

A Nighttime Journey

SLAM. I woke up to the sound of Padre coming back from a hard day in the village. These days, Padre was often in a bad mood, because Nonna was ill, and the officials won't let us leave the country to visit her. Every day, Padre begs the officials to let us leave the country. Apparently, they are afraid that we will bring back weapons to use against them. The more I thought about Padre and the officials, the more I grew drowsy.

"Shasta, time to go to school!" Said a voice.

"Va Bene, coming right down!"

I slowly opened my eyes, expecting to see the room with pale, peeling paint that me, Marco, and baby Marlina shared. Instead, I saw a room with light arancia walls, and it seemed, as far as I knew, that I was the only occupant.

"Do you need a change of underwear, dear?" Asked the strange voice. I whipped my head around and around, looking for the source of the the voice. There was no one except for me in the room. I walked around, looking under the bed, in the wardrobe, and behind the tapestry. I saw no one.

"Where are you?" I cautiously asked.

"Well, I'm your cameriera, of course. Is there anything you would like me to get you, ma'am?" My "cameriera" asked.

"Where am I?" I asked.

"You are in-"

Just then, out of nowhere barreled a giant, 3 headed dog.

The thing was, I was not a coward, and Mamma and Padre had always taught me to be a fighter, and not to be someone who stands in a corner when others are standing up for themselves. I looked around, looking for anything, *anything* that could help me to defend me, and my cameriera. My eyes rested on a large wooden, club standing up against a wall. I took the chance and ran towards the club. A soon as my hands grasped the club, I felt something slimy running down my back. I whipped around, tense, and ready to attack. That was a bad idea. By then, I had a pretty good idea on what the slimy substance was. Spit. The thing about spit is, it just keeps going and going. So naturally, when I turned around, I got a mouthful of the stuff. I spit out and kept fighting. As I raised my fist to strike, the 3 headed dog(or should I say *dogs*?) turned into a pink, fluffy bunny 7 feet tall. This place is *weird*!

"Er... Excuse me miss...?" I mumbled. Trying to get my "camerieras" attention.

"You can call me Rose, Dear." She said sweetly.

"Can I have a carrot?" I asked sheepishly.

"Sure thing, dear!" She said enthusiastically as she whipped out not only an orange carrot, but also several white, red, and yellow carrots out of midair.

“Er... Thanks.” I muttered and got ready to fend off the fluffy bunny. I crept towards the bunny, and offered him the red carrot. A purple tongue with white spots appeared from its mouth and gingerly took the carrot. As I opened my mouth to say how grateful I was that the bunny was nice, it turned into a snake, then a weird pig thing, then back to the original 3 headed dog. All of this happened in less than a second, and I screamed the whole time. I ran from the room, and as soon as I left the door, something jabbed just below my knee.

“Ouch!” I said angrily. Suddenly everything was a white cloud of smoke, and I was aware of someone calling my name.

“Wake up! Nonna is all better, and Padre convinced the officials that he was right all along, and they are rewarding him with \$5,000 dollars to fix up our house!” Said a familiar voice.

“*Marco!*” I wailed, crying out for the help of my older brother.

“Nonna is all better, and she...”

“I *heard* you, Marco, and I have another question.” I stated flatly.

“What’s that?”

“Where am I?”

“Open your eyes!” He shouted!

“*Marco!* My goodness, quiet it down!” Said a familiar voice.

“NONNA!” I opened my eyes to my loving Nonna, and noticed that I was back in my room.

“*QUIET IT DOWN!*” Nonna shouted.

“Marlina is *sleeping!* Nonna said once more.

“Okay, Okay.” Me and Marco said at the same time.

“Come on, let’s go to the park and talk about *everything!*” Nonna said.

Me and Marco groaned as we shuffled to change into our clothes. Nonna is back, and being in that mansion was a dream, after all.

The End