

Not The Trampoline!

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My parents are deciding to get rid of our trampoline, but all the creative memories...



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## Not The Trampoline!

I can, and also will, always remember the first day I entered such a place of honored beauty. The sun shining brilliantly through the clouds and a soft breeze touched my face. It was nothing but nature and blue skies for miles that carried on like a stream to join in togetherness with the horizon for a friendly get together. Slippery blades of tall fresh grass brushed smoothly across my legs as I walked further, following my friends and a lovely brown feathered owl. Thothic, was his name, said to originate from the Egyptian god, Thoth, of knowledge, hieroglyphics and wisdom. It was perfect such an owl of healthy long wings and delicate brown and white feathers.

“ Katiira, look!” My friend Derrin called with an uprising of joy. “ *Katiira* , that is what my friends call me here.

“ Yes. Welcome Katiira and Derrin.” Alina, the golden goddess said with satisfaction.  
“ Welcome to Domolic.” Her long golden orange, yellow, and red dress really gave her the impression of something more than supernatural—divine. She was a perfect beauty with shimmering brown eyes that sometimes glowed like a calm campfire on an enjoyable weekend.

“ Alina!” Derrin cried, throwing her hands to cover her warm cheeks in awe. She was still staring out in front of her. “ It’s more beautiful than you described!” In this other life of mine, I wasn’t too fond of such forestry, but Domolic was most beautiful, especially as the sun was coming to join the party with horizon, land and sky. I still, however, loved to see my good friend Derrin so happy. She was a forest dweller as most knew, and must have been beyond amazed at seeing this place once we reached the top of the hill that led down to the building where we would be staying at.

Derrin twisted back around at me, but I couldn’t see her face. Not even her deep green eyes or the color of her sun tanned skin was visible from the silhouette created by the lasting light behind her.

“ We’re actually here! Can you believe it?”

“ And you may visit whenever you please, and let’s hope that’s often.” Alina winked with a light smile.

Our job here, as Domolicians, was to protect Domolic from any harm. The core of the planet has much power and no one wants it more than Igusses. Thothic said he used to be part of the guardianship, but when Thothic set out to find the rightful guardians of the Sun, Earth, and Moon, Igusses left, turning on Thothic. There were special rings that Thothic created, using the power from within Domolic to give to all its guardians. Alina: power of the sun, heat, fire, lightning, and wind. Derrin: power of life, nature, love, and communicating with animals. Katiira(me): power of the moon, water, ice, and darkness. Igusses had the power of telepathy, but took the ring when he turned against Thothic and Domolic. Now he is after killing Thothic and the power of Domolic. It’s our job to protect Thothic and our precious planet. We are the Guardians of the Rings. Nothing shall stop us. But I was wrong.

A few days ago, I found out my parents were planning on getting rid of our trampoline. The trampoline we had been playing on for years. Why would she decide to do such a thing? The trampoline was where we enter Domolic. That is where we would play, Sarah, Megan and I (Derrin, Alina, and Katiira respectively.) That would be like taking away our childhood, taking away Domolic.

“ You never play on it anymore, anyway.” Mom would argue.

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â But thatâ s where we play Domolic!â

â Youâ re too old for those kinds of games. Domolicâ s finished.â

*Crack! Snap! Bshoo! Splat!* My heart was destroyed. How could she have said that?! We have been playing Domolic for seven years! SEVEN YEARS! Ever since I was in fifth grade, we have been going there. Domolic was my other *life*. We even included our friend and new neighbor Madison when she came over and immediately became interested in our world. Sheâ s always been so creative and instantly came up with her own story and world we call Iceoreontis and she became the princess, Princess Iceorea. She was constantly being attacked by Igusses for her kingdom. Thothic gave her a ring of intense ice powers to protect her home. We often had balls and crazy parties in Iceoreontis. They were always so fancy. I finally got to dress up in those crazy big dresses like they did in Europe in the 1860s. Unfortunately, they never ended peacefully, and always ended up fighting some of Igussesâ s random minions he would send after us.

We have even spent Christmas in Domolic before. (Domolicâ s Christmas is twelve days before that on Earth).

Mom couldnâ t take this away from us! In fact, she was the one to introduce us to Domolic, in a way. When she and Dad came back from their cruise, they bought rings that turned colors in the sun. One was a moon and star, another was a sun, there was a heart and one with a butterfly and a circle. We each picked one, giving Madison (Princess Iceorea) the butterfly ring later. That is where we got the idea for rings and decided to come up with a game to play with them. Too be honest, most of my favorite memories happened in Domolic, but if I were to tell someone that, they wouldnâ t know what I was talking about and would have to start from the beginning of our complex, seven-year story. So much has gone into Domolic, but itâ s not the same without our trampoline. In Domolic, the gravity isnâ t as strong and weâ re allowed to jump high like in the Matrix or Final Fantasy video games, but it doesnâ t feel the same without the beautiful springs of freedom underneath oneâ s feet.

Mom, Dad, please donâ t take our trampoline away.

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