

Lindsey Habig
Grade 5
Cabin Writers
Diane Raptosh

A New World

“The Historical Museum now has a Native American Indian theme!” stated Aunika. Aunika loved history—especially Indians. Her best friend, Lily, never liked any history. She was just like Aunika in many ways, except she never liked history. They both liked math, spelling, social studies, gym class and they loved homeroom the most, but when it came to history, Lily hated it. She barely passed her history tests—she mostly got a D or C. Aunika’s favorite class was history. She scored A’s on most of her tests and rarely ever got a C.

Now, Lily scowled. “We are not going to be going there anytime soon. I flat out refuse.”

Lily sometimes had a bad temper.

“I didn’t say we have to go,” Aunika said coolly. “I was planning to go there this Saturday and I thought I’d mention it just in case you wanted to come with me. Just to keep me company, I mean.”

Lily told Aunika, “You know how I feel about history. I don’t want to.”

“Okay. I’ll just go by myself,” said Aunika. “See you later, Lily! I have some homework to catch up on.”

“Bye,” Lily waved, turned on her heels and walked away. Aunika sighed and trudged up to her room.

“I am sooo glad it’s Saturday!” Aunika moaned and rolled out of bed. She dressed faster than ever and went downstairs to eat. She dressed with large, baggy shorts and a simple tee shirt. Jayson, her little brother, was already eating sugar puff cereal and reading last Sunday’s funnies.

Usually, Aunika would have something healthy to eat, but today she needed some energy. Aunika gobbled up the sugary cereal and, after telling her mom where she was going, Aunika headed to the Historical Museum with a little hop in her step.

The museum wasn’t very popular—except to people who lived in the town—so it was usually quiet. Aunika paid the admission and walked straight to the Indian section. There was much to see, so Aunika spent her whole day looking at the weapons, clothing, beads, toys and all the other interesting items. Aunika had a strong tendency to eavesdrop on conversations and to notice subtle things around her. This is how she met Jesse Ramond.

Aunika was looking around at some other children and their parents. She noticed one boy who stood out from the others. He was focused intently at every display as he moved around the room. She noticed that when he finally got done checking out everything there was to see, he started around the room again, as if checking to make sure he didn’t miss anything. He had dark brown hair that covered up his right eye. His clothing was more ragged than usual—it was a bit dull and unusual.

Aunika knew it was getting close to closing time because people started filing out the doors. She went into the women’s bathroom. When she went to the door to get out, she found it was locked!

Aunika's heart suddenly started racing. How was she supposed to get out? She rattled the door so hard, it made loud banging sounds. No change. Aunika slid down to the cold floor. She must think of something—fast. Her arm reached into her pocket to get her wallet. She pulled it out. Then, a light bulb flashed in her brain.

“That’s it!” she thought. “All I have to do is slide this giftcard I got into the door. I’ll unlock the door like I’ve seen in movies!”

She pulled out her most flexible gift card and tried to insert it into the door. Aunika’s only problem was that a little ridge was right where she needed to insert her card. Darn. The door opened the wrong way.

Now, Aunika knew she couldn’t open the door. She racked her brain. No windows, no way of pushing tiles out from the ceiling, no vents...wait. Were there any vents in there? Aunika looked in every stall, but no vents appeared. She checked under the sink. There was a vent! Aunika raced over to it and rattled it open. It was simple to pry it open because it was so rusty and old. Once revealed, Aunika squeezed her thin body into the large vent.

It was dusty and brutal inside the vent. She was just big enough to move through the vent at a steady pace. It was dark and so gloomy that she felt like she would run into a wall any second now. Dust, at least three inches high, was caked all around her. Aunika plowed through the mess as quickly as she could—and BANG! Aunika hit her head on another vent opening. It fell open with a clang and, as dusty as she was, climbed out into the museum. Now, Aunika knew the museum was closed. It was dark with only three windows shining a little bit of light through the closed shades.

Then, Aunika heard a little moan and someone whispering, “Is anyone out there?” The voice was coming from the men’s bathroom! Aunika moved closer to the door.

