The Cursed Quest

As the raging thunderstorm rolled in to the town of Manford, no one even stopped to think about seeking shelter, they all just continued their activities. As the storm clouds grew bigger, only a few more experienced people ran inside a restaurant or bar and waited for the storm to pass while the others carelessly waited outside with their arms crossed. No one could possibly predict was upcoming for Manford.

Rain poured down heavily as if it had a leaking sky of ocean water. The storm winds began to pick up leaving behind a trail of sea salt smell on the streets of Manford. The Cyclone Kevin stuck an hour after the storm began and lasted for an unimaginable 15 hours. When the thunderstorm passed, the citizens of Manford all walked out of the caves restaurants and sheds looking devastated like they just got robbed of all their money. The smaller houses and shelters were destroyed. A homeless man named Raymond finally realised after 5 weeks that every week there was a storm more dangerous then the last. Finally, after days of suffering a dream came into his head. Since he had gone days without food his mind was fuzzy but at last, he remembered what a voice in his dream had said he had to find the eye of the temple of time and shut down the storms for good.

Without a moment of hesitation, he asked the town to grant him some supplies to aid his journey. Unfortunately for him, they didn’t believe his dream and only one poor family that barely had enough to keep living gave him some essentials for a trip.

Their last words before he left were “Please save our town.” Raymond nodded confidently whilst his insides were uncertain and mostly scared.

On the first day, Raymond was hiking in the woods when he heard a muffled high pitched howling noise. It sounded like a hurt baby wolf so he sprinted towards the sound. His prediction was accurate as a lone wolf was on the ground calling for help. Raymond quickly grabbed a towel, wrapped the wolf up and set up camp on a hill nearby. He couldn’t get any sleep that night as the poor wolf kept howling without stopping.

The next day, he carried the baby wolf up and down steep slopes and into woods while hunting rabbits for him to share with the wolf. After 5 days, of teaching the wolf how to hunt and kill rabbits, one day at night when Raymond was setting up camp, something extraordinary happened. The little wolf ran off and came back with two rabbits and one mouse in its mouth. Raymond gave an enthusiastic round of applause and cooked the rabbits joyfully.

Once again in his dream, he heard someone telling him he must find the centre of the temple of winds. This time it was much clearer and he could remember it clearly in the morning. Soon he completed the mission and he was respected in the town. He never gave up on believing in himself.