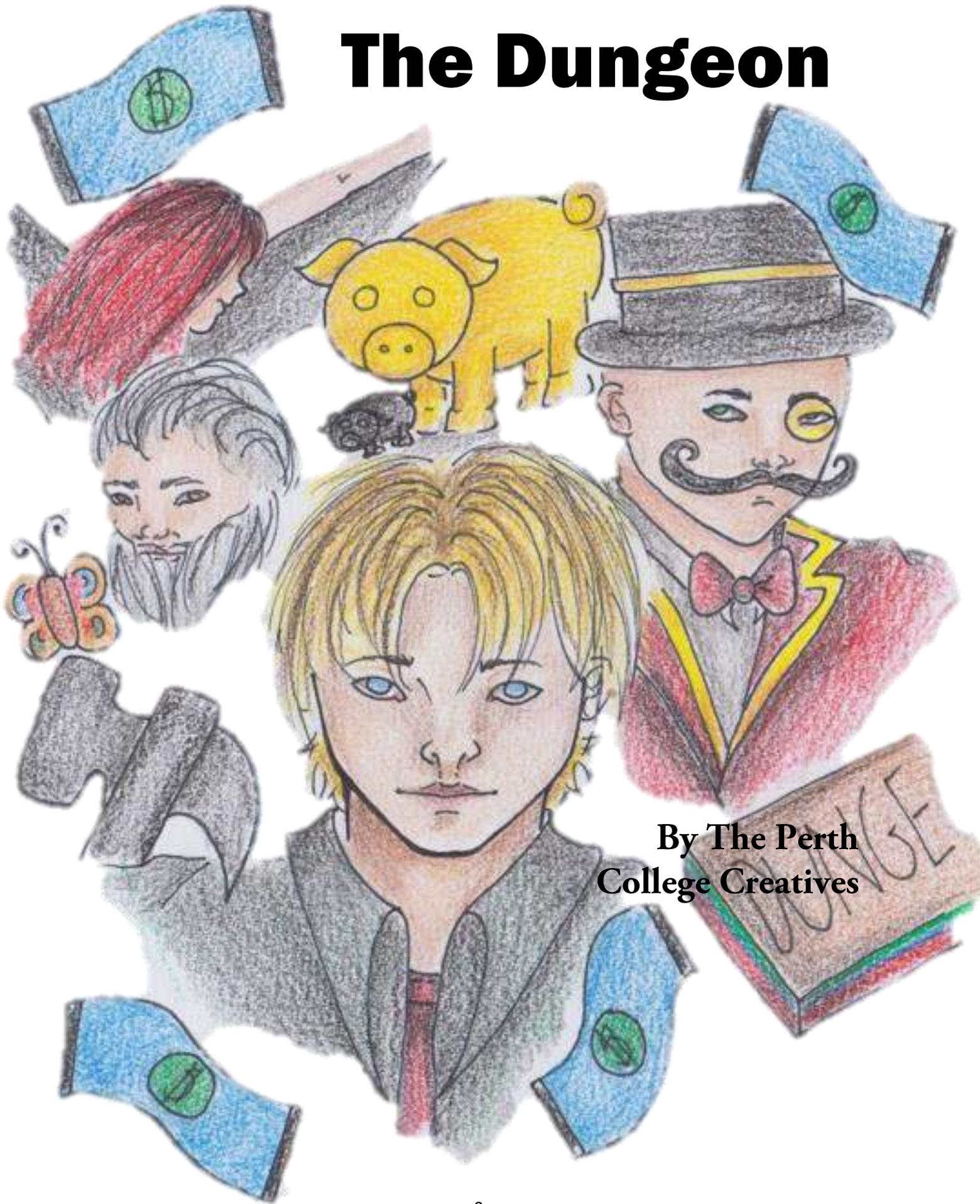


The Dungeon



By The Perth
College Creatives

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We would also like to thank all the students and staff who supported our fundraiser by buying a brownie or hot chocolate!

Thank you also to our parents for their support.

Thank you,

From the *Perth College Creatives* Team.

