

The Lost Key

Wyatt sat on his bed thinking, I start my hunt tomorrow. My story starts now. No, the sandy haired boy's story really started when his father started the quest, the quest to find the Holy Grail. Wyatt was only a little boy about six when his father made up his mind to start searching. The six-year-old boy was left behind with a full time nanny.

Wyatt recalled asking multiple times, "Where's daddy?"

The nanny, whose name was Charlotte, usually replied something like, "Some sort of quest I do believe, but won't tell any details to anyone other than his silly journal." Every month or two, Wyatt would receive a letter, but as you might believe this wasn't enough to tide a boy of seven over for long. The blue eyed angel started demanding visits on his birthday and at Christmas. On Wyatt's eighth birthday, his dad didn't show up; Wyatt hadn't gotten any letters from him in four months, and Charlotte was starting to suspect something.

Wyatt, now 13, knew the harsh truth of his fathers fate. When he was 11 he decided he would finish his dad's quest once he turned 13. To complete his father's mission, he knew he must first find the key to his dad's journal.

Chirp Chirp Chirp! Wyatt pulled the blanket over his head; the bad thing about having a nature alarm clock is it has no snooze button. He crawled out of bed with reluctance and wondered what today had in store for him until he remembered the quest. The wonderful magnificent awful quest. First, he would fetch his dad's notebook and inspect it. He knew he couldn't pick the lock; he had tried that before. Looking at the book, a piece of paper fell out. It read:

In our code, most of the clues will be written, Wyatt.

Dad

Wyatt's eyes nearly popped out of his head. His father had left clues for him. This was going to be easier than he thought.

Wyatt raced to the cupboard where he kept the code he and his father had created. Next to the decoder his dad had made, he found a note in the code which decoded read:

Wyatt, go to where lions and actors are kept alike.

Dad

The zoo? No. The theater? No. The circus? Bingo! He would go to the nearest circus after he packed his bag.

From the circus, Wyatt was led to The Plaza in New York City and then to the Gulf of Mexico. There the clue was a bit harder. It said:

There's no place like home to eat.

Dad

After a little research, he found that there was a restaurant called Home Restaurant in Los Feliz. The clue he found there was most peculiar:

**You've traveled long and hard my boy, for this I'll give you
credit. Now treat yourself to a pie, lime to be exact. At the
bakery, you will find the key.**

Dad

Wyatt knew that he was supposed to go to the bakery that he and his father went to when he was younger and purchase a key lime pie.

The bakery was close to his house, so he had to journey back to his hometown and stuff his face with pie. For this task, he thought he might need some help. Not to worry, because he had a friend who adored pie. The friend, Matt, was delighted because all he knew was that Wyatt wanted him to come with him to the bakery and watch out for hard metal things in his food. This part, about hard metal things in his food, confused Matt a bit, but he did not really mind.

The date was arranged as soon as possible, and in two days time Matt and Wyatt met at the town bakery. They started to chow down when, *crack!* Matt yelped with pain as one of his teeth flew out of his mouth. That was when Wyatt noticed something metal sticking out of his friend's slice of pie. Quickly, Wyatt replaced the key with a walnut and put it in his pocket.

"A NUT!" Matt roared. He hadn't noticed Wyatt switch the two and now was in a rage. Wyatt had forgotten what a very bad temper Matt had.

Wyatt said they would take it to go and left in a taxi, pronto. Once he had returned home, he rushed to his bedside table where the journal lay.

Wyatt slid the key into the lock and turned it. The lock clicked and the journal popped open. Now all Wyatt needed to do was read the 500 paged book, set out on the quest, and come home bearing the Holy Grail.