

## Science Fiction Story

### Chapter 1

There is something in the cellar.

There is something... something evil deeply in the basement at the end of a long and dark tunnel.

These are the roof and the attic of the school. Can you imagine the cellar?

It was half a year ago when I went down to the basement of the school for the first time. I did it with some friends for the hell of it. We loved discovering the school.

There was a secret in every corner and wall. For example there was the mansard on the third floor the air of which was full of asbestos still it was so attractive for us.

Rooms furnished upside down, hidden doors, frescoes on the walls, windows, skylights where without trouble you could climb to a part of the roof of the school, which couldn't be seen from anywhere,. But the basement was different.

At first we didn't think about going there but once we went down to play table-tennis in the table-tennis room. It's a really small underground room with three tables and a lot of rubbish. And with a door. With a massive 1,5x1,5 m big, massive, iron door.

We didn't really think of opening it. We had tried it once but it had seemed to be welded on so we'd left it all and for some time we went to the table tennis room just for playing.

But one day, when I was about to win, one of my friends, John raised his hand. You must know that John has unbelievably good ears. Sometimes he can hear such slight noises which nobody else can. So he raised his hand and we knew immediately that he asked for silence. We were all ears dumbly for some moments and then we also heard it. Hardly understandable, totally quiet speech. Then a buzz. Then speech again. We started to look for the source of the noise and it took John barely two minutes to stick his ears to the iron door.

– It comes from here! – he said excitedly. – There is somebody in!

And indeed, from behind the door we heard the speaking and the humming also. We thought, we took our time. In the next two hours the speaking and the humming kept changing each other then it was dead silence. We tried to open the door, but it didn't work.

It meant just one thing: there was another entrance. We didn't need more, immediately we went to the basement door, where Steve in an instant picked the lock. Of course, if they caught us, it wasn't likely that we could get away with it, but it didn't matter now, we thought. We loved being in the trespass.

First we went only a short way in among the lumber and then we got into more and more halls. But we didn't find the entrance to the hall behind the iron door. Until that Tuesday...

We were four down: me, John, Steve and a Korean guy, Buck. Precisely we were searching in the lumber – that was unbelievable what there were – when we heard that somebody wanted to open the lock. It was a basic rule, that we always closed the

door behind us, so that it shouldn't be too prominent if somebody happened to walk there

So somebody opened the lock. We hid immediately and we were waiting. Three men came in. The first man was small, stubby and he had glasses. I thought that he was the boss. The two other men were muscular and they were carrying something. Next to us there were boilers. The boss went to the middle one and opened it. Then I realized that it wasn't a boiler. It was a door! When they closed the door, we ran out of the basement.

Next day we went back. We found the boiler and we opened it. We saw a staircase and we went down slowly and quietly. We reached a corridor. The wall was made of metal. Some reddish neon lights lit the place. At the end of the corridor there was a door, an armoured door. I could see similar doors in submarines. Above the door there was a sign: Danger! Radiation danger!

At first we felt frightened, but then we calmed down. We wanted to see what the door hid. Steve wound a wheel which unscrewed the lock.

The door opened...

(Authors: Richárd Rutai, Nóra Balla, Tímea Gergely, Alex Bali; Teachers: Zsuzsa Szalayné Tahy, Zsiday Galgóczy Béláné ; Szent István Gimnázium , Hungary; January 2009)

## Chapter 2

I was unbelievably nervous, excited and curious – I had to know what the door hid. It was rusty but opened completely and noisily,.. and ..... nothing, there was absolutely nothing inside the room! It was simply dark and bare and there weren't windows or doors or other passages. I couldn't believe it – a sense of disappointment pervaded me.

I started to search stubbornly for something, anything could be interesting, and the other guys followed me. We didn't find anything before dark and by then, as our eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, a plaintive light coming from the corner opposite pointed at us. It lit a kind of little altar, similar to those present in Greek temples, with the inscription "1900". I thought it couldn't have been there since that year; surely the school wasn't that old, someone must have put it there – I was certain of that. Anyway it wasn't important for our research. We knew that the room was the starting point of a maze and we had to, at all costs, find the secret passage. But our efforts were vain; after two hours we gave up our search, and we went back home, it had become too late.