We would also like to acknowledge our Bibliography:

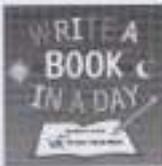
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By Tara Denman, Iona Braham, Mia Williams, Emily Gilchrist, Zoe Dembo, Meleva Thorn, Imogen Brooks, Mikayla D’Cruz and Rebecca Holland



Write a Book in a Day 2016 Book Summary



The Team Supervisor must confirm the details on this page. When the book is complete, please mark the checklist items and sign where indicated. Please add this page as the first page in the final book.

TEAM DETAILS

Writing Division: Middle School (WA) Upper Secondary
 Writing Date: 10-08-2016
 Group or School: Perth College
 Team Name: Perth College Creatives
 Team Members: MIA WILLIAMS IMOGEN BROOKS
Emily Gilchrist MELEVA THORN
Mikaela D'Kruz TARA DENMAN
Rebecca Holland IONA BRAHAM
ZOE DEMDO

PARAMETERS

Primary Character 1: Banker
 Primary Character 2: Busker
 Non-Human Character: Pig
 Setting: Dungeon
 Issue: Growing up

RANDOM WORDS

Delicious
Nonsense
Hums
Cracked
Danger

AFFIDAVIT

I, DANIELLE BOWER (Team Supervisor), certify that the above team:

- completed all work on their book in accordance with the competition rules
- completed all work between 8:00am and 8:00pm on the day of writing
- included all five random words
- Word Count: 4833 words

Date: 10/8/2016 Signed: [Signature]

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Message to Children:

We hope that you enjoy this story and we wish you a happy and swift recovery.

We hope this book brings you much joy, bringing smiles and laughter into your day.

Have fun!



Prologue

Bill looked fondly at the silver token in his hand. The shiny, embellished surface fit perfectly into his palm as he gently traced over the engravings. It was remarkable how alike it was to the original old war medal which was Bill's only connection to his previous life, and the world at all.

With a sigh, he placed it back on the floor beside his sleeping pallet and leaned back against the wall.

Suddenly, the chilly breeze that constantly blew through dungeon picked up. Bill clambered to his feet as the wind swirled around him, blowing his mop of hair around his head and sliding its ghostly fingers down his back. Shivering, he stumbled towards the front of the cell to see the cloaked figure standing in the eye of the storm, untouched by the gale.



"Bill." The voice bounced off the damp, dark walls, sending fear stabbing through the young man's heart. "You have lost!"

"So, what happens now?" Bill yelled, shielding his face against the cyclone inside the dungeon. His words were whipped away and lost in the wind, but the figure seemed to have no problem hearing them.

"An interesting question..."

The figure waved his hand, and the wind stopped as quickly as it had come. He slowly, menacingly, glided towards the bars and stopped just beyond them, reaching up to push back his hood.

Bill's breath caught in his throat as he took in the strange looking man, but he refused to break the man's unnerving stare. The different coloured eyes glistened in excitement and the long, black moustache twitched as he smiled. Then, in a swirl of black robes, he turned and walked back to the centre of the room.

"You," he announced, "will stay here."

Dread spread through Bill's veins. "What?"

"You heard me!" The figure yelled.

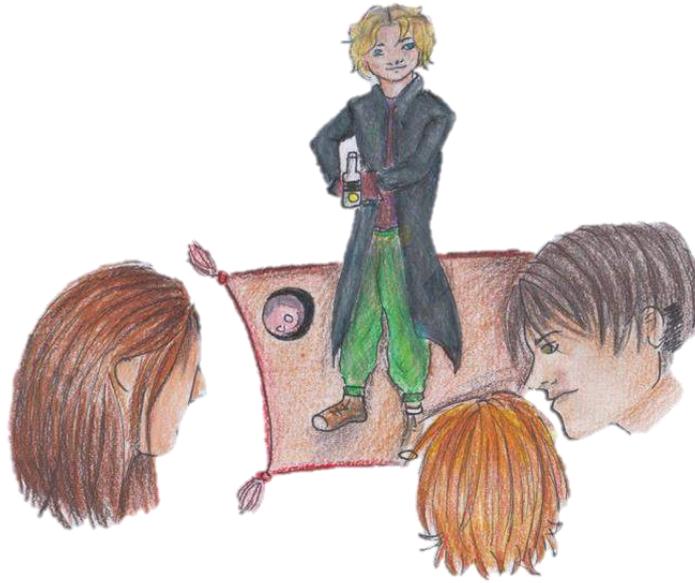
The wind started to pick up again, playing with Bill's shirt. "But... you're just going to leave me here?"

