

Wedged Between the Words

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Tikka-tap-tikka-tap. The strange melody played as I drummed my fingers roughly on my stained wooden desk. What to write? What to say? How can I drive this story onward? Shall I take the expected path or another? Stay with my original plot or derive a new one? Should my protagonist rise or fall? Sad or happy? How shall I end this blasted book?

My fingertips thumping turned into frustrated pounds from writer's block. I started to type random words, sentences and sayings trying to spark my imagination; as that did nothing I scrolled back and read the cleverly crafted phrases. Where'd my talent go? I've been sitting here for an hour and I have written squat diddly! I leaned back in my chair and back pains crept through my spine. You can do this. Just write something. Suddenly, a rush of adrenaline pumped through me and I jumped forward like a pianist ready to play his final piece. I took a deep breath, then slammed my head down in defeat. Useless brain, I've got nothing! Random letters and numbers quickly filled the page and I groaned. I wish I could just experience what I want to say. Ugh. . . random thoughts that didn't make any sense!

A crackle whipped through the air and I jumped back as my computer sparked with lightning. A bright light surged through the room periodically blinding me. I rubbed my eyes and when I opened them, I was standing in the middle of a cobblestone street. Tall lanterns flickered with light and illuminated the eerie avenue. Why do I feel like I'm about to be murdered?

"You'd think you could get away from me that easily, Doc? Well, think again." I whipped around to see the blandest man in the whole universe. He was dressed in a fancy Victorian suit, but that was the most interesting thing about him.

"Hello, strange man. Am I dead?"

"Your tricks won't work this time, Elijah."

“Ah, I see your confusion. I am Ronan, not Elijah.”

The man pulled out a small pepper-box pistol. It was a classic with a wooden handle that had metal carvings heading towards the barrel. “I, Henry Jyde, will have my revenge.”

Sweet Edgar Allen Poe! I know where I am. This is my book! Wow...I need to work on describing my characters better, maybe give him a nasty scar.

My inner thought was interrupted from the clicking of a bullet in a barrel. Oh no. . .

“Look, Henry before this gets too far, I need to clear something up. I am not the man you are looking for.”

“You think me a fool. You look just like him.” I sighed in frustration; this is the last time I’m basing a character of my own devilishly handsome looks!

Jyde raised his weapon and aimed for my head. I frantically patted all my pockets and felt something round, the bounce ball I found this morning. Taking the small ball, I threw with all my might hitting him square in the forehead making him stumble back and fall. Woah, I actually hit him!

I spun around and dashed down the stone street. This is so cool, but quite terrifying! The thin fog grew thicker and thicker till it was like running through whipped cream. Random things that I typed whizzed by as I continued to run. Playing cards dancing the macarena, a floating pizza with a top hat, and the Cookie Monster eating broccoli. I’ve made a world of madness! If this is what I was last typing, then I should stumble upon those head-slammed letters and numbers any secCcOoONnD!

The floor fell out beneath me and I landed on the hook of a J. I clung to it as I looked down into an infinity of white that had a continuing stream of numbers and letters. Behind me huffed an angry Henry Jyde, who was covered in green looking snot. Good thing I didn’t run into that. He took his gun and pulled the trigger, but nothing happened; the snot must have jammed it. Thank you, disgusting substance. Henry leapt forward and landed behind me. I screamed like a manly little girl, then fell and landed on the hump of an H.

Jyde swung down and when he landed his foot slipped and he fell backward into the white void. Well, that was anti-climactic, but what do I do now?

“Hello, strange forces that got me in here! Can I leave?! The bad dude is gone!” My answer was complete silence. Okay, Ronan, we’re trapped in a book and don’t know how to leave. Great.

I leaned back and studied the things around me. Maybe I could use these letters and try to get out of here. Let’s see what I can I work with. I studied the letters that my forehead landed on. Okay, over their we have some G’s, T’s, and Y’s. That’s not going to do much. I looked down and saw some R’s, F’s, M’s, and 8’s. I can work with that.

After, some dangerous movements I had successfully pushed an F and R together and had a lonely M. I had decided to try to slice the 8’s into E’s, but how to do that was beyond me. I tried kicking, weird karate moves and sayings. Nothing. I had swung a T upside down and was jumping on it and it managed to break through the 8, then I fell and was dangerously dangling on the edge of a letter. One down, one more to go.

FREE ME. The words pierced through the endless white and I stood there waiting for something to happen. Then, I heard the pulse of a heartbeat. It started out soft then it grew into a roar.

The bright white emptiness shifted to tiled ceilings. I looked around and realized I was in a hospital. My sister sobbed over me saying I had been in a coma for months.