



The Magic Cure

by Bridget Myerscough and Anna Ralph

It was late at night when Eve said to her brother Jem:
'Come on, it's time to go.'

No rain, a full moon. Just right.

They packed a map, bananas, a flute, a violin and
a tambourine and jumped out the window.

Bromley the elf, who lived in the fig tree under the
window, was waiting. They set off into the night sky,
landed at the castle on the hill and set out their map.



'Here's the place,' said Bromley, pointing to the map. 'My dear homeland, Rosymere. Many elves are sick and more are getting ill every day. They need our help. They've been forbidden from going out and are running out of supplies.'

'We'll need the potion bottle from the library,' said Eve.

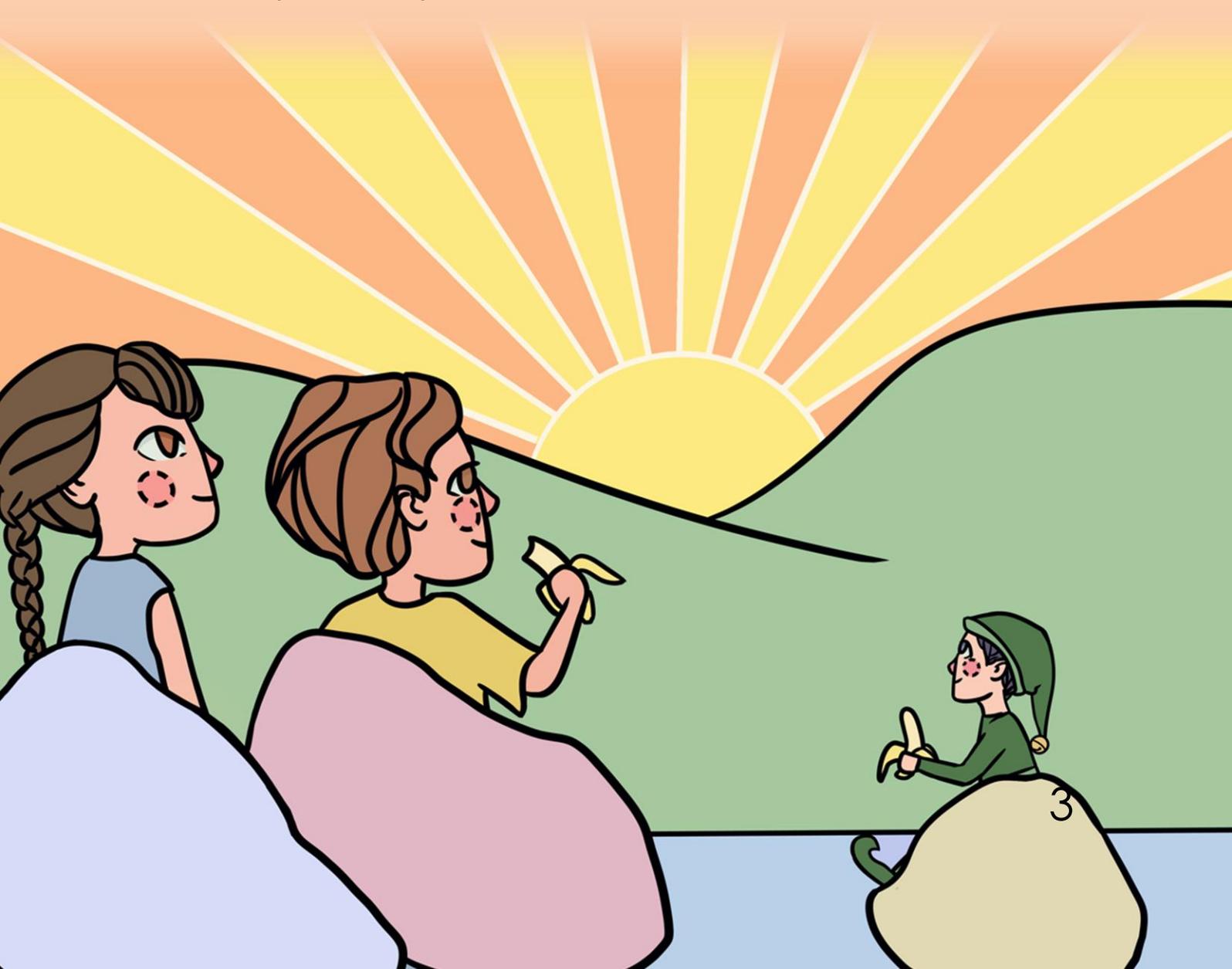
'I'll get it!' said Jem who loved any chance to visit the castle library.