The wind was howling again now, swirling around the figure in a massive tornado. But it wasn't enough to smother the figure's final words.

"Oh Bill, it's a lesson well learnt. You cannot beat The Banker!"

The banker disappeared, the only sign of him ever being there the pile of miniature red plastic houses on the floor where he had been standing.

Chapter 1 – Into the Game



A young man walked briskly in the warming morning air, his shirt stuck to his back by the beads of sweat under his worn, thrift shop suit jacket. He had streamers stuffed up his sleeve, ready to be pulled out for his latest trick, and an old coin weighed down his left pocket. As he neared his usual corner he could hear the hum of a motor bike as it sped past him, leaving behind a cloud of foul smelling smog in its wake. Reaching the end of the street, he stopped and placed down his collection tin and a homemade sign reading: “Flynn Cavalier the great magician!” The edges of the sign were battered and the ink words were running on the warped cardboard surface.

The day started as usual with the polished early morning business workers barely sparing him a second glance as they passed by, but a few gave him pitying looks as they threw silver coins into his box. By mid-morning the heat had intensified. Flynn sighed as he ran his fingers through his sweaty hair and wiped his dripping forehead while waiting for his best customers - young children and their mothers who strolled past on their way to the local park. The children filled his pockets for the day, their large innocent eyes became larger as they watched him, mystified as he pulled streamers seemingly from nowhere, hypnotising them to empty their mothers’ purses into his box. To Flynn, children were like walking cash, easy to manipulate and very generous once he used ‘magic’ to produce a lolly from behind their ears.

Flynn’s day finished just as the sun began to set and sketchy characters began to move in the side streets. As he began to pack up his supplies a man approached him and stood to the side near his sign. A hat obscured the man’s face, and in his right hand he held a ten-dollar note, his left was clutching a square box.

The man turned to Flynn and asked, “Hey kid, you do magic?”

Seeing the money, Flynn stopped packing up and put on his show smile. He pulled a white cloth from his pocket and held it in front of the man as he took the coin from his other pocket

and put it on his left palm. Saying the usual 'abracadabra' he dramatically swept the cloth across his palm, then with a flick of his wrist, he whipped the cloth away revealing his empty hand. Nodding in appreciation, the man tipped his hat, dropped the note into the collection tin, placed the box next to it, and left.

The unpleasant weather made the air feel thick and heavy as Flynn sat down on the sidewalk to count his earnings, the tin was heavy but shone mostly with silver. A golden glint caught his eye as he noticed a square box with gilded lettering next to him. Out of pure boredom Flynn picked it up and lifted the lid. Inside the box was a set of instructions written in cursive, which he ignored and chucked aside, revealing two dice and a bunch of various other objects covering a board game. Pulling the game out of the box he noticed there were no playing pieces. He took out his coin and placed it on the 'Go' square and rolled the dice.

Instantly, psychedelic visions of swirling colours spun around for a second before he was dropped onto a stone floor. He stared at the ceiling for an unknown amount of time before he heard a voice; "Welcome to The Dungeon! First roll: six, four."

Flynn stood up and glanced ahead revealing two giant dice and the first side of the board stretching ahead of him. Somehow, he had been plunged into the game.

Chapter 2 – The Warning

Flynn began to walk one step at a time, wondering what was going on. Was this some sort of amazing magic trick? How was he here? Was there a purpose? He knew he had to get out of here, but it would be hard. As he counted out ten spaces, he drank in his surroundings, an endless beige-brown void filled with monotone houses, and strange monsters that leapt out at him, causing him to stumble off course, only to be guided back by a strong, wind-like force.