That evening I rang up the guys and we decided all together to concentrate on the altar, the only thing we could conduct a research on. I was so excited, I love discovering new things, so that night thinking of our adventure, I fell asleep very late. I had a strange dream, I was in the 'dark room' and I felt as if I was flying. There was also a voice calling me repeatedly, but I couldn't understand where it came from. When I woke up I thought that it could have been the effect of my condition of excitement and expectation.

The next day we went down to the “dark room”. Several times John told us to stop, convinced he had heard a noise, like someone calling, coming from the depth of the basement, or better still from the earth.

When we arrived in the room we went up to the altar and I cleaned it from dust. But as soon as I touched it, I felt strange, very strange. It was as if my body was weightless. Then a very unexpected and curious thing happened, my dream turned into reality – the same voice I had heard in my dream was calling us again, and it repeated over and over again “Travellers, so your destiny has been revealed, you have heard the call of ‘Mystery’ . Don’t fear the men you have seen, now you have to delete everything you know about this life”.....(to be continued)

(Author: Fabrizio Conti Gennaro Teacher: Nancy Trifiletti, Italy; March 2009)

### Chapter 3

As soon as I heard this voice I saw my three friends were disappearing. then I felt strange and finally I couldn't see anything at all.

After some hours I woke up in a temple. I had my friends just there, on the floor near me.

I called them and I asked them if they were ok. John, Steve and Buck were terribly frightened and shouted "where are we?" but unfortunately I didn't know it so I couldn't give them any answer. John stood up and he told me off saying: "It 's your fault! We didn't want to follow you! I hate you and your adventurous character!" " shut up," I answered back “we have to look for a solution" and while we were arguing, the voice spoke again... and it told us that we had to find the sacred altar's statue in three days' time or we would die.

We were locked in a room in the temple and on the wall we could see an inscription saying: "Look for the key" . We looked each other, we were very very scared but we started looking for it straight away. I started to look on the shelf. John looked under the table and Steve under the carpet. Buck saw the key on the wall, in a tiny hole in the wall.. And he caught it with a smile on his face. "I got it!" And with this key he opened the trapdoor that was on the floor.

They went down and they arrived in a dark corridor. Buck started to cry. I tried to calm him down.

I could hear him but I couldn't see him. Suddenly we heard a noise and, when Steve turned the light on, we saw Buck was dead. He had been killed. An arrow had killed him. "OH MY GOD! BUCK!" We were so desperate! But we had to go on to stay alive. (to be continued..)

(Giada Signori, Marika Laino, Giada Antonaccio; Italy; Teacher: Marta Bartolini ; March 2009)

### Chapter 4

The body was lying on the stone floor in an unnatural position, with the arrow thrust into his back.

Steve was screaming, his face was white, his pupils were small dots.

I tried to calm him down.

After a time which seemed eternal his scream became a long but quiet cry.  
I saw it all in slow-motion, the images were unfocused, frayed, as if the world wanted to stop and throw us in the deep space.  
But nothing more happened, slowly my perception of the reality returned normal.  
I was scared but I was the first to talk:  
"We need to move " I said  
" Why? and where do you want to go? " Asked Steve in tears.  
"I don't know, but, sure, we can't stay here and wait for our destiny!"  
I shrouded the body who once was my friend with my coat and I started to have a look around me.  
The room was squarely, without any sign of human work, as if it was made up of a unique block of stone dug from the trapdoor who caught us.  
The walls were impenetrable, untouched from the race of the time, no doors or windows, no way to escape.  
Suddenly, without any warning, we heard a low whistle that was coming from everywhere. My mind was obfuscated.  
I fell asleep so fast as I had never done before.  
An hour, a day or a month later, a green light scared my eyelids.  
Green lines were grooving the north-wall, slowly, from the ground to the ceiling in a dust cloud.  
So unbelievably between the dust a tall, black-dressed figure came.  
He spoke with a grave voice, an inhuman and terrible voice:  
"Foreigners! This is your last chance to go back!  
This is the last temple before the gates of the infinity.  
No human foot can pass it, stay away! If you want to live, find what you know and don't come back "  
(Authors: Marco Pesoli, Italy; Teacher: Daniela Ianni; March 2009)

## Chapter 5

John, Steve and I were very scared, but we decided that we had to find a way out of there. So, we began to investigate carefully into the temple trying to find a solution that did not lead to infinity, because then we would not be able to leave.  
Look! - John said - this seems a strange geometric figure door, but is not made of any material.  
Steve had the idea of investigating it to see what secrets it hid. Certainly it could not be the door of the Infinite, because we supposed it would be invisible.  
Suddenly a strange cold invaded us, as if we were at the North Pole. The cold was very intense and we did not wear any appropriate clothing for it. So, with Buck's clothes we tried to make some gloves, but it was impossible: because we couldn't stop our hands from shaking.  
Immediately, we heard some strange noises. We did not know whether we should go through the door. Finally, we decided to walk through it, and another invisible door prevented us from going through.

