

LYLA, LOUIS  
AND  
THE MAGIC LIFT

AGE 10/11+

*Illustration by St Clare's School, UK*

## About the project

Building on the success of our first book, *Sameera and Javier's Cog-tastic Adventure*, this year's story brings together the work of hundreds of students from over 50 Cognita schools across Asia, Europe and Latin America. Whether involved in writing, drawing or translating, students taking part in this year's *share a story* project have been part of a truly global collaboration, which aims to raise awareness of World Book Day 2020 and to celebrate the reading and writing of stories.

## Acknowledgements

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**COGNITA**

An inspiring world of education

# LYLA, LOUIS AND THE MAGIC LIFT

## Chapter 1

### The British School of Barcelona, Sitges (Year 5)

“Listen, it’s quite a way up to the top floor so behave yourselves and stop arguing with each other!” Mr. Longsocks, our P.E. teacher, grumbled as we stepped into the school lift.

“Louis, why did you have to break your leg? Now we have to go in this rusty old lift every day for six weeks with Longsocks!” I whispered to my older brother, pointing at our teacher, who was already plugging his headphones into his iPad.

“Oh, that’s interesting Lyla,” my brother began, “so why do you have to have...”

“Don’t say it!” I said, feeling the colour rise in my cheeks. I’d recently been tested for something. I was struggling in school and I didn’t know why. I mean, I can remember loads of things and I have like a million ideas, but I



*Illustration by King’s School and Nursery, UK*

just can't ever seem to get them down on paper.

“Fine, ok ok. So-rry. None of us actually meant to break our leg or have dyslexia or whatever. Anyway...”

Suddenly the lights in the lift started blinking. On. Off. On. Off. For what seemed like forever.

Then, unexpectedly, the whole lift started to shudder and judder, making us feel like we were in a blender. My brother struggled as one of his crutches slipped out of his hand, crashing to the ground.

Now our argument was forgotten as the lift shot up in the air like a hawk soaring into the sky. Mr. Longsocks was still oblivious,



changing his iPad background to a picture of a unicorn as the elevator now accelerated like a spaceship blasting off into the universe.

I suddenly thought, if we've been going up for this long and this fast, we must be above the school by now. It was like 'Charlie and the Great Glass Elevator' meets 'The Fast and the Furious'! My stomach lurched. Suddenly, my whole body started to lift in

*Illustration by Hydesville Tower School, UK*

the air. So did Louis. So did Mr. Longsocks, but despite floating completely upside down he was still too busy looking at the fluffy pink unicorn on his iPad to notice.

Bang! Crash! The elevator jolted to a halt. The lights went out. Ding! The doors slowly opened to reveal a strange world we had never seen...

## Chapter 2

### Colegio Pumahue Chicureo (1st Grade C)

We were shocked, what was that crazy experience in the lift? My brother's face was saying absolutely nothing. It was impossible for me to read his feelings after that lift shaking episode.

When the doors completely opened, a fresh, cold and damp mixture of air came dismally into the lift. But it made us feel more energetic than ever. However, unexpectedly, Mr. Longsocks fell to the ground in a deep sleep.

“Lyla, turn around! Lyla, look at this! Lyla, Lyla, Lyla!” my brother yelled.

I slowly turned around and I could see this unbelievable, spectacular, awe-inspiring place. In the middle I saw the most



*Illustration by Hydesville Tower School, UK*

beautiful river I've ever seen; it was pink flecked with turquoise colours, with shining stars and, don't ask me how, but we could smell its violet fragrance.

There was light in the sky, a deep purple, and blue flying unicorns everywhere. Suddenly we heard a deafening noise coming from the cotton mountains.

**Chapter 3**  
**St. Andrews International School,**  
**Sukhumvit 107 (Years 5 and 6)**



Then, unexpectedly, all of the unicorns scattered to the west of the mysterious land.

“What was that?” I shouted to my brother.

“It sounded like a horse” replied my brother.

Speeding down like a meteor falling, an alicorn – a winged unicorn – came flying straight at us! The alicorn was shooting



*Illustration by International School Ho Chi Minh City  
American Academy, Vietnam*

through the sky like red fire, targeting the elevator like a fighter jet.

“Noooooo!” I shouted. I was terrified – I thought I was going to die!

The alicorn was as big as an elephant. It stared straight at us and pointed its horn as if to say, “Get out of my land, or else.”

Suddenly, a rainbow barrier appeared around the alicorn stopping it from going any further. There was a moment of silence across the land until the alicorn started repeatedly ramming its horn into the barrier.

Louis muttered, “Let’s go!”

The rainbow started to disappear, the alicorn seemed more furious than ever.

Becoming like fire, the alicorn’s eyes turned blood red, showing the madness of its anger.

The alicorn wanted some food fast, it was clearly really hungry. Shockingly, the alicorn yelled out, “I will get you!”



*Illustration by Charterhouse Square School, UK*

Suddenly, my brother's crutches were snatched from his grip by the alicorn, it had come too close! We could feel the alicorn's hot, fiery breath behind us as we ran and hopped as fast as we could away from the alicorn, back into the elevator. But the alicorn was still following us!

## Chapter 4

### Quinton House School (Year 5)



We sprinted as fast as lightning towards the lift, which was still rattling and shaking, looking for the blinking light.

With us still panting the lift travelled higher and higher until BANG! The lift jolted to a halt and Louis suddenly screamed, "Hang on, where's Mr. Longsocks?"

Because of this I nervously pressed 'return' on the rusty lift panel to send us back to the magical land of alicorns.



*Illustration by St Mary's Preparatory School, UK*

When we finally reached our destination, we hurtled out of the lift in a hurry to find our P.E. teacher. We searched from mountain tops to river beds but Mr. Longsocks was nowhere to be found. This was a disaster. Soon, we found a nice spot to rest by the flowing river to think things over.

Whilst resting, we looked at a beautiful, luxurious world around us. Now, with the alicorn gone, it seemed harmless. It was a world that people would dream about. It was the future. Then, out of nowhere, there was a glint of light from the sun. It was reflected off an object. What was it?

