

**IMAGINATION
GONE WILD**

ELIZABETH DUIVENVOORDE

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BLURBS

A blurb is typically a 1-2 line endorsement provided by a celebrity or well-known authority. You can also use this specially formatted page to share an editorial review.

When publishing through KDP, the first few pages of your book can be seen using the “Look Inside” feature on Amazon, and blurbs are a great way to capture interest and show social proof for your book.

CHAPTER ONE

LEAF GOBLINS

Avery trots behind her parents, blond pigtails bouncing with each peppy step. Her nose and ears match, reddened by the fall's air. She takes her hands out of her violet jacket pockets and grips the top of her scarf, pulling it up over her mouth and nose.

An orange leaf gracefully spins past Avery's face, dancing to the sidewalk to join some of its friends. Curious, she steps on it with her pink Barbie shoe. The crisp crunch sends a thrill through her. She glances up at her parents to find her father looking back.

His gaze drifts to the crippled leaf and he smirks. He sets his wife's hand free and goes to his daughter

, crouching down to whisper into her ear, "Do you see them?" he glances at the leaves before continuing, "They're leaf goblins."

Avery's brows come together as she examines her father's smiling face. Looking back at the leaves, the bright colours shift and small creatures stand, bodies hidden almost perfectly under their leaf camouflage.

"What do we do?" she whispers, looking into every set of coal-flaked eyes.

"We mustn't let them take over the world," he replies in a hushed tone before stepping on one, its body crunching.

Avery looks down at the mushed-broken creature and grins before stomping on the one next to it. A small squeaky giggle escapes her as she jumps on goblins with two feet.

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“Avery!” Her mother hisses. “Stop that. Let’s go home.”

She freezes and nods, grasps her father’s hand. She looks down at the sidewalk, taking large steps to keep up with him, smashing gobbling along the way.

CHAPTER TWO

SNOW FAIRIES

Word Count: 296

Avery wakes up and yawns, her arms stretching up over her head. She smacks her lips together and slowly climbs out of bed. She goes to her window to see if the snow has arrived yet.

To her satisfaction, small white flakes drift past her bedroom window. She screeches and dashes to her parents' room and pounces onto their bed. "Snow!" she cries.

Her father laughs, while her mother grunts and rolls over.

Avery tugged his arm rapidly until he rolled out of bed. She brought him to her bedroom window. "Snow Fairies. Aren't they lovely?" he whispers.

She focuses harder and sees the ballerinas with snowflake tutus dancing past. She examines their tiny plain faces, most of them kept their eyes shut. Why was that? "They sleep?" she asks, looking up at her father, who gave her a confused look. "Eyes closed," she explains, pointing out the window.

"Ahh," he nods, "It's so they can focus on their dance."

She bobs her head slowly. Squinting her eyes, she watches the tiny dancers.

Her father smiles and scoops her up. "I'll show you. Close your eyes."

Avery closes her eyes. Her center of gravity shifts as she sways in her father's arms. The dance is slow, delicate like a snowflake.

Avery imagines herself drifting down from the sky, her skin pale white and dress crystallized around her body. A smile forms over her white lips as other

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fairies dance around her. A soft hum-like song plays in the background, relaxing. She drifts to the ground, her feet resting lightly on top of the snow.

Her eyes open and she looks up at her dad from where she now stands on the floor. “We play outside?”

His deep laugh echoes through the bedroom. “Of course we can.”

CHAPTER THREE

BASILISK

Word Count: 252

Avery's small hands dig into the soil. Her mother insisted she help with the gardening, which she was excited for until she realised she couldn't eat the strawberries from the bush by the garden shed.

The cool earth helped counter the hot sun beating down on them. But the heat was making Avery uncomfortable. "Mommy? I play now?"

Her mother ignores the question. "Can you pass me the trowel?" She points to the mini shovel.

Avery reaches and picks it up. "Here Mo-"

A terrified scream.

She turns and sees her mother running back to the house.

The strawberry bushes by the shed hiss, deep and loud. "Hello?" Avery whispers.

The bush's leaves rustle, and a small green snake slithered out. It lifts its head and grows into a bark-scaled basilisk. Avery gasps and moves back, landing on her butt. The large snake opens its mouth revealing walrus-like tusks for fangs.

Avery screams and covers her eyes. She hears a strange sound followed by a thud.

"Avery." Her father's gentle voice drifts on the air.

Sniffing, she uncovers her eyes and sees a bloody sword. Avery peers up at her father. Avery grimaces when she looks back at the snake. It has been decapitated.

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Avery jumps to her feet and hugs her father. He rubs her back. “Shh, Princess, It’s just a little snake,” he whispers.

