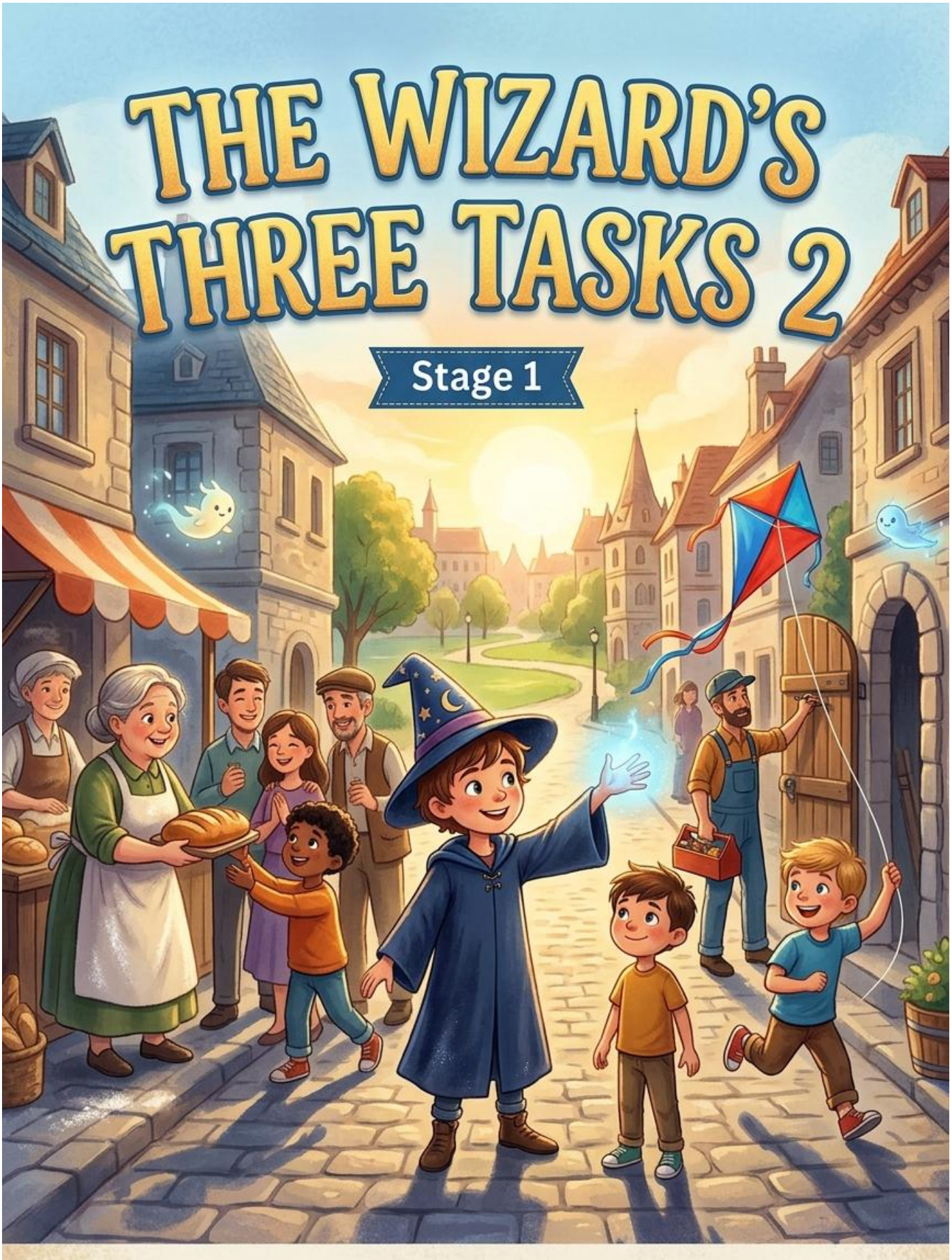
THE WIZARD'S THREE TASKS 2

Stage 1



Dan's English Student Original Story

THE WIZARD’S THREE TASKS 2

~3000 words / Level 1 / Headwords 400

Chapter 1: A New Message

Liro was now a true wizard. He lived again in his small blue house on a floating island in the Magic World. Every morning, the wind brought soft music to his window, and his books opened by themselves to greet him.

One sunny morning, Liro sat at his round table and read a book about “Light Magic”. It was a big book, but the letters glowed softly, so it was easy to read.

Suddenly, something tapped at his window.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

Liro looked up. A small silver bird was outside. The bird had a tiny blue envelope in its mouth.

“A message?” Liro said.

He opened the window, and the bird flew in. It dropped the envelope on Liro’s hand and flew away.

Liro opened the envelope. Inside was a note made of soft white light. The letters moved slowly like little fish.