Louis and I travelled towards it to investigate. When we got closer we realised it was not just any old object, it was an iPad – and not just any old iPad, it was Mr. Longsocks’ iPad. But where was Mr. Longsocks?

## Chapter 5

### Stamford American School Hong Kong

#### (Grade 5)



We turned on the iPad and heard a voice recording of our P.E. teacher, Mr. Longsocks, saying desperately, “I got kidnapped by an arrogant alicorn. The alicorn brought me to these sweet smelling mountains. Help!”

After 30 seconds the iPad screen completely blacked out.

Louis and I were terrified by what we’d seen. Nervously, Louis asked, “What should we do?”

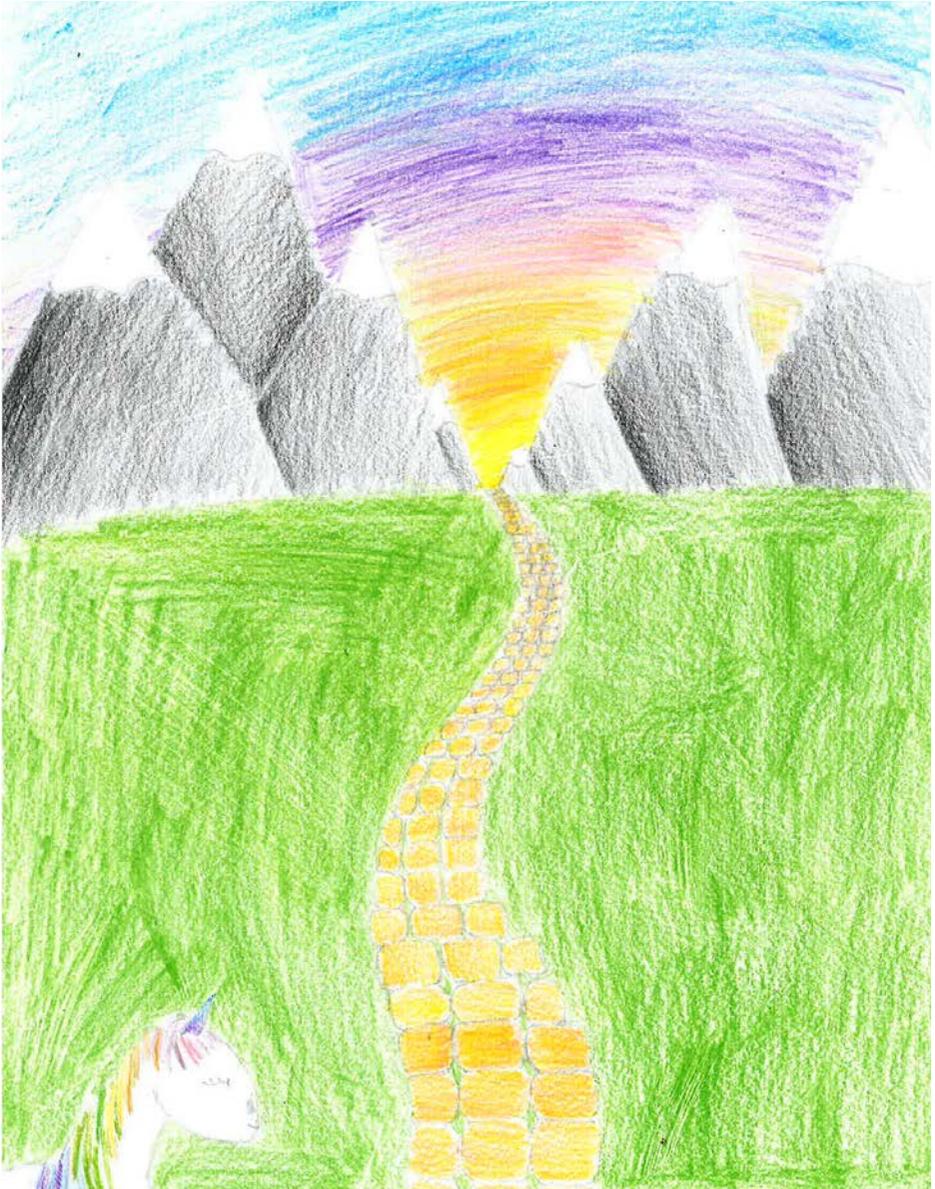
“I... I don’t know, let’s ask the unicorns to help us,” I said.

“Okay, but wow, this place is not as sweet as we expected.”

Together, we went to the unicorns. Louis was astonished by the incredible beauty of the unicorns and was speechless, so I begged the unicorns to take us to the sweet smelling mountains. After

a few moments convincing them, the unbreakable unicorns decided to help save our teacher because they felt that deep, deep, deep down, we truly cared for Mr. Longsocks.

When we finally arrived at the mountains, we went inside a cave and saw something horrendous, something that made our eyes bulge out of our heads.



*Illustration by Huddersfield Grammar School, UK*

## Chapter 6

### Colegio Pumahue Temuco (Year 7)



What seemed to be a cave ended up being a widely open, impressive landscape that looked like hell. A series of reddish clouds created a bridge in the middle of nothing and going nowhere.

The furious alicorn was there lying on the biggest cloud just in front of us, taking a nap, somehow peacefully, even after all he'd done.

Louis and I moved forward quietly but the alicorn woke up. He was furious. His nap had been interrupted.

Our immediate reaction was to run towards the open field of clouds. While we were escaping and every time we stepped into a cloud, it vanished, so we had to run faster and faster, while our permanent thought was the rusty lift that took us here: it was the only way we had to go back, to survive.

When Louis yelled out, "Where is our lift?" a glorious, white cloud appeared over the horizon with our lift on top. The light was still blinking. Mr. Longsocks lay inside, unconscious.

We entered the lift as quickly as we could while the doors locked down. I pressed some buttons randomly and the lift started to shake, as the first time, so we felt safe again.

When the shaking stopped the doors of the lift opened and the fresh, coastal air greeted us. As Mr. Longsocks came to he mumbled, "Where are we?"