Avery bit her lip. He hadn’t seen it?

She watches his hand open. The sword drops and morphs into a trowel when it hits the soil.

CHAPTER FOUR

TRANSFORMERS

Word Count: 261

Avery presses her face against the cool glass window.

“Avery!” her mother barks. “Remove your face from the window, young lady!”

She rips her face from the glass quickly enough that it locks her seatbelt. She watches her mother silently. How could she watch the road and Avery at the same time? Mysterious.

Avery looks back to the window and leans close, exhaling a hard breath, fogging a small section of glass. She grins devilishly as she lifts her finger, presses it to the foggy area, and drags it along the surface. Within moments, her finger has formed a piece of art more exquisite than anything Elmo could have painted on Sesame Street could have painted.

“You’re getting finger prints on the windows,” Avery’s mother warns.

With a small sigh, Avery uses her sleeve to wipe away her art. She re-focuses on what’s happening outside her window. Cars pass by, struggling to stay ahead of their car.

A set of arms stretch out of the side of her mother’s car and grab the front of the car next to them. The car pulls itself ahead before moving in front of it. The arm stretches and grabs a light post, whipping itself around the corner.

Another set of arms appear, grabbing their car and pulling them ahead. Avery crunches her nose, focusing on the car that had passed them.

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Their car reaches for the car ahead but misses. The word slips from Avery's mouth before she can stop it. "Faster!"

Anger poisons her mother's voice. "Avery!"

She slumps down in her seat.

CHAPTER FIVE

BOOGY-BOY

Word Count: 558

Avery's father tucks her into bed. "Goodnight sweetie." He kisses her forehead.

"Night daddy." She yawns and snuggles deeper into her Power Puff girls blankets. Her Dad walks to the door. When he reaches for the light switch, she gasps. "Wait. Can you leave it on?"

"Leave the light on?" He moves towards the bed. "Why?"

Avery glances at the half open closet. The door casts an endless shadow within the small space. "The Boogeyman."

Her father goes to the closet and opens it, letting light flood in. "There's nothing in there, Avery."

"He hides in the dark."

He closes the door and sits on the bed again. "You know, he's more scared of you than you are of him."

She shakes her head.

He stands and clicks on her princess lamp. "Will this help?"

Avery nods and gets comfy again. "Night Daddy."

Her father flicks off the ceiling light and leaves, closing the door behind him.

Avery closes her eyes. The closet door creaks.

She sits up, staring, holding the blanket up to her face.

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The door slowly opens. A shadow jumps out of the darkness and races across the wall to hide in the dresser's shadow.

Avery drops the covers lower. "Hello?"

The shadow peers out from behind the dresser. It reaches across the top and flicks the lamp off, putting the room into darkness.

Avery yelps and hides under her blanket.

Something rustles through the room before sitting at the foot of her bed.

She takes a shaky breath, and then peeks out.

The moonlight shining in through the window highlights the dark blue boy's pig snout and messy black hair. His silver cat eyes gleam.

Avery shakes. "Who are you?"

The boy's head turns slightly. His eyes widen, as if he hadn't realised she was there until now. He jumps to his feet and backs away, bumping into the dresser.

The lamp wobbles and Avery slips out of bed to steady it. She swallows and looks the boy over. His blue pyjamas nearly blend into his skin. "Why are you in my room?"

His skin shimmers as he shifted from foot to foot. Avery focused harder on him. It wasn't skin at all, but dark blue scales.

The boy clears his throat. "It's dark in there." He glances away.

Avery follows his gaze to the closet. "You're scared of the dark?"

He nods, the movement appearing stiff.

She blinks. "But... You're the boogey man."

"Boogey-boy," he corrects. "Not all Boogey-people like the dark," he whispered, looking down at his bare feet.

Avery bites the inside of her cheek. "Then why'd you turn out my lamp if you're scared of the dark?"

He shrugs, keeping his face down. "I have a light allergy. All Boogey people do."

"Oh." Avery looks around her room. Her eyes landed on her thick curtains. She walked over and closed the one curtain. "If you sleep on the dark side of the

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room, then you'll be safe when the sun comes up. And the moonlight can be like a nightlight."

The blue boy smiles. His large shark teeth fit perfectly next to each other. "Thank you." He climbs onto the dresser and curled up.

Avery crawled back into her bed. "I'm Avery, by the way."

"I'm Schlik."

She brings the blanket to her chin and closes her eyes. "Night Schlik."

CHAPTER SIX

DRAGON

Word Count: 188

Avery skips behind her parents as they head home from their walk.

