

The House of Pride

Writing Club Fall Literary Magazine



Louisville Middle School

Table of Contents

| | | |
|---------------------|-----------|----|
| Eclipse of the Moon | by, Nina | 3 |
| Time Travel | by, Emma | 5 |
| Sometimes I Dream | by, Karen | 9 |
| fEAR | by Emily | 10 |
| Titleless | Anonymous | 11 |

The eclipse of the moon. It was the night of the full moon, and the eclipse still raged. As a cloud masked sky, splattered with stars a moon drifted upon the night. A young, spotted gray and black wolf wandered. As a torch blazed on, and the stars and moon aligned the wolf continued to wander. A bare branched tree looked upon the silent fires as they raged, and as the world split in two. The wolf howled and fires grew higher. The wolf meandered through the forest and met a black cat at the old tree. The wolf and cat met in still silence letting each other know that they were destined to meet in the final hour. As thunder crashed and lightening rolled over the land the two sides of the world were no more. The cat and wolf watched as the world disintegrated around them. And soon they were no more, gone, nothing at all. Just the slightest spark of two moons

*their glowing light faded to a glimmer, before it died off like
a candle just as it flickers out. Out, out of this world into
the dark, never ending sky, cold and unwelcoming.*

Time Travel

“It’s finished! Done! Completed! Concluded! Terminated!” the professor announced. Tabatha sighed, knowing he could go on all day if he wanted to. Just this once, however, she was going to let it go. She couldn’t help but feel excited as well. They had been working on it for months! Months of secret meetings in the professor’s office, months of endless wiring and welding, and, above all, months spent in Professor O’Leary’s eccentric company. Speaking of which...

“Another cup of tea, Tabby?” The professor always had a cup of tea when he was happy. Or upset. Or tired. Actually, the professor always had a cup of tea, period. Tabby laughed and nodded assent. The bumbling old man, his gray mustache which he prided himself on swaying while he teetered across the floor, found the kitchen on his second try. As he was fixing a cup of tea for her, just the way she liked it with three spoons of sugar, she looked at the machine laying haphazardly on the purple-checked carpet. They were the first ones to ever invent one. Their very own time machine! She heard the professor’s voice in her head, interrupting her own. “It’s not a time machine, Tabby. It’s a Biometrically Controlled Chronoscintillative Mobilization Device.” It was pretty much the same thing, but the professor was picky. She slid her hand over the cold metallic surface, wondering when they would try it out.

Tabby could hear the professor humming in the other room. He wouldn’t be back for a few minutes. Quietly, she climbed into the metal structure resembling a sports car, just without the wheels. She looked at the buttons. In her twelve years of life, she had never seen something with quite that many buttons. She didn’t even remember what half of them did! Were those red buttons the one that controlled the time she would travel to? And that big, blue one, that must be the one that actually made the time machine go. She looked back at the red buttons. As long as she didn’t actually go anywhere, she might as well play with the buttons, right? She entered in her birthday, September 16th. She was about to enter in her birth year, 1999, when she remembered what the professor had said. They couldn’t go anywhere where they might run into their past selves. Rather than take the time to re-write the whole year, she simply deleted the first digit. September 16th, year 999. A thousand years before she was born. Her thumb hovered over the blue button. She wasn’t supposed to go without him, but she would be back before he noticed, right? The machine made the decision for her, interpreting the light touch of her thumb as the signal to go. A sudden whirring filled the air, and Tabby blacked out.

Awakened by a violent shaking, a blaring voice threaded through Tabby’s barely conscious brain. “My dear lady, awaken at once, and get this... device off my foot!” shouted the source of the shaking. She opened her eyes to see a rather alarmed silver man standing beside the time machine, some sort of brown cow-thing behind him. Oh, the brown thing was a horse. And the silver man... wrenched into alertness, she realized suddenly that this was, in fact, the year 999. The man whose foot was trapped under the time machine was a knight. A

real knight. Complete with shining armor and everything. She hopped out and, with the knight's help, pushed the machine off his foot. She looked around and saw a castle in the distance. A castle surrounded by more knights, who were now charging towards Tabby. Panicking, she grabbed the knight and pulled him into the time machine. She pressed the conveniently labeled "Return to present" button, and while she was able to remain conscious this time, the knight did not. She hardly noticed the swirling pattern as they were pulled through time, and suddenly, they were back.

