

Box World

Grade 6th
Fiction ✓
Poetry _____
Nonfiction _____

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Chapter One: Into The Abyss

I remember a dream I had, once, when I was a little girl. It was a very peculiar dream, for it was so, very realistic. It has been a very long time since, about 75 years ago. Let us begin the story.

It all started a little late one night when I was 5 years old. I had run into my bed and hid under the covers. Father was very mad again, and too busy fighting with Mother to notice he had forgotten to tuck me in bed and read me a fairy tale. I loved fairy tales when I was a girl, and still do, now that I'm 80 and an old lady. Ha! Anyways, let's continue.

I cried and cried. However, I quickly fell asleep. I recall waking up lying down in a different room, that for sure was not my bedroom. I quickly sat up and scanned the room, then confirmed that to myself. My room had a petite bed with a floral bedspread that was a lavender colour that had a white, wooden headboard, a mirror with a silver frame above my bed, a little dollhouse in the corner surrounded by dolls and teddy bears, a beige carpet that filled my room's floor, a tiny yellow bookshelf by my dollhouse that had pink and blue flowers on it, so nothing I could see was anything I was familiar with, which wasn't much.

All I could see was a long, skinny, short wooden table with a light above it. The light was turned on, so it was strange that all I could see was that, and what looked like an abyss surrounding it. The abyss surrounding the table was blacker than the night.

I had gotten very nervous, so I had said aloud to help myself calm down, "Toto, I have a feeling we're not in Kansas anymore. We must be over the rainbow!" I chuckled a little bit, but it was more of a nervous laugh than a happy laugh. It did make me a bit calmer, though.

I was scared to take a step further, even though I wanted to a bit. But, my curiosity overcame my fear, and so I did. I took one step onto the abyss. I took one step, then another, and another and another and another until I had finally reached the table with the light above it. I hadn't noticed before, but there was a very small box on it. The box, aswell, was very peculiar. It was all sorts of colours, patched together. Colours you would find on animals. The box was bronze, gray, black, light and dark brown, and more.

I was nervous to pick up the box and inspect it, but, once again, my curiosity had overcome my fear and so I picked up the little box. When I say little, I do mean very small. It was about the size of both of my five-year-old hands. The box also had a very peculiar texture. It felt very similar to my father's coat. The coat and the box had a short, rough fur feeling.

I even felt like it was breathing. Like it *was* an animal. I felt the box warping it's shape, like it was inhaling and exhaling. It was compressing in, the releasing out. It was going in and out.

In...out...in...out...

I was terrified. Before I "knew" the box was alive, or atleast breathing, I wanted to open it. See what was inside, if anything at all. *Now*, I thought, slowly putting the box back down on the table, *not anymore. I want to go home!* I barely finished my thought before the box started shaking in my fingertips. It started to open. By itself.

I fell back, onto what people would call a floor, but to me, it was just an abyss. The box fell off of the table and landed right next to me. I tried to quickly squirm away, but I couldn't move. I just sat there, leaning on my hands, waiting for the worst to happen. I waited for something scary or dangerous to jump out, for it to explode, anything. But, none of that happened.

In fact, something else would happen that would be filled with action, adventure, exciting events, and much, much more. This was only the beginning.

Chapter Two:

Boxworld

Once I gained *some* control over my body, I fell on my back, and shook. Closing my eyes, I waited. Nothing happened. Nothing at all. I felt, strangely, calm. I felt like I could sleep peacefully and nothing could awake me.

Then, all of a sudden, I heard noises, like birds chirping and singing. The ground felt kind of like grass; a bit soft, there were strands of the grass, but it wasn't itchy and bumpy like grass usually is. It felt nothing like the smooth, wet abyss people would call a floor that I was originally sitting on. My eyelids were pinkish red, like when you look outside in the daytime when your eyes are closed. I slowly opened them, only to see something I had never seen before.

I was in an entirely different room, though I would even say world. The sky was a perfect shade of blue, the grass was a perfect shade of green, and colourful flowers were everywhere. I saw many different kinds of birds, either in the sky or in this big, beautiful tree. The tree had dark brown bark, lavender coloured leaves, and cool orange and yellow glowing mushrooms sticking on the bottom of the trunk. All the land that I could see was overgrown with flowers, shrubs, trees, and more. I also saw animals that weren't just the birds. Rabbits, dogs, squirrels, chipmunks, and many other kinds of animals you would find in a forest.

