

# **Mr Choy's Tome**

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## **Mr Choy's Tome**

### **Introduction**

Nathan Jackson is new to the area. Being only ten years old, he is finding it quiet difficult to adjust. Being an only child he finds it difficult to make friends. However, gradually he begins to come to terms with his parent's decision to move to Bradford West Yorkshire. Nathan is very small for his age, with fair hair and glasses other kid's always made fun of him. His parents do have concerns about his happiness and they often encourage him to participate more in school events. He has, however, managed to make a new friend, Philip Delaney. Philip is a well made boy being very broad he is able to look after himself very well. He has taken a liking to the new boy Nathan and they have become firm friends. Philip has told Nathan about Mr Choy's bookshop, situated in the city. He said. "It's magical Nathan, Mr Choy's bookshop seemed to appear over night. He is quite a character he looks really ancient. No one knows just how old he is. He does magical tricks. Everyday after school, lots of us go to listen to his stories from the old tome that is what he calls it anyway. Let us go tonight Nate." Nathan said. "I phone my mum first to ask her permission." Though he assured him that it would not be a problem. He could not wait.

Finally school was out for the day. The boys caught a bus to the city. They walked along the street until they were standing outside Mr Choy's bookshop. Nathan studied it from outside; it looked ordinary enough he

thought, just a painted sign above the window, written in gold with a red back ground. In the window there were books on display, the holy bible and few other factual quiet old looking books. Philip opened

the door and went inside, Nathan followed. Once inside, Nathan noticed the shop had a musty smell about it. It looked so old fashioned, there is an old dark wood bookcase full of ancient leather bound books. It wasn't as big as Nathan had imagined it to be. There is a large glass cabinet with just one ancient looking large red leather bound book on display inside. Nathan noticed the cabinet has a lock on it.

Mr Choy suddenly emerged from a room at the back. He was dressed in silk robes that were trailing down to the ground. Purple in colour with gold stars and half moons printed on them. When he turned around, Nathan noticed he had a gold dragon printed on the back of his robe. Philip was right, he thought, this man is very old. His long flowing grey hair and his long grey beard confirmed this.

The children had begun to arrive in droves. He estimated around thirty to forty of them. Their ages ranging from about seven up to fifteen or sixteen. Nathan wondered how they all managed to fit inside this small shop, but they did so with ease. Mr Choy indicated for everyone to sit down. All of the children instantly obeyed by sitting on the floor.

Then Mr Choy began. He produced a coin from behind the ear of the boy sitting nearest to him. Nothing new, Nathan thought, but everyone laughed. Then he conjured up a silk bouquet of flowers from under a small black hat that he had removed from his head. Which he then handed over to a small girl. Everyone applauded. Next he produced a box of chocolates from inside his robe, which he promptly handed around for all to share. Nathan didn't at this stage think that Mr Choy had done anything particularly unusual, until he went over to the large glass case that was situated in the corner of the room, that contained a very large leather bound book. Mr Choy held out his hands palms up, amazingly, he found that the strong padlock opened without him touching it and at the same time the book raised itself and came to rest in his up turned hands. No one reacted except for Nathan who gasped out

aloud. Mr Choy looked across at Nathan and winked, saying. "That's magic Nathan." A now stunned Nathan understood why his newfound friend Philip came here. How did Mr Choy know his name? Had Philip told him? He nudged Philip and whispered. "Did you tell him my name?"

"No, honest I didn't." He replied.

By this time Mr Choy was sitting down comfortably, on the end of his nose he had perched a pair of old spectacles. He opened the book, on doing so, the book seemed to produce a white light, that emanated from the book itself glowing right up to the ceiling. Again Nathan gasped again no one over reacted, they all just cheered with delight. Mr Choy smiled he then began to read from the tome.

## Chapter 1

### The Magic Bangle

I

The black magic worshippers were gathered once again to perform their monthly ritual, which always took place on the eve of a new moon. Brother Marcus tonight though, had an important announcement to discuss with his fellow worshippers. He wanted to talk about a magic bangle. He told the brothers he had researched the said bangle, but he wasn't sure of its existence. "The legend goes," he said. "That the bangle was created by the great Merlin and it possesses amazing powers for the one who wears it. This bangle, I am informed can initiate a lot of things, such as make the wearer become invisible. It is also said to give one the power to move items without touching them and no-one really knows its full potential, but I want this bangle. Imagine brothers what can be achieved with such power, we could rule the world. Go forth brothers and seek out the owner of this bangle, leaving no stone unturned. My research tells me a family named Thompson is the present keepers. Seemingly, it has been passed down from generation to generation of Thompson's. Legend says that Richard Thompson was a magician that was taught by Merlin. Apparently, Merlin took a shine to Richard and forged the magic bangle and gave it to Richard. He asked Richard to protect the bangle and pass it down his family. Merlin told Richard that one day the bangle would be needed to protect the world from evil. I don't care how you do it brothers; I want that bangle and the person who brings it to me will have the honour of becoming black knight number one. They shall have whatever they wish. Now go and search brothers." The group disbanded and all disappeared into the darkness of the night.