“Dear Wizard,
something strange is happening in my city.
People are losing their shadows.
Please help us.
— Ben”

Liro’s eyes grew wide.

“Losing shadows?” he said. “How can that be?”

He remembered the Human World. He remembered the boy with the kite, Mrs. Green and her bakery, and the man on the bridge.

“Another person needs help,” Liro said. “I must go.”

Just then, the silver bell outside rang. It only rang when the Old Master wanted to see him.

Liro left his house and flew to the Wizard Tower.

The Old Master stood at the top. His long beard moved in the wind.

“You read the message?” the Master asked.

“Yes,” Liro said. “Someone needs me again.”

The Master’s eyes looked kind but serious.

“Liro,” he said, “you are no longer a student. You may use magic now. But listen carefully. You must never use your magic to run away from fear or sadness. Magic must come from a strong heart.”

Liro nodded.

“Yes, Master.”

The Master touched the air, and a tall golden door appeared.

“Go, Liro,” he said. “Help the Human World again.”

Liro took a deep breath and stepped through the light.

Chapter 2: The City Without Light

Liro arrived in a city he had never seen before. It was large and full of tall gray buildings. Cars passed quickly, and people walked with worried eyes.

Liro looked around.

“What is strange here?” he wondered.

Then he saw it.

A woman walked past him. She had no shadow. The ground under her was empty.

“That’s not possible,” Liro whispered.

Another man hurried by. No shadow.

A group of children ran across the street. No shadows.

The city looked normal, but without shadows, it felt cold and wrong, like the sun had lost its friend.

Liro tried to talk to people, but everyone looked frightened.

“I don’t know where my shadow went,” one man said.

“My daughter had one this morning,” a woman whispered. “Now it’s gone.”

Liro felt the air. It was heavy, like something dark was hiding behind the buildings.

“I must find Ben,” Liro said.

He walked to a small park with a piece of paper in his hand. The message had one more line on the back:

“Meet me in the old park, near the big fountain.”

Liro found the fountain. A boy of about twelve stood there. His clothes were simple, and he held a small brown backpack.

“Are you Ben?” Liro asked.

The boy turned. His eyes were frightened, but they also had hope.

“Yes,” Ben said. “You’re the wizard?”

Liro nodded. “Tell me everything.”

Ben looked around and spoke quietly.

“It started two weeks ago. At first, only one man lost his shadow. He thought it was a joke. Then more and more people lost theirs. Now almost everyone has no shadow.”

Liro felt a cold wind.

“How about you?” he asked. “Do you still have your shadow?”

Ben nodded slowly and pointed at the ground. A small shadow stood under him.

“I don’t know why I still have mine,” he said. “But I’m afraid. What if something comes for my shadow, too?”

Liro put a hand on his shoulder.

“I will help you, Ben. We will find the reason together.”

Just then, the wind turned cold again. The fountain’s water trembled. Ben’s shadow shook and stretched a little.

“What was that?” Ben cried.

Liro stared at the ground.

“It’s close,” he said softly. “The thing that eats shadows…”

Chapter 3: The Shadow Eater

The sky grew dark, although the sun was still up. A long, thin shape moved behind a tree. Then another shape slid across a building wall.

Ben held Liro’s arm.

“Wizard… something is watching us.”

Liro stepped forward.

“Show yourself,” he said.

The shadows on the ground came together like black smoke. Slowly, they formed the shape of a small creature. It had big empty eyes and a mouth like a dark hole. Its body looked like smoke, and its fingers were long and sharp.

Ben gasped.

“What is that thing?!”

The creature spoke in a voice like wind in a cave.

“I am hungry. So many shadows… delicious shadows…”

Liro stood tall.

“You are the one taking shadows from people,” he said.

The creature laughed.

“They cry. They feel afraid. Their shadows come to me easily. I drink their sadness.”

Ben shivered.

Liro looked carefully. The creature was not strong. It was thin and shaking.

“You are not a monster,” Liro said. “You are weak. You steal shadows because you have no light of your own.”

The creature hissed.

“I must eat shadows… or I fade… I was lost long ago…”

Liro remembered something from his books.

“A lost shadow spirit,” he whispered. “They fall from the Magic World sometimes. Without light, they turn dark and hungry.”

The creature moved closer.

“Give me the boy’s shadow,” it whispered. “He still has one. I need it…”

Ben stepped back.

“No!” he cried.

Liro stood in front of him.

“You cannot have it,” he said. “And I will not fight you with fire or force.”

The creature looked confused.

“No fight?”

“No,” Liro said softly. “You are hurting because you are alone. Shadows come from fear and sadness. I will give you something else.”

Liro lifted his hands and made a small ball of pale blue light. It was soft, warm, and gentle. It was not an attack. It was comfort.