Oddly enough, the professor did not seem too upset when Tabby arrived in the time machine, with an unconscious knight in the passenger seat and a foot-shaped dent in the side of the device. "I used to love the 10th century..." the professor observed, kneeling down to examine the damage the knight's foot had done to the machine. Tabby didn't know who he was talking to, nor whether she should respond, so she stayed quiet. Professor O'Leary had always claimed that he had made a time machine a long time ago, but confessed that he had somehow misplaced it during an unfortunate incident with a kraken. Tabby seriously doubted that it had actually happened, but the professor said things like that. Suddenly, the knight awakened with an audible groan. Had she also been out for that long on her first trip? The knight, helmet askew, looked around.

"Should we take him back? Now?" Tabby hissed in the general direction of the professor. The professor looked up at her with pleading eyes, reminding her exactly of what her dog, Sara, did when you took away her bone. "Fine. He can stay for a little while. But only a bit. We're taking him right back once you're done talking to him." The professor's expression turned suddenly gleeful, and he looked back at the knight.

"I am Professor O'Leary," the professor told the confused knight, assuming a formal tone. "It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance." The knight, not sure what was going on, simply replied, "Morris Jenkins at your service, sir!" Morris Jenkins looked around the small, cluttered apartment. "Now, if you would be so kind as to tell me, where am I?" With those words, he fainted again. Tabby laughed slightly, and turned to the professor.

"Let's take him back before he wakes up. He'll think it was all a dream." The professor nodded and climbed over the knight and into the driver's seat. Tabby sat in the small space behind the two front seats. The time was already set in the time machine, so Professor O'Leary pressed the blue button and the time machine took off again. This time, however, something was wrong. The machine spun out of control, jolting terrifyingly. Tabby closed her eyes and waited for them to land.

"The time-lock regulator is broken!" the professor exclaimed when they had stopped moving. "When you landed the machine on Morris's foot, you crushed it!" The rest of the professor's lecture was drowned out by a sudden high note. High G, it sounded like. Maybe the years of vocal lessons her mom had insisted on weren't such a waste. She whirled around and realized they were on a stage, behind a very large cardboard cutout. Peeking around the large mass of

cardboard, she saw several women in cream-colored dresses, singing in Italian. An opera? The only thing that could be worse would be if Morris... Had he woken up? Suddenly, she heard the distinct sound of metal armor on a stone floor. He was awake! The knight had wandered out to the middle of the stage, looking around in wonder. The singers were still singing, but several of them were watching this spectacle. Morris suddenly broke into a run, driven by panic, but tripped on his clunky armor and toppled a cardboard house. They fell like dominoes, and when the last one fell over, it snagged on the curtain. The curtain ripped, a performer screamed, and chaos erupted. Through the yelling and running as various members of both the opera and the audience tried to figure out what was going on, Tabby hurried out onto the stage and grabbed Morris.

“We’re taking you right back!” she exclaimed. He blindly followed her, pretty stunned at this point. She shoved him back into the time machine and climbed in into her usual spot. “Do you think you can fix that... regulator-thingy?” she asked the professor. Sirens were audible in the distance.

“I should be able to fix it if I could just have a little time!” he shouted in reply. He opened up the side panel where the time-lock regulator was located as Tabby wondered how to distract the rest of the people in the opera house. If anybody found out about the time machine, they would be sure to tell the police. The time machine they had worked so hard on would be taken away! Maybe, if she could get them to leave, at least... Her plan was risky, but she had to try.

