The orb

One Sunday, in a burnt farmers' field a farmer who had been Watering his Vegetables found something familiar. His name was Jhon it was a colourfull orb that he remembered from When he was young he thought of Whashing it. He Walked back to his black and white cottage where it stood under the sky. Jhon opened the door lisning to the creak he saw his wife drinking her cup of tea. "do you think the museum will Wand this," Jhon said "maybe," his wife. Said. The orb was colourfull. He started strolng to the museum through the Worlds he went. Jhon droped the orb not knowing he did.

Another family on a trip who had use to live there had a walk round. They Spoted the orb. There Kid Kevin raced ahead. He reached for the orb As Soon as he did dad yelled "stop," "why" Kevin said. Well then do you not know the story Well let me tell you.

So then one cold Winter night, a man Was Walking round his house. Every one thought he was odd; he thought he was the King

and he bossed evrgone round. So one night all the people from the farms and the village walked up to were he lived. They had rakes and torches they burnt down his futchroof and walls. Did he die? "How do you know?" Kevin asked wondering. I lived here when it hapened. Now it's battered and gone. Curiously, nervous, worried there was movements from the house. Was it him...

By Reuben Herrmann