

Chapter 3: The Adventure Begins

When I woke up, I had no idea where I was.

“Hello there.”

I turned around quickly. There was a small black cat sitting beside me.

“Boo!” said the cat.

“Am I dead?” I said, “Is this heaven?”

“No, you’re not dead, you are in the portal room, silly.”

“The what?” I said.

“The portal room, are you deaf?”

I looked around and surveyed the room. The room was circular and had a purplish glow. It had seven portals, each with steps leading up spaced out evenly around the wall, each one looked different from the rest. They were all the same size but had different designs around the archway entrances. Aside from that, the room was entirely empty.

“Mr Cat,” I began.

The cat interrupted me. “My name is Opie, and it is *Ms* not *Mr*, thank you very much.”

“You have a very deep voice for a girl,” I said.

“Shut it, or I’ll claw your eyes out.”

“Easy tiger.”

“I’m a cat. You really are as stupid as you look!”

“Hey, why am I here anyway? I asked.”

“Because, you are the chosen one!”

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“My name is Olivia, not Harry!”

“Ha ha, very funny, maybe I should change my name to Ron.”

“Oh, so you’re a cat that can read then?”

“Duh. The point of you being here, Olivia, is not to find out my life story but to save the portal keepers.”

“The what?”

“The portal keepers. I’m having déjà vu”

“What do you mean? I said.”

“I’ve had this conversation five times with five different people already, but they all refused to help me.”

“Help how?” I said.

“Oh, never mind, stop asking me so many questions and just listen. Seventeen years ago the portal keepers kidnapped me and took me away from my owner, Moriah. They told me that an evil sorceress was at large. She wanted to rule the seven realms we inhabit, eight if you count this one. But she was never really interested in taking over this one so forget about that. They gave me a mission. They said that if anything ever happened to them, I would be in charge of their rescue. I have no idea why I was picked, so don’t bother asking. Anyway, I can’t exactly go and save them myself, I’m a cat! How is a cat supposed to brew potions, fight monsters and defeat the sorceress? In other words, you’re going to do it for me.”

“So let me get this straight,” said Olivia, “you want me to go through these seven portals, brew a potion, fight monsters and defeat a female Voldemort?”

“Pretty much, yes,” said Opie, “but it’s a bit more complicated than that.”

“And what’s in it for me?” I asked.

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“You won’t have to face that prissy little princess, Ruby, for a few weeks.”

“What about my asthma?” I said.

“Medical conditions like asthma and allergies, don’t exist in the seven realms,” said the cat.

“Ok, I’m in,” I said, “anything to get away from that preening peacock.”

“Well, I thought you’d need more convincing than that,” said Opie, “but on we go. I am ninety-five point nine percent sure that the portal keepers have been turned to stone. So what you need to do is create a potion that will revive them.”

“How do I do that?” I asked.

“You get a golden apple, a scale from a dragon and a tail feather from a Phoenix and stew them in a cauldron for 48 hours, then when it’s cooled, pour it over the portal keeper statues.”

Opie handed me a folded piece of paper.

“What’s this for? I asked.”

“This,” said Opie, “is a map and it will lead you to the ingredients for the potion.”

Then Opie gave me a small silver locket which contained a miniscule cake. “This cake, before you ask me, will teleport you back here in an emergency if you eat it. Are ready for this, Olivia?”

“As ready as I’ll ever be,” I said and stepped through the portal that was nearest to me.