

Alex and the Magic Jar

Once upon a time, wait no no no that's how everybody begins the story. Um, let's see. I got it! We start with the opening of a book. No, that's not it. How about the opening of a magic jar? Yes. A magic jar whose lid has just been opened by a very clever and fierce little girl. Let's begin now. A long time ago, when dinosaurs roamed the land, there was a girl about age 10 named Alex. Okay, maybe I exaggerated when I said dinosaurs were alive. Alex was a smart and brave young girl with shoulder-length, blonde, curly hair and ocean blue eyes. She always wore a light blue dress to match her eyes. Today, on top of her dress she wore her favorite hoody with a blue whale on it.

Alex was getting ready to go to bed. She had just finished reading a book about an old legend of a magic jar big enough to hold a human. The legend said that a witch or wizard had created the jar in order to trap children and use them as their servants. If the children remained in the jar long enough the children became corrupt and could not escape the magic jar's powers unless they trapped another child to take their place. Alex thought to herself, "What a silly story," and promptly fell asleep.

About two hours later she was awoken by a hand over her mouth. She tried to scream but couldn't. She tried to kick away the person who was trying to take her. She figured out that it was a kidnapper. She banged on her door, but her dad was the only other person home and he was a heavy sleeper. She saw another man coming and he threw her into a burlap sack. It was sweaty, dark, and scratchy against her pajamas, and it was hard to breathe. Her only source of light and air was from a small hole in the bag. She felt herself being carried out the window and then falling and hitting the ground with a hard thud.

Her dad got up to get a glass of water when he saw that she was gone. He saw the two men and tried to stop them, but he was too late. They had already loaded her onto a truck bed and drove away.

She was in the truck for hours. As every minute passed she came up with a new way to get out, but none of them worked. It was a bumpy ride, and she could hear gusts of wind constantly. After about an hour or two, she felt herself being carried out of the truck and up some steps. She heard a door opening and closing. She figured that she was in the two men's house or hideout. Suddenly she found herself being let out of the bag. She looked around noticing she was in a one-room log cabin. There was a ripped-up arm chair with springs hanging out of the middle, two small beds, and a flashlight with a tiny box of batteries next to it. She had no idea what was happening or where she could be.

She looked at the two men. They grabbed her and carried her outside to the dark woods behind the cabin. There she saw a large glass jar. When I say large, I mean about eight feet tall and seven feet wide. She wondered to herself, "Why is there a giant jar behind this cabin" and then she remembered the legend she had just read about. She gasped in horror!

One man left and came back a minute later with a ladder. The other man grabbed Alex, climbed up the ladder, threw her in the jar, closed the bail lid (which is the kind that has a lever), and locked it tight. She waited in there overnight, but she couldn't sleep. She was worried she

would never see her parents again, or be in her house again. It was slippery in the jar, and even though it was a hot summer night, it was surprisingly cold. Would she be trapped there forever? Could the legend be true? Would she become evil?

After hours of thinking, she noticed a stick in the jar, trapped in the lid. She thought she could use the stick to break through the glass, but that didn't work. So she got mad and threw the stick on the floor of the jar. But when it struck the glass, there was a sizzling sound and a series of sparks. Alex didn't believe in magic, but that stick made her suspicious. She picked it up and tried striking it on the side of the glass jar again, but it didn't work. When she got angry again, though, she hit the side of the glass five times in a row and it sizzled and sparked bigger than before. She got even angrier and struck again and again, until there was a small crack in the glass. She thought she was getting somewhere, so she made herself angry and tried again, but this time the men heard her and came rushing outside. They didn't look the same as they had before, they had armor on this time. But they still sounded like the men she had seen and heard before.

When the men came, she hid the stick in her pajamas. One man was angry and tried to open the jar, but the other man stopped him. The man yelled "Don't let her out or we'll never be free from this curse! We've been trapped under its spell for 20 years and we finally can be free! She can take our place!" Just then the full moon came out from behind a cloud, and the men looked up and were mesmerized by it. She took the stick from her pajamas and pointed it at the full moon, somehow knowing it would do something. She was right. It cast a bright glow all over the log cabin, the two men, and the jar. The men were blinded by the brightness and surprisingly the jar's lid opened.

She rocked the jar back and forth, building up speed, and the jar tipped a bit. She continued doing it until the jar tipped over and she climbed out.

She started to run away from the log cabin, away from the truck and the men, and down out of the surrounding forest until she found a road. She followed the road until she found a small village and a police station. She said to the police that she had been kidnapped by two men and escaped. They believed her because she had left out the magic jar part. She knew no-one would believe her that the legend of the magic jar was real. She described the cabin and the police put her in the front seat of their cruiser and drove over to the cabin. At first the two men tried to run away, but the police handcuffed them both and shoved them into the backseat of the cruiser. When they got back to the police station, the men were locked up in a jail cell.

The police asked Alex, "Where do you live?"

She replied, "Dexter, Michigan, 321 Sycamore Lane."

They drove her home and returned her to her dad. He was so relieved he scooped her up in a huge hug. An hour later, her mom came home. She couldn't believe what her daughter had been through. She was so happy Alex was home and safe. Alex couldn't ever tell her parents the whole story of what she had been through. How would they ever believe her? It was so crazy. It was late so her mom tucked her into bed and Alex fell asleep right away. The next morning she found The Legend of the Magic

Jar and decided to bury the book in the backyard. She never wanted to think of it again!

The End