

# **Tomb of the Anaconda and Hungarian Horntail**

**By Daniel**

Suddenly the Bald eagle swooped above Riccardo Quasmera' head briskly drifting through the silent wind then flying into the distance. Then the wanderer and his noble Palomino trotted and went as quick as the flash jumping from rock to rock, hill to hill, slope to slope and rocky cobblestone pathway to cobblestone pathway. They galloped away through the dark with no nature at all to be seen...



There was black gloomy mist hissing in the moonlight and thick black clouds lurched above them. They lunged from the mountain peak to peak and hobbled along the misty grey path.

Next they trotted through the dense wet forest passing majestic black waterfalls and ancient carved rocks. They approached the mysterious turquoise coloured lake, the lake was muddy camouflaged brown, green, blue and red blondish colour.

Next they reached the green artificial meadow with tall fine trees and tall long grass and the biggest plant he had ever seen a patch of plants.

Daisies, sunflowers, buttercups, petunias and bougainvillea's and much more.

Until he reached da bright light he entered a hall/ancient temple or building. He saw a thin passageway and entered. He saw a magnificent bridge shaped like a ribcage of an animal. Underneath was sand but Riccardo Quarsmera was not sure if it was sinking sand and rock cliffs around the sandy dune. The bridge was narrow and straight and was attached with spindly arches like an animal. He had seen a castle and had reached his enchanted forbidden destination. When he entered it was an arched door and this time eagles and vultures circling the doorway. He edged down the steps and Riccardo Quarsmera was eager to go forward whilst the horse whinnied.



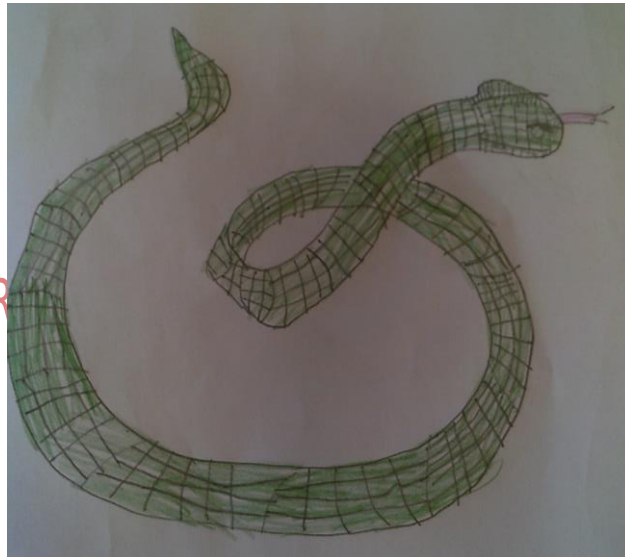
He came through and revealed a spiral staircase. The horse trotted down the spiral staircase cautiously evading falling into the deep dark Pool of horrific water. He saw a bright beam of electric light beaming back at him whilst the Ancient statues reflected back at him. There were dragon's eagle's mamba's cobras and giant anaconda's. The wanderers had heard a legend of this forbidden land that if you come here your person of death will come back to life. He saw smoky black figures emerged from the cold stone floor beneath Quarsmera's foot. The death eaters and soul snatchers lords slowly moved towards him. Without hesitation he drew out his sword of shadowy light from his satchel. A voice boomed from above the dome.

The dark silhouettes vanished, blinded by the powerful bright light.

"Thou hast the magnificent ancient weapon". The wanderer replied bravely "I heard that you can bring back the people of the dead so can you maybe bring back this poor maiden's soul from the beyond". A deal must be arranged" Thou are powerful, all I require is the heart of the giant anaconda and the Hungarian Horntail" "what you say" "Anything for the maiden". He galloped out of the castle and into the battleground. Riccardo Quarsmera got of his horse and climbed up the

steep rocks, rolled under logs, sidled along puny shaped ridges and jumped from rock to rock. Suddenly he saw something that shocked him so much.

Then monster rised from the floor Riccardo Quarsmera chased after the humungous beast. The gigantic beast crushed the ground after every bone crushing step Riccardo Quarsmera stabbed the monster in the monster in the leg. The Gigantic Hungarian Horntail tripped over. The hero climbed up the long, grey, hairy fur and onto the beasts back- plate armour. The Hungarian Horntail ravenously shook about trying to make Riccardo Quarsmera fall of, Riccardo Quarsmera but luckily Quarsmera managed to stay on-board the huge ravenous bone smashing beast. The monster had a giant hammer, armour all around and a long thick coat of hairy grey fur. The wanderer reached the head of the European Hungarian Horntails head, got is sword of shadowy light from his leather satchel and got ready to stab the horrific, fire blowing grim in its weak point (the humungous head). 3.2.1...



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a and dragon

He stabbed the fire breathing head. The monster got knocked out and fell to the sandy ground with an enormous TTHHUUDD!!!! The bloke was dead. The beam of light shone at him knocking him out to and sending the life of the Hungarian Horntail to his brother who's called Andre Andre who is Portuguese fellow. He woke up and got on his horse and went into the battleground and galloped away into and small wet damp meadow/swam and that was where the Giant Anaconda lived. In all the years of Riccardo Quarsmera, Andre Andre and his second step-brother who was called Ricardo Carvohalo's training he managed to only catch one Anaconda so could he catch another one. He saw something in the water and lunged at it and with luck it was the anaconda. He put it in his sack and brought it to the ancient temple and its heart got delivered to Andre Andre's and woke him up. He was so happy that Andre Andre was alive again and got on their noble palomino and trotted back home as his brother again.