We saw some strange symbols appearing on the floor near Buck's body, who by that time had begun to acquire human form in a strange position.

Immediately we noticed that the symbols had the same shape that the position in which Buck's body was. We decided to put Buck's body on top of those symbols. We were amazed, because suddenly a bright light appeared and Buck began to stand up.

Then, the arrow in his back began to move off his body without leaving any wound. The cold atmosphere was gone and we started to feel a pleasant heat.

Buck looked at us and smiled as if nothing had happened, and said:

"Now we have to follow the symbols to get to the altar's statue. We should not be confused, we have only to find the truly shapes of: a rhomb, a triangle and a square and the shape of an eye. We must continue in this order.

"We were perplexed and asked him: How do you know all this?"

He answered with a very calm voice "I saw it while I was sleeping. We must get moving, we have very little time"

For the first time, Buck's voice made us feel good. Immediately, we saw how the arrow was lit and began to fly throwing flashes of light, making it a magic key.

We tried to get to the key, and the nearer we got to it, the most visible the door became. We had to try to open in order to know what secret was hidden behind that mysterious door.

John, who was the bravest, he used Buck's coat to reach the key. He picked up it and taking a deep breath; he opened the door, then we saw a huge hall. This time it was very light and an inner peace invaded us all.

We decided to go ahead. The place was packed what looked like a maze of passages, each one of them was of a different colour. There were footprints in each, as if other people had passed earlier through there. At the end of each corridor we could see a bright door, each one had a symbol that we had to follow.

Suddenly, we heard the same voice which I had dreamed before becoming more intense, as if it were getting closer to us. We stayed motionless for about five minutes and then a multicoloured skull appeared from nowhere. We ran looking for an exit.

Then John saw a door in the distance and we ran towards it hoping that this could be the exit to the outside and also find a statue like the one above. The statue had an emerald embedded in the chest in which a riddle appeared.

Steve was attracted to it more than the rest of his friends. He touched it and suddenly we heard a voice that said: "Around here there is a gate, go through it".

The riddle said that we had to find a hieroglyph to decipher what we had to do, but we already knew that: Buck had revealed to us through his dream.

Later, we walked and we felt like someone was behind us: It was the shadow of the inhuman voice again that said to us

- As you have passed the first test now let's go on decoding the hieroglyph.

Who are you? - John said.

How long do we have? - Steve asked.

And I added: And if we do not pass the test what will happen to us?

The voice replied:

- Do not ask silly questions and decode the hieroglyph. Start searching it, you have only 24 hours, 15 minutes, 2 seconds.

The shadow disappeared and then we found the riddle writing on the door. The room was entirely lit and Buck said – Look! I have found the hieroglyph! We are going to decipher it!

We have to hurry up. We have do not much time left. We must concentrate on the hieroglyph - Steve said.

Maybe there is some clue that will help us to decipher it - John replied, suddenly the light went out and there was a beam that lit up the scroll with the response.

The scroll said: "If you want to find out the secret fear, you have to find the right door".

And when we said these words aloud the hieroglyph was solved.

The door is opening- John shouted.

Stop! – said Steve- It could be a trap.

It could be output, we must take risks! – I answered.

Come on Steve, if you stay here you could die – John said.

Finally, we walked through. We entered into the next room and saw an immense straight hallway with doors listed on each side.

Let's go and see what is at the end! Maybe it is the way out!- I screamed.

When we arrived, we found a key. We had passed another test! But we did not know what door this key belongs too!

We tried every door.

Steve had the hunch that it was door number 1, so he opened the door and we entered into a bright room. At the end of it there was a shining light, as if we were outdoors and not in the school's cellar..

We approached slowly, and ... surprise!, we had arrived to a lush garden.

Now we had to discover the symbols that would lead us to the statue.