She picks up a stick and holds it out, dragging it across a chain-link fence as they pass. *Tink, tink tink*. The fence changes from chain to white wood. *Bud, bud*. She giggles at the difference in sound.

As she passes the fence's gate, a new sound reaches her ears; a low growl.

Avery looks at the bright, fresh, white painted fence. There's a black sign with red letters. Reaching up, she taps it with the end of her stick.

The sign responds with a *tink*.

More growls follow.

"Dragon?" Avery whispers, touching the wood. The wood warms her hand. Smoke rises up above the fence, curling and twisting in the air.

She gasps and reaches up for the gate latch.

"Avery, what are you doing?" Her mother asks.

Avery looks to her mother. "Dragon?"

Her mother looks towards the sign and rolls her eyes. "I can't wait for you to learn to read." She offers her hand. "Let's go home."

Avery smiles and takes it. She glances back at the fence and waves. "Bye, dragon."

CHAPTER SEVEN

RAIN WARRIORS

Word count: 231

Avery sits in the grass, picking the little yellow flowers that bloom in the yard. She plucked the ones with the longest stems and added them to the bundle in her lap.

The grass darkens. Avery looks up to find dark clouds hiding the sun.

“Avery.” Her mother calls from the house. “Come inside.”

Avery stands and picks up the few flowers that fell from her lap. She runs up the front steps and offers her mother the flowers. She grins. “I picked these for you.”

Her mother looks them over and frowns. She takes the flowers and tosses them back into the yard. The blooms separate and disappear into the tall grass. “Those are weeds, Avery.” She grabs Avery’s arm and tugs her in.

Avery’s chest tightens. She blinks back tears.

“Now, go clean up. You’re filthy,” her mother orders.

After heading upstairs, Avery locks herself in the washroom. A tapping comes from the window. She goes to it and watches as tiny people dive towards the earth. Some crash into the window, then swim down the glass. She watches as they twirl, crash, and swim. They reminded her of little warriors. They don’t stop no matter what gets in their way.

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Avery's reflection catches her eye. Her eyes are producing their own rain warriors. She sniffles, wipes her face, and turns on the shower, allowing more warriors to fall.

CHAPTER EIGHT

MAGIC MAID

Word Count: 204

Avery sits with Schlik on the couch. She'd closed the curtains to block the sun from flooding into the yellow living room before turning on the TV.

Schlik sat on the floor, his legs crossed, while Avery sat on the couch. She hung her legs over the edge of the cushions.

A soft *beep* sounds, taking Avery's attention away from the cartoon. She slides off the couch and looks around.

Avery's mom's Moneual RYDIS H68 Pro vacuum emerges from under the couch and bumps into Avery's foot. She yelps and jumps back onto the couch, wanting to stay out of its way.

Schlik turns around. His eyes widen and he stands. He backs away. "A-Avery?"

"It's okay," Avery waves him over. "It's Mommy's magic maid."

The vacuum followed Schlik.

His eyes sparkle with fear. "It's going to eat me, Avery."

She swallows a lump in her throat. Avery reached out. "Take my hand, Schlik."

Schlik shakes his head, his eyes fixed on the beeping monster.

Avery jumps off the couch, steps on the vacuum, takes Schlik's hand and brings him to the couch to sit.

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Schlik pants, shaking.

Avery rubs his arm. “You okay?”

He nods and looks into her eyes. “You saved me.”

CHAPTER NINE

FLOWER PIXIES

Word Count: 404

Avery holds her father's hand as they walk through the park. Tall trees spire up from the earth, towering over them and shading the dirt path.

"So pretty." Avery exclaims as smiles up at the clumps of pink flowers that grow from the tree's branches.

Her father hoists her up onto his shoulders and holds her ankles so she won't fall.

She giggles and tugs on a delicate flower, breaking it's connection with the tree.

Her father sets her down again. "Let's see." He kneels down in front of her.

She holds up the newly bloomed flower, the center of it appears moist but Avery doesn't touch it.

He smiles. "It's very pretty, but look,"—he points to the center of the flower—"It's empty."

Avery tilts her head. "Empty?"

He nods. "Pixies grow in the flower blossom, and then are born when it opens up."

She looks around. "I don't see pixies."

"That's because you don't know where to look." He takes her hand and leads her to a bench, where they sit. "They're everywhere. They're like little people, but they use nature to hide."

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Avery runs her fingertips over the flower's smooth petals, a sweet scent radiates off it.

A squirrel scampers over to where the two had been standing. It digs in the dirt, then moves a few feet to the right and digs again.

Avery gasps at the fuzzy creature. "Daddy!" She points.