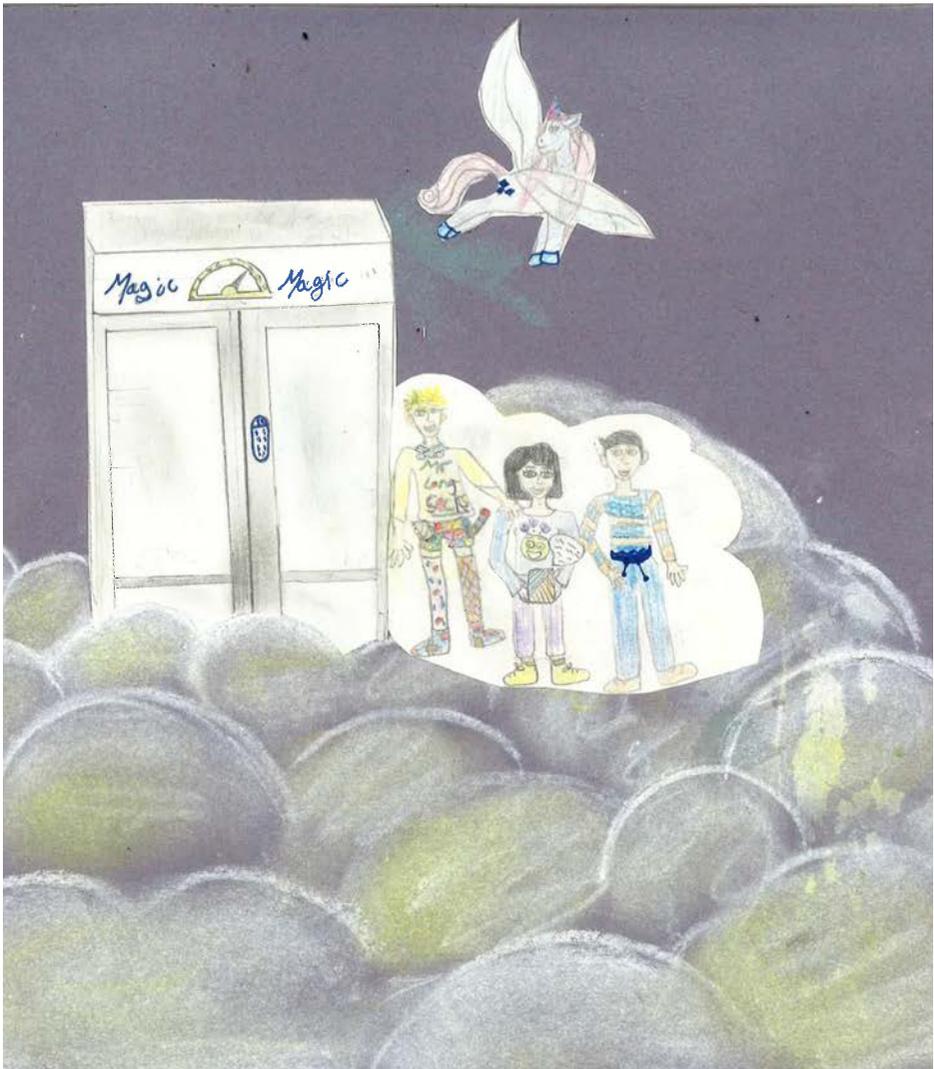
The iPad unlocked and the familiar voice of the assistant Siri answered, "43 degrees, 35 minutes south – 74 degrees, 16 minutes west."

Hey, that's South America, I thought.

The three of us stepped out of the lift where we were scared by a small creature that was standing just outside. It looked like a dwarf.

The odd creature took the iPad and recorded a question in a language that seemed to be Spanish. When we listened to the translated question that Siri delivered, we felt astonished.

“You must be Louis and Lyla? We have been waiting for you a long time.”



*Illustration by Oxford House School, UK*

## Chapter 7

### British School of Valencia (Year 4)



We were shocked that the dwarf knew our names.

“How do you know our names?” I stuttered nervously.

From his jacket pocket he pulled out a shiny crystal ball and showed it to us. Inside, we could see a cloudy image. It was an image of us travelling in the lift!

“This is my magical crystal ball in which I have been watching you on your journey,” replied the dwarf, pointing inside the mysterious ball. We were lost for words. He told us that he had been waiting for us to come and help them. A fierce fire dragon had stolen the kingdom’s most valuable ruby and they needed our help to find it.

We cautiously stepped out of the lift and looked around us nervously. We saw enormous cracks in the ground. All around there were thick forests, and huge volcanoes were erupting in the distance. We were flabbergasted! Above the volcanoes we could see groups of dragons circling like vultures.

“Look at this,” grunted the dwarf, thrusting a filthy



*Illustration by St Clare’s School, UK*

piece of paper towards me. Written on the paper was a riddle.

*The ruby is within the thing that runs all day and night but never gets tired.*

The dwarf became furious and crumpled up the paper while stamping his big feet.

“I have no idea what that means. I’ve been trying to solve it for weeks,” he groaned.

“Don’t get frustrated. Just take a deep breath and try again,” I told him. “One thing I’m really good at is riddles, so I can help you.”

After a few moments thinking of different answers, I finally got it.

“The answer is: a river. Is there a river near here?” I asked.

“Of course, Lyla, you absolute genius!” exclaimed the dwarf excitedly. “The river!”

## Chapter 8

### St. Andrews International School, Green Valley (Year 3)



Walking cautiously through the intrepid landscape they finally got to the river. On the floor was a torn, dusty piece of paper. Picking it up, we read it curiously and on the paper it said:

*There is an untouched and unknown cave under the river.*

We looked around the riverbank and then the dwarf remembered that he had a tunnel under the river for catching fish. After that, while finding the tunnel, we found arrows pointing to the cave. But was it a trap? Avoiding a piece of rope that was attached to some seaweed lying on the tunnel floor, we moved towards the

cave.

All of a sudden, we came upon two doorways.

“Which one shall we choose?” I asked. The dwarf replied, “We should go into the left one, because when I go fishing I choose the one on the right.”