He realised that there was a pig, a massive golden boar, following him. What was stopping this monster from devouring him right then and there? He stuck his arm behind to find a soft breeze brushing his fingertips. Some kind of force was protecting him from it.

Finally, he reached his destination. He glanced up to find a metal sign emblazoned with the words 'The Dungeon - Just Visiting'. He peered through the bars, into the cold, stone room. Small pigs walked around, not seeming to notice anything but their own grey friends.

A slight moan caused Flynn to flinch. An old man lay, weak, leaning against the wall, his arm reaching out towards Flynn. The man was frail and wrinkled, depicting the dungeon itself. His hair was grey with a hint of white. He was scruffy from sleeping on the stone floor for what could have been years. Flynn was intrigued. Was this an opponent? Was this man controlling the boar?

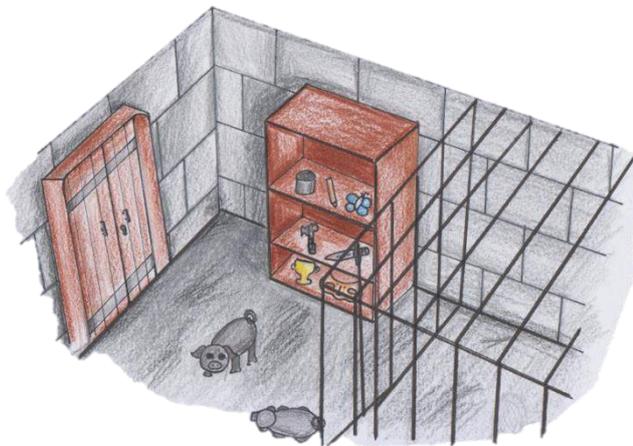
"Leave," the old man said in no more than a small whisper "Leave while you can. What lies ahead can get you stuck forever. Don't end up like me, an old man, once hiding, now stuck, I cannot leave. Beware The Banker. It is he who controls the boar. He has more power than you have ever known. He will kill you."

Flynn continued to stare at the man.

"What a pathetic hobo!"

"Please," He squeaked, his eyes then began to tear up "Go, I see in you what I once saw in myself. I'm old but I know what it is I speak about. I beg of you," He had lifted his head up but now it had collapsed back on the ground in a painful moan.

Flynn looked at this old, poor man and did what he always would do to people like him. He laughed, stuck his nose in the air while his hands were firmly placed on his belly. Through laughs he managed to say, "OLD MAN! HAH! YOU ARE SO PATHETIC!" Flynn just wouldn't listen to the poor man. He could not care less what he had to say, so he walked on to roll the dice again. "Creep! You are babbling nonsense!" Flynn chuckled as he walked to the exit of the dungeon.



“Please,” the old man whispered for the last time.

Flynn turned his head to the man, “What a weirdo,” he mumbled to himself and walked, his hair growing longer and fading from a bright blond to a lighter shade. He just didn’t know it yet.

Chapter 3 – The First Riddle



Flynn found himself on a rocky outcrop looking down at a green valley. The area around him was bare and cold, and the stone was cracked and jagged. The wind howled and Flynn was very grateful for his coat. The dice were nowhere to be seen. Suddenly, movement caught his eyes from the top of a large boulder next to him. Flynn had a feeling that someone, or something, was watching.

“Who’s there?” he tried retain his stoic appearance. But something felt very wrong.

A shape began to emerge from behind the boulder and Flynn’s stomach filled with mind numbing fear.

The thing was three heads taller than him, with long red hair the colour of blood. She was unnaturally thin, her long arms and legs were nimble. Where her hands and feet should have been, long sharp talons glittered dull grey. She had huge, indigo, sunken eyes. Her pupils were like a cat’s and watched him intently. The strangest things were the leathery, bat-like wings that protruded from her shoulder blades.

