

Sketched

By Kate W.

Earlier that steamy day, Anna was just like everybody else during the summer break in July. Except for one thing, her drawings, Anna isn't your typical everyday artist she was a doodler. Like I said before I wouldn't call Anna "normal" her family is nice and all they even own a farm, and on that farm, they had a barn where Anna would go and doodle everyday with her dog, doodles by her side. Every night she would go to sleep dreaming of her next drawing but tonight was different.

"Hello ma'am, are you okay?" said a boy that looked as if he was a... stick figure! "What, where am I?" As Anna's vision got clearer, she saw that he was a stick figure just like the one she would doodle on notebook paper! He once again said, "Are you okay?" Anna stared as if this was all fake and she was just dreaming. The boy had dots for eyes and a line that was curved into a smiling mouth. He held out his arm, which was a long line with three small lines at the end. Anna grabbed his hand for help up when she realized her hand was just like his. He pulled her up as she came to the conclusion that not only was he a stick figure, but, she was too! She turned around to reveal a stick reflection looking back at her and she saw blue lines all around her. She was actually on, WHAT, a piece of notebook paper, how could that be? It even had three holes on the left side! When she looked down at her feet, there was nothing below her, and she almost felt as if she was dangling in the air. As Anna stood up on shaky stick legs, the boy welcomed her with a smile on his face. "What happened to me?" Anna asked in question. "Well, I was walking to my house and I saw you laying there, so I thought I'd make sure you were ok." The kind boy said. "*I have to be dreaming this is not real!*" Anna thought. "I have to go, I'm sorry" said the boy. "It was nice meeting you maybe I'll see you around" she replied. Anna didn't really have a plan, so she just thought she would see what she could discover. She just kept walking as she saw more and more blue lines on top of a what seemed to be white floor. Suddenly, she came across a square box that had four sides, she looked confused and touched it with one of her three stick fingers and suddenly, the side that she touched flopped down. She was tempted to go inside the box so she crawled in with just enough room to stand, and "**SMACK**" the side open, quickly closed trapping Anna in the box! This was a BIG problem! Anna cannot deal with tight, small spaces she is claustrophobic "GAH!!!" she screamed.

Everything was closing in on Anna, it was pitch black, and very dark in there. Anna sank down on the floor losing all hope. As she was on the ground, she felt something with her hand. Could it be a stick?

She felt around some more and noticed a heavy metal block at the end of the so called "stick". Did the boy leave it there to help her escape? Anna grunted and moaned as she struggled to lift up the object. Now, I know what you're thinking, and your right, Anna certainly isn't the athletic type, I mean, she doodles for goodness sake.

"Wait, is this what I think it is? Heavy to lift, and it has a wooden handle with a metal block at the end." Anna screamed out loud, "This is a ... SLEDGE HAMMER! I can use it to break out of this square I'm trapped in." She stood, and immediately fell back from the weight of the hammer. The hammer then slammed against the wall of the box, breaking the side down.

Her eyes closed from the bright sunny light blocking her view, she then opened them to see herself somewhere familiar. As she opened her eyes, Anna realized she was laying in her comfy, cozy bed with her dog Doodles at the end, sleeping peacefully. "What couldn't have been a dream, or could it?" She questionably whispered to herself. Anna was perplexed as she tried to piece it all together but now, it all made sense! There was no such thing as living stick figures, doodles can't come to life! It was really early in the morning. Anna was too wirted, and she couldn't stop thinking about what had just happened to go back to sleep, so, she thought that she would do the one thing that she loved, DOODLE! She reached down and grabbed her sketch pad and flipped to her last piece of artwork so she could admire what she had created, "*What in the world? My life just got a whole lot weirder!*" When Anna looked down at her last creation, she saw a smiling stick figure waving back at her, and the weird thing was, it was the stick boy from her "dream". Was it a dream? She might never know the truth.

The End