Third Place – Fiction Division

The Key By Katie Wilhelm

At first I was happy that I had found the key. I thought it was strange that the key was just lying in my grandmother's chest. I thought it would make my life a whole lot easier and it did for a while.

Hi, my name is Bridget Jones. I'm 12 years old and I have an older brother Ian. My parents are divorced and my grandfather is very sick. My grandmother lives with my mom, brother, and me. A couple of weeks ago we moved to Ohio to be closer to my grandfather.

On a Saturday morning when we were unpacking I found my grandmother's special chest. 1 wasn't supposed to be looking in my grandma's personal items but I did anyways.

My mother had told me to take a box of china up to the attic to unpack but then I saw the most beautiful chest ever, it was made of oak and on it were rubies and gold edges. I opened it.

"Oh my..." I said aloud, inside of the chest I found my grandfather's army suit, my grandma's very first Bible, my grandmother's mother's favorite diamond necklace, my grandma's favorite record, and a key at the very bottom.

Right at that moment I heard someone coming up the stairs, I gently put all of the items back in the chest. I closed the chest and rushed over to the box of China to put it away.

"Bridget are you done yet???" my mom asked me.

"Not yet. Mom, I was..."

"Well, hurry up because grandma needs your help putting books on the shelf," my Mom replied.

"I'll finish up." I said.

Once my Mom left I reopened up the chest. I took out the key and left the attic.

"Hi Grandma, do you still need help?" I questioned.

"I sure do," my grandma gladly replied.

"Um, Grandma...

"Yes," my grandma answered.

"Do you remember having a key that looked like this?" I pulled out the key from my pocket.

"No honey, why?" my grandmother asked.

"I just found it on the floor..." I muttered.

"Well, let's finish up then and have lunch."

Later that night I went back up to the attic. That's when I saw it. Beside the shelf with china on it, I saw a small door with a gold lock on it. I took the key from my pocket and slowly put it into the lock. The next thing I knew I was sitting in a field of flowers, under a big oak tree.

"Wow" I whispered. I got up and while I was walking the scenery changed. I was in a rain forest. I looked up and there sitting on a branch was a tree frog.

'Hello," the tree frog said.

"You talk?" I asked.

'Well duh...why would I be talking to you if I couldn't talk?"

"Uh, I don't know."

"Ok, well I am a tree frog and I live in this world of imagination, once you imagine things, that item will appear," the tree frog told me.

"Cool" I responded.

For the rest of the day I imagined. I imagined there was a beach, café, and an amusement park. I then decided to imagine exciting things like flying carpets. My day was so fun! I then left the imaginary world to just notice while you were there that time stood still.

The next day I crept up to the attic. I got half-way there when...

"Bridget, where are you going?" my brother asked. "If you don't tell me where are you going you're going to regret not telling me."

"To my room... ok!" I yelled.

"Sure," my brother said sarcastically.

I went to my room and waited until my brother was gone. I then snuck up to the attic and took the key out of my pocket. I didn't know that my brother was following me....

I ran across the field and imagined the rain forest where the tree frog lived. Just as I entered the rain forest I heard a roaring sound behind me.

"Oh no..." I whispered.

Right behind me was a lion. I imagined a sword. I swung the sword across the lion's chest. The lion disintegrated. I ran into the forest looking for the tree frog and I spotted him sitting on the ground not moving.

"What's happening????" I questioned the frog.

Your brother Ian came into the land... he is poisoning it and all that's in it with his evil thoughts.'

The scenery was changing. It was snowing and very cold. I ran to find my brother and I spotted him by the beach. He appeared to be imaging monsters and making the season change to winter which would harm the animals.

I imagined a ray gun and killed all of the monsters. Then I imagined a potion that would make my brother's body and brain stop functioning until I got back. I had him drink the potion after I tied him up. I then dragged him back to our home and laid him in his bed.

I ran back to the land of imagination and when I got there it was just like it had been before my brother entered. I went to find the tree frog.

"Thank you Bridget for saving our land," the tree fog said.

"You're welcome," I said.

From that day on until I turned 13, I entered the world every day. I had a blast but then as I grew older my imagination died and I lost the key. Later as an adult my children found the key and had an adventure of their own.