

The Accident

Quincy tried to open her eyes but she couldn't. The hot sun beat down on her, but she still felt cold. She could hear delighted voices ringing in her sore, red ears. She rolled over onto her tummy and her cheek touched soft, moist grass; real grass. The outside type of grass, the fresh sort, alive, not the short, rough fake stuff.

She felt a stab of fear and flung her eyes wide open. The sunlight bore into her eyes and her eyelids fought to keep it out, blinking. She was no longer in her Nanna's cosy house; she was outside, somewhere that felt very, very far away from home. She wanted to run, run back to her Nanna's, run into her room, hide in her bed, until this nightmare ended, but her legs seemed to tell her that they wouldn't be able to move and she wouldn't be running anytime soon.

And they were right.

She looked up and could just make out three silhouettes. Then something hard smacked her on the head. Quincy let out a cry of pain. She felt as though a house had just dropped on her, like in the Wizard of Oz, except she knew she wasn't a witch, so that couldn't be right. She lifted her trembling hand to her head and felt warm, wet blood.

Now the three figures were no longer leaning over her, they were picking her up and murmuring comforting words that Quincy couldn't hear. It was too much for her. She closed her watering eyes. She didn't have a clue what was going on. All she knew was that it was going to be very hard to get back home.

Quincy took a few deep breaths and tried to stay calm. Her head hurt tremendously, she now felt hot and her hair was wet with sweat. Her head cleared and she tried to remember back to a few hours ago when she was in the attic and, she had.... she couldn't remember what had happened next.

Quincy racked her brain furiously. If she knew the time, that might help; then she would know how long it had taken to get to this place. Unless this was a dream; which she desperately hoped it was. So grabbing her courage and finding her voice she spoke up.

'Would you happen to know what time it is?' she asked, holding her breath. One of the figures looked down at his watch. He looked about 13, the same age as Quincy. He was wearing a green hat and green coat and pants. He opened his mouth to reply, but girl standing next to Quincy slapped him hard.

'We must not confuse her with the time, poor thing,' she said in a gentle voice. 'She probably already feels quite lost without you rubbing it in.' The girl had purple hair and was very pretty. Before Quincy could open her mouth to demand an answer, there was an ear splitting scream and the third figure mumbled something to the others, who nodded. Then they suddenly dashed towards a small door, dragging Quincy through it with them.

Quincy was very confused. Her head started spinning again and her vision started to go. This was going to be a rough journey for Quincy. If only she knew.

If only.