Brother James whose real name is really James Cavendish, he is very keen to please his leader Brother Marcus, but even keener to receive the reward promised. James is ruthless and ambitious in every way. By day James is a top prosecution barrister, by night however, he becomes Brother James a black devil worshipper. James, as achieved a lot considering he is still young and very handsome. Tall, slim with dark curly hair and the deepest blue eyes. He decided to give his old friend

The private detective a call, he knew if anyone could track down the Thompson family, George Markervich could. If you want something or someone finding he's your man. George is in his late fifties, he's an ex-policeman, hence knows his job well and has great contacts. James met George through work. James himself wasn't short of excellent contacts either, so he knew he had more than a fair chance of tracking down the bangle.

It wasn't long before George Markervich contacted James and arranged a meeting. The meeting took place in James's study at his huge luxurious mansion. George a short, obese, grey haired man entered the study, where James was sitting behind a leather classical desk. James, who had done very well for himself at the age of only thirty-two, he had already achieved great success, a barrister who owns a beautiful home, sports car and a wife. Everything is owned in James's eyes, he even considers his wife has his property. James has a habit of always getting what he wanted, being brought up by wealthy parents. He went to a public school, hence used to getting his own way. George, plonked himself down on the large burgundy chesterfield sofa and looked around at the study admiringly, with its lovely marble fireplace and thick red velvet curtains and old oil paintings of James's ancestors George presumed. "Okay" James's began. "I want you to trace this family for me." He said throwing a folder over the desk towards George and glancing at the brief said. "Right I won't ask any questions about why you are looking for this family. I want £500 plus expenses, do we have a deal?" "Yes okay, thanks George see you soon." He added. "I hope."

It was a week or so later when George telephoned James's and arranged to meet with him again and he had certainly managed to come up with the goods, throwing a folder across the desk towards James he said. "I believe

this is what you're looking for." James opened the red folder eagerly and gazed at its contents. It contained several photographs taken by George and

more importantly; it contained an address, a brief history of the Thompson family. Looking up after reading the information in front of him he said.

"Are you sure they are the correct family?"

"Oh absolutely." Replied George.

"What makes you so sure they possess the bangle George?"

"I've done my homework James. They have it. Peter Thompson is a direct descendant from Richard Thompson the second who was a young white magician. Has you mentioned in your brief he was around the same time as Merlin and was thought to have been taught by the great Merlin himself. Therefore Merlin entrusted the magic bangle to Richard, and told him to pass it down from generation to generation until the time arrived when the world would need its protection against evil."

"Thanks George here's the money." James said throwing a package across the desk to George. "We agreed on five hundred pounds didn't we?"

"Yes plus £250 expenses." Snapped George.

"Alright George, you win. I guess I can't complain it's good work on your part however, if this turns out to be a false lead, you're in deep trouble pal. Okay?"

"My information is correct James, when have you ever known me to be wrong?"

"Always a first time George, always a first time."

With that George grinned and picked up his money and duly departed having first told James that he knew how to contact him if he required his services again.

James had a meeting with his colleagues the next morning and the first case on the prosecutor's agenda was Liam Novak. John Jenkins told his colleague James about the case, he said. "Liam Novak is forty two years old, he was arrested last night on the charge of burglary. He's got prior convictions all petty crimes."

James interrupted with sudden interest. "How many more convictions?"

"Well, he's done a two year stretch for breaking and entering. However, he was caught breaking into a large house last night. The neighbours called the police after they heard the dog barking next door. They knew their neighbours were out for the night, upon investigating they saw Novak running away from the scene. Mr McKenzie, the neighbour, identified Liam Novak from a mug shot, so



the police arrested him. I'd say we have got him, wouldn't you James? It will be a nice easy case for you James."

"Who's defending?" Asked James. "I believe its Stephen Nicholson."

Ah okay, let's go down to the courts then."

