

“The Lost History”

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*Once there were 2 sisters
Who did everything together,
But only one of them disappeared...*

I woke up with chills running down my back.
“Oriana, calm down,” I said to myself.
I looked around. I thought I saw someone, but nothing was there.
“I have to be hallucinating,” I said.
“You just didn’t get enough sleep.” “You’ll be *fine*,” I repeated to myself.

“Ophelia, wake up,” I said. She didn't respond. That was odd. She was usually up before me. I walked into her room. It was empty, with blood sprinkled across the floor in red. The same shade of red that felt like a knife to the heart. I stared at the floor, tears rushing down my face.
“No, no.” I thought.

“It has to be a dream.” I sobbed uncontrollably, letting myself fall to the ground. She was my *sister*, the only person who was there for me when our parents left us with an abandoned, rotted house. The only person there for me when nobody was. The only person who loved me, and now she’s gone.

I asked for help to find my sister. I asked the townspeople, I asked the police, but no one wanted to help. They made lies and excuses. They said that it wasn’t worth their time. They said, “It’s no big deal. You’re probably lying anyway.” They said horrible things. “I’ll just find her myself.” I said angrily.

My bag was packed with food, water, clothes, and an old pocket knife I found when running around with Ophelia. Now I was ready to leave everything behind. This stupid old house, this stupid town that didn’t care about anyone’s safety, and this stupid life I was living in.

I ran out at midnight. I didn’t want anyone to see me scrambling through the streets, so I had to go outside when everyone was sleeping. Then I realized, how am I even going to find my sister? I had no plan and no suspects. I didn’t know the morals of whoever took her. I looked up at the bird passing overhead. *How am I going to do this?* Then I remembered the silhouette in my room I saw when I was awake at midnight. It wasn’t some hallucination, it was real. It was out to get her, like a grand scheme.

I kept running further until I got deep into the forest surrounding the house. The midnight wind blew the trees, but there was a new sound—something in the undergrowth of the wild, unruly grass. I flipped myself around, but I saw nothing. Then I felt a soft sensation against my foot. I pulled out my knife and reared backward until I saw a lopsided grin emerging from the grass.

“Oh, it’s just a stray.”, I said, relieved. He started barking and jumping around. I walked away, but he kept following me.

“Fine, I’ll just put you in my bag then,” I said, annoyed. I left the top of my bag unzipped for the dog to get inside.

I got a phone call while walking. The dog jumped up at the vibrations sent through my phone.

“It’s okay, it’s just a phone.”, I said.

“Hello?”

“HELP, PLEASE!”

“Ophelia? Where are you?” I said frantically

“Near the town s-”

The line cut off as I stood there shocked.

I quickly searched for the number, desperate for an answer to everything. There was only one thing that showed up. Proof that the number existed. It was a Facebook post; it was all I needed to find where my sister was.

I clicked the website. It was just a picture of a town with no caption. I looked at it closer.

“This looks familiar..” I looked even closer and saw the intricate patterns on the floor. People danced while a song was playing on the radio.

“This is the town square!”. I had only been there once, but it seemed so lively, with people who danced until dawn. It was 5 minutes away from where I was. I ran towards the square, my dog following close behind me. I got out of the forest and into the town. Sixteen buildings were looming out over the town square.

“Maybe this is where the kidnapper lives?” I whispered to my dog. He barked back.

“Which building shall we start at?” I questioned while looking at the colorful, vibrant buildings. I scanned the pavilion until one caught my eye. It seemed familiar. Something told me to go to it. A deep feeling. I hesitantly walked towards the mysterious house. It had all types of beautiful birds painted all over it, each of them unique and vibrant. I trembled as I walked up the steps and rang the doorbell.

“Hello?” Someone shouted from inside.

“Have you seen my sister? She’s missing and I need your help to find her,” I said in an endearing voice. This was all just a ploy to get inside and investigate, and it seemed to be working well. I heard some whispering before the unknown person opened the door. I looked him up and down. *Looks like the silhouette that was in my bedroom.*

“I am so dearly sorry for your sister. Would you like to come inside and have some tea?”

“Yes!”, I thought to myself. Now I could find my sister.

“Now, before you come in, the attic and basement are severely off-limits.” The man said.

“Would you like honey in your tea?” Said someone else. It was a woman cooking in the kitchen.
“Sure...” I muttered.

I sat down on the couch in the living room. The walls were faded, with the wallpaper peeling off the corners of every room. The house had tons of plants, each one unique. The woman gave me a cup of steaming hot tea.

“So, what’s your name?” The man said.

“Oriana,” I replied.

There was more whispering and an agreement.

“What a lovely name,” The woman said in an unsure tone. Silence followed.

