

# The Terrible Tragedy



Written by The Magical Animals

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## Prologue

“It’s unsafe for you to go George!” instructed the grey old bearded captain “The **machinery** isn’t working as well as it used to, George”. George sat down on a dining table tapping a fork (pure sliver) over and over and rolling his eyes every time Captain. T spoke in his husky elderly voice.

Captain. T -the boss of the company- didn’t feel his workers deserved free choice. Keeping the strict rules: NEVER go in a plane which is failing internally, and defiantly never go out in a storm. People who do not follow the rules are excluded from the group, forever. No one dares to not listen to the Captain, they love their jobs too much. They had to salute him like an army general or they would not be flying that day. Treating him with full respect every day.

“But I am an experienced pilot, Captain, I always land these, yet you don’t think I can now?” He stood yelling angrily, and walked up to the Captain almost feeling his cold breath against his face.

George never listened to Captain. He was a force to be reckoned with to say the least. He was a tenth star, the highest level possible, and wore a deep blue – grey shirt with brown pants that had a million pockets on it. He had deep brown hair.

“If you rebel against me I WILL make sure your nowhere around this place EVER AGAIN” he spoke firmly, then turned around slamming the door behind him, the wind blowing George’s hair and clothes. It was a hard decision. If he went to Sweden, if he disobeyed orders, then he would his happiness and his job. He heard a plane take off in the distance, would that be him if he made this rebellious choice?

## Chapter 1: A rebellious choice

“Rosie!” he called out to his sleepy but soon excited puppy. An elegant, regal, curly furred Chocolate Labrador – whose name was Rosie- (she goes by Rose Pup though) appeared from under the bed, sprinting to his side, she kissed his face happily, with a cute smiling look on her face, that was unusual for a dog, it was so cute. George didn’t seem to like it but Rosie kept doing it as she couldn’t tell what he meant by his look, until George swiped his hand over and shoved her off the other arm chair. He was chuckling a lot a huge grin on his face appeared as he glanced down at her “oops”. Rosie barked with joy, no sadness in her life.

“Rose pup, we are going to Sweden! Good isn’t it! I do NOT care what Captain T says all he says is ‘No George, can’t do this George, you aren’t experienced enough George! No one wants you to go George!’ always saying stuff it annoys me to death. He acts like my father. BUT I DON’T HAVE A FATHER YOU SEE! He thinks he owns me now! But I will proceed with my dad’s mission.” Rosie barked in agreement and rested her head on my lap. “Stupid if I can say so. I SHALL escape this place! Plant a **tulip** on my grave! If I die today! What will they miss? THE BEST PILOT THEY HAVE EVER HAD! I’ll be with my father and his father’s father and his father before that, I will stand proud with this mission of success!” He yelled out looking to the stormy sky. How powerful it was sitting here! There’s no reason why he shouldn’t go on this mighty mission he has prepared for his whole life.

What could possibly happen?