But what we didn’t know is that the dragon had swapped the doors...



*Illustration by Australian International School, Singapore*

## Chapter 9

### Colegio Pumahue Curauma (English Club)

I opened the left door, leaving a little gap to look through. I took a glimpse inside and saw a colourful place that seemed very peaceful. We decided to go in. Then, out of nowhere, we saw the dragon and it was a big one. We hadn't seen it before because he was camouflaged. Part chameleon, apparently.

We tried to go back but we couldn't. The door had disappeared! We were trapped with the dragon.

“What do we do now?!” I was very afraid of dragons, like most eight year olds. I could only think of monsters and mean creatures.

Louis looked at the sky and a golden cloud was moving directly towards them.

The dragon was huge, crimson red, with long claws and sharp teeth. Behind him was the ruby. I was excited to see the sparks from the precious jewel. Louis and I seemed to recharge batteries and new ideas came to our minds.

“It is the biggest and...and...strangest ruby I have ever seen!” said Louis.

Very quickly, I grabbed it, but the dragon spreads its wings instantly and I got trapped in its embrace.

“I think the ruby is the key to go back,” I yelled from the iron grasp of the dragon's talons.

The dragon starts to fly towards a volcano. A tremor shook all the place and the dragon opened his mouth with a loud groan.

“Wait for me, Lyla!” Louis was shouting and jumping with all his



*Illustration by North Bridge House Preparatory School, UK*

energy.

The dwarf opened the door, looked at this scene and started to think of a plan. He knew how to defeat a dragon. He had worked as a dragon tamer before.

## Chapter 10

### PlayPen Bilingual Education (Year 5)



The dwarf asked Louis to get a fallen branch to hold open the door. He then got two rocks and a stick and began making a fire. He spun the fiery stick around, which caught the dragon's attention. Seconds later, dragon and dwarf were face-to-face.

The dwarf reached for his sword and stabbed the dragon in the head. At that point, the dragon dropped me and the ruby and fell to the ground. The other dragons, seeing what had happened, flew quickly towards us.



*Illustration by International School - Zurich North, Switzerland*

I immediately stood up, grabbed the ruby and ran towards my brother.

“Lyla, give me the ruby,” said the dwarf. “Let’s get the two of you inside the lift.”

We rushed through the door and closed it behind us. Once we were trapped inside the lift, the dwarf made a shocking revelation...

“You fools, this was all part of a plan! The King is my brother and this ruby is actually a pen drive which contains my plan to overthrow him! Thankfully, it’s back in my hands! Mwhahahaha!”

The lift started shaking, catapulted up and suddenly stopped. The roof opened up and a white and golden spaceship landed on top.

## Chapter II

### The English Montessori School, TEMS (Year 7L)



Something appeared on the horizon. A star flew by. The doors from the spaceship opened. A mysterious figure appeared behind the doors. Was it Mr. Longsocks?



*Illustration by Australian International School, Singapore*

“Mr. Longsocks, come and help us!” yelled Louis.

“Yes, of course!” he replied in a mischievous voice. Mr. Longsocks helped us get into the spaceship. Once we were in Mr. Longsocks closed the doors so quickly that a loud “BANG” was released. This surprised me, since Mr. Longsocks was a really calm and fearless person. I knew something was going wrong...

“What a relief, we thought you were lost!” exclaimed Louis to Mr. Longsocks. Suddenly, the King appeared with all of his soldiers behind him.

“He’s an impostor!” screamed the King, pointing at Mr. Longsocks. Just then, another Mr. Longsocks stood behind him.

“Why would he be an impostor?” asked Louis. “He is my P.E. teacher!”

“Because I’m the real one!” replied the second Mr. Longsocks, coming out from behind the King and facing them.

At that instant the crowd of soldiers ran towards the false Mr. Longsocks, grabbing him by the shoulders.

“Where is my brother?” demanded the King.

## Chapter 12

### Colegio Pumahue Huechuraba (6°A)



We looked at the two Mr. Longsocks, trying to identify which was the real one; it was impossible.

Suddenly, I noticed that one of the teachers had a pendant around the neck with the ruby. I knew I had seen it before and looked with more attention, noticing that there was a message in a very strange language. Now my ability to look at things with another perspective kicked in. This allowed me to decode the message and read it aloud.

“Chinchulancha!”, I said. Louis looked at me, confused, and “Plof!”.

The effect of the ruby disappeared and Mr. Longsocks suddenly turned into the King’s brother.

“It’s the dwarf!” Louis shouted.

Louis, the real Mr. Longsocks and I ran to the magic lift to escape. We got into it but with all the kerfuffle we didn’t notice that the dwarf had jumped into the lift with us.

Quickly we arrived in a new place. The doors opened, and in front of us lay loads of snow lit up by a beautiful lantern.

“Wow!” we said. We were in Narnia.

## Chapter 13

### St. Andrews International School, Sathorn (Year 6)



An icy gush of wind flew by us. We weren’t dressed for this. We stepped back into the lift and slammed the buttons. Now, as the doors re-opened, we were under water. My brother pointed at a sign: ‘Ewclome to Ltatnasi’. He looked confused. I knew what it said: we were in Atlantis.

Mr. Longsocks cheekily piped up with, “Luckily, I am a swimming legend!”

I couldn’t help but wonder: how was I breathing? But, to be fair, that was probably the most normal thing that had occurred all day. As we swam closer we could see a stone engraved with writing. My brother reached out for the stone as a merman – with a chalk-white beard and a golden trident – appeared. He bellowed in a deep voice, “That stone is forbidden and shall not be touched as it is an ancient spell.”



*Illustration by International School Saigon Pearl, Vietnam*

“What does it do?” I asked.

“We don’t know. We haven’t been able to cast it and it has been here forever,” replied the merman, somewhat embarrassed.

I thought to myself for a while, then said, “Ablanasia Mitikasa” and, without thinking, I blurted it out.

An orb of light rose up in front of us. Behind us the doors of the lift slammed shut. The dwarf roared with laughter...