"It's a Pixie," he whispers. "See its disguise? It's so the squirrels don't eat them, and it scares the Leaf Goblins away."

"Why would they have to scare the Leaf Goblins?"

"The Leaf Goblins like stealing the pixies' food. But they're scared of squirrels."

Avery narrows her eyes on the small woodland creature.

A small tanned body hides itself under the fur cloak. The animal head bobs as it sits on top of the small person's messy curls. She looks towards Avery and her father, and then dashes up a tree.

Avery giggles and runs over to the tree. She looks up at the branches.

"It's time to head home, Avery. She's probably gone now."

Avery waits.

A small head looks down through the branches. The little person waves.

With a grin, Avery waves back. She bends down and places the flower at the tree's roots.

After one final glance up the tree, Avery returns to her father and takes his hand. They proceed with their walk.

CHAPTER TEN

WITCHES

Word Count: 435

Avery jumps from the car, her head aching from the pressure of her hair being pulled back into a tight bun. She looks up at the one story, brick, dance studio.

Her father exits the car and takes her hand. “You ready?”

She nods. “How many other kids will be there?”

“I’m sure there will be plenty. Come on.” He leads her inside.

Avery points to a banner hanging from the high ceiling. “What’s that say?”

“Dance Classes for Young Children.”

Avery grins and picks at the fabric of her leotard. Nervousness twists her stomach.

“You’ll be fine. It’ll be fun.” He offered a soft smile.

With another nod, Avery walks with her father to a wooden door. “Ballet classes,” Her father reads without being asked. “This is your room.”

“This is it.” Her father hugs her, and opens the door.

Immediately, Avery notices a group of three brunette girls standing by a long mirrored wall. She skips over, her ballet slippers were soundless against the polished wood floors. “Hi, I’m Avery.”

The girls look her over. The tallest girl smirks. “Hi Avery, I’m Matilda.” She fluffs her tutu. “I haven’t seen you here before.”

“It’s my first time.” Avery grins.

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One of the other girls scrunches her nose. “We don’t like newbies.”

Avery’s smile falls. “But-“

The tall girl squeals. “Eww. She said butt.”

Avery’s face burns. She steps back, and bumps into something. “Ow.”

Avery turns around to find a girl sitting on the floor, doing leg stretches.

The dark haired girl stands. She adjusts her glasses over a freckled plump nose.

“Those girls are real witches.”

“Witches?” She looks back at the girls and watches their skin change to a bright green. Their noses grow and warts sprout up out of them. Their pleasantly pink tutus, now black. Pointed dark hats rest on top of their tight hair buns. Cackles of laughter bounce off the walls of the room.

“It’s okay. Our teacher is the biggest witch of them all.”

A woman with grey-green skin and a large nose approaches the group. She places her hands on her hips as she speaks to them in a low voice.

“See?”

Avery looks at the chubby girl next to her.

“I’m Natasha,” she introduces herself with a grin.

“Avery,” she manages to say, her throat tight with worry. What if Natasha is mean, too?

“Nice to meet you.”

Avery nods in response, and looks back towards the teacher.

The large Witch steps back from the three girls. She claps her hands together and looks everyone over. “Welcome. I am Madam Muse. Let’s get started.”

CHAPTER ELEVEN

GLOW BUTTS

Word Count: 138

Avery sits outside, on the porch swing her father had installed days before.

She is watching the sun set, which is taking forever.

Something small flies past, sparkling with light.

She stands and glances around the porch for the glow.

She sighs with defeat and gazes back out to the sunset. A set of small black eyes meet hers, inches from her face.

Avery gasps and stiffens.

The creature tilts its wrinkled head. It's flat blade-shaped wings slow. It's long thin arms hung at its sides. The slender body slops down to a plumb butt that blinks in the dark.

A smile crosses its face.

It's wings speed up again before it flies off towards the rainbow coloured sky.

Avery stares after it a few seconds before running into the house to tell her father what she saw.

CHAPTER TWELVE

BLIZZARD MONSTER

Word count: 389

Snow Fairies dance past the car window.

Avery plays with the puffy lace of her tutu. “Daddy, are we almost there?”

He chuckles. “Like I said two minutes ago, we’ll be there shortly.”

She nods and focuses back on the window.

“Are you excited about your recital?”

She bobs her head. The motion makes it look like the tiny dancers are moving past the window faster.

A soft whistle from outside the car blends in with the radio announcer. He is forecasting a storm.

Avery frowns. Her mom had mentioned something about a storm, and wanted them to stay home.

“Can you grab me a CD from the glove box?” her Dad asks.

