



The Land Of Cakes

Hi, everyone. I'm here today because I have something to tell you: a story. It's about a girl named Sage, and in this story, she goes on an extraordinary adventure and meets extraordinary new friends in the land of Cakes. Now, to begin, let's make sure we're not getting distracted by anything around us. All good? Okay.

One morning, Sage was snoring peacefully and birds were chirping outside the house. Soon, her eyes fluttered open and she yawned and stretched. Then she glanced out her window and exclaimed, "It's snowing! It's snowing for the fourteenth time this year! Mom! Dad! Jamie! Wake up!" She flew out of bed and into her most festive shirt and trousers. Then she kicked the door open and rushed into Jamie's room. Soon, the two of them were down in the kitchen with their parents eating breakfast.

Jamie finished eating quickly and jumped up to check the calendar. "It's the 25th of December! Christmas!" She did a little dance.

"Our Christmas party will begin at 12 pm. It's 8 am right now, so just a few more hours to kill. You two go outside and play in the snow." Their father said.

The two sisters tugged on their snow boots and fluffy parkas. Then they slid on their gloves and ran outside.

A few hours later, the sisters were in the house, looking out the window and counting how many guests arrived. The first guests streamed in through the doors and into the living room. Soon, everyone was there. Except for one person: Grandpa.

"I hope he comes soon!" said Sage, "His presents are always a bit... Magical."

Soon, the doorbell rang and Jamie let Grandpa inside. Grandpa smiled and hung his cloak up on the wall. "Merry christmas!" He said in his jolly voice. He handed the girls a parcel wrapped in purple paper.



After the party, Jamie and Sage opened the present. They gently peeled the paper off and took out the gift inside. It was a pocket mirror. Jamie opened it and smiled at her reflection. And Sage read aloud the message engraved on the back of the mirror. “Take us to the land of Cakes.” Instantly, the mirror glowed, and the girls felt their feet lifting off the ground. They squeezed their eyes tight, and in two seconds, they had disappeared. When they opened their eyes, they weren’t in their cozy bedroom. They were in a bright, beautiful forest with elves and centaurs bustling around, minding their own business. One Centaur that smelt of mint approached the girls.

“Who are you?” The centaur asked.

“My name is Sage, and this is Jamie.” Said Sage.

“Nice. My name’s Bolt. Because of this mark of my hoof I’ve had since I was little. See, it’s shaped like a bolt of lightning. Pretty cool, actually.”

The three of them chatted and walked through the forest together. “Um, do you happen to know where the land of Cakes is?” Jamie asked Bolt.

Bolt laughed. “You’re in it, silly! This is the Evergreen Forest of the land of Cakes, just at the outskirts of town. It’s where we centaurs and elves live. Gnomes, too. But they’re more shy and usually stay indoors.”

They walked until they reached the gates to town. “Well, I can join you if you like, but only until dinnertime.” Bolt said.

They agreed and pushed the heavy metal doors open with some effort. Then they continued walking into town. They met a gingerbread girl named Button. She asked if she could tag along too. The four of them continued walking to the centre of town: the Royal Cake Castle. Outside the castle in the royal gardens there was a fairy planting flowers. “Hey there!” they called to the fairy. “Can you tell us where to find the queen?”

“I’m Ben, the garden fairy. The queen’s room is on the top floor. I’ll take you there.” Said Ben.

They walked up a long, twisty staircase to the 20th floor, and knocked on the Cake Queen’s bedroom door as Ben left for the gardens again. The Cake Queen opened



the door and smiled kindly at them. “You lot aren’t from around here, are you?” She asked.

“No, your majesty.” Sage said.

“We somehow teleported here.” Jamie added. “From our bedroom.”

The queen asked them if they had used a mirror or a magic pen. “A mirror, your highness.” Sage said.

“I know a spell to get you back home.” She said, “Every time you end up somewhere and you want to get back, say this: As speedy as the fastest gnome, really quickly bring me home!”

The girls waved goodbye to their new friends and said the magic spell. Closing their eyes, they felt their feet lift off the ground and knew the spell had worked. When they opened their eyes, they were back in their bedroom, and it was morning. “Hey, I had this crazy dream,” Jamie and Sage both said at once.

“But it was just a dream, right?” Sage said.

“Uh, yeah. Just a dream.” Said Jamie.

But was it?

THE END!