

HIDE

Jack Williams



First Edition

Hide

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Published By: Jack Williams Writing

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This is a Work of Fiction

Alex hated life. He hated school. He hated his parents. He hated that people did not believe him that he could see the future. He hated the kids at school. He hated his friends. He hated the neighbors. He hated everything. Hated it so much. No one understood Alex. He also hated his name. Only he was stuck with it. There was no one who could help him. Doctors couldn't. He hated doctors. He was depressed. And he didn't know what he was going to do. Not at all. He wanted to find some place and hide there. Hide for the rest of his life. Hide from the world. But where? Where hide? He did not know.

He was at school now and he hated it. It was so boring. Mrs. Waters was not nice. She was old. It was grade three. Soon he would be going home. He did not want that. He did not like his home. He did not like his bedroom. He did not like his parents. What was he to do? He was lost. A lost cause. He didn't want to be at school. He did not want to be at home. Where was there to go.

He had just had lunch. Ham sandwich and

grape juice. Soon it would be time to go home. He didn't like lunch hour. He didn't like the other kids. School was not difficult for Alex. Nevertheless he did not like it at all. He wanted to do something with his time. But what?

The school day ended. It was time to go home. He got his school bag and went outside. The sky was jet black. It was about to rain. It reflected his mood. He was eternally sad. Just purely sad. He walked home. Then he went in his house. The walk was about ten minutes. He left his school bag at the door and went to his room. He felt like crying. Only he didn't. He buried his face in the pillow and sulked. He was so lost.

Then he started to think about cats. He wished he had one. Then he came up with a great idea. Trap one. Then it would be his. He decided he would build a cage with a trap door then leave it in the park. The next day hopefully there would be a cat inside of it.

He got up. Then he went out to the woods

and collected enough sticks to make a cage. He used string to bind them. Finally he had it. It was big enough to hold a cat. When the cat entered it the door would close and the cat would be trapped. Alex was good at building things. He should be an engineer.

He got a piece of meat from home and placed it in the cage. Everything was ready. The trap was set. He left it in the park. With any luck tomorrow he would have a cat. A new friend. One that he did not hate.

It was autumn. The park and woods were like a barren wasteland. Still there was cats around. It had not rained. The cats were still out hunting.

Alex was hyped. He went home and took off his coat and toque. He was so eager. He couldn't wait. Finally something was making him happy. The anticipation was killing him.

He had some cocoa then he went to bed. He planned on checking the trap the next

day. It would be Saturday and there was no school. He loved that. He hated school. He went right to sleep and dreamed of cats. All kinds of cats. Lions. Tigers. Bobcat. Lynx. Jaguars. House cats. Leopards. He dreamed of all of them. He wished he had one of each. Cats were the best. Was there anything better?

In the morning he awoke. He went downstairs and had some porridge. Then he got dressed and put on his coat and toque.

He went over to the park eager to check his trap. A cat. This was going to be so great. A cat of his own. He owned no pets. They were not allowed.

He arrived. He was shocked. There was not a cat in the cage. There was an owl. A mighty great horned owl. It looked majestic. It was large. It was brown. It had big spectacular eyes. For hunting. They were for hunting.

He didn't know what to do. So he took the owl home. He kept it in its cage. He

decided he would hide it in the garage. He brought the cage into the garage and set it down on the floor.

It was a beautiful owl. Mighty. It was probably a good hunter he assumed.

What to do with it?

He decided he would name it George. George was a great name for an owl. George the owl.

He spent all day with the owl. He talked to the owl. Telling it of himself. The owl did not talk back. The day flew by.

It was time for bed. Alex's Mother called for him. He went inside happy as ever and went to bed.

He dreamed of the owl. Only it was a nightmare. He dreamed the owl died. It was horrible. He felt that it was unbearable..

When he woke the next morning he went right off to check on the owl George. Only

he was intercepted. His parents.

“Alex where did you get that owl.” said his Mother.

“At the park.” said Alex.

“Well get rid of it. Take it back to the park and let it loose.” said his Father.

“But I want to keep it.” said Alex.

“Well you can't. Do it or I'll do it myself.” said his Father.

Alex sulked. Why? Why did he have to get rid of the owl. He loved the owl. Already he had developed a love for the owl. Now he was going to lose it. Fate was laughing at him. He wanted to slit his own throat. He did not want to live without the owl.

He went out to the garage to say goodbye. The owl was there. It looked friendly as ever. Alex approached it.

“Goodbye George.” he said.

The owl said nothing back.

