

Annastacia's Quest Below

Writer

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Once upon a dreary morning, a Writer and her Imaginary Friend walked the streets of New York City, where the taxi cabs were traffic jammed. Sirens blared from the left, or maybe it was the right, and rain fell ever so slightly all around. The madness of the metropolis was chaotic, and they wanted only to make it safely home from the office.

Both of them were silent, for there was nothing much to say. It had been a day quite the same as any other day before. The small, quaint apartment was only a few blocks away, but suddenly the two caught sight of something awfully strange. A girl, who appeared to be in costume, wearing a purple cocktail dress along with floppy ears and a white cottontail, was running frantically through the streets shouting something or another about being late.

No one else seemed to notice The Rabbit Girl, and The Writer and her Friend continued walking. They heard a loud “Goodbye!” in a cheerful tone and turned just in time to witness the girl plunge feet first down a manhole.

Shocked, and realizing there was still no other person who acknowledged the strange girl, they ran to help her. Somehow, no one really knows for sure, they fell down the hole as well. They fell slowly, very slowly, past many bookshelves and tables and chairs. They fell past chests of drawers and a grand piano and past an abundance of things that it undoubtedly made no sense to be falling past.

Before it was over, they had gotten over the amazement of it and were, for lack of a better term, bored, for the fall seemed to last an eternity. When they did hit a bottom, though, their astonishment was brought back to life by a land of bright, colorful flowers; rolling, green hills; warm, cozy cottages; and a giant, ravenous monster trapping The Rabbit Girl by a tree with leaves the same color purple as her dress.

Feeling heroic, they decided the only thing to do was to try and help her. This is what they had intended to do in the first place. Without much of a thought about a plan, the two began running and jumping and throwing nearby objects, trying to distract the beast. As you may have guessed, they ended up in a mess right beside The Rabbit Girl.

At this time it was clear to The Writer that her Friend was no longer imaginary in whatever magical world they were in because The Rabbit Girl clung to his arm, trembling, and awaiting her fate. The Writer closed her eyes, prepared for doom, and a single tear fell down her cheek.

From nowhere, she heard a thunk sound, and then a hideous shriek from the monster. Adding to the bundle of unlikely events, now a man dressed in armor fought against the beast. A gash on its shoulder oozed orange and it screeched and ran to attack the brave warrior. It swung an arm to shred the man with razor sharp talons, but miraculously he managed an incredible leap over it, and he plunged his sword deep into the monster’s chest. This time the cry was worse than before. It was sharp and rang in everyone’s ears, disheveling them as they tried to run. The Rabbit Girl tripped, and The Unimaginary Friend quickly helped her back to her feet. Unaware, the two of them were running in circles, no idea where to go.

The Writer had only run far enough to find a new place to hide in an old shed beside one of the cottages.

“Take the horse!” cried The Knight to The Friend and The Rabbit Girl. “He knows where to go!” They looked and spotted a white horse now over by the tree with purple leaves. The monster was right in their path.

“Uh . . . here horsey!” yelled The Friend, but the horse did not move. The Knight, still fighting the beast, shouted something in another language, and the horse took off to save the two newcomers. They hurried onto its back and galloped away.

The Writer was terrified and sat in the shed with her head in her hands, listening to the destruction going on outside. Unexpectedly, everything stopped. The total quietness was almost more disturbing than the destruction. She held her breath, and then, the shed door cracked open slightly and a thin beam of sun light shone on her face.

“It’s safe now,” a deep voice said softly. The Knight opened the door the rest of the way and extended a hand to help The Writer up. “Your friends are fine,” he said, “and now it is time that we catch up with them.”

He shouted another phrase and a new creature with the body of an eagle and the head of a lion swooped down in front of them. The Writer cringed.

“Do not fear milady. She is on our side,” The Knight reassured her. They boarded the animal and took off in flight high over the enchanted kingdom. They flew so fast that The Writer had no chance to take in her surroundings. Everything was a blur of brilliant color and cool wind rushing past. Without warning, the creature dove back down to land and perched beside a white horse. The Writer’s Friend and The Rabbit Girl stood a couple yards away. The Knight speaks up. “I don’t know if anyone else is exhausted, but I think it would be best if we all found a place to rest.” The others nodded in agreement. “That bed of flowers will do nicely, and I do not think they will mind,” stated The Knight. The last comment confused the others, but they were in no mood to question it. The four made their way to the beautiful garden and lied down. Everyone was glad to do so and immediately fell into relaxation.

“Excuse me,” said a gentle yet authoritative voice that no one recognized. That all stirred and sat up to see a Rose of deep red staring down at them. “It is not polite to lie down in our bed without first asking permission,” said the flower.

“We beg your pardon ma’am,” replied The Knight, “We were in great need of a place to retire.” The Rose considered this.

“I suppose we can come to an agreement,” she said.

“Ma’am?” asked The Knight.

“Well, you see,” began The Rose, “this world is so large that it is nearly impossible that any one person ends up in the same place twice. It has been a very long time since my friends and I have had visitors. We have grown lonely and jaded. How about each of you tells a story to my garden, and then I will allow you to stay.” The Writer opted to go first.

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