The Creature spoke in a voice thicker then treacle, “Welcome to Mountain Pass. Solve the Harpy’s riddle and you may roll the dice and advance. If you cannot solve my riddle,” her eyes flickered with delight, “I’ll kill you.” The Harpy laughed maliciously and smiled to show all of her sharp teeth.

Flynn felt adrenaline pumping through his body. With no dice, he knew he couldn’t go to the next square in this stupid game. He felt his lucky coin in his pocket and tried to remain calm.

It didn’t work.

The Harpy purred like a cat and began to recite her riddle:

*“When lords and ladies quest for fame
A beast will touch the land with flame
Good men will die, their wives will mourn
and children weep for fathers gone.*

*“With narrowed teeth and skin of steel
with arrowed claw, and poisoned heel
The beast will grow and spread its wings,
destroying rogues and making kings.*

*“When rulers’ heads are filled with lies
let slip the beast and see it rise
Till one who understands this verse
stops the beast and breaks its curse.”*

The predator’s cattish eyes flickered with amusement, “You have three guesses.”

Flynn’s mind raced. He thought of every riddle he had ever read, every *Magician’s Weekly*, every puzzle book. His mind turned up blank.

“A dragon?” he said feebly.

“Wrong, wrong, WRONG!” cooed the Harpy, in a singsong tone. “Two more guesses.”

Flynn began to shake slightly; his mind was racing but he couldn’t think of anything. His heart pounded in his chest and his knees began to give out. *It’s cool man*, he thought, *just breathe*.

“Erh, a spell?” he guessed.

“Wrong again!” The Harpy shouted gleefully. “Only one more guess!”

Flynn looked at his feet dejectedly. This was it. He had picked up this stupid game and now he was going to die because he couldn’t solve this stupid riddle. He was going to die a street magician, with nothing to his name.

He looked at the Harpy again and noticed the light reflecting off her neck. She was wearing a golden collar. Looking closer Flynn saw a name engraved onto a metal circle. *Bellona*

Flynn didn’t know much about lords and ladies, but he sure did know about Roman mythology. Bellona was the roman goddess of...

Suddenly he knew the answer. Crystal clear.

“War! The answer is war!”

The Harpy screeched like a dying bird. She pounced at him, but mid leap she turned a dull gold and clattered to the ground.

She lay still.

The dice appeared and Flynn breathed out slowly. Still shaking slightly, he prepared to roll again.

Chapter 4 – The Paper Slip

Relieved, but still anxious and frazzled, Flynn lifted the dice one at a time above his head, throwing them down with all his might. They bounced away, pushing a curtain of leaves aside to come to rest beneath an enormous, weeping tree. He climbed the gnarled trunk: one, four. Jumping down, his stare fixed straight ahead, he hit the ground running. He knew what he had to do.

He cringed at each thump of the dice bounding behind him, followed closely by that awful porky creature. But there was no time to be frightened now, he had to run.

A shiver ran down his spine each time the voice cackled. The deep, chesty cackle that thickened the air and ricocheted around his head.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

Thump.

A chuckle rang through his bones.

Trees whisked past him. A few times he glimpsed a flash of train track through a parting of trees. No trains, though. He supposed there was no-one to catch them.

From grass, to sand, through a river, back to grass again. Clouds overhead let out bursts of mist and rain, only to be quickly dried up by the reappearing sun.

Gasping, he dragged his feet over a bridge, crossing the railway line from a grassy clearing to a paved railway station. Nothing inhabited the platform but a silver ticket machine in the centre and an eerie whistling sound.

Walking over to the machine, he pulled the lever, the only decoration on the smooth box. A whirring and clanking emerged from inside it, and a paper spat out of the thin slit.

We hurt without moving.
We poison without touching.
We bear the truth and the lies.
We are not to be judged by our size.
What are we?

The thumps had stopped. Turning, Flynn saw the dice, back on the other side of the track. The pig trundled behind, its beady eyes digging into him. Flustered, he whipped back around to the machine. The words leapt out at him.

“What? I don’t know, I DON’T KNOW!” The words hit him in full force, as if the paper was spitting them back at him. As if it wanted him to fail. Wanted him to fall, and never get up again. Be taken by that monstrosity following him.