Then Alex came up with an idea. He would run away with the owl. Run away

and hide. Only winter was coming. He knew that owls hibernated. They hibernated all winter. What if he hibernated with the owl. Then he could hide from all that he hated. But hide where? A den. That was the answer Alex decided. He would build an owl den for him and the owl. Then they could hide together.

He wasted no time. He got the owl. He picked up the cage and carried it off to the woods. He hid it in some bushes then he went back home to get some supplies. First he got a hammer and nails and brought them to the woods. Then he went home and started lugging wood out to the woods. He had lots of lumber in his backyard. It was leftover from when his Father built a shed. He carried a lot of wood. It took him hours. Finally he decided he had enough. Then he got to work. He built a den. It was about five feet high and three feet wide. It looked like a wooden box. Then he took the hammer and nails back to the house.

When he returned he was all ready. He and

the owl would go into the den and hibernate for winter. He got the owl and put it and the cage inside the den. Then he hopped in and closed the door.

It was very dark. There were no windows. So he got out and went back home to get a torch. He got one and returned to the den. Then he climbed inside and closed the door. He turned on the torch and it illuminated the den.

He looked at the owl. It looked friendly. It looked beautiful. Beautiful and brown. A mighty great horned owl.

Then it happened. The owl talked.

“Aren't you gonna let me out?” it said.

Alex was amazed. Truly amazed.

“You talked.” said Alex.

“Of course I did. Now let me out.” it said.

“Okay. I'll let you out.” said Alex.

And he did. He was not going to waste another minute. He opened the cage and

George the owl hopped out. The owl looked pleased to find freedom.

“George.” said Alex.

“My name is Saturn.” said the owl.

“Oh.” said Alex.

“Your name is Alex.” it said.

“Yes I'm Alex. I did not know your name was Saturn.” said Alex.

“Well it is.” said the owl.

“Oh. Where did you get a name like Saturn.” said Alex.

“From Robin Hood.” said Saturn.

“Oh.” said Alex.

He found that amazing. Robin Hood? That was far out. Here he was with an owl named Saturn that belonged to Robin Hood. And they were going to hibernate together all winter. Hopefully they would survive. He had brought no food. He didn't want food. He was going to make it through this.

He wondered if his mom and dad would come looking for him.

“Thinking about your mom and dad are

you?” said Saturn.

“You can read my mind.” said Alex.

“Yes and you can predict the future.” said Saturn.

“Yes but no one notices.” said Alex.

“That's okay. Who cares?” said Saturn.

“I hope they don't come looking for us.” said Alex.

“Someone definitely will.” said Saturn.

Alex wondered about the owl. Would it be able to survive?

“What do you eat?” asked Alex.

“Mice. All the mice I can catch.” said the owl.

“Where is your mom and dad.” asked Alex.

“Dead. They died.” said the owl.

“Mine are still alive.” said Alex.

“Yes I know I met them.” said Saturn the owl.

“Well how old are you?” asked Alex.

“Fifty-four.” said Saturn.

“Oh. I'm eight.” said Alex.

“Your young.” said the owl.

“Yes and I don't like it. I don't like going to school. I don't like my parents. I don't

like my house. I don't like anything.” said Alex.

“Don't you like me. I like you.” said Saturn.

“Yes I like you.” said Alex.

“Good.” said Saturn.

“What was it like being Robin Hood's owl?” asked Alex.

“Fun. I like Robin Hood. I was his mighty owl.” said Saturn.

“I'm glad it was fun. What did you guys do?” asked Alex.

“Mostly hunt.” said Saturn.

“Oh.” said Alex.

“Hunting mice. I love to eat mice.” said Saturn.

“Have you ever met a snowy owl?” asked Alex.

“No.” said Saturn.

“Oh.” said Alex.

“Snowy owls live up north.” said Saturn.

“Well what do they eat?” asked Alex.

“Fish I guess.” said Saturn.

“Fish?” said Alex.

“Yeah fish. That's what they eat I guess.” said the owl.

“Are you going to be able to make it with no food?” asked Alex.

“No I have to eat mice.” said Saturn.

“Well don't you hibernate for the winter?” asked Alex.

“Yes but it's too early to hibernate. I don't hibernate until November.” said Saturn.

“Oh. Well if I let you out to hunt mice will you come back?” asked Alex.

“Sure. Of course I will.” said Saturn.

Alex was afraid the owl would leave him. Then he would be all alone. He didn't want that. Not at all. He wondered if he should let the owl out.

“That's okay I don't have to eat mice just yet.” said the owl.

“Oh well good then you can stay with me.” said Alex.

