

Sydney Lee

Dr. Gingrich

AP Language and Composition

27 September 2018

Lumpy Lucy

Every day in the town of Dimsdale, everything was dark. The houses were gloomy and the windows were boarded up with wooden planks like they were hiding from something. Townspeople walked with their shoulders sunken into their chests and whispered to one another inaudibly. Or this was what the town looked like through the deep, dark orbed eyes of Lucy. She was the pariah of the town. Maybe because her parents were hung for conjuring spirits or the fact that an abscess, the size of small watermelon manifested in between her neck and face. She was used to it all, the whispering voices and the judgmental eyes. She had seen it ever since she was born. Lucy would go to play with her neighborhood friends, but they ran away with fright.

As she got older, matters became worse. Her parents were hanged when she was only 12, accused for compacting with the devil and people began to shame Lucy. Lumpy Lucy was what the neighborhood kids called her as she trudged through town on her way to work. BANG. CLICK. Doors were slammed and locked shut in her presence as she walked through town. One minute, children would be frolicking through the streets, and the next parents would scream “Hurry and come home. She is coming!” The town believed the abscess on Lucy’s neck was the mark of the devil. Daisy McGreener, the town gossip, whispered “It must be a curse from God. After what her parents did, she deserves it.” They ridiculed and shunned her from society. Everyone was waiting for her to turn sixteen. This was a significant year in Dimsdale because it marked the age when one would become an adult. Everyone awaited July 12th because this was

the day that Lucy would be exiled from the town. The Council of Elders ruled it unethical to simply banish a small girl out into the unpredictable world, but sixteen was the age where she would no longer be a minor. Of course, Lucy knew all about this. The town had started to hang up posters of the special occasion months prior to the actual day.

Soon enough it was the bitter dry month of June. Lucy began to panic at her reality as her birthday crept closer and closer. She tried to forget about it and think of happier thoughts, but the posters thrown all over town reminded her of her fate every day. One night, she slipped into her bed, still cold even with a blanket. SPLIT SPLAT went the drops of water that leaked from the ceiling. The wind howled outside, and Lucy sat wide awake in her bed, pondering of what she would do. Lucy knew she couldn't leave- not because she didn't want to but because it was a death sentence if one was banished. The west side of town was covered with mountains that reached the sky. The mountains were carved with cliffs like sharp knives slashing through human flesh. On the other side, sat a desert. According to town maps, the desert stretched for hundreds of miles with no ending. Going through the desert was like eating raw fire. There was nowhere for her to escape. That night, a haunting voice met Lucy in her dreams. She couldn't make out the figure that was speaking with such an omnipresent voice. It was all a dense black void. It simply said, "Trek the Fiendish Forests until you find a new identity." That was all the void spoke. The voice left a shrill and cold solicitude in her.

The next morning, Lucy was woken by the crisp sun that burned her eyes. She awoke covered in sweat and gasping for breath. It was strange. The dream itself wasn't scary but her face was a cadaverous white and droplets of sweat glistened in the harsh light. She folded her legs up to her chest and pouted her lips and rocked back and forth, contemplating the dream over and over again, weighing the circumstances and the pros and cons. With less than a month left

until her official exile, she had no other option. She felt like such an idiot for believing that something good could come out of all the bad, but this was all she had. At times like this, she really wished she could be in the embrace of her family.

The next day she set out early Tuesday morning. The front door gave a loud screech as she closed it. She closed her eyes and said to herself “trek the Fiendish Forest and I will find my new identity.” Lucy knew how desperately she needed this new identity, to become an entirely new person. She wanted a fresh start without the bad reputation of her parents and the large lump that cursed her. For this thrilling odyssey, she packed a jug of water, some beans and bread and a blanket. She slipped out of the town, just before dawn, and looked back at Dimsdale. It was dreary and gloomy but what lied ahead of her was much more horrifying.

The trees swayed and danced as its leaves trickled off onto the ground. CRUNCH CRUNCH went her footsteps as she walked into the Fiendish Forest. After one hour of tramping through the vast and intricate network of trees, she soon realized why it was called Fiendish Forest. She was lost and had no idea where she was going. Lucy began to regret even traveling into the forest in the first place. She wasn't even sure what this new identity was and if this voice was reliable, after all it was just a dream. It was all unknown.

Hours and hours of endless walking and every tree looked exactly the same as the one before. It was hopeless. The farther she went, the more she longed the comfort of her safe and warm bed. After hiking through the deep jungle, nightfall came, and darkness covered the forest. She looked up to see an eerie smile on the moon as it looked down at her. Lucy frantically waved her arms in the thin nothingness of air to find a compatible place to rest for the night. She looked below her and saw the muddy and murky surface she had puddled through for hours. The mud had painted her pale skin up to her knees and mosquitos buzzed around in parties, socializing.

