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The Unexpected

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Kelloggsville High School

Wyoming, Michigan

Grade: 9-10

Genre: Creative

Third place in the Creative Genre for the 2013 Best Midwestern High School Writing Competition.

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My name is Nadia or Princess Adaeze. I am writing this dairy so you can know my story in case I never have the chance of telling it myself. I didn't even know I was a princess until a few months ago. The way I found out wasn't pleasant, but it was very memorable. Well, let me start at the beginning.

It all started at a Chinese restaurant. I was treating myself to lunch with some friends. At the end of our meal, the waiter brought us fortune cookies. He stared at me deeply with his dark eyes as he said, "Make sure you read your fortune." I shuddered as he walked away. I felt like his eyes were x-rays and he was looking through me. Usually I don't care too much for fortune cookies; I read the fortune, eat the cookie, then move on with life. My mistake was, I did the same with this one. I laughed off my fortune thinking it was some kind of joke. Although in the back of my mind I kept wondering, "Nothing's going to happen, right?"

The next day at school I was walking in the hallway past the office. I overheard an unfamiliar voice say my name. The voice was deep, strong, and bold; you would never forget it once you heard it. At that moment I immediately became paranoid. I slowly backed pedaled towards the office door. I cracked the door open just enough to hear what was going on while still avoiding being seen or heard. It was dead silent in the office; the quietest I ever heard it. It was as if the walls were even trying to hear something. The next sound came from the secretary, "Yes, she is here today. I can call her down to the office if you'd like."

"No, we will find her, thank you," replied the booming voice.

I closed the door then sprinted around the closest corner, panting but trying to stay as quiet as possible. I heard the office door open slowly. The person who walked out sounded like a huge man; his footsteps were loud and strong like the voice I assumed belonged to him. Then, I heard a few more similar footsteps. It sounded like three people were there. I didn't dare look to be sure; it was hard enough just standing there. I relaxed a little when I realized I got away just in time; they didn't spot me. They started heading the opposite direction.

It took five minutes, at least, for me to regain the feeling in my legs. I finally had enough in me to move from that spot. I made it to the nearest girls' bathroom before I had to stop again. At this point I didn't know if this was some type dream or if I was crazy. I couldn't put my thoughts together; this all didn't make sense. Maybe I was just being overly paranoid and those men were bringing good news. Well, no part of me wanted to find them anytime soon. Good thing I left class toward the end of the hour. I was saved by the bell. With great relief I began to blend in with others students in the tightly packed hallway. Hoping not to be seen, I quickly maneuvered my way through the hallway to my next class.

My next class was gym, third hour, which is on the other side of the school in the basement, thank God. Even better, we were going on a 5k walk outside. I felt like the Lord was on my side. I rushed into the locker room and got changed recklessly. All I could think about was getting far away from the school and fast. I nearly bolted out the doors when my gym teacher said we could go outside. I'm usually energetic, so this didn't seem strange to anyone. As we were walking, I was thinking what my next move would be. I had lunch next; I feared the men might still be at the school by the time we got back. I knew they would definitely spot me in the cafeteria. So, I decided not to go back to school

I ran ahead of my class trying to think of a plan. I spotted a woman unloading boxes from her car. I darted straight for it. "Give me your keys NOW!!" I screamed at her. Surprisingly, she obeyed. I took one more second to think, then realized that I had to move fast. Barely knowing how to drive, I backed out the car and drove as fast as I could without killing myself. I kept thinking distance, distance, the farther away I get from the school and these people, the better. "Beep!" after about two hours of driving, a red light in the car came on. The car was running out of gas; I had no idea where was, and I had no money on me. "BAM! BAM! BAM!" my head began pounding, I felt a migraine coming.

The car began to decelerate, but I didn't pull over. I was on a deserted road when I heard a car approaching from behind. As it drew near, I could tell it was coming quickly. "Now's a good time to pull over," I thought to myself and

immediately started turning the wheel. However, it was too late, “CRASH!!!” The fast zooming car slammed into mine. My car swerved off the road and clashed with a nearby tree. The windshield shattered, sending glass everywhere.

“Gross!” blood was dripping from my head and into my eye. I couldn’t move my legs; they felt detached. I heard heavy footsteps coming closer and closer to the car. A huge hand touched my body; I froze, becoming stiff like a rock. Scared to see the face that belonged to the hand I swallowed hard. Then, I began trying to turn my head slowly. “Hello, Princess,” said the familiar booming voice. I nearly jumped out of my skin. I stared up at his face, wide eyed. I began kicking and screaming as he pulled me out of the car. As he carried me to his car, the world around me was spinning; my head felt light as a feather. Everything went black.

When I regained consciousness, I was on the ground, the hard, cold and wet ground. Something was telling me that I was not in Michigan anymore. I felt like Dorothy from the *Wizard of Oz*. I slowly rose up from the ground, feeling dirty and disgusting. As I surveyed the area around me, I realized I was in a cellar. I remember walking toward the cellar door slowly, off balanced; I was walking like a drunken sailor. My feet made a clapping sound as they patted against the ground. “Where have my shoes gone?” I kept wondering, as I walked around barefoot.

Scared out of my mind, not knowing what else to do, I began screaming, “HELLO! HELLO! IS ANYONE THERE!? SOMEONE HELP ME! HELP! WHERE AM I? WHAT IS GOING ON?” “Boom! Boom! Boom!” I began banging on the cellar door. Frustrated, I stopped. The room grew silent; the only sound came from me breathing heavily. Just then I heard a larger door open. Two men dressed in armor with swords came in laughing; they looked like soldiers.