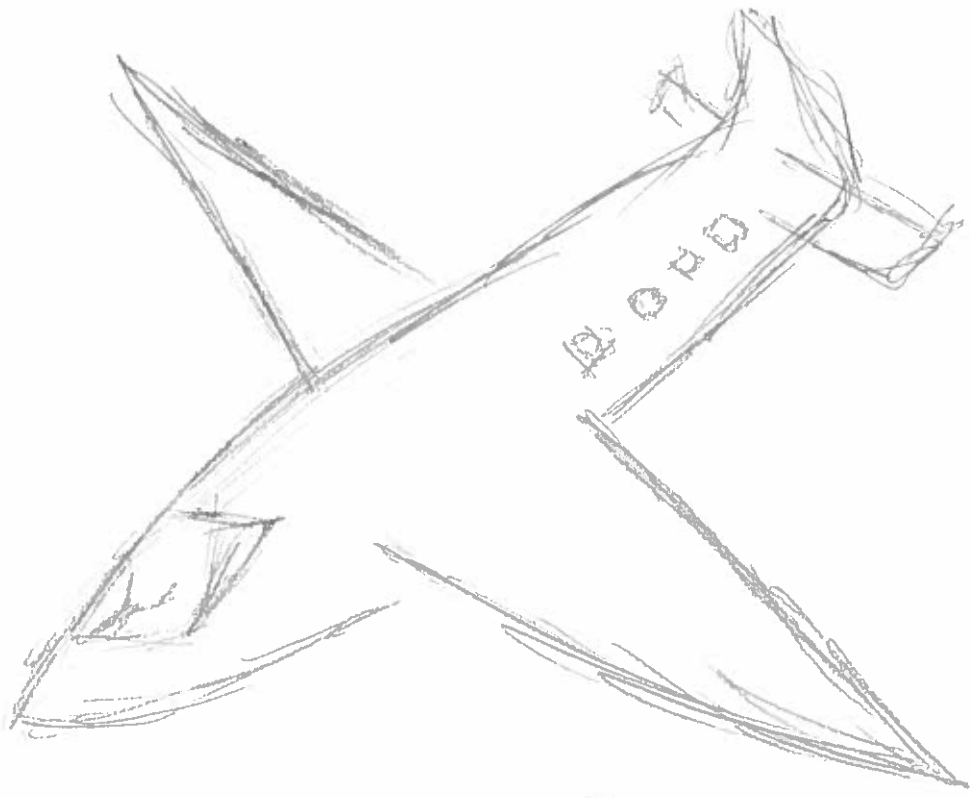


## Chapter 2: the night of the storm

George pried open the window. It was really hard to do as it was years old. He jumped down onto the kitchen roof coaxing Rosie down “hush Rose Pup Don’t make a noise” He jumped down and crept silently over to a dark shadow. A spitfire laid waiting and looking rather eager to be flown. He stared at it in awe, what luck this mighty machinery had today! Grabbing the keys from the board that held thousand year old keys and brand new ones, unlocking the door, “Rose pup Go in!” Rosie jumped into the plane quickly followed by George. He slipped on the headphones and started the plane, he had to hold Rosie’s ears or they would most likely bleed or she would go deaf. As he went up to the run way his heart started pounding would this be it? Finally after these years he would be the one to end this family tradition. He pulled the handle up looking at the ground beneath him as he took off. The air was cold and wet. The clouds were black as a witch’s cat. The night sky dark and mysterious. The sky was **melancholy** as it cried with tears of darkness.

A while passed, a storm started to form above them it was menacing enough to make a brave pilot, such as George, feel queasy inside. Rosie took a quick glance at the sky and recoiled under a large cabinet whining. George definitely knew something was wrong now...George had finally realised that Captain was trying to protect him from the terrible tragedy’s that happen out here. “R-rose P-pup I don’t know if we can make it,” George stared down letting go of the wheel. The wind is too **powerful** he rested his head against the seat “I did this...” The storm was filled with rage and anger.

“We were so close to our goal.” He held Rosie close to him and stroked her one last time “We’ll see each other again” The plane swirled and it felt like gravity shifted. At least I’ll die like my family did, doing what I dreamt of all my life.



