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Alice and the Kipture
by Danica Hawk

Once, there was a girl named Alice who lived in Bayfield, Wisconsin. Alice was no ordinary girl, she had an encounter with the fabled Kipture.

Alice was walking in the field next to the old well, fetching water for her family. She got close, clutching her bucket in her hand. Peering in, she saw some horrible, absurd, yellow eyes staring right back at her. She let out a blood curdling scream as the creature arose from the well.

As Alice stared at the unknown creature, she started to recognize it. Its disturbing mustard eyes, its crooked, long nose, its hairy chest, and its big, abnormal feet. She then looked at its horns and realized; it was the Kipture! The Kipture smiled with green teeth and growled low as could be.

“Who-who are you?” Alice stuttered.

The Kipture looked surprised, used to everyone running in fear. Then, the Kipture realized, he could trick Alice into giving him freedom!

“I am the monster of this well.” Kipture pretended to look sad. “Everybody is scared of me, but I just want to be free! I love the outside, but I have been cursed to live in this well. Can you guess my name so I can be free?” the Kipture spoke, tears forming in its beady yellow eyes.

Alice felt bad for the Kipture (which was the Kipture’s plan) and looked it right in the face.

“Of course! I would do anything to help you.” Alice began to guess. “Lucas?”

“Nope!”

“Duran?”

“Nope!” The Kipture was getting madder at the girl, thinking of doing something unspeakable. Twenty-four hundred names later, the Kipture had enough of it.

“Stop!” The horrible beast screamed, sending Alice flying backwards. “I cannot with you! I have given you chance, over chance, over chance to get my name!” The Kipture looked Alice right in her eyes and said the magic words.

“Oplag, hagyl, lagsad!” The Kipture possessed the girl, forcing her to say its name.

“Kipture, Kipture, Kipture!” It forced Alice to scream.

Alice fell to the ground, spasming on the wheat covered land. The Kipture levitated, spinning faster and faster like a tornado. But just then, the Kipture started to catch on fire. The Kipture screamed, almost fully engulfed in flames. It turned to ash in an instant. Alice woke up and saw the pile of dust on the ground. She stood, seeking help immediately. And that, my friends, is the story of Alice and the Kipture.