



Evangeline's Window

Completed by Meghan Michel

Evangeline was a very lucky girl. She lived in an enchanted house, and her bedroom window was magical. Every morning when she drew back her curtains, the window showed her a different part of the world. She never knew where she would wake up, but it was always someplace beautiful. On this morning, she ran to her curtains and impatiently pulled them open. She couldn't wait to see what wonderful oasis awaited her. But the world outside was dark, and lightning flashed all around.

"This is not right at all," thought Evangeline, and she demanded that the window show her something else.

But the window did not. Each time Evangeline opened and closed her curtains, she looked out on the same dark dreary landscape. She sighed and stared into the storm. In the distance, she could see...

– The Dreamstarter Book

a dark forest. Appearing to be alive, twisting and winding around great mountains, the black woods enveloped any obstacles. Moving closer and closer to Evangeline's enchanted house, lightning struck at the forest and thunder boomed. Evangeline, still peering out of her bedroom window, stifled a scream as a warped vine shot out of the underbrush and wrapped around her window. As more creepers suctioned onto her house, Evangeline shut her curtains and dived under the covers. The house began to shake. Evangeline sat bolt right up and shakily walked over to her door. As she reached for the door knob, the house turned abruptly and Evangeline hit her head, becoming unconscious.

When she woke up, Evangeline sat dazed. Then she remembered the storm and the forest. She realized that the house was no longer shaking. Slowly she stood up. As she took a step to open her curtains again, the floor creaked. Evangeline jumped back, only to fall through the floor and into a puddle of mud.

Evangeline looked around to see that she was inside the dark forest. She heard a squelching sound, and whirled to see that her house had been swallowed by the earth! With a cry, Evangeline ran to the place where it had been. But her enchanted house had disappeared!

Evangeline sniffled for a while. "What am I to do!" She thought. Suddenly she heard footsteps behind her. She turned to come face to face with an ugly gargoyle!

"Aaahhhh!" Evangeline shrieked. The gargoyle leapt back, and then prowled around her.

Evangeline bit her lip and timidly said, "Um... hello?"

“Hello!..hello...hello...hello.” The gargoyle’s voice seemed to echo. “ And who might you be?...you be...you be...you be.”

“Um,” Evangeline said hesitantly, “ I’m not really supposed to talk to strangers...”

“Ahhh,” the gargoyle said, as if he had known all she would say that. “but I am a nice stranger...stranger...stranger...stranger.”

“I - I really should be going...” Evangeline slowly backed away.

“Oh, but don’t you think you should stay? I have a nice house...house...house.” As Evangeline started to creep away, the gargoyle leapt into her path.

“Come with me...me...me!” The gargoyle demanded.

“No!” Evangeline ran, certain that the gargoyle was behind her. Soon she tripped over a tree stump, and stopped to catch her breath. Once she was certain that the gargoyle was far behind her, Evangeline started to cry.

“Why are you crying, dearie?” Evangeline turned around to see a hag, bent over on an old crutch, stumble through the bramble. Evangeline gasped.

The old hag stepped back. “ Do not be afraid, my dear. I am not going to hurt you. Tell me, what are you doing in this neck of the woods?”

Still quite frightened from her experience with the gargoyle, Evangeline was hesitant in speaking to another stranger. But she was still very tired. Evangeline decided to just talk to this stranger, if it meant she could get back to her house.

“Well, I do not know. You see, I have a magical house, and there was a storm, I mean, I hit my head, and...” Evangeline trailed off.

“Oh, I see,” the stranger said, as if she actually did. “ Well, why don’t you come with me to my house?”

“Well...”

“Come! And by the way, what was your name?”

Evangeline was nervous, and, though it might have been in her head, she could have sworn a voice whispered into her ear, “ Don’t tell her... don’t go.”

The old hag was staring at Evangeline intently, as though her answer was vital. Evangeline wanted to go with this kind stranger, but something held her back. Perhaps it was the voice, perhaps it was the fact that she was so frightened. But Evangeline held up her head and said defiantly, “ I’d rather not.” Then she turned and walked away. Evangeline felt a cold hand on her shoulder. She gasped as the old hag spun her around with surprising strength.

“You infuriating child!” The hag hissed. “ What is your name?”

Evangeline shrieked and pulled away. Running away as fast as she possibly could, Evangeline only stopped once the hag was far behind her. She lay in a mess at the bottom of a tall, dark tree. In her head, she wondered where she was.

“Why will nobody help me!” She wailed.

Without warning, a dark cloud rose from the shadows. Took the shape of a face in front of Evangeline. Evangeline whimpered, but sat still, petrified with fear. This fog spirit seemed angry.

“You have escaped me twice!” The spirits voice was like a sonic boom. “ You shall not escape me now!”

The spirit wrapped around Evangeline. She felt faint.

“What is your NAME?” The spirit shrieked.

Evangeline heard the voice in her head whisper, “No!” but it was too late. She gasped, “Evangeline.”

At the moment Evangeline whispered her name, the spirit cackled. “Now I have you!”

Simultaneously, Evangeline fell into a faint.

Evangeline opened her eyes. She was in a cold cell-like room. The floor was hard, and there was no door. The walls were made of ice, and they went so high that Evangeline could not see a ceiling. A cool breeze blew on her hair. Behind her, Evangeline heard a soft whinny.

Evangeline cried out as she turned to see a majestic unicorn. She knelt beside it, and she saw that it was injured.

“Oh!” Evangeline exclaimed as she surveyed the injury. As she ran her hand along the unicorn’s side, the unicorn flinched.

“Child.” The unicorn spoke, and Evangeline found that it was the same voice that she had heard in her head. “You should not be here.”

“Who are you? Was it you who tried to warn me? And how do I get home?”

“Child. Calm yourself.” The unicorn’s voice was soft, as soothing as a mother speaking to her child. “It will be okay. Now, to answer your questions. I am called many things. I am Fairy Godmother, I am Princess Ann. But you may call me Susan.

“And yes, I tried to warn you. The gargoyle and the hag, they are one and the same. They are also the spirit who captured you. When they saw you, they knew they had to capture you. Around here, names are sacred. If you tell a spellcaster your name, they can easily put you under their control. I knew it would only be a matter of time until the spirit broke you.”

“But why me?” Evangeline asked.

“Because of the prophecy. It has been said that during a time of great peril for the forest, only a girl of far-away places can save this place. When the spirit saw you in your magical window, it knew it could not let you find me.” The unicorn wheezed, and Evangeline realized that it was suffering greatly from its wound. “And now that you have been captured, there is no hope for the forest. The darkness is all around us...”

As the unicorn spoke, her words became true. The ice walls had become ink black, and a night sky with no stars had encased them in a cold, dark tomb. Evangeline screamed. In her head, she saw visions of a great storm, her magical window shattering, the world around her becoming darker and darker...

Then Evangeline woke up. It was morning again; faint sunlight peeked through a crack in her window. Her window! “Where is the storm?” Evangeline thought. “It all seemed so real. Could it really have been all a dream?”

Almost afraid to look, Evangeline crept over to her bedroom window. She tentatively pulled on the curtains, and was relieved to see a beautiful landscape. But as she stared out of her window, Evangeline felt a cold dread fill her stomach. Thunder rumbled; and in the distance, storm clouds were gathering...

The End