Underworld Hero

She felt the ridges of the map she was carving and wondered if the storms below still whispered secrets to those who dared listen. Lightning tore across the sky, casting grey shadows through the mauve silk curtains that Hopper’s grandmother had weaved. Wind hissed like a kettle, as rain pelted against the house. Hopper grasped the crinkled piece of Manila paper in her bony hands, as her furrowed eyes scanned it. Enigmatic squiggles and smudges shrouded the map. The title read, “Underground Pipes!’’. Hopper was a kid whose heart blossomed out to mysteries like a flower. She had a cleft lip with tousled orange hair and a pair of mismatching dimples. Unfortunately, her parents were too poor to afford their life! Everyday Hopper would lurk about in the alleyways, listening to adult gossip, but she wasn’t meant to hear.

“That is the key to the underworld!’’ purred Mrs Whatsit, her frail hands clutching a timber-carved key that Hopper had never seen before. Then something caught her eye. Etched in the key was the numbers 911. Thoughts collided in her mind like runaway trains. How did Mrs Whatsit, the gossip neighbour get her hands on this key? Would it solve their problems to education and starvation if she got her hands on the key? But did it any connection with the map, she had found in her musty corner? A tingling sensation, rose in her hands…

Creativity Decoy.

 In the soft glow of the alien sunset, the crowd gasped at the intricate sculpture, unaware it was created by the one thing they feared most. The sun melted over the horizon, casting delicate shadows on the sculpture. Leon observed a looming sculpture like a sentinel, towering over their village filled with creative whirls, stripes and geometric patterns. Candles had been placed around the statue. The village had chastised creativity as it had been a symbol of bad luck. Leon, a kid piqued of curiosity thought to himself. Who could have made this such creative statue? Aliens or one of the villagers? What would happen? Thoughts whirred in Leon’s mind like runaway trains.

A day ago, Earth had granted permission for some aliens from Planet Dynamics to aboard the Earth. The Martian ground shook, as a huge spaceship landed nearby the village. Five small robots had clunked around their city, they body coated with dusty yellow paint with two adorable eyes. Communicating in a metallic voice, they had woven a beautiful sculpture that used candle wax. Then the sculpture towered there, in the middle of the village after they had left.

An oozing yellow substance had dissolved from the sculpture, as the sun glowered at it. A faint fragrance wafted into his nose as he stared at the substance morph into creatures. Tarantulas! They crawled toward the villagers, growling and snarling. The villagers, screamed and gasped for air as they slowly sank below the substance. This was disaster…