Avery opens the compartment and retrieves the CD from the top of the overlapping mess. She opens the case and takes the disk out.

“Thank you.” He takes it and puts it in the slot above the radio. The radio announcer is cut off and replaced by an orchestra playing some of Beethoven’s finest works.

Avery smiles and turns back to the outside, humming along with the tune.

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Her smile falls. The snow fairies aren't dancing anymore. They're running. Fleeing in terror. Their wide black eyes glancing back into the direction that Avery's father is driving into.

Avery follows their gazes, pressing her cheek against the window. She sees it.

A large white monster stands in the midst of the forest that lines the road. It looms over the trees, twice-maybe three times-their heights. The monster swings its arms. Swatting Snow Fairies away with the icicle-spikes that grow from his snowy limbs. It opens its mouth, releasing a deep roar.

Avery looks to her father with horror, but he seems unfazed.

A loud *snap* causes Avery to look back at the snowy beast. The Snow Monster holds a tree in his arm. He draws it back, and then flings it towards the car.

Avery screams and covers her eyes.

A *crash* sounds from in front of them. Her dad curses. Squealing pierces her ears as her body shifts.

She peeks out through her fingers to find everything outside the car spinning. Her Dad's hands move around the wheel, turning it right and left.

The car jams itself in the fallen tree. Glass shatters. Avery's seatbelt breaks and her bum lifts off the seat. Pain meets blackness.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

TREE CASTLE

Word Count: 484

Avery's eyes blink open. She shivers at the whistling wind that rushes over her body. The heat from the nearby burning car fails at warming her back up.

Snow Fairies dance down from the dull grey clouds. One lands on her nose and bows.

Avery blinks.

Her body feels numb. The chill fades.

Snow crunches in a rhythm. She strains herself to look towards the sound.

Schlik crouches next to her. "What are you doing on the ground?"

Avery opens her mouth, and then closes it.

He offers his hand and she takes it. Rising to her feet, Avery looks around. The car is gone. The tree. Dad.

Schlik tugs on her arm, "C'mon."

Avery shuffles her feet at first. Snow Fairies dance around them. A soft humming is nearly unheard against the crunching of disturbed snow.

When Schlik and Avery enter the forest, the Snow Fairies disappear. The snow all together disappears. Lush green grass covers the ground.

A Pixie runs across the thin dirt path, its squirrel skin ragged and small. A Leaf Goblin chaises after it, a small pointed twig in hand.

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Avery gasps and lets go of Schlik's hand. She picks up a stick, about the length of her lower arm, and goes after the two.

The Pixy and Goblin dive, dash, and maneuver around fallen trees and rocks. Avery struggles to keep up.

The pixy approaches a large mass of trees and climbs up one of them.

The Goblin stops his feet before scurrying away.

Avery pants. She rests her hands on her knees, still holding the stick. It changes. The stick straitens. Wood smoothens out. It narrows at the end.

She holds the new wand.

Schlik appears in front of her. "You must open the passage."

"The passage?" She stands up strait and looks at him.

He gestures to the tree. "So you can join your father again."

Avery looked Schlik's blue face over, confused.

He approaches her and takes her hand. He guides it through the air, "cast your wand at the tree."

Avery allows her arm to repeat the movement once Schlik let her go.

Sparkles escape the tip of the wand and rush towards the tree. Surrounding trees bend and twist to create the appearance of a castle. The trunk of the tree opens like a door, revealing a bright white light.

Avery drops the wand, her eyes wide with shock. She swallows and looks to her friend. "Are you coming too?"

He smiles gently. "I'm allergic to the light, remember?"

Her chest tightens. "Will I ever see you again?"

"Only time will tell." Schlik took both her hands in his and kissed her cheek. "Now, go."

He let her hands go and Avery wiped her tears. She hugged Schlik tightly before going to the tree.

"Avery," Her father's voice calls.

Avery gasps. "Daddy?" She runs through the opening and into the light.

The End.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Author, Narrative Designer, and Entrepreneur.

Lizz is the creative mind behind Plantser Productions and E.D. Publications.

Elizabeth has moved all of her Dark Fantasy and Dystopian books (with a bit of Spice) to the pen name of Eliza Delmar.

Elizabeth is known to be a "Plantser, as she creates stories with little to no planning, gathering inspiration from songs and images.

From short stories to full length novels, Lizz is most comfortable writing Fairy-Tale/Light Fantasy with the odd Space Sci-Fi and Paranormal story.


Being a mother of three, and married to an elevator mechanic, she's constantly

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kept on her toes. With her three children having heart conditions and autism, it's a miracle she can find the time to express herself through writing.


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