“Seems like the princess has awakened,” said one of the soldiers.

“Morning Princess, you get your beauty rest?” said the other.

I stayed quiet and backed away from the cellar door. “Oh, now she wants to be quiet and scared,” laughed the first soldier.

“Don’t worry, Princess; we won’t bite,” the second soldier said grinning. He pulled out a set of keys and began unlocking my cell. I backed up even more until my back was against the wall. “Come on, Princess; come on out,” the man said with an outstretched hand. I didn’t move an inch; I didn’t even flinch.

“Princess, come on! We don’t have time for this. We have to take you to see your parents,” the first soldier rudely commanded.

“Shh! Be quiet! We weren’t supposed to tell her,” the soldier tried to whisper.

“I don’t care. I don’t have time to babysit her until she’s ready to come. Maybe telling her will make her come faster,” replied the first soldier.

“Why do they keep calling me Princess? Why are my parents here? How did my parents get here? Did they plan all this? Is this a joke? Maybe if I go with these men, my questions will be answered,” my head was filled with questions. “Alright, I’m ready to go,” I said interrupting the soldiers’ conversation. I quickly walked out of the cellar and nearly ran down the hall not knowing where I was going.

“Whoa! Princess slow down!” the soldiers called from behind me. I stopped and waited for them to catch up. We started back walking together. My heart was racing, filled with anxiety. I began to breath heavily again, uncontrollably. “You alright, P?” asked the first soldier.

“Yea, fine. Just a little nervous that’s all,” I replied. Finally, we reached these two gigantic gold doors; they looked super heavy. The second soldier pulled out the set of keys again. Taking the biggest key on the ring, he unlocked the doors. Each soldier grabbed a door handle. Simultaneously they slowly opened the enormous doors; they looked as if they were struggling a bit.

Behind the door there were countless soldiers surrounding a man and woman in the middle of the room. The man and woman were sitting in fancy chairs covered with gems. They each had beautiful, priceless crowns on their heads. It appeared they were the king and queen. It looked as if they were in a

movie. However, the man and woman sitting there were not my parents. “Where are my parents?” I asked the two soldiers who walked with me. They pointed straight ahead at the king and queen. I was afraid that would be their answer. I took a deep, long breath and began forcing myself to move forward.

As I neared, and was only a few feet away from them, my “*parents*” stood up and embraced me. I felt like we were hugging for way too long. I don’t know about you, but it’s a bit uncomfortable to me when complete strangers, who are claiming to be my parents, feel the need to hug me for a long period of time. “Sit down, Princess. There’s a story we have to tell,” said the king; his voice was big and mighty. A soldier had just come in with a chair for me, perfect timing. I sat down uneasily.

“I’m sure you’re wondering who we are. I’m your father King Alabo and this is your mother Queen Fari, and you are Princess Adaeze,” my father explained, starting the story. “We are in South Africa in the Empire of Great Zimbabwe. In our empire the firstborn is first in line to be crowned unless he gets disowned. In the past, though, the firstborn was always a boy, until now. When you were born, it was a surprise to us all. We all thought you were going to be a boy because having a girl first just seemed impossible to royalty. So, when you were born a beautiful, healthy girl, your mother and I decided to lie and say you were sick. That way we didn’t have to show you to the public right away, and it gave us time to think of some way to present you. After about three weeks, we knew we were running out of time, so we just presented you to the empire thinking, ‘What’s the worst that can happen?’ Well the worst did happen. Having a female leader was unheard of. A massive uprising started; villagers rebelled and tried to invade the castle to kill you. Your mother and I weren’t going to let you get killed, so we sent you away to a nice family in America. We told them we would send for you once it was safe for you to come back. I told them not to say anything to you. I have been fighting the village for many years now to let you come back and rule. Finally, the majority of the village was supportive of you ruling. They probably were thinking, ‘What’s that worst the can happen?’ Overjoyed, we sent for you. My men said it was hard to capture you; that’s a good thing. So, now I guess it’s your choice. Do you want to stay here and start training to be crowned queen or do you want to

go back to America and forget all this ever happened?" My father was finished speaking. I guessed it was my turn now. There was a long pause before I responded.

It was a lot to take in and think about. My whole life previous to this would be gone. I would just up and move and would rule as a queen! What about my family and friends in America? Do I just up and leave them? Then again, the king and queen are my family, too. I can't leave them, especially since I have a duty to rule as a queen. Finally, I made my decision. "It's May," I started. "School is almost out. I will come down and spend the summer here training. Before school starts back up, I will decide if I want to stay here or go back to America. I just don't know if I can be a queen or if I will even like it here. So, I will give it a try." My parents seemed pleased with my answer.

Today is June 28, 2013. I am in South Africa in the Empire of the Great Zimbabwe. I'm in the dark, cold cellar again, but this time I'm hiding. Villagers are smarter than you think. They tricked my father, the king. They told him they were accepting of my rule just to get me here. Once I arrived they made a second attempt to kill me. I can hear the chaos going on outside. I've been in the cellar for a day now, but it feels like forever. Last night was when the massive war broke out. I am writing this diary so you can know my story in case I never have the chance of telling it myself. Wait, I think I hear someone coming. Well, the last thing I have to tell you is what the mysterious fortune cookie said, "Expect exactly the unexpected."