

PIXIES

By Bianca Roth

I laid on the top bunk of the bunk bed I shared with my younger sister Ellie. She was laying below me, already fast asleep. I turned and faced the clock. 10:32, almost Mom and Dad's bed time! It was too late for me to be awake but I couldn't fall asleep. I was too busy thinking in circles about the fight I had with Ellie earlier that evening. Ellie had wanted to watch Cinderella before bed, but I wanted to watch Jungle Book. I told Ellie that since she picked the night before, it was my turn to pick tonight. Ellie, of course, did not listen. She stood up on the couch, balled her hands into tiny fists and began to scream- cry at the top of her lungs.

"Ellie shut up!" I told her "It's not your turn to pick!" This only made her scream louder, closer to my face, and stamp her feet.

"Shut up!" I said again as I took my left hand and hit the side of her leg. At that exact moment, my mom walked into the living room.

"Sarah Elisabeth!" Mom yelled, using my middle name. "Never ever hit your sister and do not say shut up in this house again." Mom ran over to Ellie, gave her hug and pulled her onto her lap. "What movie would you like to watch tonight sweetie?" Ellie looked up her,

"Cinderella please!" We watched Cinderella.

Ellie's "the baby" of the family and "the cute one." Whenever Mom and Dad think I pick on her she always gets her way. I am only two years older than Ellie, but mom always tells me how I need to be "mature" in how I deal with her.

Ellie's biggest obsession to copy me. Every time I do something, wear something, say something, or even feel something, Ellie does the same. This is what gets on my nerves the most. Mom says that I should "take this as a compliment" and that "I am her role model" but mom doesn't understand what it's like.

I looked back at the clock, 11:11, I don't think I have ever stayed up this late, Mom and Dad were already in bed by now. I guess I *am* mature to able to stay up so late.

All of a sudden, I heard something at our door. I held my breath so I could listen closely. Nothing. I decided I should try to go to sleep, so I closed my eyes. Just as I began to relax, I heard the same noise again. This time twice, then three times. It sounded like the pitter patter of a baby animal's paws. I turned and looked down at the floor from the top of my bunk. At first there were only two or three, then they began to multiply, all coming in from under our bedroom door. They looked like little people, but much smaller with little wings that fluttered as they hovered just above the floor. They whispered to each other in a language that I didn't understand. I saw them pointing and looking around the room. They began to make their way toward Ellie's bed. I tried to sit up to get a better look at what they were up to, but my bed creaked. All at once the pixies looked up at me. One threw her hands out in my direction and I instantly laid back down in bed. I tried to sit back up, but my body was paralyzed, stuck to my mattress, I could

only turn my head. I heard the pixies continue to whisper and I strained my neck so I could see what they were doing. Some flew under my bed and onto Ellie's while others stayed on the ground and held their hands up. They slowly began to move Ellie, who was fast asleep, off of her bed and onto the ground where the other pixies caught her before she hit the floor. They moved to the top of her head and all grabbed on to a chunk of her hair. I tried to scream for Mom and Dad but my voice was just as useless as the rest of my body. I watched in despair as the pixies dragged my little sister by the strands of her soft brown hair out of our bedroom.

All the pixies had left with Ellie except for one who flew up to my bed and hovered right in front of my face. I tried to scream, move, or cry, but nothing worked. The pixie held out her tiny arms toward me and I instantly fell into a deep sleep.

I opened my eyes. It was the next morning. I sprang up. I was sweating, but now had the full use of my body. I was relieved, it had all been a dream. I quickly climbed down my ladder and found Ellie's bed to be perfectly made, just how mom makes it for her every Saturday. I walked out to the living room to find Cinderella playing, again, on the TV. I took a look at the family calendar on the fridge to see what was happening today. Written in black, in dad's small handwriting were the words "Ellie to Drs" just as they were every Saturday, which meant my day was free. I walked over to the couch and found Ellie curled up in a ball, with tears in her eyes, and no hair on her head. It was not a dream! The pixies had taken her hair! My eyes began to tear as I stared at my little sister's bald head, where there once were thick stands of luscious brown hair. I turned slowly and walked into my parent's bathroom and took out my dad's electric beard trimmer. For the first time ever, I decided to copy Ellie.