(Teachers: Juani Cabrera and Carmen Rosa Hernández ; Gran Canaria, Spain; April 2009)

## Chapter 6

The room was light and in the middle of the garden stood a gigantic tree with a lot of keys on it. To the right there were six tall trees with hammocks between them. The garden was big. You could not see where it ended and there was plants and grass which was not kept nicely. Around the garden there was a big brick wall. We stood in front of the key tree and the road to it was coated with a kind of paving stone on which there was engraved some signs. Some of them were shining and we could see that it said a message. Steve started to run towards the tree but the rest of us shouted that he shouldn't because the floor had started to fall apart. He looked back and at the same moment he hit the tree and fell backwards and down into a hole where the floor used to be. We could see he was whirled around but there were also plenty of iron chips which were whirled around with him and they entered his skin. Steve screamed

from pain and gradually he was covered with iron. We looked in horror while we covered our ears.

Suddenly he was kind of send upwards from the whirl wind and landed on the grass next to us. Steve had become half man, half robot – a Steveminator. His one eye was his normal blue eye, the other was shining red. He looked up and down himself in an investigating way and the same did we. We could see Steve get angry. His one eye shined sharper and sharper red, he clenched his fists and when he said something his voice sounded metallic and resounding. “We have to get out of here, and we have to do it now. We have to get out so I can get normal again. Let’s get hold of that key”. We all looked at the key tree. The only way of getting to the tree was by skipping. All those paving stone whereupon there were scratched some signs stood as solitary posts. Between the posts there was nothing – absolutely nothing. We looked at the signs and slowly we started to recognize the signs. They looked like the signs the Vikings used – runic letters as we just have heard about in the subject history. But in which order should we jump?

Steve’s metallic voice sounded again. “Let me jump to the tree. I have already fallen down once so nothing much can happen to me anymore”. The rest of us didn’t protest much but we still had to find out how Steve had to jump so that no more paving stones would disappear into the deep nothing. “Try to look at the tree trunk”, shouted Buck suddenly. “Doesn’t it look like there is something written on it?” We all looked over at it and quite correct. It really looked like it said something. Steve adjusted his red eye so he could read it. “It is a riddle”, he said. Steve read out loud: “Solve this riddle and you will get the key to freedom and eternity”. “Is the eternity freedom?” asked Buck. We shook our shoulders. We didn’t know. We could only hope that we could solve the riddle so that we could come home.

Steve read on: “

What tree grows from down the middle of the Earth and into the sky? What tree has roots in all the world’s wisdom and shrewdness? What tree spreads all over the world?”

We looked at each other – the helplessness was to be read in our eyes.

Steve read it one more time. We were completely quiet. It couldn’t be the key tree because it was not so tall. Suddenly Buck exclaimed: “I know it! The signs are runic so it must have something to do with Vikings and they believed that there was a gigantic ash tree in the middle of Asgaard where the Gods lived. If only I could remember what the name is”. We called out all sorts of names we could remember from the lessons which had something to do with Vikings, but nothing happened. “I have it!” exclaimed Buck suddenly and with his arms lifted out to each side, Buck called “YGGDRASIL!” We stood quiet, but nothing happened. We don’t know how long time passed, it felt like hours but suddenly a weak ringing started to sound which became more and more powerful. It was the keys from the key tree which slowly had begun to float around the tree. They became more and more and flew faster and faster around the tree. All of a sudden all the keys flew out to all sides except one – it landed in front of Buck. He picked it up and right away the statue with the green emerald appeared next to us.

Buck put the key in place and a door was opened behind us. We walked cautiously there. We could feel coldness from the other side but still we walked through and into the cold room. Four doors were in front of us in the room. Clear and distinct the voice from before sounded. It said that we could only walk one person through each door. Three of the doors would lead back to the school. One of the doors would lead to eternity. We looked at each other silently. Wished we never had walked down into that damned basement. Without words we took each other's hands and embraced each other. None of us knew who would come back to the school – and who would end up in eternity. Slowly we placed each one of us in front of a door, took a deep breath. Buck counted to three and with hesitating steps we each entered a door. Suddenly we were in the school's toilet. The only one missing was Buck. We embraced each other while we cried over the loss of Buck. Steve was back to normal again and with loud shouting we left the toilet. We all agreed that we would never enter the school's basement again.

(Authors: 5th grade students; Denmark; Teacher: Helene Tind; June 2009)