

Exchange Donington in Viana

Creative Writing

13-05-2019

Stereotype Story

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“Oh Rita! What on earth has taken you so long? We don’t have time to waste! We need to save Maria as soon as we can! She surely must be terrified.” An elegant voice rang out among the mountains of Scotland.

“I don’t know what you are on about, I am right on time.” A short young lady with long lush black hair walked up to the other lady greeting her with a small kiss on each cheek.

Victoria looked confused by being greeted in such an unusual way, normally a woman of her status is normally greeted with a curtsy but to be kissed on both cheeks was something very new to her.

“It has been forever dear sister! I would give proper greeting if we had more time, however our dear sister Maria has been taken hostage by the sinister monster that stole the Magic ring from our protection. With that ring he has unknown powers and could change the face of the earth. But more importantly imagine all the absolutely absurd things he may do to our sweet Maria.” Victoria wailed as she clutched onto the fabric enclosing her chest.

Even though the two girls were sisters, they were very different in appearance. Rita was Portuguese and lived in a mystical city called Viana, she was short with long black hair all tied up and covered by a red scarf, she also wore a long red dress that finished above the ankles. It was decorated with black patterns and was stunning. To bring the outfit together she wore gold necklaces and white lace socks accompanied by black shoes with white decoration.

On the other hand, you had Victoria, she was from England and had a thick fancy accent. She had blonde hair all curled framing her pale face. She had ocean blue eyes and freckles that peppered her skin. She wore a long white dress, one that hid her legs and feet, decorated with fine lace. The sleeves went to her elbows and widened out into frills with small bows.

Both were very different; however, they were bonded by blood, and nothing is stronger than the line of family.

They both set out their journey to find their sister Maria and rescue her from the clutches of the evil monster that caged her.

Meanwhile, deep in one of the caverns of the mountains, Maria was chained to the wall behind her. She looked left and right countless times to try and find a way to escape however there was no way, none. She would do anything to be free and back with her two

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sisters. Then they all could devise a plan to beat the monster that held her here. But it was no use. She was not leaving any time soon.

“Don’t even think about trying to escape, there is no way for you to do so. I have thought this through perfectly. Victoria will have no choice than to run to your rescue, which means I can take her too and make her tell me how to use the power of this ring. The I will be able to take over this world without anyone fighting back for I will have all power-”

“Are you monologing?” Maria cut off the monster, as she stared at where he hid.

His figure began to emerge from the shadows, his evil beady eyes never leaving Marias weakened state, watching her for any sign of fear and weakness. He feet hit the ground, making an echoing sound ring through the cave. As lightning strikes, his face as clear as day.

The monster that sent chills down the spines of anyone that crossed him or even whisper his name, the villain that not even the bravest of heroes were willing to face. No man had ever crossed him and lived to tell the tale. Before Maria was the dreaded Horse.

“You dare interrupt me?” the Horses voice was low and chilling. He got close to Maria’s face, intimidating her, warning her to know her place and bounds. She could do nothing the very limited space she had to move, she turned her head to one side to avoid the bad breath, pushing her whole body against the wall to create more distance.

“My dear, you shall be reunited with you sister soon. You will both be held here by me for the rest of eternity.” With his final speech he backed away into the shadows to continue to devise his master plan for world domination.

Back at the bottom of the mountain, Victoria trudged through mud and puddles to find the mountain. What didn’t help is that it was raining with thunder and lighting and she hadn’t brought her parasol. Her once white dress now dirtied by their adventure.

“Oh dear! My new white heals are ruined! What ever shall I do, these cost a fortune. Remember Victoria this is all for Maria and her safety. But my shoes!” Victoria cried to herself as she proceeded to make her way to the path of the mountain. Not far behind her was Rita, casually snacking on a biscoito, Rita had come prepared in terms of food. She had packed a range of small travel sizes snacks for the trip, she knew that Victoria was no good with direction and would get lost at some point and would have to ask for directions even though there is no one to ask around here.

