

Joseph Zhong
8th Grade
Millard North Middle School

Book: The mysteries of Harris
Burdick

By Chris Van Allsburg

The Darkness Arises

It all began when someone left the window open. It all began when a chilling winter breeze, in a midwest town, rushed through the window and hit the desolated dark house at the end of a deserted street. It all began when the wind swirled through the house until it found what it was looking for, a wallpaper with a bird pattern. It all began when a translucent ghost of a pure white dove with gleaming red eyes appeared out of the mist of the wind.

“House of destitute at the end of the road in the vast of the city meant to release the entrapped to forever be unwrapped. The last of the unknown lies a town not so much sound with the reincarnate figure in the ground. Ten thousand years shall pass before a soul of the one in snare shall rise. Second to last with a third in style will bring the pure one a while. Returning the spirit of the imprisoned will secure the victory of the envision. So one...two...three, let my spirit be reborn”, chanted the ghost as he flew into the designated decor on the wall.

As the ghost completely disappeared, a sudden bright flash of light erupted from the decor, and a screech was heard all the way across town. The people of the city wondered about the source of the sound as they went about their daily business. After a couple of days of ignorance, no screeching sound was ever heard again, so the people of the city came to the conclusion that it had probably been a hallucination and never gave it a second thought.

Meanwhile in the room with the bird wallpaper, something extraordinary happened. In the fading light of the prosperous and peaceful city, the decor that the ghost went into on the wallpaper slowly opened its eyes, a deathly stare came out of the gleaming red orbs. The bird slowly lifted its pure white wings and flapped them. The dove pulled itself up off the wallpaper and landed gently on the floor.

“I have been reincarnated. My enemies are gone and long been dead and there’s nothing that stands in my path to world domination and terror.” stated the dove confidently as he looks at the children playing down below ignorant of what was occurring above their heads.

With a giant swoop of the wing, the white dove flew out the window and soared across the sky, off into the horizon.

On the streets of the island nation of Malta lied a boy brooding over whether or not to do what the Pure One’s announcement had said.

He’d considered all the possibilities, “I would have a better life that way and at least I would die dedicated to a cause. The Pure One had to be pretty powerful to take over the world at will right so it a strong and definitely gonna win type of a cause? If I survive and do well, I *will* be rewarded so that’s better than living off of what the streets offer. What use would I be to them though? I’m skinny. I can hardly lift anything, but I am fast, so perhaps I could be a messenger...”

After thinking for over an hour, he knew what he was going to do the following morning.

When dawn came, the boy went to the end of Main Street and in the broad daylight, he yelled, “The monsters are here, and if you want to live and survive, follow me but if you don’t, just remember, you made your own bed and now you have to lie in it.”

An old man replied back, “Xandr, you know your place in the world. Stay to the streets and you might even live to see another day. Who knows what the Pure One will do to you?”

“Be warned, I’ll be back for you first *Doc*. You will pay for all the troubles you have caused me and my family. Just because my grandfather, Bisonian, died, does not give you the chance to grab the credit for putting the dove into stasis, and trapping his soul.” shouted Xandr as he sprinted north along 12th street.

Xandr kept running until he came to the outskirts of the city, finally fell with exhaustion in a junkyard. After crawling into his favorite hiding spot, Xandr slowly lost consciousness as the stars overhead appeared brightly in the night sky.