### Chapter 3: CRASH! Landing!

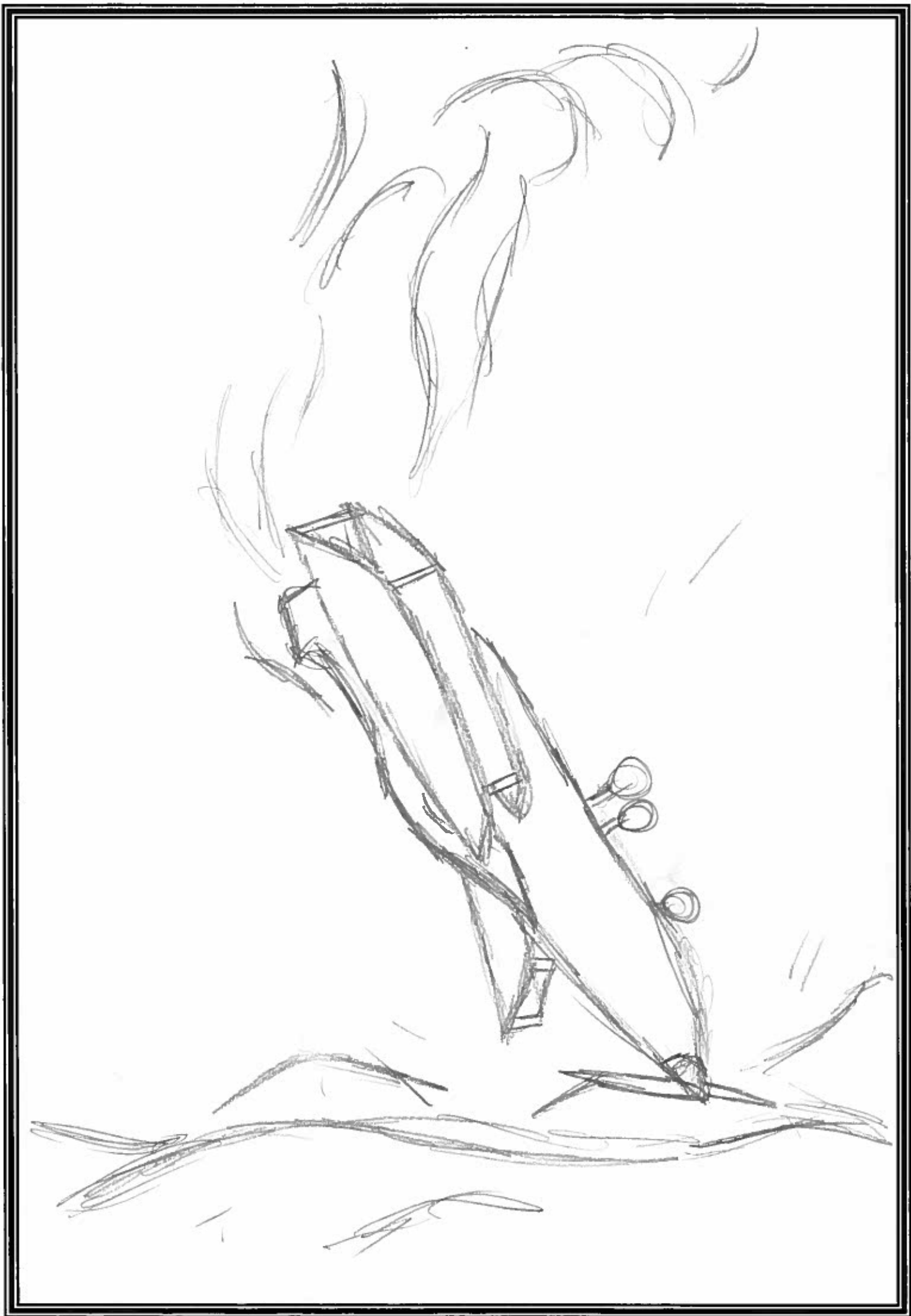
The plane pounded against the sea and made what looked to be a tsunami. It sunk down, slowly filling with water. He woke up with a start. He pulled away from the seat. "OUCH" he gurgled. His leg was trapped in the seat, blood drifted from his cut. It stung because of the salt washing in and out of the wound. Freeing his leg he swam to the gaping hole in the side of the spitfire. He searched for any hard object. Nothing, he cried. He swam out "ROSIE FOLLOW ME!" He roared pushing him up to the top. He squinted focusing onto a bit of drift wood. "R-rose P-pup" he looked around. No Rosie. He cried, treading water to keep him above water. "ROSIE!" He cried out, no answer still. "Rosie answer me please"...was she still in the spitfire? Had she been hurt? Could she hear him at all? Was she...DEAD?!

