

99 WRITING

# You're the Chosen One

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**TYPE**  
**NARRATIVE**

Christina lived in a completely natural town, and went to a completely natural school. The thing is, Christina was not a completely natural twelve-year-old girl. As a matter of fact, Christina was supernatural. No, Christina could not shoot lasers from her fingertips or read people's minds. But yes, Christina was definitely supernatural.

Christina opened the large double doors of the library. As she stepped in, she got the wonderful feeling she always had when she entered a library. As she wandered among the countless shelves, a book caught her eye. It was thick and dark red with yellowing edges and no title. Christina took it off its shelf and walked over to an armchair. Christina opened the book.

The pages were blank, except for seven words: "You are the chosen one. Enter Imaginaria." For a second, as Christina's vision blurred, she thought the words had swirled and turned into a picture of a beautiful

landscape. As quickly as it had started, it was over.

“Ahh, Christina. I hoped to find you here,” a voice sounded from behind her. It was Mr. Doonmore, Christina’s library teacher. In Christina’s mind, Mr. Doonmore was one word: amazing. He leaned over her chair, his bushy white beard brushing her cheek. “I see you have found the entrance,” his deep voice rumbled. Christina stared up at him with a questioning, blank face.

“I see you don’t know much. I will tell you a story to help you understand. There was once a land where all stories existed. A land where all stories, published or scribbled down, connected and formed one land. The land’s name is Imaginaria. This land is beautiful – or well, it was. There is a darkness that has started to cover it and is consuming the stories and imagination. The darkness is a sorceress named Malcorce. You must enter Imaginaria and defeat Malcorce. You are the chosen one, Christina.”

Christina should have fainted, should have screamed, or said this was nonsense like any other child would. But, Christina didn’t. She perfectly understood what she had to do. It was as if she were possessed by a feeling of extreme confidence. Christina nodded slowly, and then turned to the book and started at the first page. The page was the one with all the words on it. The letters swirled and formed a picture just like before, only this time Christina didn’t draw back. She focused even more on that tiny spinning dot. It grew bigger and bigger, and seemed to swallow Christina up. She was spinning and

spinning through time and space. She closed her eyes tightly and braced herself for the worst. Her ears were buzzing and she screamed!

And suddenly it was over. Slowly she opened her eyes. Christina was no longer standing in the library, but standing in a meadow. She looked down and was holding a book tightly in her arms. It was THE book. She opened it.

On the front page, she saw a map of Imaginaria. It was beautiful, but toward the edge, a black blot of ink covered a patch of the landscape. Christina didn't need to think to know that the black dot was Malcorce. On the next page, the words, "Good luck" glowed in neat handwriting. It was Mr. Doonmore's handwriting. When Christina finished reading the words, they erased and were replaced with the words, "Your journey has begun."

Just then, Christina looked up in time to see someone crashing through the air in a sidecar. Christina looked closer and it was Harry Potter being chased by – Christina thought she was seeing things, but yes, it was what she had thought she saw. It was Voldemort chasing Harry Potter. It was from the seventh book. Christina was in a story – in a Harry Potter story. She knew that soon Harry would crash into Tonk's parents' house. This was way too awesome. But then, Christina gasped. Harry didn't crash into Tonk's house. Voldemort got closer and closer. Christina looked down at her arm. It had a want in it. "Expelliarmus!!" she shouted, and Voldemort evaporated. Harry

crashed into Tonks's parents' house, just like he was supposed to.

This was Malcorce's doing. Malcorce was destroying stories that already existed and changing them. Christina had won this battle, but deep inside she knew there would be many more to come. Christina opened the magical book and words appeared, "Congratulations, you saved Harry Potter. Star Wars is next." Christina looked at the map. The place labeled "Harry Potter" was now flowing and without any speck of black on it. But somewhere to Harry Potter's right, the black was starting to crawl over a square marked "Star Wars." Christina knew what to do. She hugged the book and closed her eyes, repeating, "Star Wars, Star Wars, Star Wars" over and over in her head, with all her might. Now she was spinning, spinning again, but this time it wasn't as dizzying as the first.

When she opened her eyes, she was holding a blue lightsaber in her hands and wearing a brown Jedi cloak. Christina definitely didn't know nearly as much about Star Wars as she did about Harry Potter. But she knew enough to know that she was in the final duel between Luke and the Emperor in Return of the Jedi. The Emperor was doing the Force-lighting thing to Luke now, and this was the part where Darth Vader came in to save the day. But he didn't come. Christina knew what to do. She focused with all her might on a jagged piece of metal behind the Emperor. And just like that, Christina had used the Force. The metal clanged to the ground, distracting the Emperor. Christina's vision

blurred, and then the Emperor was at it again. Only this time, everything happened like it was supposed to.

Christina opened the magic book and the words “Star Wars” were now glowing, clean of Malcorce’s black ink. On the next page were only two words, “Oz, now!” Christina knew what to do.

Soon, she was in Oz, at the very moment when Dorothy was supposed to throw the bucket of water on the Wicked Witch. But, as Christina had predicted, she didn’t throw it. Christina ran to the water and flung it onto the witch. The scene went blurry, and then Dorothy dumped the water like she was supposed to.

Now on the map, Malcorce’s ink was frighteningly close to a section marked “The Hobbit.” Christina once again hugged the book to her chest, and then was standing in a stone tunnel. Someone was racing past her. Yes, it was Bilbo Baggins, about to pick up the magical ring. But he didn’t. Christina raced to the ring and dropped it in Bilbo’s pocket. The scene blurred and Bilbo picked up the ring. All was well again.

When she looked inside the book, she saw the words, “It is time for the final testing of wits. Good luck.” Christina took a deep breath, hugged the book, and wished, “Malcorce’s fortress, Malcorce’s fortress.” Before she even realized what was happening, Christina was being carried in by two creatures much like centaurs. They

were black and white with red, glowing, evil eyes. Christina was dragged through a large menacing arch into what seemed like a throne room. Up above, on a raised platform, sitting on a raised black throne embedded with rubies, was Malcorce.

She had thick, tangled black hair and a black robe. In her hand was a long whip with snake teeth at the end. But none of that was anything compared to Malcorce's face. Her eyes were glowing red embers. Her face was unnaturally white and smooth. Her lips were blood red. In a way, she was beautiful, and in a way, she was monstrous. "Guards! Leave us," her voice echoed coldly through the hall. She stared at Christina and instantly fainted. When she looked at Christina, she saw what love truly was. And it was over then. With her love, Christina had saved Imaginaria. All over the land, people celebrated because Christina had done it.