

The Highland Sword



Adie MacPherson will never forget the night it happened. He stayed at his uncle's castle at Dunrobin, on the banks of the River Avon, in the Scottish Highlands. A fortress with large dormer windows and gabled roofs. His bedroom lay in the East living quarters. A replica of the past with a real medieval poster bed.

Earlier, a storm came up and he found it difficult to sleep. Strange noises clang around him. Caused by the wind and the squeaking of the old wood. Something made a peculiar sound though. Weird and eerie scratches on a stone wall. Louder and louder, coming from the hallway.

He sprang to his feet and strode to the door in his Braveheart-themed pyjamas. He pulled at the antique brass door handle and opened the heavy wooden exit as careful as he could.

The corridor appeared empty. But he thought he recognized footsteps fading away. Strange writings on the left-hand side of the wall caught his eye. How odd.

He grabbed a flash-light from his room and tried to decipher the message.

“Search for the Dalloch sword. Free the immortal spirit of Sir Robert MacPherson. Turn the sword toward the heavens at the full moon!” it commanded.

Adie got excited. His pale features turned red beneath his wire-rimmed glasses and straw-coloured hair. At last! A mystery to solve!

He returned to his room and looked at the night sky. Only two more days before the full moon came to pass. Not much time left.

No more sleep for me, he thought. I’d better find that sword. The old creepy dungeons are the best place to start. Forbidden by his uncle to enter.

Summoning his courage, Adie took the stairs, into the damp, dark underworld. Wishing he wore a coat. His skinny body provided little protection from the cold and his fingers turned numb. With difficulty, he held on to his flash light. Scrutinizing every corner and every hideaway.

A castle rat startled him when it fled away in front of his feet. He quivered. A loud bang added to his anxiety. But he had to be brave. A MacPherson never conceded to fear!

When he crept forward he gasped in awe. Lurking there, tucked away in a corner, lay a large sword. Bathing in a furious, blood red glow. Embedded with green gemstones, shiny and fierce.

“No way!” he cried. His fright forgotten. “There really is a sword! Awesome!”

With care, he approached the relic, touching the blade with one finger. Nothing happened.

Now more confident he took the stunning looking grip in his hand. With pride and joy, he heaved the heavy sword through the air.

Tales of knights and kings popped up in his head.

His uncle liked to talk about those historical stories.

Though he never spoke of the spirit of Sir Robert.

“I better hide the sword before anyone finds out,” he reasoned. He fled upstairs, wrapped it in a towel and placed it underneath his bed.

Two days later, Adie stood in the middle of the castle gardens, pointing the ancient sword toward the full moon. Within seconds, the metal glowed and a robust figure materialized. A tall and nobleman, with fierce strong eyes. Dressed in black, except for his green robe. From out of nowhere, a white horse appeared.

The man jumped on it and galloped off into the night. Without granting him a look or a word.

Disappointed, Adie returned to his room. To his astonishment, he found a velvet green robe on his bed embroidered with the MacPherson Crest.

Right then, his uncle walked into the room and asked, “did you enjoy your ghostly adventure?”

“What? Uncle, how did you find out?”

“Let’s say I had a unique visit from one of my ancestors last night,” he grinned. “And you were at the right place, at the right time.”

Years later, as a handsome young Scottish lad, Adie joined his uncle for a Whisky in the castle’s library.

There he learned the truth. His uncle pulled a thrilling prank on him. One that lasted a length of time.

To give a brave boy the chance to prove himself worthy of the MacPherson clan. Letting him keep the truly antique green robe, as a knighthood trophy.