## Chapter 14

### Milbourne Lodge School (Year 8)



The merman recoiled in surprise. “You... you cast the spell! This is awful; we could be killed!”

All of a sudden the seabed began to shake and it rose slowly upwards towards the surface. The orb slowly rose with Atlantis,

glowing with its pure magic.

“Look what you have done! Now you have caused an earthquake, now there is no escape, now we are going to die!”

After what felt like a long time the city emerged from the water and bobbed about. The buildings towered over the water, seeing the sun for the first time in centuries. Their plaster quickly peeled off in the sunlight like a cat moulting when spring finally comes.

The mermen shielded their eyes, their tails also began to disintegrate and were replaced by feet the same colour as the rest of their body. In shocked surprise, the mermen began to walk around.

Fish encircled the newly-formed island and seagulls dived into the turmoil, snatching fish out of the sea. Atlantis began to move so fast through the water that fish were nearly beached on the west side of the island as it hurtled through the water. The orb clearly wanted to go somewhere.

“Lyla!”, Louis shouted above the rumbling, “The goblin has escaped with our lift! How are we gonna get home?”

**Chapter 15**  
**St. Andrews International School,**  
**Dusit (Year 5/6)**



As hope was running out we searched for help. In the distance we noticed a towering palace, high up above the land. I was desperate. With my patience wearing thin, I dragged my brother by the wrist towards the mysterious building.

As we edged closer towards the door we were more willing to ask for help. Without a moment’s hesitation we burst right through the palace gates. Resting in a grand, golden throne, a well-dressed King bellowed from the other side of the dark hallway, “Humans,

I thank you for returning us to our original form, I shall grant you a wish: anything you desire!”



*Illustration by St Margaret's Preparatory School, UK*

Dropping to his knees Louis begged to the civic leader to take us to where the dwarf was hiding. The King then said, “Very well then, children.”

Immediately, we got projected through time and space to a forest contaminated with horrendous beasts, breaking the silence of the night with their ear-piercing howls and echoes.

Unfortunately, a monster with eight intimidating eyes and legs lay right next to where we were standing, bewildered. Two jagged fangs protruded out of its ghastly mouth, venom dripping onto the floor below.

While I was eyeing the peculiar, petrifying creature, my brother accidentally stamped on one of its multitude of hairy legs, waking it up. It suddenly grabbed me by the ankle and hung me upside

down. Mr. Longsocks, stunned with fear, fell unconscious. Just what we needed!

At that moment the monster knew Mr. Longsocks was an easier target, and the beast dropped me, wrenching my arm. It snatched our P.E. teacher, placing him on its heathery back, running deeper into the forest. In a flash of scales and a rustle of leaves, Mr. Longsocks was nowhere to be seen.



*Illustration by Salcombe Preparatory School, UK*

**Chapter 16**  
**North Bridge House Senior School**  
**Hampstead (Year 7)**



Peaceful melodies of the forest softened the now distant howls and the sun began to sink under the horizon. A glow of golden light illuminated a fractured old oak that sat opposite us. Its

withered branches welcomed our refuge.

Wet and tangled, my hair was plastered across my face as I watched



*Illustration by International School Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam*

my brother tend to my crooked arm. I hadn't looked at him in a while; his thick curls were entwined with twigs now, and a deep gash stained his pale cheek. For a second, a flicker of my father's familiar eyes stared back at me.

"I want to go home," I whispered uncontrollably. His eyes drooped like the fallen branches of the tree.

Entering the lift seemed a long time ago now. As each drop fell, they slowly swirled and formed the world that I wanted to return to. Home felt like a long-forgotten dream.

My eyes too were heavy, but the face of the ravenous beast and Mr. Longsock's cry scarred my thoughts. My brother now lay sleeping, unaware. I listened to his slow, peaceful breath that seemed to harmonise with nature's melody and slowly but surely, he lulled me to sleep.

Chapter 17  
El Limonar International School Murcia  
(6 Hazel)



Beside me, I heard my brother start to stir. Slowly, I stretched and yawned and looked about me. We were back in our garden where we had dreamed of being. Wet from the glistening morning dew, and with the scent of fresh green grass in our noses, we wondered intently about how we had got back home. Had our wishes come true?



*Illustration by Colégio Maxi, Brazil*

A cute, brown sausage dog ran over, his tail wagging. Where did he come from? The appetising smell of frying bacon floated across the garden: we realised that we hadn't eaten for days. We were starving.

“Louis! Lyla! Time for breakfast, my darlings!” Our mother's voice drifted from the kitchen, sounding strangely sweet, and beautifully familiar.

We ran in, ravenous. The table was set for four and our father was sitting in his normal place, smiling. Did they know we had been away?

Our parents stood and began to lay the table with delicious food: sizzling, crispy bacon, fat sausages and lightly browned toast and the “forbidden” Cola Cao, the most delicious chocolate drink known to humanity.

This was too perfect to be true. We didn't have a dog, we didn't have a mother who made us breakfast, and we didn't have a father who sat with us at the table. Where were we? Was this another land? A parallel universe?

Just then, we noticed that our mother was wearing the red ruby around her neck.

## Chapter 18

### Glenesk School (Year 2)



Drip, drop, drip, drop. I woke up and suddenly realised it had all been a dream. Slowly, reality appeared before me and there was no sausage dog, no caring mother or smiling father. We were still beneath the tree that loomed above us like a thirsty vampire.

Frantically, we looked around for a way to escape. Suddenly, the sun shone through the leaves and my eyes landed on a red fragment, as red as molten lava.

“What’s that?” I cried as I grabbed Louis’ hand as tight as a python swallowing a rat. But before he could answer, red dust swirled around us and we felt our bodies slowly being lifted from the ground.

A heavy weight hung round my neck. Slowly the ruby was choking me. We flew across the sky, over deserts and jungles until we landed in the middle of nowhere far, far away. Gasping for breath, Louis searched frantically for something sharp to cut me free.

Thump! A golden arrow landed at our feet as I struggled to take another breath. Louis seized the arrow as a shower of sparks flew from it and the ruby finally fell to the ground.



