

Leo and the Magic Sword



Leo was exploring his new house when he noticed that the large, antique mirror in the attic bedroom looked strange. Cautiously, he put his hand out to touch it but his hand went straight through! He stepped inside the mirror. Suddenly, he was in a strange land with herds of unicorns and huge, purple trees standing like soldiers.

Frowning, he wandered down the golden, winding pathway in front of him. Just then, Leo noticed a silver, jewelled sword stuck into a rock by a lake. Shaking, he pulled the handle and the sword came free.



Out of nowhere, the sky darkened. Leo heard an ear-splitting noise as high-pitched as a steaming kettle behind him. A shiver ran down his spine. In the surface of the water, he saw the reflection of a tall, beautiful woman with skin as white as fresh snow. She had a long scaly tail which flicked like a whip and strange curly hair. Suddenly, he realised that the hissing noise was coming from her hair. Snakes! Medusa!

Leo began to tremble. He knew that anyone who looked at Medusa would be immediately turned to stone. Automatically, he thought of a clever plan. Powerfully, the sword in his hand started to shake. Closing his eyes, he spun around and swung the sword from left to right. Medusa screamed and the snakes hissed. Then all was silent. Medusa was dead!



Leo ran back down the path. All he wanted was to go home! Clutching the sword, he wished with all his might. As he reached the purple trees, the mirror appeared. He leapt through with the shining sword still in his hand. He landed on the floor of the attic bedroom. Was it a dream? Then he looked down at his hand. In his palm was a tiny, silver sword.