Lucy hurriedly searched for a place to settle down and rest and found a small flat bed of pinestraw next to a wide oak stump. She gathered as many sticks as she could find and lit a small and weak flame. She fell asleep to the orange and red light dancing in the wind. She curled up into a ball and covered a thin animal hide over herself for warmth.

The next morning, she woke up to a constant swaying motion. Lucy opened her eyes and saw that she was floating from the ground and moving. She shot up and found out that she was trapped inside a rope woven sack. Lucy screamed and hollered for help. One voice said “Well well look who finally woke up. Sit back and relax, it’s gonna be a long ride.” Another voice replied, “I don’t understand humans. How can they sleep for so long?” The sack was held up by a long wooden rod that went across the sack. On either end of the rod, stood two creatures. They had a short stature like dwarves and their skin was a dark, rich green and their height was about the size of a chair. A pointy orange hat sat comfortably on the head of one of the creatures. It wore pointed shoes like a jester’s and had sharp, razor-edged teeth that pointed down like icicles. His friend was quite the opposite. He was much plumper than the other creature and his fingernails slid down its hands for meters. Lucy finally conjured up the courage to ask exactly what they were. She asked stutteringly, “uh...uhmm...w-what are you-u creatures? And what d-do you want from me?”

The tall one replied with another question, “Well what would be the fun in kidnapping you if we didn’t conceal our identity?”

Suddenly the shorter one said “Hey, I’m Bo and this is my brother Mo.” Bo turned around to face his brother and pleaded, “Can we please tell her who what we are. I can’t contain it any longer.” He pointed at Lucy’s innocent and bewildered face and said, “I mean look at her, she’s practically dying of curiosity.”

Mo replied sternly, “No! You may not. You know about what humans do to us if they find out.”

Mo and Bo began to bicker at one another and Lucy could make out that Mo was definitely the more mature one. Bo, on the other hand, was much more naïve and stubborn. Every five minutes Bo would implore, “Are we there yet? How much longer. I’m hungry.” Eventually Bo became bored of his own questions and started to interrogate Lucy. He asked, “So, what’s up with that humongous abscess on your neck? Does it have magical powers or talk to you when you are bored?”

Lucy laughed awkwardly and said, “No and no. It’s just a little lump that I’ve had since I was born.”

Mo interrupted laughing, “Little? You think that lump on your neck is little?” He started to laugh hysterically and said, “That thing is larger than Bo’s face and he has the largest face out of all of us.” His short moment of laughter came to a halt when Lucy lifted an eyebrow and said, “Out of all of us? There are others?”

Bo dropped his end of the rod and yelled, “Mo! You told her! You said she wasn’t supposed to know and now what are we going to do? You hypocrite! You just couldn’t control your own arrogance and laughter and now a human knows that there are more of us. You know the very reason we are taking her away in the first place which is to—”

“Okay I get it. I will tell her. You just shut up. It isn’t like you didn’t have any part of this not happening” interrupted Mo.

Bo sulked and begrudgingly picked up the rod and continued to walk. Mo let out a deep sigh and said, “You’re probably wondering why we have abducted you. But since we’ve already told you this much, there’s no point of not finishing the story.”

Bo said annoyingly, “Just cut to the chase already, before I choose to tell the story myself.”

Mo cleared his throat and coughed up a frog leg and spit it out on the ground. He started, “So...human girl, we are not dwarves or gnomes or witches’ apprentices but goblins. You have probably never heard or seen any of us before and that’s the way we want to keep it. But because of stupid mouth, I have no choice but to tell you. Goblins are dying. We, as a population, are declining.”

Lucy interrupted, “But what does it have to do with me?”

“Because you are a human!” exclaimed Bo. “Can’t you see that you people are the cause of this? You humans are killing our friends and family! It started a couple months ago when a goblin toddler ran out of the village. It cried and cried for days until a human discovered her. Goblins are supposed to stay hidden, but she was discovered by a human and ever since then, humans have been on a hunt, hungry for goblin blood.”

“They call us demons. They call us monsters but we have never done anything to agitate you humans and yet you go around killing us” said Mo. “It’s now time that we start to kill humans for a change. We had an emergency meeting with what’s left of our goblin tribe and decided that we must go out and hunt humans. Congratulations you are our 77th captured.”

Bo bumped his elbow against Mo’s and said, “Do you think he’ll be proud of us?” Mo nodded and smiled in agreement.