They packed the bottle and flew on to Rosymere.

It was still night time when they arrived and all was quiet, unlike days of old when there was music and dancing until late. Elves love music more than anything.

Bromley led them to a cosy shed with beanbags piled on the floor. 'We'll rest here until morning, then get to work.'

In the quiet of the next morning, the trio ate their bananas early, gathered their instruments and headed to the first home needing treatment – Bromley's own parents.



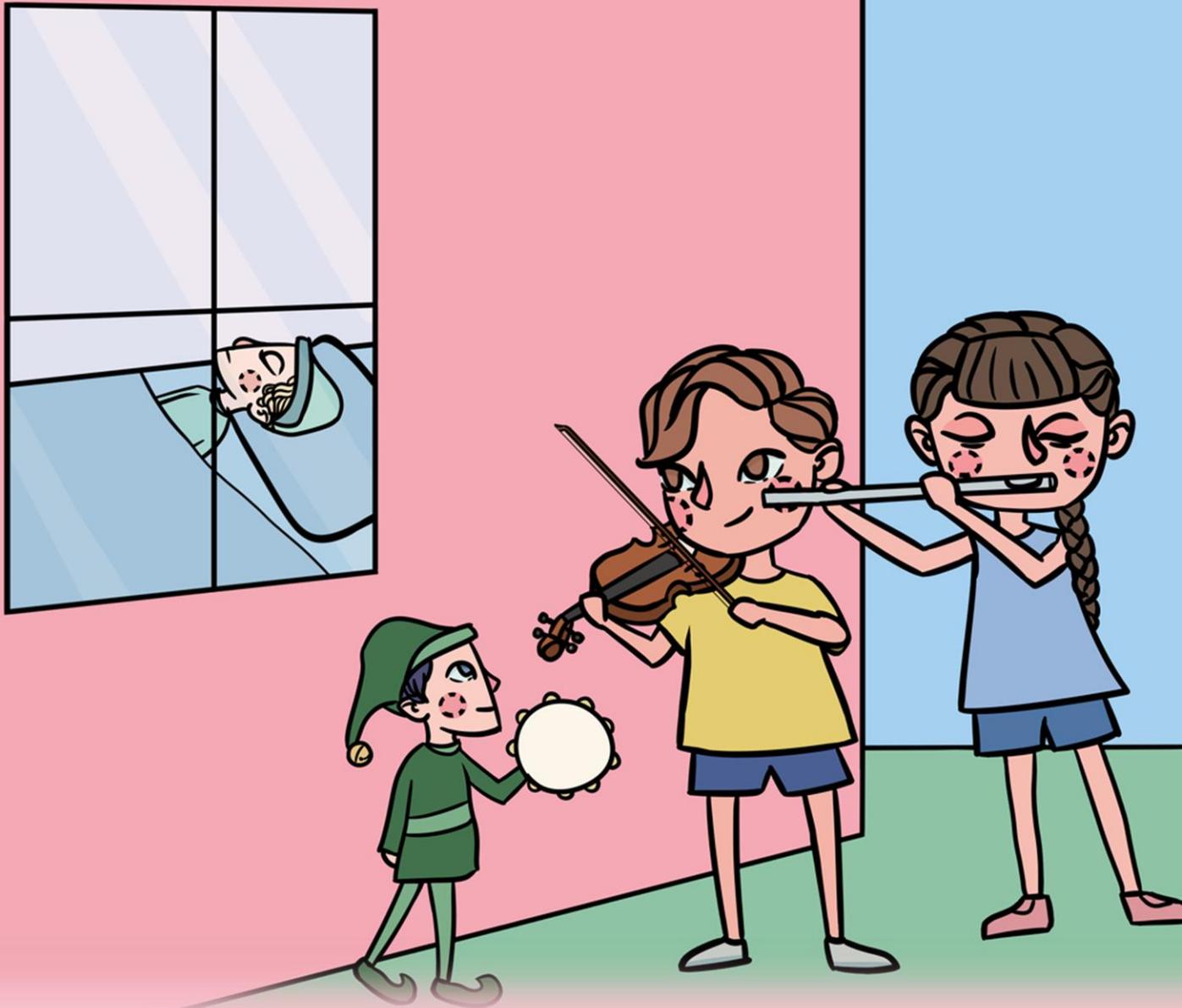
Bromley took the tambourine, Eve the flute and Jem the violin. Slowly, they started to play magical, healing music.

