

EBook for Kids

Greenwold & The Mystery Cave



E-BOOK

THINK
GREEN



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Greanwold and the Mystery Cave

Written by Michael Trigg

IN THE BEGINNING

Chapter One to Chapter Ten

With the help of the mysterious Mr. Shama, 8 year old explorer and treasure hunter Keegan Clarke finds the mystery cave and meets Greanwold the Minosaur who rescues him from the evil Draegon, Moa Constructor. Along the way, Keegan has a run-in with the town bad guy Reywal DeKoorc and his robotic assistant Datslob.

Chapter Eleven to Chapter Nineteen

Keegan introduces Greanwold to his sister Jackie and her friend Lisa. Greanwold explains where he comes from and how he and the other Minosaurs arrived on Earth. Reywal meets Moa Constructor and forms an alliance making plans to dominate Earth.

Chapter Twenty to Chapter Twenty-Eight

Greanwold's six Minosaur friends find themselves lost in their new habitat. Greanwold is introduced to Cody, Keegan's brother and his friend Parker. Mr. Shama, who is something more than a store owner, manages to rescue the six Minosaurs from the clutches of Reywal. The kids make plans to help Greanwold find his friends.

Chapter Twenty-Nine to Chapter Thirty-Two

The kids ask Mr. Shama for help not knowing he has rescued the Minosaurs. Reywal double crosses Moa Constructor and learns a valuable lesson. The Minosaurs learn about an earthly delight - pizza but then five are snared by Reywal. Mr. Shama takes the kids to confront Reywal at his headquarters, the spooky haunted house.

Chapter Thirty-Three to Chapter Forty-Four

Reywal ends up capturing five Minosaurs and plans to deliver them to Moa Constructor for financial gain. Mr. Shama has plans to derail Reywal's plot. The kids manage to evade Mr. Shama's plans to keep them safe. They and Greanwold make their way back to the mystery cave in time to help Mr. Shama in a final confrontation with Reywal and Moa Constructor.

CHAPTER ONE



Keegan Clarke stared with morbid fascination at the worm sliming its way across his leg. He dared not move as he felt, more than knew, the evil Reywal De Koorc and his robotic assistant Datslob were not too far behind him. His features were bathed in a greenish light and he tore his glance away from the worm and stared at a huge slab of smooth rock in front of him; a stone disc imbedded in its centre. Recessed into the disc was a handprint. Keegan looked closely at the handprint and then inspected his own hand.

“That’s weird,” he thought to himself. *“The handprint looks the same size as my hand. Cool but weird.”*

A stone rattled in the distance, kicked by an unseen foot. He heard the murmur of voices echoing off the cave walls and hunkered further down behind the big rock. Looking right and left and back to the disc, Keegan reached out and tentatively placed his hand in the handprint. Nothing happened. He jiggled his hand in the handprint and felt a slight tingling sensation. He jerked back as a loud musical chord rang out inside his head and the disc slowly rose up from the rock and the handprint changed into a diamond shape.

Uh Oh!” Keegan, squinting his eyes looked at the disc with a mixture of curiosity and apprehension.

Through narrowed eyes he studied the diamond appearance in the disc. Suddenly, the disc began glowing. Keegan jerked back again. Magically, twelve round crystal-looking objects rose up out of the disc, each with a different color. Six glowed with a pale warmth. Hieroglyphic-type markings, lines and geometric patterns appeared and connected all the crystals to the center slot. Keegan reached out and tentatively touched one of the glowing crystals. An eerie musical chord echoed inside his head and he instantly pulled his hand away but the chord continued. He put his hands over his ears but the sound inside his head remained.

“Hey, hey. Stop that. That’s too creepy. Oops,” he quickly clapped his hand over his mouth. “*Keep your voice down Keegan,*” he thought. “*Somebody else is here and I bet it’s that weird Reywal creep.*”

He wriggled backwards, away from the stone disc but one by one, the six glowing crystals began to glow brighter. With the brightening of each crystal, the eerie musical chord inside his head climbed another octave. Finally when the six crystals appeared fully illuminated, Keegan noticed a dark green radiance shining through the fabric of his backpack that he had removed and placed on a nearby rock. He looked in slack-jawed amazement at the glow from the pocket in his backpack.