He fell to the floor. Darkness filled the air; a cold wind blew up. Slowly, his head lifted, his eyes rolled, only to be locked into darkness. Ghostly, pale figures dancing, lurking in the background. Their voices calling to him. Pining for help. Aching for a chance of escape. If eyes are the window to the soul, what has this pig been up to?

The voice boomed, “Haha! I have finally caught up with you. My next victim.”

Flynn’s mind swirled. Blackness, flashes, bright colours, dizzying whirls. Words spun. Images pounded. The ghostly figures shouted at him.

Another slip of paper landed in his hand, but it was shaking so much the words were a jumble.

The lights became less frequent. The dark swallowed more of him. His head ached. His mind slipped...

“Words!” he cried.

The colours disappeared, replaced by complete darkness. Nothing. Silence.

The figures lay, at rest. Finally spared from their torment. Able to be at peace.

“Double Six! You have rolled, a Double Six.” The voice was deafening. Angry.

A chill wind whisked the hair off his face and ripped Flynn’s eyes open.

It picked him up, carried him, flopping like a ragdoll, side to side, until he hit a grey, stone wall. He slid down the smooth, cold surface to the floor, as his world was plunged into darkness once more.



Chapter 5 - Revelations



The dungeon was old and dusty. The cold stone walls were adorned with cobwebs larger than anything Flynn had ever seen in his life. In the far corner of the room was a small prison cell bordered by towering iron bars and guarded by an assemblage of small metal pigs. The room was littered with piles of dusty metal tokens which ranged from a variety of unusual shapes, including butterflies, pencils, swords and a lone hammer. Slumped uncomfortably against the wall of the cell was the old man he had seen earlier.

“Over here!” the man croaked, his voice gruff from years of disuse.

“Where are we?” Flynn asked.

“We are in the dungeon.” The old man replied. “Goodness! Where are my manners? My name is William, but you may call me Bill.” He extended a pale, bony arm in greeting, “I believe we have met – I saw you hurry past earlier. I tried to warn you of the danger ahead, but I don’t believe you heard me.”

“Yes, I shouldn’t have ignored you,” Flynn apologised, “My name is Flynn. Where are we? What is this?”

“When I was a young boy I joined the army, to fight in the war. One evening we were sitting in the shelter. Hidden beneath a pile of old rubbish, we discovered this board game. It had been a miserable day. Keen to distract ourselves from our terror, we opened the box and began to play. I was the first person to roll the dice. I rolled a seven, and landed on a chance tile, where I received a *GO TO DUNGEON* card. I have been trapped in here ever since.

“I have many a day longed to get out this cell. But this game is infinite. Once you enter the game you may only escape by reaching the ‘PASSING GO’ tile. The board is controlled by an evil banker who has set challenges at each tile. When you enter the game, you receive a token that symbolises you. The Banker’s token, for example, is a pig. Mine is a war medal.

“But tell me about the outside world! How is everything? What day is it? When last I heard of the real world it was 1961. A lovely old man, he had the same name as you, Flynn, incidentally, came visiting here as he was passing through. He told me that after the conclusion of the war, the game was returned to Australia with other war artefacts. He said that it was regarded as too insignificant to feature in the museum displays. His father, who worked at the museum, brought the game home for him to play with. He fell into the game whilst playing with the dice. But he didn’t tell me much about anything else, because he had to roll the dice and move on. I haven’t seen him since.”

These final words sparked a memory in Flynn’s head. “Did he mention his last name?” Flynn inquired.

Bill paused, pensively rubbing his head with his hand, as if trying to dig the memory out of his brain. “It began with a... a C,” he recalled, “was it Caval – Cavalier!” he exclaimed triumphantly.

“Cavalier” Flynn muttered, “that *was* him...”

Bill gazed at Flynn inquiringly.

“I was named after my great Uncle, who vanished one day after playing a board game. No one knew where he had disappeared to. My grandparents gave the board game away, to prevent anyone else from...”

