

Crystal Relations

By Tiena Prater

There are a lot of things in life that a girl wants. To be famous, to be loved, to have a caring best friend, and a loyal boyfriend- but things can never go your way. They go absolutely perfect for the girl sitting next to you in class, the one who got 5 points higher than you on a test earlier that week. They go absolutely perfect for the girl you saw at the mall, the one with the shirt you've waited all week to buy, the shirt that was the last in your size.

They even go absolutely perfect for the girl on your soccer team who tripped in the first quarter of the game, thus letting her leave early because the coach thought she was having a bad day, leaving the rest of us to be completely showered by the skies being angry with us. That's just life, right? Or maybe it's because you're not as lucky as others? What was the point in this? I forgot, oh well. I tended to do that a lot now.

My best friend Pixie, (No, that's not her real name, I know what you're thinking), thinks aliens are controlling my brain, thus causing me to forget things they don't want me to remember. She's totally wacky, right? I know, but she's my best friend. So be nice to her. At least, till she starts eyeballing you, asking if you're from Venus. Then you can call her weird.

I'm Valleriee, the girl who gets decent grades, the girl who loves sports... and the girl who found a portal to another world through her closet.

Completely nuts, right? I bet you reread that last line.

Well, it's true- I, Valleriee Nickleson, found a portal in my closet. It was weird. I actually decided to clean out my closet when it happened- when I saw the glowing crystal on the floor. Naturally, I wanted to see what it was, so I picked it up and looked at it. Then this weird computer-generated female voice said, "Password please."

It happened yesterday, 4 p.m., after school on a Tuesday.

“Valleriee, your room is still a complete and hideous mess,” said my mom, her voice greeting me as I walked into the house.

“I know, I know, but you have to understand.” I placed my hand over my heart. “I wanted to clean my room, honestly, but practice just ran so late last night and there was such an educational show on that I simply had to watch it to boost my already high IQ.” I grabbed a veggie wrap that my mom had just finished making and took a medium-sized bite out of it and began chewing.

“I didn’t know six was a late time, Val, and I’m sure anything ‘educational’ that you were watching, wasn’t as educational as you made it out to be,” said Mom.

“Well, now you know. So glad we had this talk, Mom. I don’t get why Alex thinks you’re so unreasonable.” I swung my bag over my shoulder and headed up the stairs, eating my wrap made with love.

“Homework- now, Valleriee!” said Mom.

“Yes ma’am!” I shouted back, walking into my room.

Alex, my first younger sibling, walked into my room. “No practice?”

“Nope, not today,” I said.

“Good, you can help me do my homework- and by help, I mean all of it, I have math and science.”

“In your dreams.” I took off my jacket and let my hair down. “If you don’t recall, there was no school yesterday, so I won the bet. And I believe the bet was...”

“If you win, I’m on my own doing my homework.”

“Do tell me how that goes for ya.”

Alex grunted and stomped off.

“No homework, yes! Remember to thank, Pixie, for the heads-up on the no school thing.”

I sat on my beanbag chair. I just loved how I sank into it, it made me feel so relaxed.

Then Mom walked into my room.

“Yes, oh loved mother of mine?” I asked.

“Homework?”

“None.”

“Oh, that’s just perfect- you can clean your room now.”

“I just remembered... there was a math problem I didn’t finish. I’ll get right on that.”

“Valleriee...”

“Okay, okay, I’m on it.”

“Now.”

“Okay already.” I got up and started picking up my clothes and junk off the floor.

My mom walked out and down the hall. I put my clothes back on the floor out of boredom.

“Can’t we just hire a maid? Besides, I like my room messy- I know where everything is.”

My room wasn’t *dirty* dirty, just your simple pile of clothes here, scatter of papers there, stuffed animals sprawled out across the bed.

Then, my twin three-year-old sisters came running in the room all over the place, playing tag.

“Glitter! Glamour! Out! You two settle down, now!” I said, before they managed to knock something over, as they usually did.

The two of them sat down on the floor immediately.

“Did you eat all the Lucky Charms again?” I asked, knowing I shouldn’t have even had to- it was kind of self-explanatory.

Glitter shook her head while Glamour nodded yes.

“Did the pre-school like your pop-star nicknames?” I asked.

Again, Glitter shook her head while Glamour nodded.

“You two aren’t stopping anytime soon, are you?”

Once again, Glitter shook her head and Glamour nodded.

“Where’s Tori?” I was done trying to get through to them. This was a normal routine- they always found something to annoy us with each week, and I guess doing the opposite of each other was this week’s feature.

They both shrugged.

“Oh, *now* you stop- stay there.”

I walked out my room and into the narrow hallway.

“TORIANTE!”

Torianté walked out his room and into the hall. He was my younger brother. He tried to mimic our older brother, Devonté. It got annoying as well.

“Wassup?”

“Your practice was cancelled too?” I asked.

“No, Mom’s taking me to get my physical. I’m getting ready now.”

“Where’s Devonté?”

“He went to the store.”

“He could have asked if I wanted something.”

“No one cares.”

I frowned and walked back into my room. My family got on my *nerves*, my very last nerves. They never cared to ask how I was doing. If I wanted something. Or, if I needed something. I truly believe that they were put on this earth to drive me crazy.

“Bye, go bug Tori- he has candy.”

The twins shot out of my room so fast it seemed like they disappeared.

I blinked.

Then you could hear Tori yelling and screaming things like, “Don’t touch that!” and, “Mom, get your daughters!” This caused me to laugh, and then I finally started to clean up my room- for real this time.

Time passed. Seconds turned into minutes; minutes turned into hours... you get the point. My mom was then found standing in my doorway. Sometimes, I thought of her as a stalker.^[L]_[SEP]
“Look who’s room’s all clean! I can actually see the floor...”

“I had the time,” I said.

“Dinner’s ready.”

“Okay.”

My mom walked down the hallway and back downstairs as I went back to cleaning my room and went over to the closet.

“I can’t even remember the last time I cleaned this closet. Well, since I’m over here.” I continued cleaning when I pricked my finger on something. “Oww...” I said silently as I put my finger in my mouth to suck away the pain.

“What was that?”

I moved my jacket to the side to reveal the clearest, pinkish crystal which had pricked my finger.^[L]_[SEP]

“Wow, how’d this get in here? it’s so pretty.”

I looked and studied it some more. I’d never seen anything like it before, it was so weird.

“Password, please.”

I looked around before answering, “I don’t have a password. This is my closet!”

“Then state your name.”

“Valleriee Marie Nickleson... wait! You’re a closet, how are you talking?!”

Then a black hole opened up and I dropped right in, like a rock dropping through water, screaming for dear life.