

Trapped



A Digital Photobook
by The Older Explorer's Club Class
Primrose School of Roswell North



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One afternoon, during study hall at LampPost High School, things were going along fine. The students were all working quietly and looking forward for the final bell to ring.



No one seemed to notice a certain book left at the edge of one of the tables.



And then someone knocked the book over. The entire class looked up from their work.



Luke looked over and said, “Nice job, butterfingers!” Annabelle leaned over and said, “It’s just a book”.



Kelly jumped up from her seat and shouted, “I forgot my backpack outside!”





She walked across the classroom,
hoping it was in the courtyard.



She pushed on the door, but it wouldn't open. "Oh, man!" she sighed, "It's locked!"



Laney walked over, looked closely at the door and said, “No, it’s not locked. It’s jammed or something.”



The entire class then got up and took turns trying to open the door. In fact, the only doors in the room that *would* open lead to the bathrooms.



"What's Stephen doing?" Jennifer asked.



Crystal jumped up and shouted,
"Stephen, don't do it!"



"We're trapped!" he shouted, losing control, "There's something strange going on! I gotta get out of here! Look, I found this yellow key!"



Stephen fell back on the floor, stared at the chair that had just bounced off the window and said, “I guess that wasn’t a key.”



Smiling, Crystal looked down at Stephen and said, "You guessed correctly."



Annabelle asked, "What should we do now? We can't get out! How will we get home?" Amy rose slowly from her chair and everyone watched her walk toward the door.



Amy slowly raised her arm and pointed across the classroom to the first door that would not open.



A young boy stood behind the rectangular panes of glass, staring blankly into the classroom.



He pulled open the door and stepped inside. The door closed immediately behind him.



“Dude!” Theresa called out, “You let the door close! We need to get out!”

The boy did not respond. He looked around the room, then moved toward an empty space at a table and sat down.



He grabbed a crayon and piece of paper and began to write.

“That’s my notebook,” said Alyssa.

“And my crayon,” said Rose.

“Shhh,” Brad said, “He’s making a picture. It’s... strange...”



When the boy was done, he stood up and moved away from the table. The children looked closely at the picture and noticed an odd word written above it. When they spoke the word, there was a loud crack and a bright light.



"What happened to everyone", Amelia asked. "They disappeared," Brad and Kelly said. They searched the room, then looked out the window. "Oh, no!" they said together.



All the other children had magically been moved outside and were now frozen like stone statues. No matter how hard they banged on the window, the kids outside didn't respond.



Without warning, the bathroom door banged open. "So *there* you are!" an evil woman shouted. The remaining three children from study hall backed away, leaving the strange boy to face her alone.



"You can't escape me this time, Peter!" she said. "How dare you try to hide from my incredible power? I'm going to recite a spell that will put you back where you belong for good!"

She brought up an old, shaky finger and--



Before she could say the spell,
the boy disappeared with another crack
and flash of light.



"You three!" she screamed.
The children jumped back in
terror.



"Don't try anything funny," she hissed. "After I find Peter I'll be back to take care of the rest of you meddling kids!"



The kids ran to the bathroom door after it closed, but when they looked inside, the insane woman was gone.

"How did she do that?" Brad asked.



"Hey, guys!" Amelia said, "Look! I found something! A purple crayon!"

"Maybe it's magic and she used it to escape!" Kelly added.



"Maybe we can make a door with it," Amelia said, taking the crayon and beginning to draw.

Before long, they had created a magic door and stared at it in amazement.



Cautiously, the kids closed their eyes and stepped through the strange doorway.



They moved through the wall and found themselves coming out through solid brick. In another step, they were out in the courtyard.



"I told you to watch yourselves!"
a voice screamed. The kids turned and
found the crazy lady behind them.
"Now I'm going to teach you a lesson!"



The kids ran away and hid behind the other frozen children.

"I can see you," the nut said, walking up to them all. She did not, however, see Peter walk up behind her and raise his arm up.



She growled when she turned and saw him. "I knew you were around somewhere, boy!"

Peter did not seem alarmed. He took one more step closer to her.



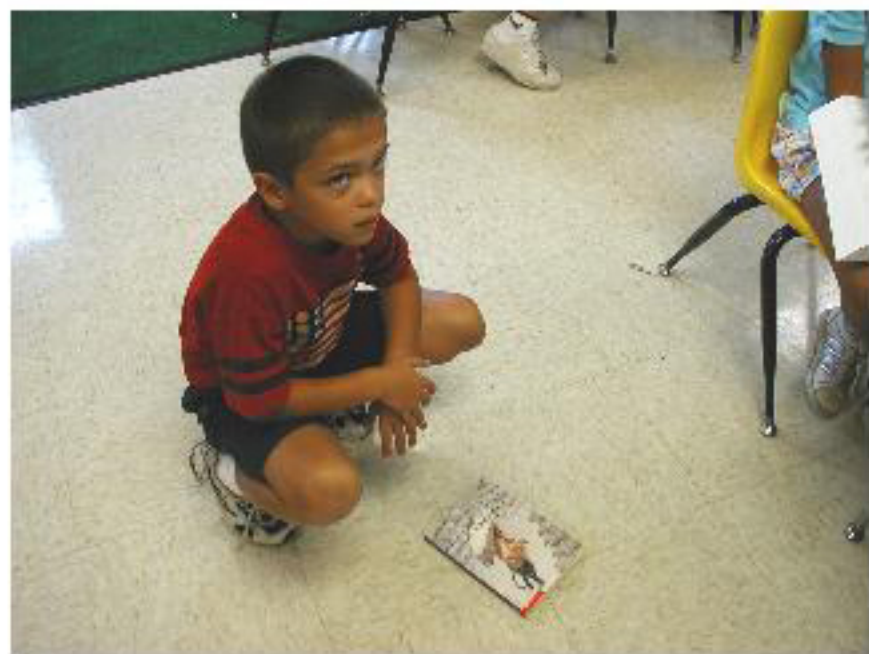
Peter's eyes were steady as he took a deep breath. There was a loud scream as the air around the woman cracked.



In a bright flare of light, she was gone.



Peter faced the stone-statue children, raised his hands and broke the spell. The kids shook their arms and legs, happy to be free.



When they all went back inside, Peter finally spoke, explaining that he and the White Witch had fallen out of the book, The Lion, The Witch and The Wardrobe when someone knocked it over. He told the kids that they both had to return so the book could end.



"Please," he said, "Touch the book to my shoulder and allow me to return to my world."

Rachel picked up the book and gently held it out to the strange boy.



With another crack and a flash of light, Peter was gone. The children watched in amazement.



When the class turned away from the flash of light, they discovered that Peter had left them a farewell message.



There was a lot of talking about what had just happened. When things got quiet again, someone started to push another book off the table.

"Let's break open *this* one," Kristin said.

"No!" everyone screamed!

The End

The collage on the cover of this book was created on stock, white paper using many, many gluesticks and National Geographic magazines. The original measures 2'x3.5'.



We are:

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