After trekking for many days and nights, Mo and Bo stopped in front of a cave. They let go of the wooden rod and dropped Lucy down on the rocky cool ground. A dark smell blew from the cave and the trail ahead was pitch-black. Mo said to Bo, “It’s time. Knock her out.” Bo approached Lucy and pulled out a small mallet from his pocket. He lifted his hand high in the air and struck the back of Lucy’s head. He screamed “Sleep!” Instantly, Lucy fell asleep. Even

though Bo had just knocked out Lucy using his strongest force, Lucy didn't feel any pain. She was waiting for the shooting pain from the large blow in her head, but she fell asleep painlessly. Lucy woke up to drums beating BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM. Then another BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM. After the last drum beat, a crowd would cheer and yell. Her ears screamed with ringing and her head banged at each boom of the drums. Mo and Bo kicked her back and said "Get up you're next." They dragged Lucy out of the sack hauled her toward a tunnel of light. The light became entwined with the loud screams and the constant booming of the drums. As she was brought closer and closer to the light, these sounds began to roar in her ears. Her heart dropped with every strike of the drum and she began to feel nauseous.

At last Mo and Bo hurled Lucy at the entrance of the coliseum. Hundreds of goblins circled around the stage, glaring at Lucy. They were all silent as they blankly stared not into the eyes of Lucy but directly under her face, the abscess. Then the piercing squall of a trumpet disrupted their attention and they all looked up to see a dark figure emerging from another entrance. The wind shifted, and Lucy felt chills permeate down her spine. Suddenly, the goblins began to chant and holler and stomp their feet at the figure, luring it out of the darkness. Lucy shot up and squinted her eyes to see a figure with a golden crown on its head. Bo whispered behind Lucy's shoulder, "That's the king." The king looked like an angel with the glowing halo resting on his head. The king of the goblins approached Lucy with a fierce look that penetrated the remaining bit of courage left inside her. He spoke with a booming voice, "Number 77, who were your faithful capturers?"

Lucy looked behind her and pointed at Mo and Bo who gently took off their hats and bowed before him, revealing the shiny, glossy bald heads that was so shiny, Lucy could almost make out her reflection. The king looked satisfied and gestured toward Mo and Bo, "Very well

then. You may go back to your humble homes. You will be reimbursed generously for your service.” Then the king turned around and focused all his attention to Lucy. He paced back and forth, Lucy’s eyes following his every move. He spoke simply and clearly, “Do you wish for life or for death?” It was so vague and that was all he said.

Lucy dropped at the feet of the king and began to plead. She adjured, “Life! I want life. Will you please pardon me? Please sir, I’m begging you.” The king gave a faint smile and said, “Very well then, I shall spare your life. And you shall be the very first.”

Lucy got up from the ground with her knees stained with dirt. She dusted off her knees and cupped the hands of the king and blankly said, “Thank you.”

The king clapped both his hands and said, “Take here to the Middle.” He put both his hands in front of his face and laughed hysterically. Lucy became frightful as two goblins lifted her by the arms. She began to kick in the air, frightful and dazed of where and what the Middle was. At the middle of the arena, sat a raised metal platform. It was silver and clean without a speck of dust and glimmered without any light. The two goblins slammed Lucy down onto the table and chained her arms and legs tightly to the surface. Lucy was terrified! She looked around at the cheering crowds of goblins yelling and screaming and jumping up and down. The king stepped up to the metal table and placed his hand on her and muttered six words, “You shall have a new identity.” He brought a small goblet filled with an olive, green solution. He lifted the cup in the air and the crowd went wild. A goblin pried Lucy’s mouth open and the king poured the bitter solution down her throat. The potion sloshed in her mouth and slowly drifted down into the rest of her body.

Lucy became to scream and grunt. Her features were vanishing. Her legs became half its size and her fingernails became a brownish yellow. Her tumor shrank, and the rest of her body

became half its original size. Then from head down, her skin slowly became a dark green. She screamed and then eventually freed herself from the chains. She sprinted towards the king and yelled, “What have you done?!”

The crowd became silent and all looked at her with awe. She looked at the crowd whose mouths were gasped in amazement and their eyes seemed like it peered into her heart. She cried to herself and started balling. She said, “What have I done? All I wanted was a better life and now look at me.”

Mo approached her and touched her shoulder reassuringly. He said, “Now it’s your duty to catch humans. Get whatever revenge you want.”

Bo faintly smiled and said, “At least that gourd-shaped thing on your neck shrunk.”

A raging pit of anger filled her monstrous body as Bo said those words. She slowly twisted her head sideways like the hand of a clock and said with a light calm voice, “What did you say?” Lucy began to approach Bo with light footsteps. TIP TAP went her feet as she walked towards Bo. Every step Lucy advanced, Bo inched backwards, struggling to keep his balance as he stared into the revengeful eyes of Lucy. Before her horrendous transformation, Lucy had affectionate and friendly eyes but now it had been overcast by an unfamiliar presence of evil. Lucy began to walk faster and faster until it became a full-fledged sprint. When there was nowhere else for Bo to run, she trapped in a corner of the coliseum. Onlookers peered over the ledge to see what was about to occur between Lucy and Bo.

