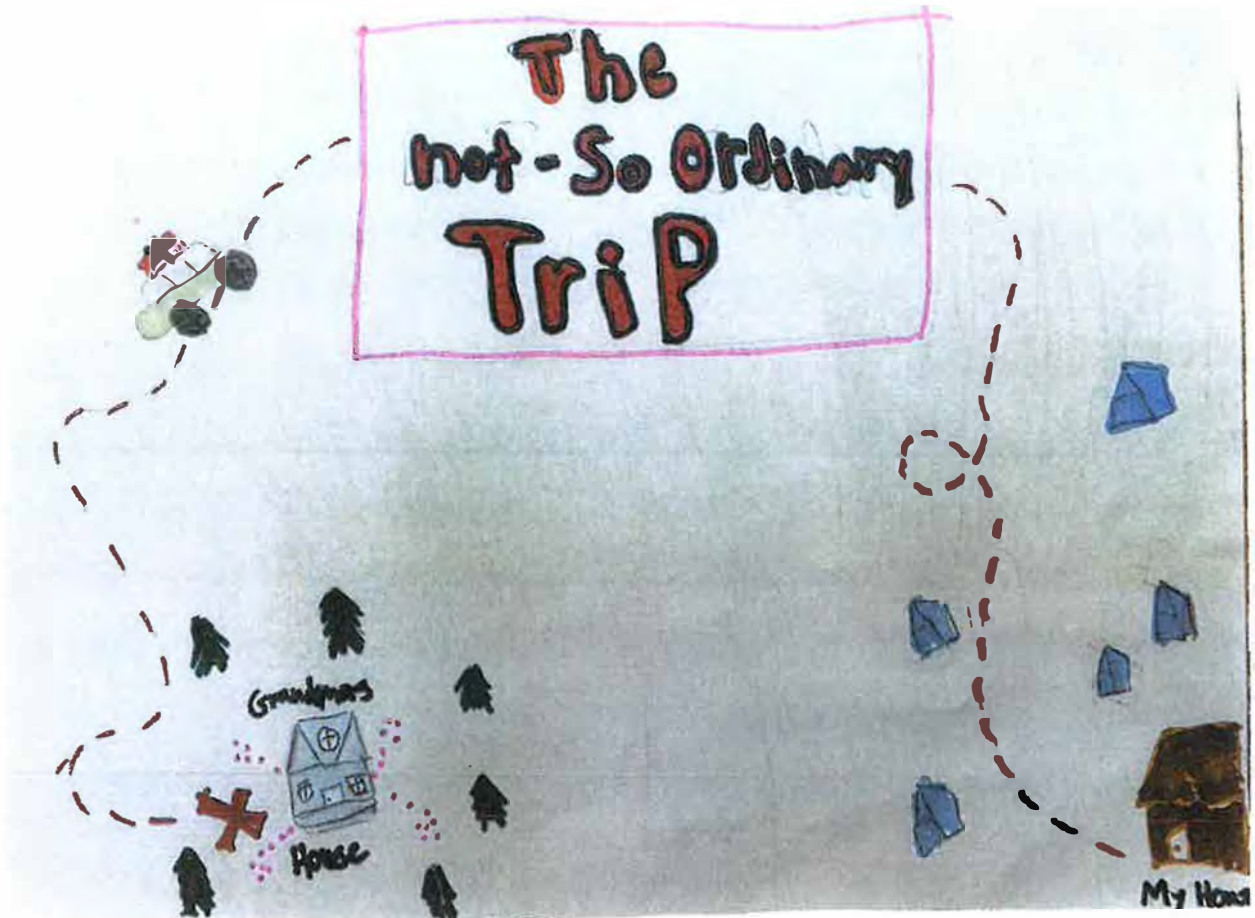


The Not-so-ordinary Trip

By: Ella



My heart was beating as we pulled up to the house. *So, this is it*, I thought. Instead of going camping with my friends like I wanted to, my parents insisted on visiting my old grandma in the country. I didn't want to visit her because everyone said she's mysterious and didn't talk to people. My mom and dad said it's because she's old, but I thought differently.

As I got out of the car I looked up, a breeze playing in my hair. The house standing in front of me had windows that drooped like sleepy eyes.

I saw the overgrown garden, full of vines.



The door swung open, and my heart jumped. An old lady was standing in doorway, bent over an odd cane with peeling gold markings.

“Hello, hello! And what is this? Is that you Clara? How you’ve grown!” wheezed a smiling old lady, known as Grandma. “What a surprise! Come in! Come in!”

We walked through the sagging door.

“Mreow”

“What was that?” I blurted.

“That’s only Pumpkin!” exclaimed Grandma.

“Ok”, I said, uneasily.

I prefer dogs, but my mom was looking at me warningly. So, I decided not to bring it up.

“Clara, why don’t you look around?” said mom.

“Fine,” I answered.



A green glint caught my eye. It was Pumpkin, staring at me intently. He stalked off, looking over his shoulder. I decided to follow him all the way to a bookshelf.

The bookshelf was surprisingly clean, compared to the state of the rest of the house.



“Pumpkin?” I said. *What did he want?*

“Mer”, Pumpkin purred, and clawed a title on the bookshelf. It read:

The Adventure of the Witch

The book was dusty, with gold marks on the spine. It looked very familiar, but where had I seen it?

“Uh, do you want me to read that book?”

My instincts kicked in. I remembered the detective show I had watched earlier that year. *“There’s always going to be something mysterious about ordinary objects. You just have to push the limits to reach it.”*

“Push the limits?” I questioned. *Push the...*

“I got it!” Pumpkin motioned with his head.

I mustered my strength and pushed the door open. Blinded for a second, dust filled my nostrils. I took a moment to brush the cobwebs out of my hair. I looked around the secret room, as big as my bedroom. There were bottles in all different sizes and colors, and a rusty broom in the corner. *What’s this stuff?*



THUMP THUMP. Footsteps were coming!! *I had to hide, I thought.* I ran to a closet in the corner and hid behind it, closing my eyes. *CREAK.*

“Clara?” said a voice. I immediately recognized the voice.

“Yes?”

“I need to tell you something.” Grandma said. I came out of my hiding place.

“I knew I would find you here.” She took a deep breath.

“You're probably wondering what this is. I'm.....a witch.”

“What?!?” I gasped. “Can... you show me?”

“Maybe later, but now I can show you how to chop the onions for tonight's soup!”

Suddenly, a knife appeared in my hand! Grandma smiled.

That night I sat in my room, thinking about the day. *Maybe this trip wasn't so bad after all.*