The owl said nothing. So Alex stopped talking. Instead he got comfortable. There was no cushion. He was sitting on bare wood. Eventually he and the owl fell asleep. He was not sure how much time passed.

He awoke. The owl was snoring. For a while he sat there. He wasn't sure what

time it was. Was it day or night? He needed to know. So he opened the door and checked. It was dark. It was also snowing. Alex wanted to go out in the snow. So he did. It was dark. It was the woods. It was dangerous. But Alex was not scared. He went outside and frolicked in the snow. Then he heard a frightening noise.

It was the owl. It was shouting for help. Alex had left it alone in the dark. Was the owl afraid of the dark? He rushed over to the den and went inside. It was dark. The owl looked frightened.

“Don't worry.” said Alex.

“Why did yo leave me?” said the owl.

“I went outside to look at the snow. It is snowing.” said Alex.

“I want to go outside. Let me out.” said the owl.

“I'm afraid you won't come back.” said Alex.

“I will. I promise.” said the owl Saturn.

“Just wait. First lets hibernate.” said Alex.

“Okay.” said the owl.

So that's what they did. They hibernated. Eventually the owl fell asleep. Alex was all alone. He liked having the owl near though. He wondered if his parents were looking for him. They must be he decided.

“Don't worry everything will be fine.” said the owl.

Alex had thought it was sleeping.

“I know.” said Alex.

He liked the owl. He liked the owl very much.

Then the door swung open. A man stuck his head in. It was Alex's Father. He looked angry.

“There you are. We've been worried sick.” said his Father.

“Dad.” said Alex.

The owl said nothing.

His Father grabbed him and dragged him out of the den. He was pulled outside. His

Mother was there.

“Oh Alex.” she said.

Then she hugged him.

They brought him home. They were very angry. The owl was left all alone. They put him to bed.

“You have to go to school tomorrow.” they said.

“Okay.” he replied.

The morning eventually came. It was time to go to school. Alex had breakfast. He couldn't stop thinking about the owl. The poor owl. He couldn't leave it there all alone. So he got his school bag and pretended like he was going to school. He left the house. Only he went the other way.

He went to the woods. He found the den. He opened the door. He expected to see Saturn. The owl was gone.

“Saturn.” he called out.

There was no answer. How had the owl gotten free. He needed to know. Was the owl okay?

Then a voice spoke to him.

“Alex you've been bad. You shouldn't have ran away like that. So you want to be an owl and hibernate? Then I'll make you an owl. There you're an owl. How does it feel. Now go to school Alex the owl. You're going to be late. Then they'll get worried. Look at your arms. See you're an owl.”

Alex looked at his arms. They were covered in feathers. He felt his face. It was covered in feathers. He was an owl. A half boy - half owl. It was bizarre.

He still needed to see Saturn.

“Where is Saturn.” he cried.

“I was Saturn Alex. I wanted to see you be happy. Now go to school Alex.” said the voice.

“Okay.” said Alex.

He was heartbroken that the owl had gone. He loved the owl so much.

So he left and started walking towards the school. As he walked down the street towards the school he passed some other children. They pointed at him and stared. Alex felt like a freak. He was an owl.

“So this is what it feels like to be an owl.” he thought.

He felt bad. Would he ever return to normal. He did not know.

He got to school. He went in the building and walked to the washroom. He looked in the mirror. He was an owl alright.

A half boy – half owl.

It was time to go to class. He marched down the hall towards his class. The other kids pointed at him and stared as he did. Some of them laughed. One called him a monster.

He went into his third grade class and

found his desk. He sat down and sulked.

“Why was this done to me.” he thought.

The teacher arrived and began to take roll call. She looked at Alex. She was stunned. He was an owl.

“Alex what's wrong with you?” she asked.

“Nothing Mrs. Waters. I'm an owl.” he said.

“But why?” she cried.

“I just am. There is nothing I can do about it.” he said.

He was sad as ever.

“Well go to the principal's office.” she said.

She sounded angry.

“Uh-oh.” said one of the students.

“But I didn't do anything.” said Alex.

“Well that doesn't matter. We'll have to get you checked out. You might be sick.” she said.

“Okay.” he said.

He got up and walked out of the room. He was covered in feathers. He sulked as he walked down the hall to the principal's office.

He arrived.

“Mrs. Waters said something was wrong with you. She called down on the PA a moment ago. The principal will see you now Alex.” said the secretary.

“Okay.” said Alex.

He went into the principal's office. What he saw was bizarre. The principal wasn't the principal.

“Hi Alex the owl. Pleased to meet you. I'm an eagle.”

THE END