Bo forced out a laugh and said anxiously, “Lucy, what’s wrong? You’re scaring me.”

Lucy didn’t reply. She looked into the eyes of Bo and lunged at him. All that was heard was a sudden gasp fell from the crowd. Lucy had killed Bo. She had ripped him open with her sharp claws and jagged teeth. His remains were unrecognizable except the two white eyes that

were gouged out of his head. Lucy leaned down and picked up the two pearly white eyes and rolled them around in her hand like dice. She then proceeded to toss the two dice right in front of the feet of the king. The king stood in utter bafflement, confused by such a horrifying gesture. He fixed his posture and called for the knights. He yelled, "Well what are you doing just standing around for? Get her!" The guards chased her out of the cave and into the forest, but all she felt was a rush of adrenaline. Her heart raced with excitement as she grinned ear to ear as she was wrapped with power. An enlightenment filled her body and all Lucy felt was her thirst and hunger for revenge, for blood. She examined her body and saw the possibilities of what she could do with her new identity. Lucy looked behind to see if anyone was following her but it was all a dark abyss. She didn't know where she was going but her mind was focused on one thing-getting revenge over Dimsdale. No more judgmental faces and the constant slamming of doors. She could get the revenge she always hungered. She could be more powerful than them. She could be free with this new identity. She looked down at the road ahead of her and she wasn't scared but thrilled. By nightfall, she had arrived at the town of Dimsdale. She looked around and smiled. She breathed the crisp air of night and inhaled the sweet smell of vengeance. She thought to herself, "Who should I kill first?" She walked around town cowering each house for her next victim. She traced her fingers along the sides of each house, feeling the rough wood against her fingertips.

Lucy walked up to a small cottage where a small plague was hung on the door. It read: "The Stevens Home. All are welcome except you-know-who." She scurried up the stairs of the house of the Stevens. She banged on the door. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Mr. Stevens opened the door and yelled, "Who's waking me up this late at night?" A dark shadow smiled in front of him with sharp fangs. The dark shadow stepped into the light of the candle that Mr. Stevens held.

His eyes became twice its size and trembled in disbelief. He saw the large abscess plunging out of the creature's neck. He stuttered and shook and said "Wa-ait I-I know t-that t-th-thing."

Lucy snickered and said, "Hello Mr. Stevens. Remember me? Lumpy Lucy." Then Lucy stepped into his home and shut the door behind her. The house was silent.

The next morning, the local townspeople were woken up from their peaceful slumber by the excessive knocking of the milk boy. Mrs. Peters ran out of her home yelling, "Hey boy, whatcha doing waking us all up at the crack of dawn. Go back to your little barn where all you peasants belong. I don't need you here."

He said intimidated, "B-but, I'm just making my weekly rounds around the town. A-and the Stevens always answer their door and have never afforded to miss a fresh milk delivery. Something's off ma'am."

Mrs. Peters walked hastily toward the boy and muttered, "Just watch everything be fine. If you're lying to me fella, you best know it that I'm gonna make sure that no one buys milk from you again. She banged on the door, "Hey Stevens, there's a guy out here looking for you." No reply. She tried again and no reply. "Now look Stevens, are you deaf? Hurry up and answer the door before I knock it down myself." She put her hands on her hips and tapped her feet against the wooden doorway, impatiently waiting. She gave into her temptation and rattled the doorknob. The door flew open and she felt a blood-curdling wind blow against her body. Her hairs shot up in the air as she felt a chilling presence in the house. Mrs. Peters demanded the boy, "Do you think I can see anything in this darkness? Hurry up and fetch me some light." The boy ran inside the house to look for a candle or lantern but thudded on the ground. He slipped on something and soon enough, his whole body was covered in this slippery goo. Mrs. Peters bickered, "Must I do everything myself!" She trudged over to a wall where a small candle lay

dormant on the wall. She pulled some matches from her pocket and struck a fire. She looked around and said, "Hey boy where are you?"

He replied, "I'm right over here."

She followed his voice until she stood in front of him. "AHHHHHH" shrieked Mrs. Peters as she saw piles of carcasses and limbs like arms and legs that had been scarred and torn. There were pieces of hair that drifted in the gigantic pile of blood, and there sat the little boy. She screamed, "Get out of there now!" The boy jumped up and ran behind her to see all the dead faces and intestines that lay scattered on the ground. The whole Stevens family had been not only been murdered but mutilated. After such a daunting experience, whispers went around town of who the killer was and if they were going to settle for another victim. Dimsdale had not only turned into a place of despair but fear. These silent murders continued to occur every night, taunting children and even giving adults nightmares- unknown whether they would make it alive the next morning. This horrendous tragedy persisted until only one being remained. A figure that no one knew the identity to until it was too late: Lumpy Lucy.