“Anyway, do you have any news about my sister?” I asked.

“No, we haven’t seen her.” They both said. My eyes dashed towards the basement door and back to them.

“Oh, it is getting quite late. Would you like to sleep here? We have a cot in the bedroom upstairs to your right, the first door there.” The woman stated. “Ok, thank you,” I said wearily.

In my room, I mapped out a plan. I could check the attic to find Ophelia, then run down to the basement to check there, too. I pet my dog and looked at the ceiling.

“Olive. Your new name is Olive.” I said. The new name felt right, like the last piece to a puzzle.

I got out of bed and carefully walked up to the attic, trying to dodge creaky wooden floorboards as I walked past rows of doors. I walked and explored around the house until I saw a trapdoor on the roof with a ladder. *The attic*. I pulled out the bobby pin from my bag to pick the chained door. After a few minutes, the lock popped open as I removed the chains.

I ran up the ladder with Olive. When I got up and dusted myself off, I saw 1 thing; a desk. I rummaged through the loads of paperwork in the cabinets until I saw 2 birth certificates with the names Ophelia and Oriana. Suddenly everything clicked. How everything was so nostalgic in this town. The silhouette in my room. Those people were my parents, and they had Ophelia.

I ran to the basement, fearing that my parents might hear me. Suddenly, searing pain blasted through me as I fell to the floor. I woke up tied to a chair.

“ I said, don’t go to the basement, but you didn't listen.”

“What the heck? Did you hit me with a frying pan?!”

“Yes, and?”

“Are you deranged?!” I yelled.

“Sorry, but we need to sell you for money.” My mom said back

“Why did you abandon us just to take us back?” I said angrily.

“Oh, so you found out that we are your parents. Well, we abandoned you because you were too much. We left you far in the woods so that you could never find us. Then, we would return a few years later, kidnap your sister, and lead you right to us. It was all planned, this entire time.” My dad said.

I sat there crying. Now I was going to get sold to a random person and I still hadn't found my sister. Then, Olive slid in from under the door.

"Olive!" I said. I was so happy to see him. Now I needed to find Ophelia.

"Ophelia? Ophelia, where are you?!" I yelled loudly. Olive barked and yapped.

"HELP!" Said a muffled voice. I tried to move my chair, but I was stuck. The cries were coming from somewhere nearby, but I couldn't see anything. I tried to wiggle out of the ropes. Finally, I slipped out of my restraints. The room was pitch black. "Ophelia?" I whispered. Olive whimpered.

"I'm here," she said in a muffled voice. Tape covered her mouth.

I untied the rope and got the duct tape off her mouth.

"We need to get out of here. They are trying to sell us." I whispered.

"What?" Ophelia replied.

"Follow me."

We ran to the door. *Locked*. We threw objects against the door until it crumbled down. Little did we know, our kidnappers were on the other side.

"We really didn't want to do this, but it looks like we have no choice.", The woman said.

They pulled out a variety of "weapons", ranging from butcher knives to pots and pans.

They swung pots and pans and threw knives like javelins.

Chaos filled the room as we tried to scramble up the stairs, while also hurting ourselves and getting bruises in the process.

We shut the basement door and locked it to try and buy us some time. We looked around the house, trying to find an exit.

"Front door!" I said. We ran towards it and pulled as hard as we could, but it was locked. Our parents burst out of the basement and cornered us

"No running anymore," My dad said eerily. Olive trembled.

"Break the glass pane, next to the door," I whispered to Ophelia. She nodded and within seconds, the door shattered, sending shards of glass flying. Olive flinched and ran through the broken glass, us following close behind. We ran further and further as our parents chased us. We ran through the town square and into another building before slamming the door shut. Me, Olive, and Ophelia were face to face with a lady wearing a uniform.

"What are you three doing here? Do you have parents to be with?" she said.

"Where are we?" Ophelia said back, showing more of her worry.

"This is the orphanage.." The lady said back.

Police sirens wailed in the distance. I jerked my head around to see what was going on. Our parents were getting arrested because someone had reported them. *Serves them right*, I thought.

"Can we stay here?" I said.

"I suppose, you can."

We all cheered as another person toured us around the building.

It was a few months after we had come to the orphanage. We were sleeping in our rooms when someone knocked on the door.

“Someone wants to see you.”

“Really?” Me and Ophelia said. We all ran out of the room in excitement. We saw a couple standing at the counter.

“We’re going to be your new parents!” They said. They seemed as excited as we were. After the paperwork, we were taken home. I looked out of the car window, Olive barely being able to peek outside. We got to our new home and walked inside.

Life can be hard sometimes. But if you push through the storm, things will get better.

At last, safety, a house, and the feeling of unconditional love.