“I’m here,” she said slowly.

“Oh, boy! That’s a relief!” the boy gave out a long sigh, but then was back to fretting again. “I am terribly stuck inside here, you see! Please, help me get out!”

Aunika decided she should help him out. “Okay, just look under the sink and there should be a vent. Do you see it?”

“Why yes, there is one!” he said enthusiastically.

“Good. Now see if you can pry it open,” Aunika said.

“Alright, wait. I think I got it—no, just hold on a minute—I am almost there—just gotta twist this a bit more. Hold on, I’m close—just getting my finger under here—”

“Goodness sake! You don’t have to tell me everything that you’re doing. I’m still here!” Aunika said impatiently.

“But I can’t go through that dust!” he moaned.

“Do it, now.” Aunika commanded.

“Okay, okay,” he grumbled.

Finally, the boy pushed open the vent that lead into the room. He staggered out, covered in dust. “Thanks for the help,” he managed to say.

“Welcome, now who are you?” Aunika asked.

“I’m Jesse Ramond of England. I’m not very helpful to anyone, though,” Jesse said. “But I would prefer if you called me Jess. Jesse sounds too formal.”

Aunika said, “Hi. I’m Aunika. I’m very interested in all this Native American stuff. I have a feeling you are too, because I saw you looking at this stuff over and over.”

“Indeed I am. I didn’t mean to look at it for so long, but I often forget things, so I must implant it in my brain,” Jess stated. “And I didn’t know the museum was closing when I went to the bathroom. Where were you?”

“I was in the women’s bathroom,” she blushed. “Let’s look around the museum for awhile, since we’re here and the doors are locked.”

Boy and girl both walked around the dark display cases. “I feel as if someone’s watching us!” Jess stated.

“No such thing,” Aunika retorted back. They walked around for awhile and then sat down on some chairs. Then, the most astonishing thing happened—a Native American walked right out of the picture!

“And why are you here?” the large Indian asked.

Aunika and Jess darted to their feet. Their hearts were pounding like crazy and their legs turned to jello. “We...are...” Aunika managed to stutter.

“Stuck.” Jess mumbled.

The Indian said, “Don’t you worry about a thing—I can handle this easily.”

Then, another Indian walked out from behind a corner.

“Oh, and I am Hawiovi, which means ‘going down the ladder.’ And my friend Lapu, which means ‘ceder bark’. What your name?” Hawiovi asked. Now Aunika and Jess were feeling a bit calmer, knowing these Indians weren’t going to hurt them.

“I’m Jesse, but I’d prefer if you called me Jess. And this here next to me is Aunika.” Jess said.

“Are you really real?” Aunika asked unbelievably. Both Indians reached their hands out, and so Jess grabbed Hawiovi’s hand while Aunika slowly reached out to touch Lepu’s.

“Come,” Lepu said to them, “let us go for a walk.”

Both Jess and Aunika allowed themselves to be walked around the room by Native American Indians. After all, this happens very rarely, that Indians hold your hand, let alone walk out of a picture!

“We have seen you both being very interested in Native American Indians,” Lapu said.

“We saw you look very intensely at everything,” Hawiovi said.

“Hold on for just a minute,” Lapu said. “We will be back soon. Feel free to wander around.”

Lapu and Hawavi left. Jess and Aunika immediately ran over to the place where the Indians came out of the picture. As they did, they had to walk by another picture. Just as they were walking past, a hand grabbed both of them and pulled them straight into the picture!

They felt a spinning sensation and they were in the Indian’s land with Hawiovi and Lapu standing by their sides. They were in a fancy large house with large crowns on their heads. Lots of other Indians were standing in front of them.

Hawiovi said, “Aunika and Jess, the new rulers of Hopi Indian Land!”

The crowd cheered. Aunika and Jess smiled. Lapu said come back whenever you want. Just walk right through the picture.

Then, they traveled back, leaving their crowns there. They both hid in the bathroom until the museum opened the next morning.