

Angela M.

## Where the Stories Are

“A shadow is dark and vivid. It follows you and it won’t leave you alone. I am your shadow,”

Gene said.

“And you are an annoying one with good hair,” I said a tad too loud.

Everyone started laughing. Whoops. Sorry Gene.

Just then the teacher walked in. Oh yeah, I forgot to mention where we are and who I am. Our location is in Aurora, New York, A village that is known to the public as charming. The property we are standing on is for the GT camp we are currently attending. Basically, smart camp. It’s an elective for GT kids to do instead of the basketball portion in Physical Education. My name is Arabella Grambell. I have extremely dark brown curly-ish hair, grey eyes, and light skin. I am the average height of a 16-year-old girl (I think). My friend Gene has blue eyes, wispy black hair, and pale skin. He reminds me of a ghost.

Two other dudes I know here are Sina and Tyler. Their twins. Anyway, the teacher told every one to settle down and then called roll:

“Carrie Ann Marie?”

“Here.”

“Tyler and Sina Greyson?”

“Here.”

“Present.”

“Kate Parkston?”

“Hello.”

“Arabella Grambell?”

“Good morning.”

After a few more here’s and present’s and one “soup”, we were told to talk about ourselves for one minute. After that we were told to explore the campus. I walked with Gene to my log cabin and noticed that no one was there yet. No surprise, people were still chit chatting back at the main building. Then Gene and I went out on an adventure to find his cabin. Out of nowhere a small specimen pops out from behind the corner of a cabin. I bump into it on accident and stumble backwards. Then I hear a loud thud on the floor. *Uh-oh*. I look up relieved to see a small black haired girl with yellow glasses hastily picking up dense books from the floor. I hurried to her side to help her. She looked a bit scared.

“I’m so sorry!” I said while picking up the books.

“It’s OK. I should have watched where I was going.” She said in a meek voice.

“I could say the same thing for myself,” I replied.

She presented me with a weak smile and ran off. Gene shot her a suspicious look behind her back, but didn’t say anything. We watched her run behind a cabin. At the same time, Gene and I both said the same sentence.

“Her eyes are purple”

I looked at Gene. Then I said something risky:” Meet me here at this time tomorrow.

“Why?”

“Because we’re going to follow her.”

“What if she doesn’t show up?”

“I’ll take my chances.”

“What if I don’t want to follow her?”

“I’ll drag you here myself.”

Gene looked at me like I was crazy, and he looked like he was ready to pee his pants. Literally. I didn’t want to think about that, though. The girl had purple eyes. That’s impossible. Then she suspiciously runs off to the back of the cabin, where the woods are. That’s just plain old fishy.

The next day after class, I headed straight to the same place that Gene and I met the purple eyed girl. I wanted to get there early because I wanted to find a good hiding place to watch the girl without her knowing. Then I saw the perfect spot. A pile of empty crates that had stamped ink on each of them that read: BOOKS. I carefully rearranged the crates to be a cave like structure. Then I added a few extra crates here and there to make look natural. Perfect. There was a hole in the back so we could get in and out easily, and the spaces in the crates made excellent windows. The lighting was so perfect that you could only be able to see from the inside to the outside. From outside, the insides of the crate were pitch black. While I was admiring my work, Gene arrived.

“What’s up with the pile of crates?”

“Follow me.”

With that I lead Gene to the back of the hideout and inside. He looked amazed.

“Wow...”

“Thank you.”

Right then we heard footsteps. We looked around inside our hideout to see who it was. Sure enough, it was the purple eyed girl. She made sure no one was watching, that failed, then she ran into the woods.

Gene and I made sure to always keep on our radar. We did, until we came upon a tree by the lake. A brown tree with a hue of purple and orange red leaves. The tree was dull colored, but it looked bright and cheerful at the same time. The girl was nowhere in sight. There was a small boat with faded yellow sails floating in the water. The boat itself was made of a wood the same color of the mysterious trees leaves. They boarded the boat to investigate and found the boat was moving at lightning fast speed to who knows where. When the boat stopped Gene and I ran off the boat, both ready to hurl, when we saw it. The creature had purple eyes and black fur. It ran behind another mysterious tree from one side, and the purple eyed girl came from the other.

“My name is Dana, if you wanted to know.”

Dana walked toward us and told us to follow her. She seemed much more confident at this place than back when we first met her. We followed, too confused to say anything. When we arrived at our destination I was shocked and stunned and every other word for amazed. It looked like a city full of monsters. All socializing and doing productive stuff. I spotted a talking rabbit yelling about a watch. Weird, the rabbit was familiar.

“This is where all the stories in the world come together to buy, sell, trade, socialize, and much more. Even to talk about politics.” Dana said as if this was normal for us.

“Wait...So that rabbit we saw screaming his head off was *the* White Rabbit?” I asked.

“Yup”

Gene looked extremely pale.

A few hours later, Dana, Gene and I were back at the boat. We said our goodbyes and boarded the boat. All the previous hours went by too quickly. From dancing to eating, socializing to laughing, and from making new friends to getting official IDs for this place. Gene and I would miss it all. We waved good bye. Until next time.