

Oksana Starlins

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### History Test

“Swish!” The red pencil flew out of my hands. My breath came out in a cold, hard gasp. I looked around the medieval-themed room; it seemed so very dim.

“What’s happening?” I wondered aloud. The frightened tone in my voice shocked me.

“Well honey...” said a soft voice. *Now I was really scared.* Was I being haunted? *Okay. Calm down, Patricia. This is probably just one of those silly prank shows on TV, I thought. Then again...*

I summoned all my courage to say, “Who in the world said that? Tell me who and what you are!”

“Well, it ain’t me!” said...my *ruler?! The harsh voice brought a cool silence upon the room. All I could hear was the New York winter blizzard winds whipping the cold air outside.*

“You: you’re a ruler and ...you can’t talk!” I whispered in a shocked tone. The ruler fell silent. Then I heard yet another voice start to speak.

“I know! I mean, ‘it ain’t me’? Oh please, come on!” The pencil lightly laughed.

*Oh my gosh, I’m not dreaming!* I realized. I had to fight this battle against my own standards: Logical Explanation.

“First the ruler, now you! You guys CAN NOT talk!!!” I hissed.

“Actually, you broke all my lead out on question number three. So, yes I can! You know why? Because you made a big hole where all my lead was supposed to be! So, in other words, it unsealed my lips! I declare my independence to talk as well as to write! Am I clear, little missy?” the pencil asked in an angry tone. The tone reminded me of my scary, commanding father’s voice.

“Yes sir, Mr. Pencil sir!” I answered.

Just then I heard another voice. “You learned to read and write from MY pages!!!” my English book snapped.

“Don’t scare the young girl now,” said a calm, sweet voice.

“Who are you?” I asked in a tiny voice.

“Your history book dear. Down here in your lap.”

I slowly looked down in my lap, afraid to see what would meet my eyes.

“Now you listen. I know beneath your cedar brown hair and dark sea blue eyes, there’s a brain!” she praised me in a soft, charming voice.

“Really, do you really think?” I asked.

“Really. Now, you have been studying for hours. Don’t worry, the answers are around you. Around you, around you...” Everything turned into a misty swirl. I couldn’t see. I felt so...so...dreamlike.

I shook my head and yawned. “Dinner, Patricia!” My mother called from the kitchen downstairs.

I looked down at my history book and smiled. I had fallen asleep studying for my history test tomorrow morning.