A loud banging noise sounded from outside. “Quick.” Bill exclaimed anxiously. “Hide! It’s the evil pig!”

Chapter 6 – Golden Pig

Flynn saw a huge, hulking form lumber towards him. It was the enormous pig; with legs as thick as pillars, gleaming golden trotters, and a tail that swished through the air like a whip. Its small, mean eyes glared at him, and it gave off a distinct odour of unpleasantness; a waft of stale air, dry paper money, and memories that had been hidden in the past. More squealing pigs surrounded it, all its psychotic disciples.

He sensed Bill quaking beside him, his fear tangible. Bill must have seen this animal, this *thing*, so many times. This beast must be as familiar to him as the white streaks in his beard, and as hated as the aging flesh that made his body weaker every day. Flynn felt Bill's hand claw into his arm, and his hoarse voice rasp in his ear.

"We have to get away!" Bill cried.

"Why can't we fight?" Flynn asked.

"It will destroy you, Flynn!" Bill yelled, spit and fear flying from his mouth. "It will smash you just as it smashed my hope. We have to get out of here. *You* have to get out of here."

Bill pointed to the crushed card from the train station, still in Flynn's hand. Flynn realised it said was a 'GET OUT OF THE DUNGEON FREE' card.

Flynn could see the knuckles in Bill's hands tighten as he squeezed his fists, trying desperately not to seize the card from his hand and escape. Bill was trying to save a friend over himself. Flynn had never encountered that kind of self-sacrifice, that kind of human decency, before. He knew he never would again.

"Look" he said to Bill. "You've been trapped. You've missed out on the best of your life. You've never lived as I have lived. This card will only free one of us, and I want that to be you. Go!" He pushed the card into Bill's chest, before he could waver.

There was a spark of hesitation in Bill's eyes as he said "Goodbye, my friend. Good luck!" and vanished. Flynn's friend, his *friend*, was gone. Gone for good.

Flynn turned and faced the pig.

It stood in front of him, nostrils flaring and hooves pounding. A booming voice erupted out of its throat, and Flynn cowered.

"It is time for you to lose the game!" The pig roared. "You will die!"

Flynn rolled his eyes. "And how do you plan to do that?"

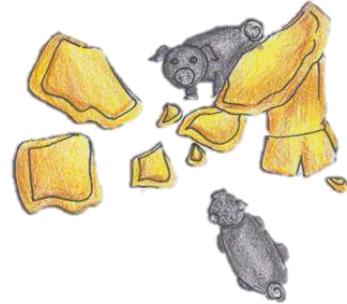
"I will crush you to death," the pig declared. "But you can decide how slow that will be. I have one last riddle for you to help make up your mind."

"This should be good!" Flynn quipped. "Go ahead with your stupid riddle. It can only be as bad as your breath."

“You’re asking for it, kid.” The pig sounded irritated. “Say your last words. If what you say is untrue, you will die slowly. If your statement is true, you will die quickly. What do you say?”

Flynn answered without hesitation “You will kill me slowly.”

“Gaaah!” The pig roared. “If this declaration was true, then I would have to kill you quickly, but by doing that I make it false, and would have to kill you slowly. But by killing you slowly, I would be making it true! You fool. Now you will die by being pulverized!”



It threw itself at Flynn, who rolled to the side and grabbed the hammer token he noticed before. He grappled with the pig, hammer and hands flailing. He managed to slam it into the pig’s side. Three good whacks shattered the pig, and golden porcelain rained down.

As the wreckage cleared, Flynn saw that all was not over. A mysterious figure was crouched over the remnants of the pig.

Damn, Flynn thought. It seemed the game was still in play.

Chapter 7 – The Banker

Flynn gasped as a man emerged from the pig's remains. He was small and stocky, wearing a velvet suit covered in gold dust. The black buttons of his coat shone, and his hat fit his smooth head like a glove. He crawled forward, and Flynn saw his face for the first time. His purple eye glared from behind a monocle while his other eye practically glowed green. He radiated power, and Flynn took a step back. The man stood up slowly and smiled.