After only ten minutes they arrived at the Magistrates Court. James met his old friend Stephen Nicholson who was representing Liam Novak. They chatted about old times for a while and then James mentioned. "You're defending Liam Novak I believe Stephen?"

"Yes, that's right, are you prosecuting this one James old boy?" Replied Stephen a very thin man with thinning blond hair and a very pale complexion.

"Yes, I am. I wonder Stephen, what would you say if I said I was going to give you this one?"

"Why would you do that?" Replied Stephen, looking rather startled.

"Well, Liam's a friend of a friend. If you know what I mean Stephen? So I am going to throw the case. Good for you too Stephen, you will come out on top."

"Fine with me old man. See you in court." With that, the two men went their separate ways. In the courtroom James did as promised starting by not asking for Liam Novak to be remanded in custody, so Liam was released on bail until his case was to be heard at Crown Court in a few months time.

"You are free to go at this time Mr Novak, but you must attend court when your trial comes up. Do you understand?" Said the Magistrate.

"Yes you Honour." Replied Liam. The court session over Liam was pleased to have his freedom for a least a few more months.

James did his homework he found out Liam's address and that evening he paid Liam a visit. Liam lived on a rough housing estate, James didn't like the idea of having to leave his precious sports car in such a place, but he had no choice. Fortunately, though he spotted some youngsters riding up and down the street on their bikes. He whistled to them and handed a crisp £20 note over. "There will be another £20 for you when I come back, but only if my car is left completely untouched. Do you understand?"

"Yep okay." Agreed the boy in charge of the gang.

He knocked on Liam's door and soon Liam was standing before him.

"What on earth do you want? Aren't you the prosecutor?"

"Yes, can I come in please, I really don't want to talk out here on your doorstep?"

"Yea come in." Liam, led James into a pokey living room which is full of clutter. James's stomach turned at the musty damp smell, James thought was bit rough and ready. He'd be perfect for the job in mind. He eyed Liam up and down, scruffy he thought to himself. Liam, wearing a torn t-shirt with

stains all over it and torn jeans. A medium sized man about 5ft 9inches tall with brown wispy hair that stuck up in places. "I want to make you an offer Mr Novak that you can't refuse."

"What kind of an offer?" Inquired a very confused looking Liam.

"I'll throw the case if you do a job for me in return?"

"Is this a wind up or something?"

"No, I'm deadly serious, you'll be well paid I promise you." Replied James.

"I don't understand?" Remarked a very puzzled looking Liam now scratching his head. "I want you to do a job of the illegal kind, do I have to spell it out?" Snapped James getting rather impatient.

"You're not wired or anything are you?"

"Don't be ridiculous, why would I be?" Shouted James.

"Okay, okay, prove it, strip!" Ordered a cautious Liam.

"This is ridiculous." Mumbled James. "Look if you don't want the job, I'll get someone else and you can go to prison."

"No, no okay, you can be very persuasive. So how can you throw the case? What about the witness?"

"Don't worry about Mr McKenzie, I'll deal with him, he won't talk I promise you. After all I can be very persuasive. So have we got a deal Liam?"

"That depends on what it is that you want me to do Mr erm, whatever your names is?"

"The names James, James Cavendish. I want you to steal something for me, that's all, steal from an ordinary house.

It is nothing different to what you normally do So what do you say Liam? Are you in or out? If you're out, then I'm afraid it's prison for you Liam."

"Okay, since you put it like that and what with the payment, well okay I'll do it, but how do I know if I can trust you? You might go back on your word and send me to prison after I've done the job for you?"

"Well what have you got lose Liam, if you don't help me you will go to prison for at least two years, so the choice is yours. What will it be, in or out?"

"In, so what's the plan?"

"You will be informed when you need to be Mr Novak. All I will say now is you need to be packed and ready to go in two days, Tuesday. I will pick you up here at 8am. Be ready." Replied James. "Oh by the way Liam, please wear your best clothes."

The next morning James arose early, went into his office and cleared his schedule so that he could take the time off. He arranged for a colleague to take his more pressing cases and having done that he immediately went home and packed a bag ready for the early start the next day.

Once at Liam's, he told him they were heading on a long journey northbound. Liam inquired. "Where? It seems a long way to go for an ordinary house job!"

"Yes, I suppose it is, but come on get a move on Liam will you?"

"Whereabouts up north are we going James?"

"You will see Liam. It is strictly on a need to know basis. I will tell you only what you need to know, so don't ask questions."

Once outside James got into his car, but Liam hesitated. "Get in Liam, what you waiting for?"

