

Prose First Place
“Stuck in a Pyramid” by Lillian Berry
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Uly was afraid. He pressed his boot into the sand. The hot sun shone onto him as the warm wind circled him. He found his courage and let his feet guide him into the pyramid.

He was currently in a... some would call it a vacation. He called it a business trip. Well, it really WAS. He had a job with his sister. It was this extraordinary trip that Uly was not excited for. Uly and his siste Abby, were the stars of their own TV show entitled Treasure-Hunters. This was their first episode. Uly was really just there to hold and angle the camera right.

Originally, this was Abby’s idea. Uly had said ‘No.’ to it then. “C’mon!” Abigail was already heading deeper into the torch-lit passage. She swiveled around the corner, and vanished from sight. Uly knew she was still there, but he scampered over to her, almost tripping. He felt cornered. Trapped. Stuck. The walls were so close together... the tiles felt uncomfortable on his feet, even with boots on! Uly gulped. Abby scoffed and mumbled to herself. Finally she spoke aloud, “Uly, we HAVE to do this! You agreed to it.” He did agree. Abby turned another sharp corner.

“Wait up!” he called, starting to feel dreadful. No answer came. He picked up his feet and started around the corner. No Abby, either. He KNEW something WAS GOING TO GO WRONG. “ABBY!” his voice echoed against the tomb-like walls. He took another step, but his boot never hit the ground.

Uly tripped forward before he had any time to look down. He fell into a small, narrow chamber. “Uly!”. Uly lifted his head and looked straight into Abby’s glowing face after he’d landed. He would’ve probably smiled but the fact that they were in a sandstone cage prevented that. “You shouldn’t walk so slow!” she pointed out. “You shouldn’t run ahead! Look, now we’re stuck. No one’s gonna find us, and we’ve no water or food. I’m sure we’re going to DIE!” he shouted, despite his fear of the dark. Suddenly Abby’s face wasn’t smiling anymore. She wasn’t even looking at him. Well, it was in the same direction, he thought so, but it was very hard to tell in the dark. “Uly...” her voice trailed off as torches’ flames suddenly flickered out of them. Uly blinked several times and turned around. They weren’t in a cage—there were no bars at all. What stood before him were giant golden pillars, and many other riches such as goblets with embedded jewels and golden plates with hieroglyphs. “WE’RE RICH!” Abby threw out her arms and swung around the pillars. Uly was the type of person who always saw the bad side of situations. For example: the crumbling bricks on the wall opposite of him didn’t look promising. The rocks continued to fall until finally the wall broke apart. It was like the wall simply had shrunk into itself. Of course Abby hadn’t noticed, she was currently trying to bury herself in gold, but Uly obviously had. There was a shadow that looked as if it had a dog’s head and a human body.

“Ohmylittlesnuggiebugs,” the shadow said very hastily in a babying kind of voice. Suddenly Abby noticed and jumped up. Gold sprang from every corner. The shadow yelped and peered its head out of the passageway. It was a very surprised looking Egyptian dog head. “Visitors!” it said. “It’s been so very long since I had visitors.” It then stalked out and looked at them. It was holding a mummified cat who was ALIVE. “Aren’t you going to bow or at least kneel to me?”. Abby had noticed it’s pet, too. “What is THAT? Is it alive? Can it talk? Who are you? How is your costume headpiece moving its mouth when you speak? Why should we bow?” she pestered him with questions. “ENOUGH,” it finally said instead of answering. “I am the pharaoh, mighty and powerful. THAT’S why you should bow. This is my familiar, Dune.” It nodded its long snout at the cat. “It is VERY MUCH ALIVE.” “If you’re the pharaoh... What’s your name?”. “Hapshetsut.” Nice name, Uly silently thought to himself as Abby asked more questions, “Can we just call you Hap? It’s a lot easier.” The pharaoh sighed then Abby picked out another question, “Hey! If that’s just a mask how does it make, like, facial expressions? Like sighing, or squinting?”. Then the mask became angry looking. “It’s ENCHANTED OK!?”. Abby ducked and hastily spoke, “Okay, okay.”. That’s when Uly broke in, “Wait. How do we get out of here? I mean, no offense, I don’t want to... end up like you.” he looked at Hap, “Oh. There is no way out. I mean, this was all made for me. Why would I want to leave?” He tilted his dog mask. “No. Way. OUT?!” Uly gasped and Abby suddenly darted out of sight. Uly turned around and watched Abby grab hoards of golden items. “Are you gonna help me OR NOT?!” she shouted at him and struggled lifting the heavy gold. She plopped it into a pile underneath the passage that went up to the surface. Uly realized her plan and rushed over to help her. In a minute or two the siblings stood beside each other, panting in the sweltering heat. A tower of golden plates and other items stood in front of them, leading up to their escape. Abby scurried up quickly, and leaped up onto top. She’d got out. Uly nodded his head at the pharaoh who yawned, and clambered up behind. He jumped up and succeeded like Abby. Uly ran out, sunlight dazzling him. “Did you get that?” Abby asked, her eyes shining. And to Uly’s surprise, he DID get that. “Now to our next show,” Abby looked out across the horizon.