The creature looked at it with wide eyes.

“What… is that…?”

“Hope,” Liro said. “And a little piece of light.”

He pushed the light toward the creature. It touched the creature’s dark body. The creature trembled… then slowly began to glow.

Its dark form became lighter. Its empty eyes filled with soft color.

Ben whispered, “It looks… peaceful.”

The creature closed its eyes.

“I remember… I was not always hungry…” it said.

Then, like smoke in the morning sun, it faded away.

Liro and Ben stood alone in the park.

“Is it gone?” Ben asked.

“Yes,” Liro said. “But the city’s shadows will not return so quickly. We must help the people, too.”

Ben looked up at him.

“How do we do that?”

Liro smiled gently.

“By giving light to their hearts."

Chapter 4: A City Without Smiles

Ben and Liro walked through the streets. The sky was bright again, but the city still felt sad. People moved slowly. Many sat on benches with empty eyes. Even children were quiet.

Ben looked around.

“They look so tired,” he said. “Is it because they lost their shadows?”

“Not only That,” Liro said. “A shadow is part of a person’s heart. When the shadow is taken, people feel weak and lost.”

Ben thought for a moment.

“Then… how do we help them?”

Liro smiled.

“We must help them remember something warm. A good memory, a happy moment, a kindness.”

Ben looked unsure.

“But I’m not a wizard.”

“You don’t need magic,” Liro said. “A kind word is also magic.”

They went to a small shop. A woman stood outside. Her hands shook as she held a cup of tea.

“Good morning,” Ben said. “Are you all right?”

The woman sighed.

“I don’t know why, but I feel like part of me is gone. Like I left something behind.”

Ben looked at Liro.

Liro nodded slowly.

“Tell her a good memory,” Liro whispered.

Ben hesitated, then said softly, “I remember when I came here with my mother. You gave me a warm cookie. It was the best cookie I ever had.”

The woman blinked.

“Really?”

“Yes,” Ben said. “You smiled at me and said, ‘This one is for free.’ I never forgot that.”

Slowly, the woman’s eyes softened.

“I… remember that day,” she said. “You were so small. You laughed when the cookie broke.”

Ben smiled.

And at her feet, something dark and thin appeared.

“A shadow…” Ben whispered.

A small part of her shadow returned. Faint, but real.

Liro nodded.

“It works,” he said. “Your memory brought her shadow back a little.”

Ben looked amazed.

“So anyone can do it.”

“Yes,” Liro said. “We just need more helpers.”

Chapter 5: Old Friends Return

They continued walking. Liro thought deeply.

“We need people with strong hearts,” he said. “People who already know how to bring light to others.”

Ben tilted his head.

“Do you know anyone like that?”

“Yes,” Liro said. “I know three.”

He lifted his hand and drew a small circle in the air. Soft blue light floated from his fingers. It rose up to the clouds like a signal.

Ben gasped.

“You called someone?”

“I called three people,” Liro said.

A moment later, the wind changed. From the street corner, a young man with a red kite came running.

“Liro!” he shouted. “Is it really you?”

Ben looked surprised. “Who’s that?”

“A friend,” Liro said. “I helped him long ago.”

The boy with the kite waved happily.

“I saw the light in the sky,” he said. “I knew it was you.”

Then someone else came walking fast—a woman with flour on her apron.

“Liro!” Mrs. Green called. “I came as quickly as I could!”

Finally, the man from the bridge arrived, carrying a small toolbox.

“You need help?” he asked. “I owe you that.”

Ben stared.

“You… you called real friends.”

Liro smiled warmly.

“These three know how to help others. We will work together.”

Mrs. Green looked around.

“This city needs love,” she said. “I can give people bread. Warm bread always helps.”

The man from the bridge nodded.

“I can fix broken things. And maybe broken hearts too.”

The boy with the kite laughed.

“And I can make kids smile again!”

Liro felt hope.

“Good,” he said. “Let’s begin.”

Chapter 6: Light in the Streets

The next hours were busy.

Mrs. Green set up a small table on the street and gave free warm bread to everyone. People smiled for the first time in days. And with each smile, the ground under them grew darker—shadows returning little by little.

The man from the bridge fixed doors, lights, and broken chairs in a shop. When the shop opened again, the owner cried with joy.

The boy with the kite showed children how to fly small paper kites. The children’s laughter filled the park. Many of their shadows came back at once.

Ben watched all this with shining eyes.

“It’s working,” he said. “People are getting their shadows back!”

“Yes,” Liro said. “Darkness cannot stay where there is kindness.”

But just as things were getting better, the sky suddenly turned gray again. A cold wind blew through the streets.

Ben grabbed Liro’s arm.