WOOF! A dog! Was it Rosie? An animal of some kind swam towards him; the first thing he thought was shark. He scrambled up onto the drift wood. "HELP! THERE IS A SHARK! ROSIE! HAS ROSIE BEEN EATEN!" he yelped out. But then there was a whimper.... Rosie ....

He couldn't believe it. ROSIE! ALIVE! Again back to his arms. She jumped up onto driftwood "I am soooooooooooooooooooooo happy to see you Rosie" shouted George.

"Now Rosie where did you go?" he cried out to his long lost best friend "I missed you Rose Pup, so, so, so much" Rosie licked his face full of joy. He hugged her close, falling into a deep nightmare filled slumber...





## Chapter 4: Lucky escape!

He woke, his vision blurred ... Startled to see a woman, his eyes widened, she was young around eighteen "Sir are you okay?" she questioned him.

"Why yes I am, lovely lady," he said in a weak voice. "What's your name?"

"Oh um kind sir my name is Chloe. What is yours? Why are you asking me? No one does anymore"

"My name is Hamilton, George Hamilton" He started "Why would no one want your name?"

"I guess it is because **sadly** I'm so poor and weak and alone. So alone." She looked away tears filling her eyes.

"I'm sorry," He sighed "what do you do for a living dear?"

"I'm there local bell ringer who lived in the lighthouse?" She points over to a marvellous lighthouse of red, white and black

"It looks astonishing to me "George tried to stand up but his leg buckled underneath him. She picks him up. That fails slightly so she drags him across the floor lightly. He screeches in pain. She lets him fall onto the floor. The inside of the light house was messy with flowers (which were mainly tulips and roses) scattered all around the floor. It was smelly: it was coming from the fridge. He thought someone had died in there from the smell. Why was it that stinky?"

He lay on the floor. Chloe left the house....

Thirty minutes later she came back warning him that it would hurt a lot. She wrapped some banded up his leg. There were a couple of screams and screeches but everything else was fine. Well it seemed to be. In his opinion it did not matter how painful it was. Everything was how beautiful and nice she was to him. It was so new to him. A feeling called love.



## Chapter 5: Something beautiful and new

A world of happiness soon appeared. George fell in love with Chloe. She always taught him Swedish. Rosie got trained as a guide dog for the blind man down West Street. A new begin came. Love was now.

One day after ten years of them knowing each other, George got all the courage to ask Chloe on a date. With open arm she hugged him. Love was opened into a house of loneliness, now it's a house of friendship.

They adopted a new puppy named Willow, a golden Labrador with light puffy fur. Rosie and Willow best friends in one day. The house got made safe for puppies.

Cleanliness filled the house with a new beginning. Where everyone was together as best friends and lovers.

The world was beautiful to everyone and now there was nothing in the way of happiness. Sadness to happiness. Loneliness to friendship. Unloved to love.

After a couple of dates, they decided to get married. There was a lovely white wedding for all of their friends to go to.

They vowed to always be next to each other through anything and everything. Love will always stay with each one of them. They dogs were there strong point in sometimes and held them from breaking. Rosie and Willow both became Guide dogs to help around the town. Rosie was defiantly George's favourite. Willow was Chloe's favourite.

But it all went downhill when the kitten (Robbie) came into their life. It caused chaos around the house. It was all Chloe's idea to be honest George didn't even want a kitten (who would with two dogs in the house) he thought she was going loony with the ideas of new animal that would be true for the future.

Next there was a hamster named Hammy. He was with speckles of ginger. He was nocturnal (that meant he was awake all night) He always put his food in the hamster wheel. He ran in the ball making an insanely loud noise!

## CHOLE WENT INSANE WITH PETS.

One day Chloe and George dug a pond out and filled it with water. They collected fish from the sea to fill the pond and they fed them every day.