*Illustration by Cumnor House School for Boys, UK*

## Chapter 19

### Akeley Wood Junior School (Year 3)



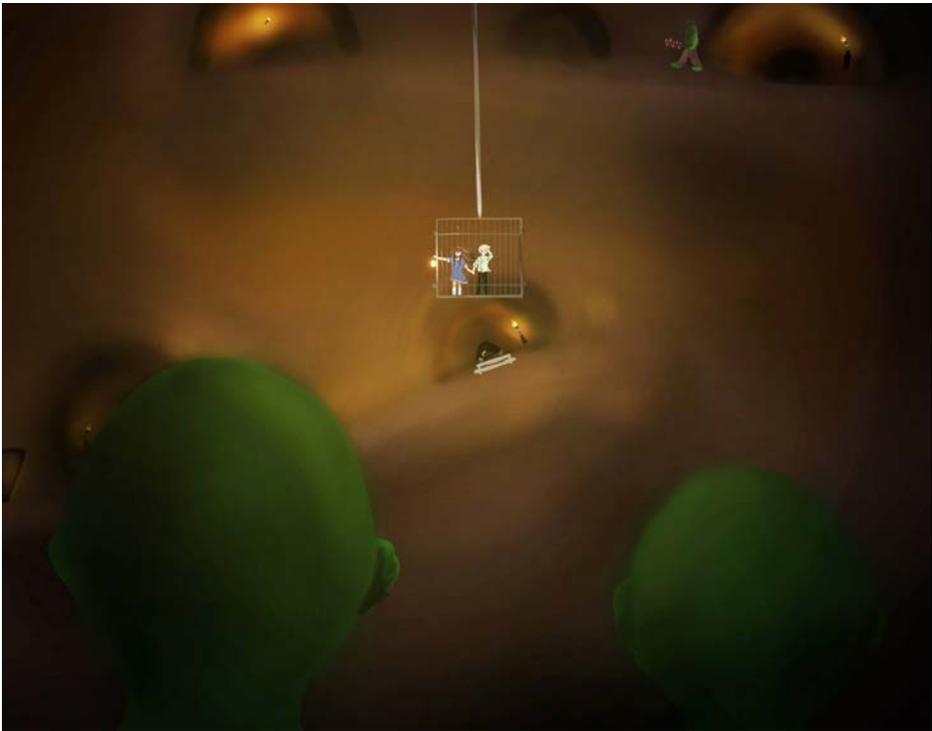
“Lyla, Lyla!” yelled my brother, pointing at the red dazzling ruby. “There’s Mr. Longsocks!”

I peered closely at the ruby. But it wasn’t just Mr. Longsocks we could see. The King was there too! I saw a rattlesnake in the picture and looked around in fear. As I looked around, I saw an identical rattlesnake was right next to me!

“Sssss, follow meeeee!” it hissed as it looked at me with eyes as red as fire. We followed the snake tentatively.

By the time we got to the lair I immediately recognised it! The rattlesnake stopped outside the eerie looking den.

“Sssss, goooooo in!” it hissed to me and Louis before slithering away.



*Illustration by Australian International School, Singapore*

We tiptoed in cautiously and tried a door. It was unlocked and there stood Mr. Longsocks and the King, bound together by the rattlesnakes! Louis and I rushed over and untied them quickly.

“What happened?” we asked, both our voices trembling.

There was no answer, so we began to explain our plans to get home to safety, but in that moment Mr. Longsocks melted away to reveal the dreadful dwarf!

“You’re not going anywhere!” the dwarf bellowed.

Suddenly, a heavy, metal cage fell onto me and Louis trapping us... CLANK! The platform we were stood on lowered into a disgusting, slimy pit. Ugly, tattered trolls trotted around the grubby, revolting floor holding blood stained metal clubs and making evil, snorting growls.

We looked at each other worriedly, how would we get out of here?



*Illustration by El Limonar International School Villamartin, Spain*

## Chapter 20

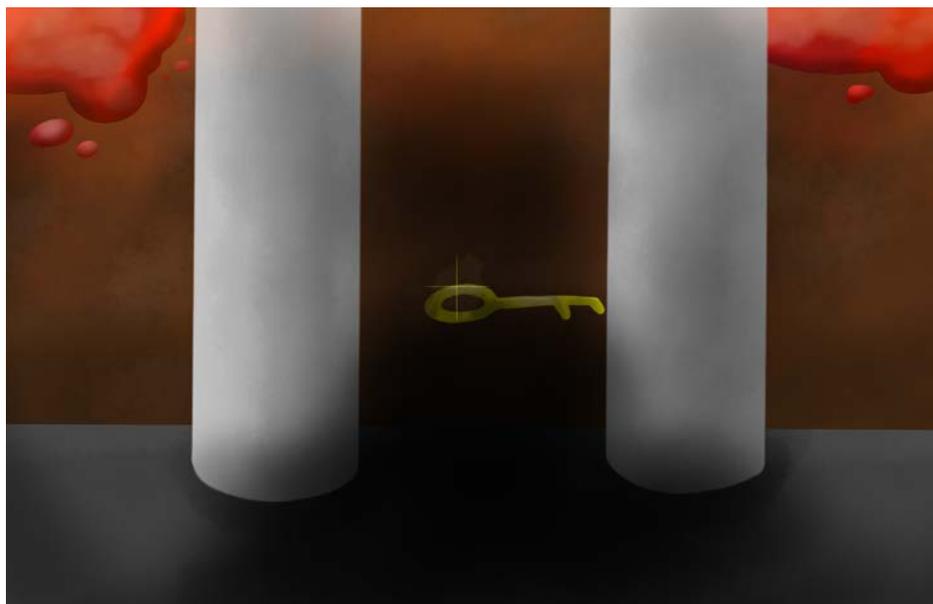
### Colchester High School (Year 5)



With sweat dripping down his furrowed brow and the blood draining from his face, Louis' wide startled eyes darted around the cage, desperately seeking an opportunity for freedom. Searching frantically, his eyes halted upon a shiny, glistening key on a silver thread, bouncing off the slimy chest of the alpha troll.

