

Name _____



Prize Possession

In the gloomy town of Gravestone Hollow, where the streets whispered of mysteries and the moon always shone a little too brightly, lived a teenager named Max. Max was an ordinary boy with an extraordinary hobby – skateboarding. He had a rusty old skateboard that he cherished like a prized possession. He would spend hours at the local skate park, mastering tricks and riding the ramps.

One eerie evening, as Max was at the park, the sky turned a deep shade of indigo, and an unexpected fog rolled in. Max couldn't see a thing, and the park felt eerily silent. Just as he was about to pack up and head home, he heard a faint whisper from beneath his skateboard. It seemed to be calling his name.

Startled, Max bent down and picked up the skateboard. To his amazement, it began to levitate, and a soft, glowing light emanated from its wheels. Max hesitated but then decided to step onto the hovering skateboard. It whisked him away into the fog, and they soared through the night sky.

Max couldn't believe his eyes as they glided through a mystical world filled with floating islands, colorful creatures, and twinkling stars. It was a world straight out of his wildest dreams. The skateboard seemed to have a mind of its own, guiding Max through breathtaking adventures. He rode waterfalls of rainbow-colored liquid, leaped over mountains of marshmallows, and even raced a group of mischievous fireflies.

As dawn approached, the skateboard gently landed Max back in Gravestone Hollow. The fog had lifted, and the skateboard rested on the ground, just an ordinary board once more. Max stepped off, his heart pounding with excitement and wonder. He realized that his magical journey had come to an end.

From that day on, Max's skateboard was no longer just a piece of wood and wheels; it was his portal to a world of enchantment. He kept the secret of his extraordinary adventures to himself, sharing only a knowing wink with his skateboard as he rolled down the streets of Gravestone Hollow.