Running towards the chandelier, she leaped off the stage and caught herself on the diamond-studded light fixture. There were some candles attached to the center of the chandelier, but that was several feet away. She would have to swing herself all the way to where the candles were. The only way she could possibly get everybody out was if the whole building caught fire. With a small scream, she gathered enough momentum by swinging the lamp back and forth, and let go. If she could just time this right, it ought to take her right to where the candles were. The chandelier flashed past the corner of her eyes. Had she missed? The police sirens were much closer. She didn’t have a second chance! She felt cold metal in her hands. The candle was within her reach! Slowly, carefully, Tabby reached up and grabbed a flaming candle. She pulled it out of the chandelier and dropped to the ground, her grip exhausted. With the police already shouting and banging at the doors, she didn’t have time to think before her body took control and she held the flaming candle to the velvet curtains surrounding the stage. It worked! The whole thing was quickly consumed by flames. The audience screamed once again and ran outside. Now, all that was left was to get to the time machine. She leapt up on stage, wishing that she had chosen to light the other end of the opera house on fire. The flimsy cardboard props had been the first to light on fire, and the flames had spread to slink across the whole back wall.

Seemingly in slow motion, Tabby charged towards the professor. He was replacing the last panel, time machine fixed, but the flames were right at Tabby’s heels. With a final leap, she sprang into the time machine and pulled Morris in.

The professor had hardly gotten his second leg in when Tabby pressed the blue button, and they safely escaped the blaze.

“Goodbye, Morris!” Tabby hollered at the retreating knight. They had made it back to his time on their first try, although nobody had double-checked the coordinates. As the knight’s figure diminished, the professor pushed the button to return to the present and the little time machine took off again.

“I think that’s enough adventure for one day,” Professor O’Leary acknowledged as they found themselves back in his apartment. “Now how about a cup of tea?”

Sometimes I Dream

Sometimes I dream of a beautiful place,
Of rolling hills, swaying with golden grass
I run barefoot, and tumble down
No one is there to tell me to stop, and
I lie there a minute, letting the sun
Caress me with warmth
This is my secret place, this is the place that
No one can visit because I go there in my
Dreams

Sometimes I dream of a beautiful place
Of valleys cut by streams,
I dance along feeling the moist earth between my toes
I splash into a nearby stream, and
Stand beneath a waterfall
Then, I fall into a bed of wildflowers,
And their petals tickle my face,
Stirred from a breeze that makes the green grass dance
And flatten, as if it was stepped on
This is my secret place, the place that
That no one can visit because I go there in my
Dreams

Sometimes I dream of a beautiful place,
Of shady forests full of mystery
My footsteps are muffled by the blanket of
Pine needles
Sunlight filters through the net of leaves
And flows like water down to the path I walk on
The shadows begin to stretch and grow
And the trees bend toward the
Dying sun
The shadows hide questions that have no answers,
And I walk on
This is my secret place, the place
That no one can visit because I go there in my
Dreams

FEAR

It was my room
Comforted me
Depicted
Held me together
But now

It is my trap
My cage
My prison
My morphing room
And, I know it no longer

Turns what was me
Into a stranger
It turns my memories
Into my fears

Fear
What a funny word
So short
A small way to say such a big idea
Within four letters
Lies my worst moments
My imagination turned against me

The ocean blue walls
Now
Choking
Helpless
Drowning

I'm drowning in my fear
I roll over and clench
My eyes shut

I know they are there
Hundreds of eyes watching
Hoping
For me to leave my bed
They have to be hearing my heart
My breath
My nerves shaking

They must hear
They must be so impatient
Creeping out of the shadows
Of my morphing room

It betrayed me
Not mine any longer

They must be feet away from me
Circling around my bed
Staring
Reaching
About to touch

I shoot up
Eyes wide with pure terror
Ready to fight to the end
No one can save me
I will die

I look around
Nothing
My morphing room
Morphed again

Same blue as the tide goes
Out
A slight tinge of green
My heart slows
I relax

Irrational
Preposterous
Unreasonable
Absurd
Foolish

Titleless

She had always been an interesting girl. Even before March 22. But no one knew just how interesting, at least until the 22nd.

“Ok, bye,” said her math teacher. There were advantages and disadvantages to having all her academic classes before lunch. Advantages being that by lunch she didn’t really have to think, and only had fun things to look forward to. The disadvantages were that she was brain dead by 2nd period and still had her two hardest classes to go.

“Desdemona!” shouted Liny, closing her locker.

“Oh, hi,” she replied a little flustered.