The End


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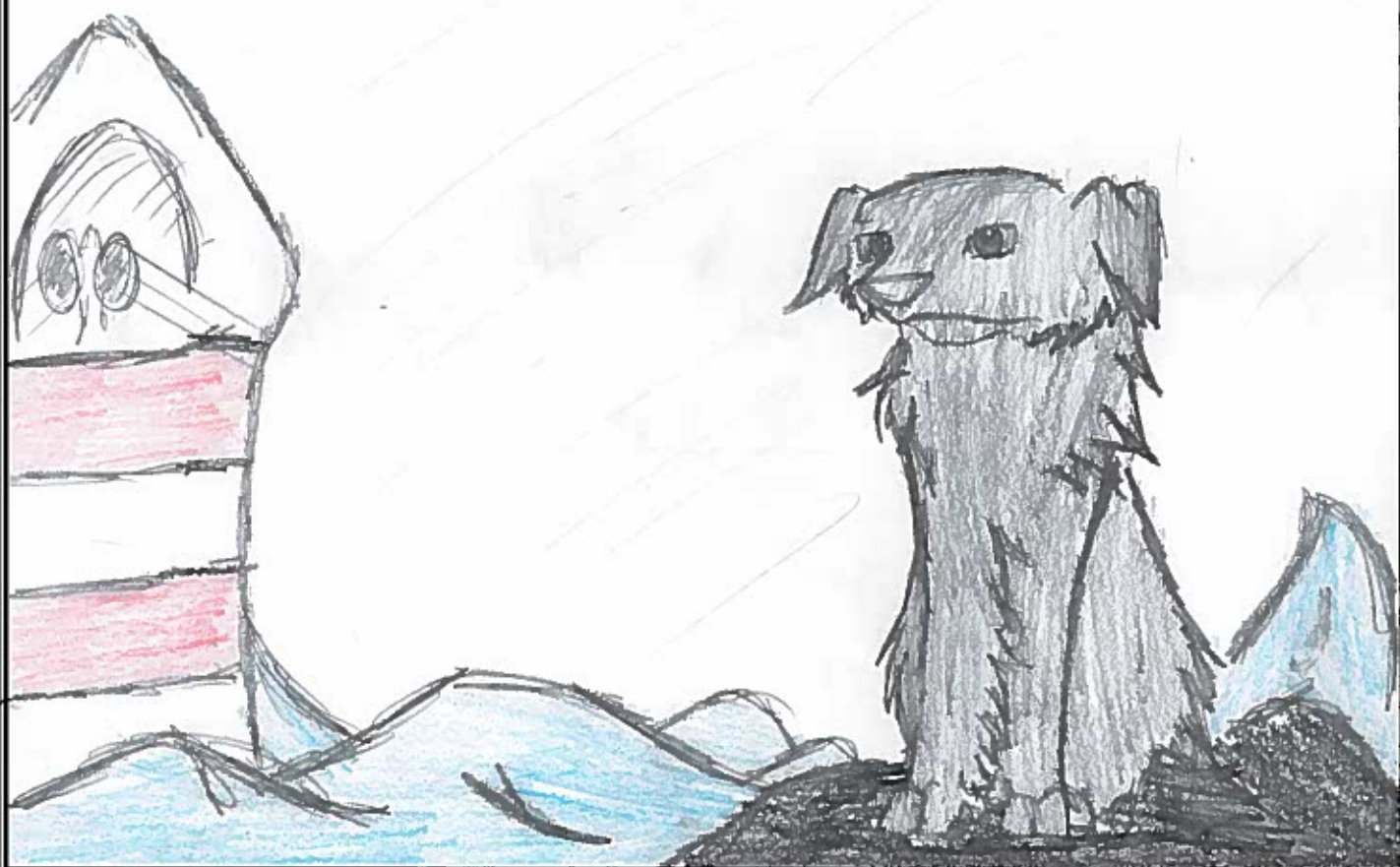
Supervised by: 

A plane crash lands during a storm. Will George and his dog Rosie survive...And will George and his dog find a new home to live in.

'A true, loving story.' *Daily Mail*



'Wish there were more stars.' *Daily Mirror*



We hope you enjoyed this story, we wrote it just for you, we hope you will get well very soon, hope from the Magical Animals.