

# OPENING

## Bloddon's Adventure

"Stop talking, and listen!" shouted Tremdalf, shaking his bony fist at the assembled company of dwarfs. There was silence. "It's no use arguing among yourselves. We have to get that magic herb somehow. Terebron needs it to make his potions. The success of the whole war against the Orcs depends on it."

No-one disagreed. But who should go? The way was long and hard and success could not be guaranteed. The herb did not always flower. Everyone continued to tell his neighbour why he could not possibly be spared from his dailly work. Then, into the clamour, a shrill voice sounded. "I'll go! Let me get the herb!"

A laugh filled the cave, lit by a thousand blinking fireflies. "What! Bloddon! He couldn't find a piece of rofal in a paper bag!" More laughter. The little dwarf's face burned with shame, but he felt anger welling up inside too. He'd show them – and leaping to his feet he jumped forward and grabbed the map to the enchanted forest out of a surprised Tremdalf's hands.

# BUILD-UP

That had been yesterday. Now, sweating under the heat of a punishing sun, his feet already sore and his shoulders aching from his rucksack, Bloddon began to regret his desire to be a hero.

“At least you came with me,” he said to his pet poogle, Dif, loping happily at his side. “We can find the herb together.” They plodded on all that day and the next, climbing mountains, crossing valleys and passing through small hamlets where dwarfs swarmed out to greet them – news of their quest having travelled ahead. Gifts of food and wine were pressed into Bloddon's hands and that second night, he and his faithful friend slept contentedly under a starry sky!

# DILEMMA

It wasn't long before the adventurers reached the river which marked the boundary of the Dwarf lands with that of their neighbours. Bloddon consulted the map.

"I think we need to cross here," he told Dif. But Dif was already in the water, splashing his three tails with glee and sending multi-coloured fish into swirls of confusion.

"Come back, you stupid animal!" shouted Bloddon, in annoyance. Reaching out, he grabbed at the collar around the creature's neck but missed, stubbed his toe and slipped among the thick reeds at the water's edge.

"Oh, bother and blast!" he groaned. This was quite a bad curse for a well brought up little dwarf so you can see how upset he was! The map was sodden and, even as he lifted his hand out of the water, it began to disintegrate before his eyes. Now what were they to do?

"We'll never find the herb now," he wailed out loud. Dif looked alarmed and nuzzled up, trying to comfort his friend. But Bloddon was too upset to take any notice.

“What a fool I was!” he continued. “Fancy thinking I could do such an important job.” By now he had picked himself up and waded carefully to the other side with Dif following forlornly, all three tails trailing in the water. He was now in Arcedia. Ahead of him lay a network of paths and Bloddon knew that without the map he would never find his way through because they changed themselves around frequently to confuse travellers.

“Oh bother and blast!” he said again and burst into a full flood of noisy tears.

# EVENTS

He cried until he had no more tears left to cry and sat on the small hillock, stubby arms wrapped around even stubbier legs, sighing deeply. Suddenly, he was aware that a shadow had blocked out the sun. Looking up he saw the strangest old man. He wore a long black cloak, decorated with stars that moved around the material on their own and he held a casket of gold carefully in front of him.

"Ahh, I've found you!" said a thin, feeble voice. "We heard you were in trouble. Lost the map, did you?" Bloddon stared in astonishment. "Who..." he began.

"Who am I?" the old man interrupted brightly. "Your lucky saviour, that's who! Tremdalf sent an owl to let us know you were on your way. Afraid you'd get into difficulties apparently! Lucky I came along. We need you to succeed in your war against the Orcs." His face clouded over. "They've done some terrible things in these lands. Here. Take this." the old man handed Bloddon the golden casket. Gingerly, not knowing what to expect, the young dwarf opened it. Inside lay the herb, glowing with power and magic. Bloddon smiled and opened his mouth to speak.

# **RESOLUTION AND ENDING**

“No time, boy, no time, you need to get home.” His wand swished around the spot, sparks flew and colours intertwined, encircling Bloddon and making him feel very dizzy. When it settled down – he was home! Back in the cave!

The assembled dwarfs cheered when they saw him – and cheered even harder when they realised that he'd been successful. The herb was sent off to Terebron and Bloddon – well he didn't actually tell anyone that he'd had a bit of help with his quest. He rather enjoyed being a hero for a change!