "Your father is gone before he left he told me to give you this." The message read:

'I am lost not gone. There is a difference, if something is lost it can be found you can find me.'

She looked at the gallium locket that was wrapped in the sad message. It was beautiful with willows winding up it and a keyhole which was made of a green gem. She wiped away her memory with the back of her hand.

After what felt like forever, she took a strong step forward through metres of snow, every step is a battle. The sky turned from heather to charcoal as the night rolled in. This was the fifth place she has come to find her father. She jumped onto Nova who charged into the forest. Teeth still bared, and ready to tear anything to pieces. Enormous ash trees, pine trees, fern trees encased her and the frost-bitten ground. Darker, deeper into the forest she went. Moonlit armour was the only source of light now. The only sound is rustling leaves and moaning howling leaves.

She was lost, hungry and cloaked in mist. Black and white shapes ran in front of her as badgers hurried to their sett. Stoats squeaked in the midnight silence. Crows, as black as deep moon dust, shouted their warnings in screeches louder than a jet engine or was that the echo of the forest. Wolves howled on jagged rocks but it still felt silent like time had been frozen. Night slowly passed on but because the canopy was so thick it was an eternal night. The core of the forest was near.

A quick flash of emerald caught her eye but was quickly gone. Something was with her, Hazel's hand quickly moved to her sheath. Rapidly she swung her sword as heavy as it was. Silence. Nova growled. A silhouetted figure jumped out at her. Hazel swung her sword. The jade key swung from her neck. Veridian green ashes twined round the key. Hazel moved further back until a large clearing. She saw a knight in dense, pewter armour.

They battled for hours and Hazel's face was blood stained and beaten. She fell over and the locket showed and glowed in the sunlight. The knight saw it, put the sword in its sheath and took off her visor. She helped Hazel up and simply said, "Where did you get that locket?" Shakily, Hazel responded, "My father left it for me before he left on my fourth birthday." "Oh," the knight said, "my mother left when I was two and gave me this key." Their eyes locked. They were thinking the same thing. They put the key in the locket and turned the key.