I saw that the rabbits, there were four, wearing shirts and dresses. They were holding hands, or paws, and singing Ring Around The Rosie. Then, they stopped, got into a boat on the grass by a small cottage near me, and started singing Row Row Row Your Boat.

Once I lost interest gazing upon the rabbits, I looked around and saw that the dogs were wearing overalls. There were about ten. They were playing catch with a small ball. They ran around, rolling over each other, then started dancing! They were doing The Big Apple dance! When they stopped, they laid down on their sides and appeared to be sleeping.

"A-Am I in Wonderland?" I said to myself outloud, half joking.

After I said this, a rabbit got out of the rowboat and hop-walked to me. To my surprise, she spoke to me, saying, "No, little girl. This is not Wonderland. Didn't you read the sign? It says that this is Boxworld! I assume you are The Chosen One?"

"Huh?" I said, looking behind to where the rabbit was, seeing a sign in the brush near me, that, sure enough, said 'Welcome to Boxworld!'.

I assumed that the rabbit was a girl because she was wearing a pretty pink picnic dress, her voice was light, sweet sounding and energetic. She also has a girl's name that she later tells me.

"Okay! I will ask again! Are you The Chosen One?"

"I-I don't know," I stuttered, feeling very nervous.

"Oh, well. I asked this because, well, you see, everyone in the land of Boxworld has waited for The Chosen One to somehow end up here. You are one of the first to come. If you find out if you are The Chosen One or not, please tell me or one of my siblings."

"Who are your siblings?" I asked, feeling less nervous.

"I have two other sisters, Mopsy and Flopsy. I also have one older brother named Peter. Oh! And my name is Cottontail! What is your name?"

"I have heard of you guys before! You're from Peter Rabbit!" I said, very excitedly. All of my anxiety just suddenly washed away. "And my name is Maragret!"

"Really? That's great!" Cottontail sounded ever so pleased. "Why have you come here?" she asked.

"I didn't willingly. I fell asleep in bed at home, woke up in a scary, dark room, then just ended up here," I told her this, sounding like it had happened often.

"Well, then, what do you need? What do you want?" she asked, waiting excitedly for an answer from me.

"I-I want to go home," I said, rubbing my eyes, feeling a little sad and being reminded that I was tired and hungry.

"Well, there's your quest!" Cottontail said excitedly.

"W-What do you mean?"

"Here in Boxworld, everyone has some goal or quest to keep them going! I don't see why you can't have one, aswell," she stated.

"Well, ok," I said quietly, feeling a little shy.

"Great! But it's late, and I assume you are very tired because you were rubbing your eyes. Anyways, how about we go to the cottage, get you something to eat, get you ready for bed? You can start your quest tomorrow!" she said, sounding very happy. She was shaking her booty and doing a choo-choo train movement with her arms, hands in fists, doing a little jig.

I shook my head yes, and sighed in relief. I felt disgusted with my body; I had not combed my hair, changed my clothes, or brushed my teeth.

"Wait!" I exclaimed, being confused about something Cottontail said. "How is it late? It's light out here."

"Oh, I see, Margaret. It's always a very emphasized summer here in Boxworld, so it only gets dark, but only slightly, at 10:00 P.M."

After she said that, I gave her a little nod, and my confused face went away. Cottontail gave me a smile, her two buck-rabbit teeth showing, and she led me to the cottage, which was just my size. It looked exactly like my dollhouse back at home.

When Mopsy, Flopsy, and Peter entered the cottage, we had a nice conversation. After, Mopsy made us some delicious salad, and, just for me, some meatloaf. After dinner, I had changed into a beautiful lavender nightgown that was the same colour as my bedspread at home, brushed my teeth and combed my hair. I then

climbed into the bed in the guest bedroom, the rabbit siblings read me a fairy tale, wished me goodnight, and went off to their own beds to sleep themselves.