“Holy cow. This is too awesome,” he murmured quietly.

Overcome with curiosity, he carefully opened the backpack’s pocket flap and gingerly touched the glowing stone. After making sure it wasn’t too hot or too cold, he picked it up and held it out at arm’s length. He then noticed hieroglyphic markings had appeared on the stone disc and it had changed shape. It too began to glow in a random sequence and lines of light pulsed toward the recess in the stone. As the lights began to throb rhythmically, the stone in Keegan's hand gave off a steady light-sequence and within a split second, the six glowing crystals and the hieroglyphics all began throbbing at the same rate. Keegan looked at the hexagonal hole in the centre of the disc then looked at the stone in his hand.

“*Hmmmm,*” he thought.

The outline of the hole seemed to match the green glowing stone perfectly.

“Okay. I can take a hint; but I don't know if I can take what's coming after,” he said under his breath.

Shielding his eyes from the light with one hand, he reached out and slotted the green stone into the hole. The musical chord echoing inside his head rose to a beautiful crescendo and suddenly the six glowing crystals and the green centre one exploded out of each position with a musical sound. As they flew through the air, one by one they morphed into small, multi-colored dragon-like creatures. One, a little larger than the others was bright green. Once apparently fully formed, they immediately soared to the cave roof and executed an aerobatic formation of wild precision flying. Then with a chorus of excited squeals they streaked in the direction of the cave entrance with the

green creature bringing up the rear. The little green creature glanced down at Keegan as he passed by. Keegan lay motionless, flat on his back with his eyes wide open. As he stared upward he was unaware that a fissure had opened up in the cavern wall behind him. Shafts of lurid red light began to shine through the fissure and then, very slowly, a large scaly leg reached out towards Keegan. Keegan watched open mouthed as the small green creature suddenly stopped in midair and then flew directly down towards him. If he had looked behind, he would have seen a long jagged foot with a long lethal-looking claw reaching out to snag the strap on his backpack. Keegan was suddenly jerked backwards.

“Hey. What the...”

At the same moment, the strange green creature flew directly at Keegan, grabbed his shirt at the shoulders with two paws and lifted him in the air. A brief tug of war ensued. Then, without warning, the straps on Keegan’s backpack broke and it was pulled back towards the opening. Keegan and his rescuer flew the other way, up toward the cave roof with Keegan wind-milling his arms and wishing he had chosen an occupation other than treasure hunting for his summer vacation.

Halfway along from the cave entrance, a tall skinny man in a black hat and a black oilskin coat, Reywal De Koorc, and a robotic looking teenager, Datslob his assistant, were gingerly making their way when a flight of multi-hued creatures flew at them out of the dark and bowled them over on their backsides as they flew towards the cave entrance. As he lay flat on his back, Datslob covered his head with his arms.

“AAARRRGH! Bats! You promised me no more bats.
“AAAAARRRRRRRGGGGGGGH.”

“Oh goodness sakes. Be quiet you big baby. Anyone would think that...yikes!”

Reywal was just getting to his feet and dusting himself off with an annoyed look on his face when he glanced up and was bowled over yet again as Keegan zoomed by in full flight, carried by his rescuer. Flat on their backs, Reywal and Datslob watched Keegan and the green creature fly in the direction of the cave entrance and then they both sat up with alarmed looks on their faces when a thunderous voice boomed from below.

“RETURN NOW! THE KRYSTILS BELONG TO ME! THEY ARE MY PRECIOUS JEWELS!”

Cupping a hand to an ear, Reywal turned to Datslob.

“JEWELS? JEWELS? Did you hear that, Datslob? I do believe we are on the right track! Gadzooks, look!”

The arch-criminal pointed downward toward the reddish glow.

“Yes indeed, the right track. Great!”

Datslob peered skeptically in the direction Reywal pointed and muttered under his breath,

“I just hope the light isn’t a runaway train.”



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