"I just don't know about this, I don't know you James. You might not throw the court case. How do I know I can trust you?"

"You're right Liam, however, as I already told if you don't then I'll make sure you go down for more than two years. So the choice is yours. You either trust me and take a risk or you don't and if not you can wait like a good boy to be sentenced. Well it's up to you, are you getting in the car?" Liam entered the car and their journey began.

"Where did you say we were going James?"

"I have book us a hotel in Bradford."

"Ugh, I heard about that place, it's rough isn't it?"

"Well there is a lot of poor living there, but it has a lot of honest citizens too I expect. You can't judge a book by it's cover Liam, It has a lot to offer."

"Like what?"

"Did you know the Bronte's lived quiet near?"

"Who?" Adding "I've never heard of them."

"Liam, didn't you go to school, the Bronte's you know Charlotte, Emily and Anne. They wrote classics like Wuthering Heights."

"Uh yes Wuthering Heights, I think I've heard of it. Anyway if the people are honest they won't like us will they?" Chuckled Liam.

After a few hours driving, they found themselves in Bradford, West Yorkshire. James booked them into an hotel under false names. Liam had never been to a top class hotel before, so it was an amazing adventure for

him. He thought to himself, well if James did betray him after the robbery, then at least he'd had some fun along the way. After all, he has been caught more or less red handed and had expected a long prison sentence. The hotel was a luxury to Liam he admired the lush thick red patterned Wilton carpet. On looking around his room, he was amazed to see it even had an en-suite. He loved the fact it had a thick bathrobe, I shall take that back with me, he thought. "Wonderful." He muttered to himself, "A mini bar! I will have a great time with that."

Over drinks in the bar that night, James told Liam what he needed to know to do the job at hand. He gave him the address and said. "It's about five miles away from here, in a little village called Baildon. A family called Thompson live there, I want you to break in and steal just one small item from them okay?"

"What small item?" Asked Liam.

"It's a valuable bangle, that's all you need to know. Actually, maybe, thinking about it, it would be better if you do steal a few other items as well. That way it won't look like we've just targeted the bangle. Tomorrow we will drive up to Baildon and spend a few days on surveillance so we can watch their routine, you know to find out when they are going to be out and then you can do the job."

"Yes fine, what about my payment? You said there were money in this for me. How much?"

"How much do you want? Name a price?"

"Five hundred quid." Replied Liam.

"Done." Said James. They shook hands on it and then celebrated with a few drinks. Liam felt better, he thought this might just work out, it sounded straight forward enough, just an ordinary job, an holiday and five hundred pounds spending money, that couldn't be bad.

## II

Peter Thompson is a very hard worker. He works long hours at the office. He is an advertising manager working for a large company that makes advertisements for different companies. He loves his job, his family; in fact he loves his life and above all he loves his lovely three bedroomed house, set in the quaint Yorkshire village called Baildon. There house was high up on the Baildon Moor and quiet close to a golf course, just outside the village centre. Peter, now in his late thirties, is a trim man that likes to keep fit. He has dark hair and green eyes, good looking. Peter inherited the magic bangle

from his father, but he never really wanted the responsibility for it. Actually, he didn't want anything to do with it at all. Unlike his younger sister Rosina, she loved the stories her dad had told her about the bangle and wanted very much to be the keeper. Unfortunately for her, in fact the responsibility was placed with a reluctant Peter, being the eldest child and the fact that Peter as two daughters to pass the bangle down to. Both Peter and Rosina are extremely gifted with psychic ability, though Peter denies having any ability. Peter's wife Louise was always quiet interested in the stories that Rosina had related to her about the magic bangle, has does Louise's youngest daughter Melody. . Katrina is fifteen years old; she is pretty with long dark smooth flowing hair, which is her pride and joy. Katrina has always been a little jealous of her younger sister Melody and often bullied her. Melody on the other hand is pretty too, though not quiet has beautiful has Katrina. Melody is twelve years old, with long brown hair and deep baby blue eyes. She is extremely close to her aunt Rosina, so she loves it when she comes over to baby sit. Melody is absolutely fascinated by the stories aunt Rosina tells, Katrina on the other hand claims not to be interested, but deep down she listens with great interest. It's an act she puts on, so her aunt Rosina tells her anyway. She says that girls got an attitude. Rosina adores Katrina and Melody very much. She has no children of her

own has she was widowed at a very young age, her husband John was tragically killed In a car accident not long after they married, hence she spends a lot of time with her sister-in-law and the children. When Rosina's husband died, she turned to Peter and his family, they were all she had left in the world. They became one big happy family. Rosina owns a little, what she calls a curiosity shop, which basically sells odds and ends, junk, all sorts of weird and wonderful items. All of course second hand. Louise on the other hand, works as a florist. The only disharmony in the family environment is Katrina, bullying Melody whenever she gets the chance. Louise is always saying to Peter that he should chastise her. He replies that she is just head strong and will grow out of it. They have many heated discussions about Katrina not doing her homework and not coming home on time.