I delved through my pockets, rummaging for a miracle when my trembling, clammy fingers fell upon a smooth, shiny object – a ruby-coloured, tightly wrapped toffee. I'd often heard that miracles come in all shapes and sizes and this one came in the form of a mouth-watering, jewel-like sweet. Could this be our unexpected saviour?

Without hesitation or regret, I flung the shiny object and it landed lightly, feather fluttering down, landing directly at the largest troll's grubby, stubby toes. Time seemed to slow down, as the marauding trolls all turned to feast their greedy eyes on the prize.



*Illustration by Australian International School, Singapore*

Dropping their bloodied metal clubs with a resounding thud, the trolls spun and pounced upon their prey. In a tornado of arms and legs, slime, snot and blood, something optimistically glittering flew out of the humongous ruckus.

Luck was finally on our side. Lying tantalisingly close, the now bloodied, golden key landed on the grubby floor. If I stretched my arms through the steel bars of the cage would I be able to reach it?

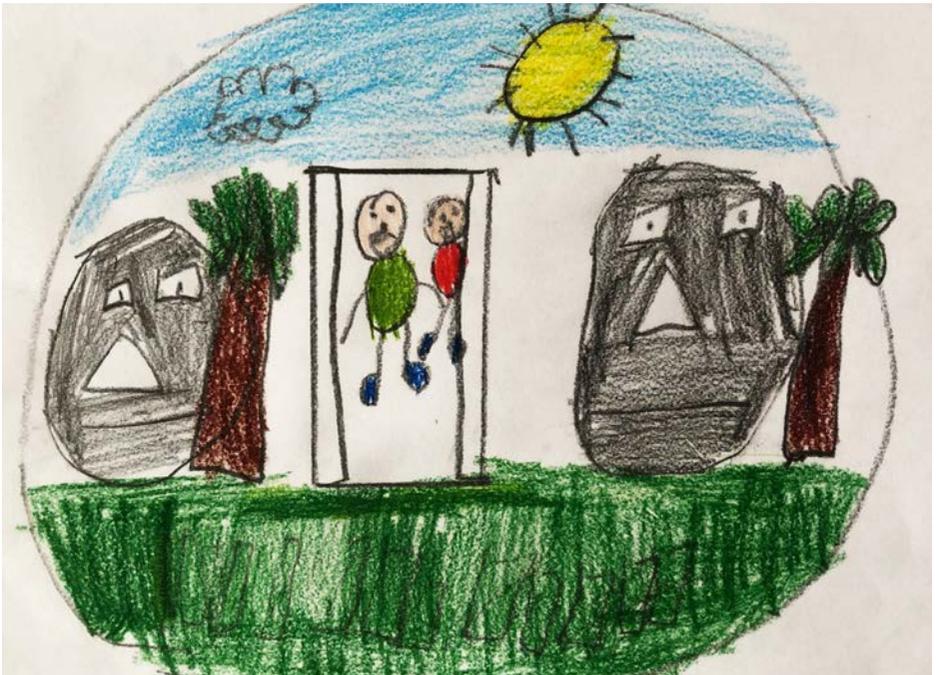
## Chapter 21

### Colegio Pumahue Temuco (3rd Grade)



With great effort and using the metal stick of one of the distracted trolls, I reached the disgusting key that freed us from that horrible place.

Louis, desperate, indicated the elevator to me in the distance while we ran, avoiding stones, bushes and the darkness that covered us.



*Illustration by Long Close School, UK*

With a huge jump we climbed into the elevator, crazily pushing the buttons with the hope of returning to school. Once again, we were surprised by this utterly whimsical machine, which opened its doors in front of three immense stone sculptures that stared at us. We soon realized that we were on Easter Island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean! And those stone statues were the ancestral Moais.

My surprise was greater when the Moais greeted us, in a friendly way, thank goodness. After all we'd been through we deserved to catch a break!

“Iorana Pehe Koe, hello, how are you?”

They told us that they wanted to help us, and they indicated a route:

“Walk along the Anakena beach until you reach the path that will take you to the Rano Kau volcano. At the southern end of the crater you will find petroglyph, and there you will find the key that will finally take you home, brave Lyla, brave Louis.”



*Illustration by St Clare's School, UK*

## Chapter 22

### Akeley Wood Senior School (Year 7)



The pale, white sands felt like silk under our feet. Along the shoreline, the clear, turquoise water slithered its way up the beach like an army trooper crawling through a battlefield. The sun sat smouldering in the cloudless sky and beat down on the unprotected earth. Sweat dripped from our brows and our exposed skin began to take a reddish hue.

The volcano sat silently in the distance: our destination.

I noticed that Louis was struggling, trying to conceal the pain from his broken leg. I'd never really noticed how determined he was to persevere alone. I'd always seen him as a whiny nuisance since the accident.

But now I saw him, really saw him. He'd been brave, he'd been there for me. Him battling through the physical pain and swatting off every danger that had come to us had given me the time to think of a way out. He needed me and I needed him. Now, I desperately wanted to help him, but I knew, Louis being Louis, he would only refuse.

I didn't know if we would ever see home again but I knew that if we were ever going to get through this crazy adventure, we would have to keep working as a team.

He was only a few metres ahead of me when I said, over the warm sea breeze, "Louis, I know I've never really told you this but... I really appreciate how brave you've been since the accident. I know that everyone's really proud of you."

Louis stopped where he was and turned around, tears welled in his eyes.

"I've always looked up to you, Lyla. I know I make fun of you for being dyslexic and stuff but, I know now, it makes you special. It

makes you, you. I want you to know, I'll always be here for you.”

