

The Golden Cow

In a far away kingdom lived a tribe, the Kora Tribe. A queen sat on her unicorn and the unicorn sat on the queen's throne. The queen loved her unicorn, but what she wanted most of all was the Golden Cow. Yes. She was already living in a mansion with a crown made out of gold, and sure she had the biggest, best tribe out of ALL the kingdoms. But, the Golden Cow, she dreamed of having it in her hands, of feeling its smooth, cold surface. But no, the Golden Cow was somewhere, somewhere far, far away.

This queen was a big pretty big snob, she wanted the Golden Cow, yes, but she didn't want to go get it.

So she called, "Oh, Karlaa, get in here! I have a quest for you."

Karlaa was the best warrior in the Kora tribe. She walked in. "Yes, queen Zarez?"

"I will give you 96 hours (three days) to retrieve the Golden Cow."

"Okay." And Karlaa went through the castle doors.

So Karlaa went to a bridge, right outside the castle.

On the bridge sat a boy dangling his legs over the edge, no care in the world.

"Hi," he said.

"Hello," Karlaa said, "What is your name?"

"What's yours?" the boy boy said, turning around from the water and stood defiantly.

"Karlaa." She grunted. She knew this child would be an annoying pain.

"I'm going to get some food." The kid said.

"Okay." Karlaa walked away.

Karlaa had been walking through marshes for two days. She was getting desperate. She only had one more day left. She turned around at the sound of bushes rustling.

"Hello!" The boy said. He had twigs and leaves in his hair.

"You followed me!" She yelled in frustration.

"Yeah I did, but hey, look what I found!" He sang. He ran through trees and bushes.

Then he stopped. "Look!"

The boy pointed to a pedestal. On that pedestal, was the Golden Cow. "Wow!" Karlaa was in awe. A small cow made of gold stood there.

The boy ran up to the Golden Cow, and began to peel off the gold. He broke off a piece and handed it to Karlaa.

"H-how?" Karlaa just ared as the boy took a bite out of the brown, chocolate surface.

"It's chocolate," he said.

She looked at the chocolate in her hand. She took a bite.

"Oooh!" She exclaimed.

So, the little boy and Karlaa went back to the castle.

"Queen," Karla said, "This little boy had aid me in my quest."

"Get that RAT out of here!" the queen snarled. "Get out peasant!"

"Queen," Karla said, "This child has helped me, and you do not appreciate that, I will join this child and help his village.

So, Karlaa left with the boy. But, right before she left, she called to the queen:

“Oh, and I ate the Golden Cow!”

Then, she left with a smug look on her face. The queen was stunned.

“How...?” she murmured to herself. “How? How? How!?”

The End