As a new day dawns over the Thompson household, little do they know that James and Liam are observing their movements. The day started like any other, Peter dashing off to work without breakfast, which was perfectly normal for him. He shouted to Louise on the way out. "I'll be late tonight love, I've got a meeting. So I should be home around 9 pm." Louise was

rushing about getting breakfast prepared for the others. Katrina decided she didn't want breakfast this morning, as she were in a hurry to meet her friend. They were walking to school together, but she did grab a piece of toast on the way past the kitchen. Louise shouted. "Katrina don't you want a lift to school?"

"No, I'd rather walk with Tracy." She replied.

"Well, can't you take Melody with you, then I don't have to drop her off and I go can go straight to work? It'll save me time."

"No way mum, I'm not taking her." Said a disgruntled Katrina.

"Katrina, don't be so rude, it really wouldn't hurt you to do me a favour once in a while."

"I'm sorry mum, but Tracy and I have personal things we want to discuss."

"Okay, just go then Katrina, I'll take Melody to school."

"Thanks mum, see you later." She yelled, whilst already half way out the door and almost bumping into her aunt

Rosina. She made a quick apology and shot off down the garden path.

"Hi Rosina, I can't stop, I've got to take Melody to school."

"Don't worry, it's my day off, Samantha's opening the shop for me. So I can take Melody to school for you."

"Great, that'll be an help, thanks. Melody, get a move on. Aunt Rosina's taking you to school today." Louise shouted up the stairs to her youngest daughter. "Now what brings you here so early in the morning? I know you said it is your day off, so are you at a loose end?"

"No, not really Louise, I'm worried." "Why?" Interrupted Louise looking concerned.

"I've had a restless night Louise, I just have a strong feeling that something bad is going to happen."

"Like what?" Asked Louise, frowning.

"I don't know, just promise me one thing Louise, that you will take extra care today."

Just then Melody appeared and said. "What's going on?"

"Nothing dear, I was at a loose end and thought I'd drive my favourite nieces to school for a change that's all." Replied Rosina smiling down at Melody.

They all promptly left the house to go about their daily routines.

James and Liam were parked a few houses away from the Thompson's home. Having watched the family's routine over the past couple of days, they had come to realise that the family was always at home during the evening. James decided today would be the day to do the job. Liam was somewhat reluctant to do a broad day light robbery, though he knew it was their only real opportunity, so he finally agreed.

Liam climbed over the back fence and jimmied the door open. This is easy he thought, whilst creeping into the house. He smiled to himself, no alarms, he thought. He ransacked the lounge and then sneaked upstairs to search for the bangle. It wasn't long before he had found what he was seeking; there it was sitting inside a small wooden box. A gold bangle with a large shiny stone set into the middle. This must be it thought Liam, so he grabbed the box as it contained a lot of other jewellery and made a quick exit leaping back over the back fence and Soon he was back in James's car and they were making their getaway.

Back at their hotel, James examined his prize, the magic bangle with enthusiasm. Removing it from its box, he thought, I have it, finally, right here in the palm of my hand. A beautiful yellow gold bangle with a stunning large stone set in the middle, which looked to James exactly like a brilliant cut diamond. "When do I get my money James?" Asked a rather impatient Liam.

"Tomorrow, I'll draw you five hundred pounds cash from the bank on our way home. Let's just enjoy a job well done. Tonight Liam, we shall celebrate. You see, you really don't know what this means to me do you?"

"No I guess not, so why don't you tell me?" Replied Liam, looking baffled and wondering what all the fuss is about. "Is it valuable or something?"

"Priceless, old boy, priceless." Answered a joyous James."