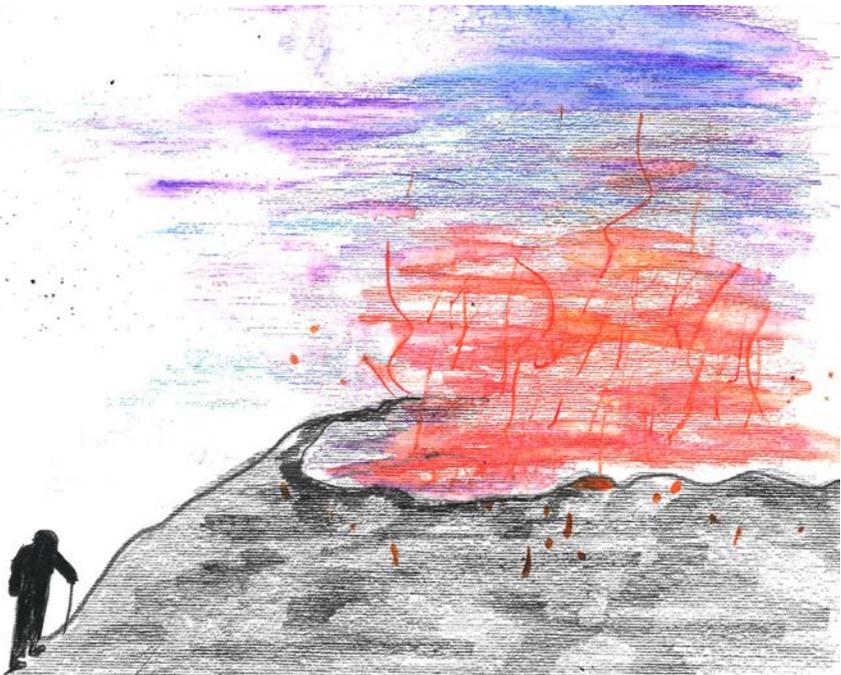
I smiled and knew that deep down, whatever lay ahead, we would see it through together.

We eventually arrived at the foot of the volcano and stared up at the impossible summit. We both looked at the ever-stretching mountain and realised there was no way that Louis would be able to make it to the top.

Louis, looking defeated, said “Go on without me, Lyla. You can do this by yourself.”

I suddenly started to feel overwhelmed and doubted I could complete the task by myself.

Louis sensed my self-doubt and said, “Sis, you’re NOT worse than everybody else. Lyla, I know you think you are but you’re not. You’re clever, creative and you always see the bigger picture. You’re the best problem solver in the family, in the school, anywhere!”



*Illustration by St Clare's School, UK*

So, go climb that volcano and get us home!”

Step by step, breath by breath, I started to climb the volcano.

## Chapter 23

### Oakleigh House School (Year 4G)



Burning, hissing rocks shot past me from every direction. Then I suddenly saw a flash of white above me. It looked like...it was... a llama. Inexplicably, amazingly and unbelievably, the llama was absolutely belting out Beyonce hits!

I loved the music, but I was so surprised I missed my footing and began to slide down the volcanic rock face. Just as I was beginning to really panic I was suddenly lifted by the llama. I saw that it had white fur, a golden halo and wings!

“Hello Sister. I am the angel llama and I have been sent here to help you. Not sure why, but that’s what I have been sent to do!”

“You can actually talk!” I gasped.



*Illustration by Hendon Preparatory School, UK*

“That’s not the only thing I can do—watch this!” replied the angel llama.

Suddenly, there was a flash of light and Louis was sitting on the llama with me. His leg was no longer broken! He beamed at me.

The llama sprinkled something sparkly onto the boiling volcano’s surface. A portal appeared. Somehow, we weren’t scared. We all jumped in.

We found ourselves in a basement surrounded by foggy rainbow swirls.

A door appeared and we cautiously opened it. A blast of icy wind blew in our faces. A polar bear stomped towards us. “Hello,” he said in a deep, booming voice. “Thought you were done? Ha. No Way! S’now Joke! I am the King of the Arctic!”

Out of nowhere a snowy owl swooped towards us hooting in alarm...



*Illustration by Breaside Preparatory School, UK*

## Chapter 24

### Oakfields Montessori School (Year 6)



As the bird came into focus I spotted a dark silhouette dangling precariously off the creature's back. "Lyla! Louis! Over here!"

Startled, Louis and I looked up. "It's me, Mr. Longsocks. This is my iPad," he hooted, pointing with his flappy wings.

"Ok then Mr. Longsocks, if it really is you, because you've always, annoyingly, got the right answers, tell us how to get out of here!"

"Ok kids, we need a password to enable the magic lift. All this time I haven't been ignoring you, I hid away, researching navigational applications..."

"You mean Google Maps?" I said.

"Yes. Yes quite. I've been trying to work out a password and route to return home!"

Like a nightmare, all of the futuristic creatures we'd seen on our journey started to materialise before our eyes. The three of us began shaking with utter terror. Mr. Longsocks dropped his iPad in horror.

Louis and I shrieked simultaneously, "Butterfingers, Longsocks!" just as he'd always said to us during P.E. lessons.

"What's the password, sir?" I cried.

"S-I-L-E-N-C-E, I think it was silence!" he shouted.

"Let me try" I said. Tentatively, I typed the letters S-I-L-E-N-C-E. "Louis, can you check my spelling?"

Louis scanned the screen and nodded. "Good job, sis."

Bleep. Bloop!

“Access denied! How!?” Louis said, confused.

“Hang on.” I thought for a second. Everything around me disappeared into nothingness as I concentrated on the problem. Then I began typing.

“L-I-C-E-N-S-E.”

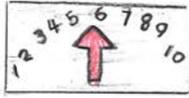
Bleep. BLEEP! The lights went green.

License to go home. I had cracked the code.

“H...H...How?” stammered Mr. Longsocks.

“You had the letters right, sir. But like you said, there’s always a different way of looking at things.”

And with that, the lift doors opened.



*Illustration by Australian International School, Singapore*

**THE END**



*Illustration by Australian International School, Singapore*

When an ordinary school lift suddenly transports Lyla and Louis to an extraordinary, unknown world of alicorns, dragons, dwarfs and magical powers, Lyla and Louis must learn how to navigate a new land and tackle spectacular challenges. In doing so, they discover that seemingly impossible hurdles can be surmounted, and that all of us contain strengths, courage and resilience that, harnessed in the right way, can defeat even the most nerve-racking of situations.



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