



National Day on Writing 2018 Winner Contest 4: What Happened Here?

The most memorable thing that my grandmother ever told me was the story about how she came home after a long day of magical antics and her home was filled with sand. Her journey started with her and her friends playing with a big blue ball in her backyard early on a Saturday morning. The ball was being tossed back and forth between the five of them when a gust of wind came out of nowhere and forced the ball right into her first friend's face. She seemed like she was hurt so the remaining four laid her down on the grass and went to find help. As the foursome walked down the road they had walked down many times before, they became frightened because it was like nothing they had ever seen. Old Lady June was only a few houses down so she was where they first stopped to ask for help. They knocked and were given no response so they decided to walk in. As soon as they stepped in they saw a green dragon coming out of the ceiling. "Do you know where we can find help for our friend?" The second friend asked, "Sure I do," replied the dragon slowly, "it will cost you a soul for the answer you seek." The second friend was feeling brave that afternoon and volunteered himself. The three friends left and went on to their next stop. Soon they approached the house of Little Jill, but her red door was there no longer. The once rectangular door was now a pair of shining red lips with ragged teeth. "Do you think you could help us find some help for our friend?" the third friend asked.

"Sure I can," whispered the lips, the hot breath rolling through the air, "but the answer you seek will cost you one human soul." The third friend took a deep breath and stepped forward into the giant mouth. The last two friends were sent on their way. The two remaining friends arrived at the third location, Grandma Louise's house. It didn't seem too strange so they decided to step in. They were greeted by a flock of giant pink birds. "Do you know where we can get some help for our friend?" the fourth friend asked. "Of course we could help you," the birds squaked, all in unison, "but it will come at the cost of the heart of a child." The fourth friend volunteered and the fifth and final friend was on her way. She followed the map that the birds gave to her and it

led her back to her own home, but it was not how she left it. The door was now the face of an ancient god, carved in stone. "Who goes there" the stone face said. "I live here" squaked the fifth friend, "I'm looking to help the one hit by the big blue ball." The eyes of the stone face rolled back and his mouth opened wide enough for her to

step through. Before she could enter she saw the whole layout of her home, everything was intact except for the floor, which was covered in tons of sand. She stepped in and the wind began, she fought it until she reached her back door. She looked through the window to see the first friend dusting herself off getting ready to go home. The first friend called out to the fifth, "Where did everyone else go?" The fifth friend shook her head and shrugged. My grandma was the fifth friend, that is when she learned that you can never trust magic.

By: Bella Ortiz