That night, all I could think about was what had happened that day. I was so excited for my quest the next day that I could barely sleep. I knew it was going to be packed with excitement, adventure, and so much more that I was hanging off the edge of my seat.

Chapter Three: *Magical Bird*

Early next morning, I awoke to the sound of singing. I opened my eyes tiredly to see a big, beautiful bird. It was unlike any bird I had ever seen. For one, it was *huge*. It was much bigger than me, I could tell even when it was sitting at the end of the big guest bed.

Secondly, it was definitely magical. Not only did it look magical and was big, but I could also feel a magical aura coming from its voice. The voice might have been relaxing and calming, but it didn't make me tired. That was strange because I was still drowsy from sleeping.

Lastly, it had many, many colours. Its belly was a pure white colour, and looked fluffy, like a cloud. Its beak and feet were also a pure white colour, the exact same colour as its belly. Of course they were not fluffy, but they looked smooth. There were no ridges on the beak or the feet.

The rest of it was all the colours of the rainbow. Its head was a very light red, but looked more like a light pink colour. The top of its body, but also a small section of the head at the very bottom, was a very light orange colour that faded perfectly from the pinkish red colour at the head. That light orange colour was fading into a light yellow, that almost looked white. That faded into a very light forest green, into a very light aqua blue, and finally into a light lavender purple by its feet. There was also a cute feather cluster at the top of its head. Its eyes were all back, even the sclera.

The magical looking bird sang the most beautiful song. There were no words, just a voice. It sounded nothing resembling a bird song, for it sounded like a young woman singing. It went from high-pitched to low-pitched, but that blended together so perfectly that it sounded spectacular. I loved it. I sat there for the longest time, laying in the guest bed under the covers, listening to the bird singing.

Suddenly, I remembered my quest. It's happening today, what if I'm late? I quickly sat up. That startled the bird. They sprang off the end of the bed and landed on a wooden table in the corner by a small bookshelf, and looked at me with a face of hatred. I opened the white and yellow floral curtains covering the window, and looked out.

It was still dim outside, but not by much. I let out a sigh of relief. I turned around and positioned my pillows so they sat almost straight up and layed on them. I fixed the blanket and the sheet on top of me so it was flat without wrinkles. I put my hands on top of the blanket and looked at the bird *patiently* with a smile.

"Well," I said, "aren't you going to keep singing? Your song is beautiful."

To my surprise the bird spoke back to me. I was half expecting that, but what was even more surprising is when they spoke, it was in a deep, deep voice, that was much unlike their singing voice. The voice was deeper than my father's voice. It sort of had a charm to it, though. It had a magical feel, but it was a little scary to be talking to a giant bird with a deep voice.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Bossface and Mr. Impatient!" the bird said, with an annoyed voice.

"Huh? Mrs. Bossface? Mr. Impatient? What did I do?"

"Ah, I see that you are also dumb. Well, you're bossing me around, wanting me to sing for you! If you weren't being *so, incredibly* bossy, I might have continued to sing, but not for you, of course!"

"Ok, but why are you here?" I said, bothered by the rude bird.

"Well, kid, Lady Cottontail assigned me to sing until I woke you up. But, thanks to you, my voice box hurts for no reason! I had to sing for the longest time! Anyways, I'm *not* surprised you don't know that normal people sit up straight as soon as they wake up, get out of bed, and get ready for the day! But *noo*, you want to lay forever and trick me! How *dare* you?"

"It wasn't on purpose!" I said, getting more angry at the bird.

"Oh, sure. Whatever. My work here is done."

"Wait!" I exclaimed. "What's your name?"

"Oh, *now* you want my personal information! My name is *none* of your business. I shall leave now."

"Wait!"

"Ack! What do you want *now*?" the bird said disgustedly.

"Please, oh, *please* tell me your name! I must know thy name."

"Stop pleading like that! Uhg, fine. If you *must* know my name, it's Oiseau Magique. Now, leave me alone!"

"Oh soup magic what?" I said, confused by the words of the now french sounding bird.

"*Oiseau Magique*! Now, I will say only *once* more, leave me alone!" And with that, Oiseau Magique flew out the window and I never saw him again. At least, that's what I thought at the time.