“So, you must be Flynn Cavalier. What a pleasure to meet you. I miss old Bill. We have been friends for quite a while. Why did you force him to leave?”

“How do you know who I am?” Flynn gasped.

“Ah, I know you well, Mr Cavalier. You see, I watch this game rather closely. You could say I have been in this job for a while now. Your riddle solving ability is quite extraordinary, the Harpy hasn't been beaten in a long time; her screeching is a sound I haven't heard in well over 1000 years. I was also immensely fond of Rufus, but I suppose he did get out of hand. Rufus was my pet, you see, now I won't have swine to ride in. Such pities.”

Flynn frowned. “Are you the laughter I heard?” Flynn held the hammer up, preparing for another battle.

The man laughed. “I wouldn't call myself laughter, Mr Cavalier. I am The Banker, creator of this marvellous game.”

The man, now known as The Banker, tried to take a step forward but faltered, his bruised leg buckling beneath him. Flynn kicked a face full of golden dust at The Banker as he took a deep breath in. Spluttering, The Banker smiled.

“Delicious. It has been a while since I devoured one of Rufus's kind.” He took a shard of gold, wafting it under his nose before sinking his teeth into it. Flynn cringed at the crunch as The Banker chewed. Flynn's anger against this vile, rotten creature couldn't stay bottled up any longer.

“How dare you!” Flynn screeched, “How dare you create this game! Are you proud of this monster? Do you *like* watching people suffer? This game is messed up! And you ride around in a pet pig? Which you ATE? What is wrong with you? You psycho!”

Flynn tried to run away from The Banker, smashing any pigs in his way. He hit a wall and sunk to the ground, exhausted from all the fighting. The Banker sat back on his ruined trousers and twirled his moustache.

“I have an offer for someone like you. I want someone to help me run this game. You’re young and smart, not to mention fuelled by hatred. Yes, I think someone like you would do just fine. Hence, you shouldn’t hurt your superior.” He started to get up again. “Come with me. We can even bring Bill back to join us.”

Flynn looked up. He marched towards The Banker. He picked up the hammer lodged in the closest pig and held it by his side.

“No. I don’t want to work with you, and I never will. So, you’d better run, as you’re not my boss and I can do whatever the hell I want,” He started hitting the hammer on the ground, “So, you gonna run?”

The Banker lost his smile, his golden teeth disappearing behind his bleeding lip. He started stumbling towards the door.

“This isn’t the end!” he shrieked, as he ran out. Flynn went back into the cell, shutting the door and closing his eyes, smiling. He’d done well.

Epilogue

The old man's face is pale and wrinkled, and his grey beard swings between the bars as he presses his face against them. In his hand, he clutches a worn, silver coin. He speaks in a gravelly, unsteady voice. "What are you doing here? Are you joining me in the dungeon?"

I frown at him. "No," I say, gesturing at open entry, "Just visiting."

The man groans and slumps forward against the bars. "Girl, you have to listen to me. You are risking so much more than you can ever imagine. There is no way to win this game. I was once in your position, young and cocky. I thought I was bulletproof. But trust me, you can't beat The Banker!"

I sniff and raise my chin, looking down my nose at the ragged old man. "Don't be st-"

Before I can finish, a howling wind picks up, flinging my hair around my face. I swing around, searching for the source of the sudden gale, when my eyes land on a mysterious cloaked figure. His robes hang undisturbed despite the wind, and his face is hidden beneath a large hood.

A singsong voice hums throughout the dank dungeon. "Welcome, Lola!"

My heart thunders in my chest as the figure starts walking towards me.

It tilts its head slightly, and I catch sight of two different coloured eyes, glinting in excitement. "Do you want to play a game?"



The Dungeon

It tilted its head slightly, and Lola caught sight of two different coloured eyes, glinting in excitement.

‘Do you want to play a game?’

Flynn Cavalier is an ordinary street magician with an unusual history. His great uncle went missing after playing a board game; The Dungeon. He was never found, and people started to say he’d simply ‘gone into the game’. No-one believed this, of course. Now it’s Flynn’s turn.

For age groups: 10-14