“It’s back,” he whispered. “The shadow creature…”

Liro shook his head.

“No… this is something bigger.”

A deep sound filled the air. Shadows on the walls grew long and thin, waving like dark flags.

Mrs. Green looked frightened.

“What’s happening?”

Liro stared at the sky.

“The shadow creature was only a small one. It had come here because something much darker is calling shadows away.”

Ben felt cold fear.

“So… something even worse is coming?”

Liro nodded slowly.

“Yes. And it is almost here.”

Chapter 7: The Heart of the Darkness

The clouds above the city twisted. A huge shadow formed in the sky, like a dark storm with eyes. The air shook with its voice.

“I am the Shadow King…
I come for the rest of your light…”

People screamed and ran. Buildings trembled. The streets became dark.

Ben held Liro tightly.

“W-What do we do?”

Liro stepped forward. His voice was calm.

“Shadow King! Why do you take the light of this city?”

The dark clouds moved like a giant face.

“Humans feed me with their sadness…
Their fear makes me strong…
And this city is full of fear.”

Ben wanted to run, but Liro stood tall.

“You are strong because humans forgot hope,” Liro said. “But we are bringing hope back.”

The Shadow King laughed like thunder.

“You are small.
Your light is nothing.”

Liro lifted his hands. A small, soft blue light appeared between them.

“No,” he said. “This is not my light. It is their light.”

He pointed to the people smiling with bread in their hands.
To children running with kites.
To the shop owner hugging the man who fixed her door.

The light grew brighter.

The Shadow King growled.

“NO… light hurts me…”

Ben shouted, “Liro! It’s working! Keep going!”

The light grew bigger and bigger, brighter and warmer.

Mrs. Green placed her hands on Liro’s back.

“You’re not alone,” she said.

The man from the bridge joined too.

“Take our hope.”

The boy with the kite put his hand on Liro’s arm.

“And our smiles.”

Ben placed both hands on Liro’s.

“And my shadow,” he whispered.

The blue light exploded like a soft star.
It filled the sky.

The Shadow King screamed—

—then broke apart into thousands of tiny dark pieces that blew away like dust.

The day became bright again.
Warm.
Safe.

Ben looked around.

“Did we… win?”

Liro nodded.

“Yes. But not because of magic. Because of hearts.”

Chapter 8: The Shadows Return

As the light settled, everyone looked at the ground.

Shadows were coming back.

One by one, under each person, a dark shape returned.
Moving naturally.
Alive again.

People cheered. Some cried. Children danced.

A little girl ran to Ben.

“My shadow came back!” she said happily.

Ben smiled proudly.

“Mine too,” he said. “And I didn’t lose it, thanks to Liro.”

Liro placed a hand on the boy’s shoulder.

“No,” he said. “You kept your shadow because your heart stayed brave.”

Mrs. Green hugged Liro.

“You did it again, Liro,” she said. “You saved a city.”

The man from the bridge laughed.

“Maybe you should live here!”

The boy with the kite raised his kite high.

“Liro! The wind is perfect today!”

Liro smiled at all of them.

“I’m glad you came,” he said. “I could not have done it alone.”

Ben looked at him.

“Will you leave now?”

“Yes,” Liro said softly. “But not forever. There will always be doors between our worlds.”

Ben nodded, trying not to cry.

“Thank you, Liro.”

“You helped too,” Liro said. “Never forget that.”

Chapter 9: A Wizard Between Worlds

Liro stood again in the old park.
He lifted his hand, and a golden door slowly appeared in the air.

He turned to Ben, Mrs. Green, the man from the bridge, and the boy with the kite.

“Goodbye for now,” he said.

“Come back soon!” Mrs. Green called.

“You’re always welcome,” the man said.

“I’ll fly a new kite next time!” the boy shouted.

Ben stepped forward quietly.

“Liro,” he said. “You taught me that light is not magic. It’s inside us. I’ll remember that forever.”

Liro smiled.

“And I will remember you, Ben.”

He walked through the golden door.
The city disappeared behind him.
The Magic World opened before him like a bright dream.

The Old Master waited at the top of the Wizard Tower.

“You did well, Liro,” he said. “You used magic, but not to fight. You used it to guide hearts.”

Liro bowed his head.

“Master… I learned that magic is not only power. Magic is a mirror of the heart.”

The Master smiled.

“That is why you will be the guardian of both worlds.”

Wind swirled around Liro. His coat shimmered. His hat glowed softly.

He was no longer only a young wizard.
He was a bridge between light and shadow, between courage and fear, between two worlds.

Liro looked out at the sky.

“I will help again,” he said. “Whenever someone calls for me.”

And somewhere far away, in the Human World, shadows and light moved together once more.

THE END（約 3000 語）