

From the Past

By: Viviana Chapman age 10

Bbrinng! June's alarm started to make its annoying sound once more. June groaned. Today was the last day of school thankfully, but June still didn't want to go. Her best friends, Willow and Emmett, were the only people in the whole school who actually understood her. Everyone else either made fun of her or ignored her. But Willow and Emmett were always by her side. June knew that if she didn't get up, she would miss the bus. So, she got up and started to get ready for a new day.

"Finally," said her mother, who was washing the dishes, "I thought you'd never come down." June looked at her. Mom always said that. Even when June was early. But instead, June said "sorry," and began to pack her lunch.

At school June tried her best to blend in. That is, until she saw Emmett and Willow. "Hey guys," she said, waving. Willow came running toward her and

gave her a big hug. “Finally, school is almost over!” she said. Emmett walked over and gave June a high five. “I can’t believe we made it this far,” he said. June was very glad to see them because she had wanted to tell them she wanted to have a sleepover.

“Guys,” she said, huddling closer to them until they were touching, “lets have a sleepover at my house tonight to celebrate the end of school.” At that, Willow started to jump up and down, her long, glossy brown hair bouncing with her. Emmett, his blue eyes shining, scratched his blond head thoughtfully. “That would be a great idea. Me and Willow could go home, grab our sleeping bags and walk to your house. What do you say Willow?” he looked at her. Willow tried to reply calmly, but ended up saying, “Yes, yes, yes!” “Okay,” June said smiling at Willow, “See you tonight.”

That afternoon all June could think about was the sleepover. She was thinking about it so much that she got her math wrong, answered the wrong answer in science, and now was taking a five-minute break in the hallway. During that five-minute time period, June was just looking around, bored, until she spotted something that looked like a shiny door that was connected to the wall. She stood up and walked toward the shiny door.

She grasped the handle, surprised at how worn it felt. She opened it easily and stepped into a dark room. Once June's eyes adjusted, she noticed that the room was filled with big objects. This looks like a old mad scientists' room, June thought. And then something caught her eye. It was a shiny gold medallion, with an imprint of a soldier on it. June could see, just barely, small words written on it.

"Those who hold this medallion can expect to become a brave warrior." June read aloud.

June decided to take the medallion with her when she was waiting for the bus to drop her off. When she got home, she prepared for her friends to arrive. She laid the medallion next to her bed, watching it glow in the sunset. At about 5:00pm her friends finally arrived. They spent the night eating old pizza, watching scary movies, and finally getting in their sleeping bags.

Later that night when no one was watching, the medallion started to glow. It also started to make strange sounds, as if a war was happening inside the tiny locket. And while the medallion was doing this, the friends started having troubled dreams. And suddenly, the friends woke up and looked around. They were no longer sleeping in June's bedroom instead they were on a large field that was full of red and black stains in the grass. "Oh Lord," Willow said, eyes wide, "that red stuff is blood! And the black stains must be guns or cannons!" Emmett looked around with a scrunched-up expression. "I know where we are. Mrs. Benson showed me pictures of this place. Were in one of the Civil War battlefields!"

“The Civil War?” Willow said, shocked, “but wasn’t the Civil War a super long time ago?” “Yep, which means something brought us here.” Emmett said. He looked inquiringly at June. June gulped. She had forgotten to tell them about the medallion and the mad scientist room. “Well...I kind of found this secret room and found a necklace there that seemed to glow.” They stared at her in amazement. “Well, that answers that.” Emmett said nodding.

All of a sudden there were loud noises coming from the ends of the fields. They sounded like battle cries, June thought. “Oh no!” Willow cried, “the war is starting!” The children ducked and huddled together as men charged past them, guns raising as other people shot whoever they could. The kids seemed unnoticed and were watching the scene with mild surprise and fear. June could feel Willow shaking beside her. June noticed that there were two kinds of people fighting. People in red uniforms, and people in blue uniforms. They must be the two teams that are fighting, June thought. “Follow me guys,” Emmett whispered loud enough to break June’s thoughts. “I think I found a way out of the fight.” So, Willow and June stayed close as Emmett crawled through the fighting men. When they were finally out of harms way, they all sighed with relief.

“We need to find that medallion,” June said, “if it brought us here, it probably can bring us back.” They all stopped to think about where they could find the medallion. “Of course!” Emmett said, breaking the silence, “we just need to find out

where our school is. Because then we can find the door that you found.”

The girls nodded stiffly, amazed at how smart Emmett was. “Then let’s go,” he said.

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The three friends didn’t exactly know where they were going. Until they bumped into a man in a blue uniform. “Yall don’t look like you’re from around here,” he said, eyeing us, “do you all believe in slavery?” June was shocked to even be asked such a question. “Of course not! Why would we want slaves?” Willow said. The man smiled. “Good. I don’t want slaves either. Now, what can I do for you?” The kids looked at each other and said in unison, “We’d like a map, please!”

The man raised his eyebrows. But he gave them the map anyways.

Willow looked at the map eagerly. “Do you remember where our school is Emmett?” June asked hopefully. Emmett rolled his eyes and sighed. He scanned the map and laid his finger on a section not so far from where they were now. In the forest. “We just have to head south for a few minutes and we’ll probably

see a little cabin, which would be where our school is now.” So, they headed south, and found a rundown cabin, fully of mold and vines and...bugs. “Ewww,” Willow said, making the silliest face ever. They stepped inside and found the door right away. June noticed that the door looked cleaner and newer than when she last saw it. They carefully opened the door and tip-toed inside to find a pile of machines stacked on the side of each wall. These looked really new, like they had been used not that long ago. “Wow, look at those,” Willow whispered, eyeing the machines. Emmett and June looked at the stuff. And now, they could see, the machines were fighting supplies. Guns, spears, and gunpowder lined the room. And there, in the middle of the room, sat a little man, so short and plump the children thought he was part of the cushion he was sitting on. In front of him, was indeed, the golden medallion that June had discovered. “May we-,” Emmett was about to ask, but the plump man held up a hand. “You take, but no speak.” He had a raspy voice, but the children obeyed immediately. June grabbed the medallion and held it tight. Then she clutched her friend’s hands and looked at the man questionably. “You close eyes. I say words,” he said. So, June, Willow, and Emmett all closed their eyes. And the man said his words. *“Those who hold this medallion can expect to brave warrior.”*

“Oof,” June groaned. She looked around. She was in her bedroom, Emmett and Willow beside her, looking very

confused. “Was that a dream?” Willow asked. “I don’t think so, because we all had it right?” Emmett said, staring at the two of them. They both nodded stiffly. “The medallion!” June cried, jumping up and looking beside her bed. But the medallion was nowhere to be seen. And from then on, the children always wondered, was it a dream? What do you think?

THE END

