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Category: Science Fiction & Fantasy

The Place

My Journal:

Entry 1:

Today I found an empty book and I am writing in it now. You, *bookie*, will be my new friend! It's very empty up here, so I hope you don't mind. I wonder why you were floating through space. Where did you come from? Who abandoned you? That doesn't matter though. I'm always here.

Entry 2:

Shall I describe my home to you? There is hot sand everywhere, which sounds bad, but at least it keeps out the cold. There's lots of empty space up here, but I'm working on that. I have this net, you see, and it's very long—perfect for catching space rubble or “sprubble.” Then I make sculptures out of the sprubble I've caught. Isn't that neat? There's also lots of strange lights in the sky. I call them “twinklers.” Maybe one day, if I get lucky, I'll catch one in my net... Oh! I almost forgot the coolest part of everything! The florbs! (large floating orbs)! There are seven of them, eight if you add the orb that I live on, that move around a bigger, shiny orb. My favorite florb is blue and green with white swirls! It's the only one with green and that's why I love it. I think green is a beautiful color. Sometimes, lots of yellow twinklers turn on and cover the green parts. I wonder what it would look like if I were standing on it. Probably very different from my home. There might also be other creatures down there! It would be nice to meet one, I think.

Entry 3:

Sometimes I wonder how it would feel to be a twinkler? Suspended in the galaxy, free from red dust with millions of other friends...

Entry 4:

Believe it or not, there are floating rocks where I live. Sounds very wild doesn't it? They drift through the big black sky and occasionally crash into orbs. I call them floatrocks and today, I watched one crash into the green orb. It whistled about, spinning around and around as it drew closer. But then the strangest thing happened. Instead of crashing into the orb and heaving up a cloud of dust like it does with my home, it began to burn. Burning a hot orange-white like my bare feet in sand, burning a bright, blinding ring of fire like the “Flame-Ball” around the edge of the rock, burning, burning, burning. Hot. As it burnt, it began to slow before disappearing in an explosion. It's funny if you think about it. Why does this only happen to the green orb?

Entry 5:

I'm always on edge. Quite literally. Allow me to explain. There's only a certain area on my orb that I can walk on, since it's round. If I step too far, I'll slide down it's surface, and end up floating in space. Then, I wouldn't be able to climb back up. I'd be destined to drift aimlessly in the galaxy forever. But it wasn't always like this. A long time ago, I could walk all the way around my home without falling off. It got smaller after another grey orb smashed into mine and took a chunk of ground with it.

Entry 6:

I have nightmares about it sometimes. In the nightmare, something's chasing me. It has an empty face and a hard panel jutting from it's chest. It chases and shouts at me, and I keep running until I'm at the edge. I'm trying to stop, but my lower half won't listen. I'm trying to yell, but my mouth won't listen, and then I feel hot sand against my back

as I slide off and into cold, empty space.

Entry 7:

Today is an incredible day. The dark folds of space never looked so beautiful because today, a reason to live got tangled up inside my net. It was another book!

As I brushed the glossy cover and turned the pages, I saw pictures of tall poles with many long protrusions and translucent green appendages hanging from them. I have named them *Green Tops*. There was an immense tub of liquid that I call *The Blue* that had curious beings with webbed fingers living in it. There were also depictions of stretches of flat land that were covered in *white* sand with spiky green things growing out of it! In this strange place dwelled tall *orbwalker* creatures with four limbs, unlike any of the other beasts! How peculiar! And the sky there is blue! *Blue!!!*

Entry 8:

I've been thinking about The Place From the Book a lot, and the more I think about it, the less appealing it seemed. I mean, it's too good to be true. Is it really likely that such peculiar beings could exist? And how is the sky blue? There's no way to explain it. It's probably just the work of someone with a very, very big imagination...

Entry 9:

I had another dream last night. I dreamt that I was in The Place again, but this time there were the strange orbwalkers with four arms that I saw in the book. They were standing in a green field surrounded by "green tops." I tried talking to the orbwalkers, but they ignored me, like I was invisible. I tried waving at them, shouting, throwing things, but they ignored me. In a last-ditch effort, I ran up to an orbwalker and tapped it on the shoulder. Suddenly, it crumbled into sand. Red sand. Then everyone else turned to sand before me. The "green tops" toppled and disintegrated into red sand. The blue sky peeled off, revealing black space behind it, and to my horror, I realized that I was back home, alone with dark skies and sand and empty once more.

Entry 10:

They touched down on the surface of my orb this morning. The four-limbed *nofaces*. At first, I thought it was another dream, or maybe just my imagination, but then I felt a tremor in the ground and lifted my head to see flames rippling out from a huge cylinder. Something distorted the red air as sand sprayed everywhere. As the vessel came to a stop, some bizarre clicking noises came from it, and out stepped four towering orbwalkers. Their skin was white and puffy with strange brandings everywhere. Hard panels jutted from their chests with long, thin, multicolored strings extending and wrapping across their bodies. Their faces: empty pits, tar-black, like my sky. They loomed over the dunes. Stomping up dirt, they marched towards me, all the while stabbing the ground with sharp sticks, like they were trying to kill my orb. I stumbled away from them and hid behind a large dune.

Entry 11:

I've been observing the orbwalkers for a few days now, but today I blew my cover. I stuck my head out too far and one of them noticed. It shrieked, ran towards me, and shot a net at me into my chest. It stung.

The net dug into my skin as they hauled me towards them like I was sprubble. Their hollow faces glittered. Kicking like a dying twinkler, my arms flew up, ripping through the net and punching through the *noface's* dark, empty visage. It crumbled, revealing an inner layer that looked similar to the face of the orbwalkers from The Place! I watched, horrified, as its body toppled, red dust swirling over its convulsing body.

The other orbwalkers released the torn net. Dashing back to the vessel, they splashed sand and rocks into the dark air.

"Wait! Take me with you to The Place!"

The orbwalkers ran faster. *Slam*. The ground shuddered once more. Flames spurted from the undersides of the tank as it hovered above the ground. The door slammed, merging into the vessel once more as I clawed at it, my teeth clattering as the vessel screeched to life and lifted up. I saw the twinklers spin and blur before I hit the ground.

And as the vessel disappeared back into the darkest crevices of space, I realized that I had sealed myself in this world, far, far away from ever reaching The Place.