“We are almost there Rita! We just must follow this path up to the top and find Maria and the magic ring and everything shall be okay. Sorry to drag you into this. I know you may have other things to worry about, like guarding your magical item, however I thought it would be best if we worked together. So sorry.” Victoria apologized sincerely for getting Rita into this mess.

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If she paid more attention the ring would never have been stolen and Maria would be safe with her drinking afternoon tea with scones and jam. Whereas Rita could be back in Viana having another festival or looking after those she considered family.

“No, its fine! I love my family more than anything. And I would do anything for them. That includes Maria and yourself. Even though we may live far apart we will always be family at heart.” Rita’s beautiful voice was like a song being sang by an angel. But it was her words that stuck with Victoria.

The began there much longer and strenuous adventure up the mountain, battling against the horrid weather. The howling wind pushing them back with such force and the rain attacking them with the icy consistency. The thunder reminding them of the danger ahead, the battle that they must now fight. The lightning lighting the path, but also warning them to be careful where you step, or they could be next.

“The ring has barely been in his possession for very long, yet the weather is already turning. We must hurry up if we want to save Maria and you know, the rest of the world.” Rita shouted, as the thunder challenged her in sound.

“We are almost there. Just a little further.” Victoria called back, loosening any of the corset straps she could reach as she walked.

They both finally made it to the top of the mountain, both tired yet determined to finish this here and now. The entered the small cave, Victoria’s eyes landed on her sister, without second thought she rushed to the girl that was chained.

“Oh! Maria you have no idea how worried I have been about you!” she wrapped her arms around her, as she wailed into her shoulder.

“Well, well, well. Victoria welcome to the party.” The Horse stepped from its corner as it closed in on the two girls, striking fear into both.

“Oi! Don’t you even think about hurting them foul beast!” Rita shouted, making her presence known the Horse.

Rita was smarter than Victoria, she had sensed that there was something off that it wasn’t just Maria in the room, she wanted to tell Victoria however the blonde-haired girl was overflowing with euphoria that she just jumped in without thinking.

“What do we have here? A third sister. This one seems to be Spanish, no matter, I will take you down two.” Just as the words left the horses mouth, Victoria’s face along with Marias both paled at his mistake. The both looked at one another in fear, but not of the horse, of Rita.

“Did you just call me Spanish?” Rita asked, her face reddening in anger, she glared at the horse, not seeing why others feared the creature.

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“I will have you know that I am NOT Spanish! I am Portuguese!” Rita whipped out her trusty ladle and charged at the Horse. The Horse began to sweat as he realised his mistake. Knowing that he has done the only thing that could make anyone afraid for their life. He mistook a Portuguese for a Spanish. There is nothing worse than that.

“Please, have mercy!” The horse ran for his life, exiting the cave and running for dear life. Rita watched as he ran with his tail between his legs, putting her ladle back where she got it from.

“I’m so sorry Maria! I am such a bad sister! I’m so sorry!” Victoria cried as she fiddled with the chains to pick the lock with one of her many hair clips.

Maria just stared at Rita confused.

“Rita, where did you get the ladle from? Where are you even keeping it now?” Maria asked in a questioning tone. But Rita just tapped the side of her nose twice as if to say it was a secret for only her to know.

Victoria finished picking the locks of the chains and let her sister free as she then rushed to retrieve the ring from the stand it was on. As soon as Victoria’s small hands made contact with the ring, the thunder and raid subsided, the sun came beaming down, greeting all with a bright smile. It was back to a wonderful place to be.

Rita and Victoria both hugged their sister, never wanting to let go in fear of losing her again.

“Now you can come back to England with me.” Victoria said as she pushed some of her messy wet hair behind her ear.

“No! She’s coming back to Portugal with me.” Rita argued.

But it doesn’t matter where Maria went, they would always be together as a family and when they needed each other they would be there for each other no matter what, because they’re family. Now and forever.