The sound wound its way into the morning air, through the windows, down the chimney and settled on the bed where Bromley's parents were lying ill.

'What beautiful music,' marvelled Bromley's old mother, who had not stood up for a week. 'It's enough to give me strength. Why, I do believe I can stand!'

Eve, Jem and Bromley looked at each other with wide, excited eyes. 'Maybe it's going to work,' whispered Jem.

Sure enough here, and at the next house then the next, every time they played, elves found strength from the sweet notes. People stirred, got up, tried a sip of water or a mouthful of food.



‘We must treat every house in Rosymere!’ declared Eve.

The three walked from one house to the next, around the entire town, playing and playing. Finally, as the sun was setting, they headed to the shed and collapsed, exhausted, into the beanbags.

They were surprised to hear a knock at the door. It was Mavros, the wizard.

‘You have done well,’ he congratulated them. ‘Better than all my spells. I should have realised music would be the cure. But curing the sick is one thing; stopping the spread of this disease is our next challenge.’

‘Otherwise’, he said, sadly shaking his head, ‘I can’t imagine what will become of us.’

‘We have an idea,’ explained Eve. ‘Not everyone will like it though. We’ll be needing your help, Mavros. The elves listen to you. Here’s what we have in mind.’

And the three explained their strange but clever idea.

Mavros was impressed. ‘Sleep well now. We’ll get to work tomorrow.’

Next morning, they headed to the town square where Mavros was waiting. In his booming voice, he announced that everyone, young and old, sick or not, must wear magic shields for the next two weeks.

'These shields are like transparent bubbles. You will each be enclosed in a bubble to keep safe.

It will be uncomfortable, and two weeks can seem like a long time. But we need everyone to do this for the sake of Rosymere'.



The elves, now feeling well enough to poke their heads from the windows, yelled back.

‘We’re better now, we don’t need this plan!’ cried one.

‘A silly idea! We won’t be able to breathe!’ exclaimed another.

Soon the sound of complaining elves was deafening. Mavros commanded a thunderclap from the sky, and everyone was quickly silenced.

Jem was the next to speak. ‘Unless you follow this plan, the old among you will suffer. Please work together,’ he implored.



Then Bromley's mother came forward. 'Listen fellow elves and be wise. We must follow this plan.'

Mavros used his crow's feather to brush the magic potion into the air over all of Rosymere. Soon each elf, the children themselves and Mavros, found themselves inside a bubble.

They stayed that way for two weeks. The illness stopped spreading. Even the elves who had complained realised this was the right answer.

After the fortnight, a warm day dawned and Mavros uttered a spell. The bubbles melted. Everyone stretched their limbs and ran free.

Elves ran to hug each other, visit their family and friends they had been apart from, and rejoice that the illness was gone.



Then the music started. Each elf took up their instrument and soon the most joyous sound anyone had ever heard wafted over Rosymere. Everyone felt different. Calm and grateful and refreshed.

‘I’ll stay for a while,’ said Bromley to the children, enjoying the marvellous mood. ‘But I’ll see you back in the fig tree soon.’

Eve and Jem flew to the castle, delivered the bottle which still had enough magic potion in it for next time, and headed back to their bedroom where the window was still open.

'We did it,' smiled Eve.

But Jem was already fast asleep.

The end



Eve, Jem and Bromley the Elf have an important mission to undertake in response to a mystery illness.

Will they succeed, even though Mavros the wizard has already tried and failed?

This book for young children has been inspired by issues facing children and their families during the 2020 coronavirus pandemic.