“You ok?” asked Liny. “I called you three times and you didn’t respond.”

“Yeah, I’m fine. I just feel like a lion ate my brain, didn’t like the taste of it, spit it out, a bird came and grabbed it, dropped it at 5,000 feet in the air, fell down a waterfall, got smacked with a fish, flew out of the water, hit a tree, got stepped on by an elephant, got stuck to the bottom of the foot, eventually fell off, got eaten by a rat, which got eaten by a snake, which got eaten by an owl, which got shot by a poacher, and my brain fell out, landing in a pot of soup...”

“Ok!” exclaimed Liny. “I think I got the picture!”

“In other words,” said Desdemona, “my brain feels dead.”

“That’s good to know.”

“Yes, yes it is.”

“So how was your morning?”

“Boring, not much happened.”

“Interesting, very interesting.”

“Actually quite the opposite.”

She had awoken in her usual way, without her alarm clock. Desdemona opened her eyes and looked at the clock, 5:08, her usual time. She got up and got ready for the day. Half an hour later, she sat down to watch the sun rise. When the sun was up, she grabbed a book to read. At 6:47, her dad got up, woke up her brother and went downstairs to make breakfast. Ten minutes later, her brother came downstairs for breakfast, and she followed him. They all ate breakfast and she left for school.

“Good morning,” said the janitor

“Good morning,” she replied. “How are you?”

“I’m good, how are you?”

“I’m good,” Desdemona put her stuff in her locker, except for her book, and sat down in her usual waiting spot and waited for Zorida.

“Ding! Ding! Ding!” school started.

“Slap!” she closed her book. *Well, Zorida clearly isn't here today*, she thought to herself. She put her book away and grabbed her stuff for social studies
“Hey Desty,” said Liny. Desty was Desdemona’s nickname when her friends were feeling lazy, which was most of the time.
“Hey Liny,” she replied as Liny opened her locker. They grabbed their stuff, closed their lockers simultaneously, and walked off to social studies.

Desdemona walked off to lunch, her brain drained and feeling as mushy as the foul mystery food served in the cafeteria.

“Hey Desty!” It was Zorida.

“Hey Zorida” she replied, “Where were you this morning?”

“My family was busy and couldn’t drive me so I had to take the school bus.”

“That’s ok.”

After lunch she returned to her locker and walked off to P.E. She entered the girl’s locker room to get changed.

“Hey Zorida” she said, about three minutes later.

“Hey Desty” Like she had said before, her friends felt lazy a lot. They finished changing out and exited the locker room. The whistle blew.

Desdemona hated P.E. Everything always seemed the same, just with a different shaped ball. Amidst throwing a random ball, the loud speaker erupted.

“Attention all staff and students!” said the person on the intercom “This is a lock down. Assemble all students into a class room!” Everyone started panicking. “Repeat this is a lock down. This is not a drill. Repeat this is NOT a drill!” You could barely hear the last bit of the announcement.

Suddenly the whistle blew really loudly. Everyone cringed away from the sound “Ok, everyone!” shouted the coach, “Into the girl’s locker room!” You could hear complaints from the boys “NO!” Everyone was herded into the room. Everyone sat down on the floor. Both doors, the door that lead to the gym and the door that lead to the hallway, were locked, and the lights turned out. Everyone sat in complete silence. They were in the girl’s locker room because the smell would be bearable, though still unpleasant, especially with the overload of dropped perfume bottles. “Rattle, rattle, rattle,” someone was trying to get in “rattle, rattle, rattle. Bang!” and they weren’t giving up “Bang!” you could tell the blows had a lot of force behind them “Bang!” you could almost feel the fear in the air “BANG!” the last one wasn’t a kick to the door, it was a gunshot. No one dared even breathe. “Squeeeak” The familiar squeak of the door seemed ten times louder than usual, yet minuscule to the gunshot. You could hear hands fumbling in the darkness “click” a flashlight turned on illuminating the room with an eerie glow “clump, clump, clump” the heavy foot steps against the cold, hard floor slowly came into view from behind the last row of lockers. He turned and you could clearly see his face

“Dad?” came a familiar voice from right next to Desdemona

He responded “Zorida?”