Meanwhile, Louise Thompson returning home found her home had been ransacked. She immediately called the police, then Peter and Rosina. It was Rosina who was the first to arrive, followed shortly afterwards by the police. The two officers seemed totally uninterested. The taller and thinner of the two male officers, asked Louise to look around to see what, if anything was missing. Louise couldn't see anything missing downstairs, so the small tubby, balding officer asked her to go upstairs and have a good round. He accompanied her as she searched. She then realised that all her jewellery, including her diamond bangle that Peter had bought her for her birthday, had gone. She informed the police about the bangle being worth approximately

two thousand pounds however she was insured. After leaving Louise a crime number for the insurance they left. Rosina looking at Louise and said. "Oh my lord Louise, we are in trouble."

"It's not that bad Rosina, it could have been much worse."

"Yes indeed, I know that Louise, that is not what is worrying me."

"What is then?" Louise questioned.

"Well, think about it." Remarkd Rosina, looking at a now puzzled looking Louise. Then suddenly it hit Louise. "You don't think they were after the magic bangle do you?"

"Yes, that's exactly what I think, where is the magic bangle?" Inquired Rosina.

"It's hidden under a loose floor board upstairs in our bedroom." Answered Louise. Just at that moment Peter came rushing in, all out of breath. He kissed and hugged Louise and then asked her if she was alright. He then inquired. "Have the police been? Do they think they can catch these crooks "You know the police darling. Not a hope." she Replied

"What if they were after the magic bangle?" Peter said. "You don't know that for a fact Louise, it may Rosina remarked. "I'm sure it isn't Peter, I think we have bought ourselves some time though, after all they have a bangle, but not the magic bangle. Time will tell and if I am correct, they will be back as soon as they realise they do not have the genuine article. I knew I had a bad feeling about today, I think we are all in danger. It definitely is not safe here, we should all leave and start afresh somewhere safer."

"Oh Rosina, you're over reacting." Snapped Peter.

"Listen," interrupted Louise. "What if Rosina is right, can we afford to take the chance? Can we just sit back and do nothing, hoping they won't come back? I personally don't want to put our children in danger Peter do you?"

"Okay, you're right. Rosina I will go and get the bangle from upstairs. You, Louise and the children must pack and leave until things die down. Go and get a far away as possible and if the villain does return he won't find the bangle. Maybe then he will think it's a mistake and leave us alone."

"Yes good idea Peter, I know just the place to start or should I say person to put us up." Replied Rosina.

"No, I won't go without you Peter. Rosina can take the children, it will be good for them, an holiday." Louise concluded.

"Louise you must, I want to stay to hold the fort and of course I have work. I would feel much happier if you went with Rosina and the kids, love please." Begged Peter.



“No and that’s final, don’t you think I have commitments too. So I’m staying!” Said Louise adamantly. Hence Peter agreed to Louise staying. Louise promptly dashed off to pack clothing for the children, who by this time had just returned from school and was looking baffled as to what was going on. Peter sat them down and did his best to explain it to them. He thought honesty was always the best policy. “Dad I am scared, I don’t want to leave you and Mum here, what if they come back?” Questioned a tearful Melody.

“Don’t worry about us, just go upstairs change out of your school uniform, pick up some of your favourite belongings and go with your Aunt Rosina and think of it as a holiday or better still an adventure.”

“What about school?” Asked Katrina.

“Don’t worry about school, Mum and I will take care of it. We will phone the School. Now go get changed quickly, Your Aunt is waiting.”

Rosina made a brief stop off at her house to pack some belongings and to make a telephone call to her friend Samantha. She asked Samantha if it was convenient for her to put her and the girls up for the night. Samantha eventually, though with some reluctance agreed. Then Rosina got the most important item from her house, a scroll. The scroll is the trigger factor in activating the bangle. Peter got the responsibility of being the guardian of the bangle, but it was thought that Rosina should look after the scroll. If the bangle should fall into the wrong hands, it would be useless without the ancient scroll to with the words to awaken it.

Once they had arrived at Samantha’s, Rosina would, she thought, explain her predicament to Samantha. She trusted Samantha, though she is very young, Rosina had known her since she was a young girl at school. Samantha’s school was near to Rosina’s curio shop; Samantha would regularly drop by, because she loved the shop. Eventually, the pair got to know each other very well. Samantha Wells had problems at home; she didn’t get on with either of her parents. She is one of four children, being the second child, having one elder brother and also a younger brother and sister. Basically though, Samantha is a loner; she never made many friends at school and was often bullied. Rosina became her one true friend; hence it was only natural that when Samantha left school she went to work for Rosina. Samantha saved all her wages, until she had enough money to put down a deposit on her own flat near the shop. Now at the age of twenty one, she still lives alone and has no boyfriend. Rosina is always telling her to socialise more.

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