

# Tom Doherty and the Servant of the Moon

From where we stood in the woods, it looked like a castle rising out of the mist at the top of the hill. We couldn't make out from this distance just how many windows we could see but there seemed to be a thousand. There was only one cure for our curiosity... we had to go and explore.

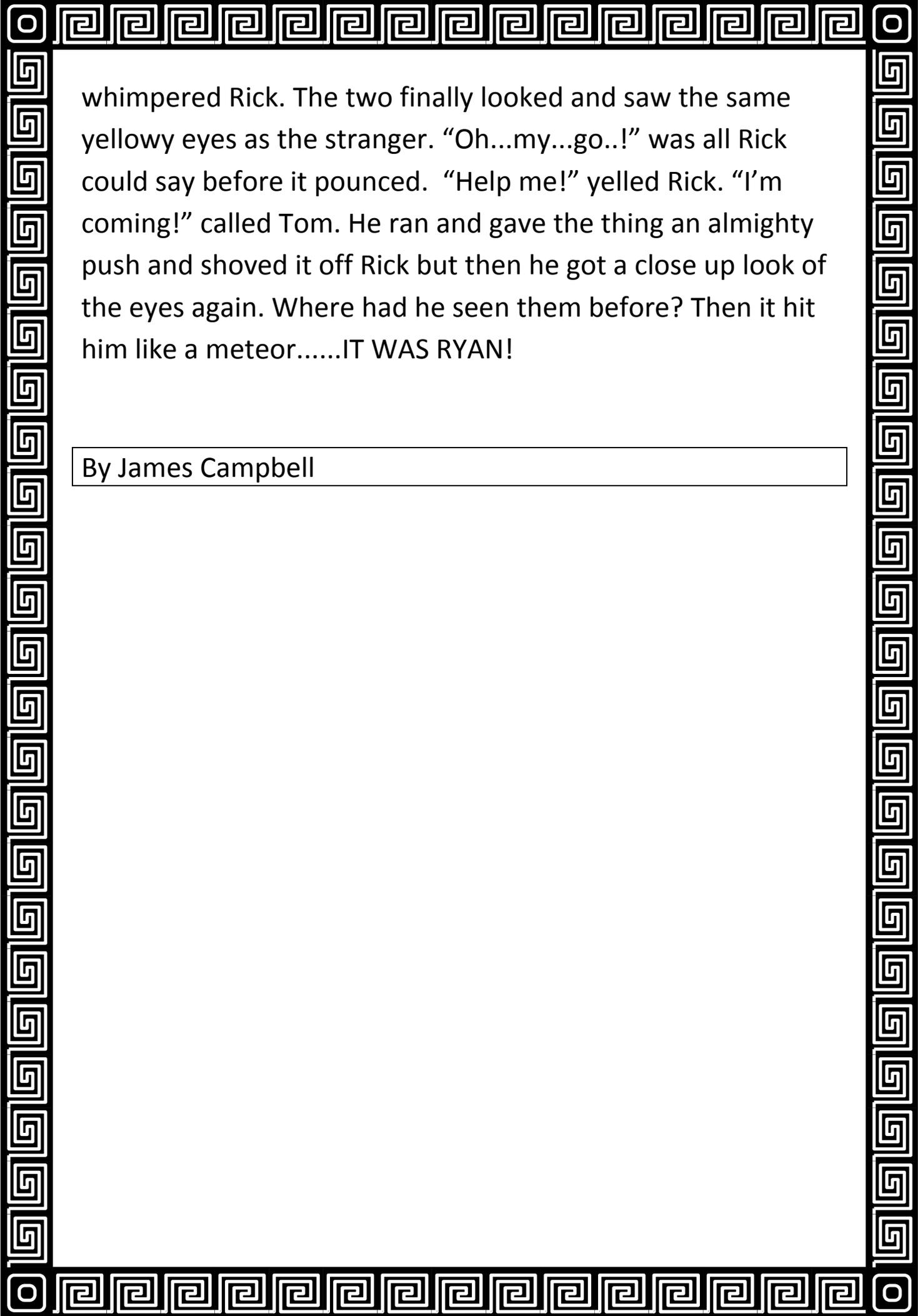
Tom took out his gun, "I bet the reds are in there".

"Cheaters" shouted Ryan. "Let's go!" said Andy. The three ran towards the castle and as they neared it they saw that the reds had left their mark on the shore in front of the draw bridge. "There!" shouted Tom "NO!" called Ryan but it was too late. The reds exploded out of the bushes, guns flaring. "Run!" shouted Ryan. "What about Tom?" shouted Andy. "He's got two lives he'll be fine." replied Ryan.

"Andy! Ryan!" shouted Tom as he watched the reds bring the flag into the castle. Tom sighed. "I hate to go inside!" he said to himself. Tom was talking to himself as he walked towards the castle. "I hate laser wars!" he said to himself. As he walked he could hear the leaves under his feet crunch, crunch, crunch, SNAP. What was that he wondered? "Stop!" cried a voice. Tom could barely make out a figure in the

bushes. "Come here!" said the voice. "Me?" said Tom. "Yeah you! Who else is around?" the voice snapped. Tom went over to investigate. "AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" cried Tom. "SSSSSHHHHHHHH!" snapped the voice again. It was someone from the red team. Tom gasped and raised his gun. "Give me one good reason why I shouldn't zap you," Tom said. "Just look!" replied the red. "Fine! What is it?" Tom replied. Tom looked out of the bush and saw someone. "Who is that?" Tom whispered. "You tell me," replied the red. The boy looked about fourteen with very few freckles, a grey hooded jumper and jeans. Suddenly the stranger turned around and the pair nearly died when they saw that the stranger had yellow eyes. "Don't move!" said the red. "Wasn't going to!" replied Tom. It was like the stranger could see them in the pitch dark of night. Suddenly he looked Tom square in the eyes. Tom gasped. He had seen those eyes before but he couldn't look again. The stranger took off in a sprint. "Who was that?" asked the red. "I don't know!" replied Tom, "but whoever he was, we have to follow him." "We!" said the red. "We, are in this together," replied Tom as he jumped through the bush. The red sighed and followed.

"So, what's your name?" asked Tom. "Rick" replied the red "and yours?" "Tom" replied Tom. The pair stopped dead in their tracks when they heard growling. "It's coming from over there!" said Rick. "I know!" snapped Tom. "Sorry!"



whimpered Rick. The two finally looked and saw the same yellowy eyes as the stranger. “Oh...my...go..!” was all Rick could say before it pounced. “Help me!” yelled Rick. “I’m coming!” called Tom. He ran and gave the thing an almighty push and shoved it off Rick but then he got a close up look of the eyes again. Where had he seen them before? Then it hit him like a meteor.....IT WAS RYAN!

By James Campbell