

The Lost Kingdom

So, where shall I begin? Oh... yes! Last summer. The hottest summer in many years, I may say. My elder brother John and I decided that if it was that hot, we should probably go to the seaside and enjoy the sun and sea breeze. We packed and started our journey. At that moment, John and I didn't have a clue about what was going to happen to us.

Good, so there we were at the beautiful and the only sea in our country, the Black Sea. I know it sounds scary, but it's not. In fact, it's a great place to spend your summer vacation. We took our towels and swimming suits and headed to the beach.

We quickly jumped into the water, swimming and splashing around in the sea. It was great fun, but the crazy thing was we never came back. Some sort of underwater tornado took us to an island, far, far away from where we started to swim. That island looked like Europe in the 15th century. There were boats, which meant we weren't alone. Even though my brother was older, he was more scared than me. Actually, I wasn't afraid at all.

Suddenly, an old man with two fishing rods came to us. First, he was afraid of us, but then he realised we were peaceful. He took us to a city which he called "**The Lost Kingdom**". We asked him to take us to the queen, or the king, or whoever was ruling over that place. The old man said it wasn't possible for us to see the queen, but we could disguise ourselves as soldiers to enter the castle.

We simply followed his advice and there we were inside the castle to ask the queen what on earth had happened to us and how we were supposed to go back home. We finally found her two hours later as that palace was a huge maze. So... John and I asked her how we arrived there and, more importantly, how we could return home.

She told us that not everyone could go through that tornado, just the worthy ones. We were like "In what way *worthy*? We didn't do anything." I asked her why us and not anyone else from that beach. The queen told me that she was old and she needed someone to ascend her throne. I asked her again "Why us?". She told me that I was very brave and she could trust me to rule her kingdom wisely. I was flattered, but let's not forget about my brother: what was he going to do? Elizabeth, the queen, said that if John didn't want to remain there, he could go home. The only problem was that we couldn't imagine ourselves being apart, so he assured the queen he would do anything only for us to be together. The queen was so impressed that she instantly decided that my brother could be my right-hand man.

Who would have thought that one day I would be worthy enough to rule a kingdom stretched for thousands of miles? As for the queen, she took a well-deserved vacation.

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