

# The Box

By Colin Threadgill

One hot summer night I was sitting on my couch watching a movie. Suddenly, the doorbell rang. I opened the front door, and there was a mysterious box on my doorstep. Intrigued, I brought it in and set it on the kitchen table. I was able to open it with scissors. Inside, there was a note that said, "Take care of it." Wondering what "it" was, I looked further inside the box. There was nothing else there. I looked outside near the door where the box had been left, but I didn't see anything. So I decided it was a prank. I tossed the box back on the kitchen table and decided to check my video doorbell to see who had delivered it. The video showed a van parked at the curb. The driver got out with the package, but I couldn't see the driver's face since it was dark and he was wearing a hoodie. As the delivery guy got closer to my door, the video suddenly cut out. When the video returned, both the guy and van were gone. What was really strange to me as I turned over the box, was that there was no name on the box or any company logo.

I decided to forget about it and went back to the couch to watch my movie. As soon as I turned on the TV, the lights went out. Luckily, my phone was nearby, so I used it to find the wall switch. I flipped the switch, but the lights didn't come back on. So I went outside and tried the breaker, but it didn't work. I came back inside and noticed, with the light from my phone, that the box was missing from the table. All of the sudden, the lights flickered on and off and back on again. I could see that the box was now back on the table. By this time, I was freaking out. I picked up the box, but then I suddenly got dizzy and blacked out. The next thing I knew, I was on my bed with the box next to me.

Now, I was really scared. I decided to give the box away to my neighbor. So I took it to his doorstep, rang the bell, and watched as he took it into his house. I turned and walked back into my house only to see that the box was still sitting on the kitchen table. I tried to throw it away, but as soon as I came back, it was on the table. I stood there feeling very nervous when suddenly the lights went out again. I picked up the box and found myself transported into the delivery van from earlier. I was able to creep up to the driver and realized the person who delivered the package was a younger version of me.

When I was 18, my first job was as a delivery person for a transport company. I was surprised because I realized that when I worked for that company, my neighborhood hadn't even been built yet.

Suddenly, I was back in the kitchen holding the box in my hands. Confused, I said, “Why are you showing me this?” A creaky noise sounded inside the box, so I opened the lid to find another note. The note read, “I want you to know who I am, Grandson.”

Surprised, I said, “What do you mean, Grandson?” Suddenly the box began to glow and slowly burned the cardboard away. It turned into a gold box with ancient Egyptian-like symbols on it. The box opened and produced another note. Amazed, I took out the note and read, “You are my Grandson, and I am your Grandpa James.” James really was my Grandpa’s name. He disappeared when I was 14. He was an archeologist and had spent his life in Egypt. He made some of the most amazing discoveries, but I never got to see him. The note explained that while exploring the tomb of King Tutankhamun, my Grandfather discovered instructions for a device that would allow the person using it to become immortal.

I asked the box, “Why would I want to be immortal?” The box produced another note, “It is not just immortality, it is also the answer to everything. King Tut tried to figure it out, but he was not able to. I found the device and continued the work. Unfortunately, the ancient scholars who stored the scrolls cursed anyone who tried to complete the work. Instead, I became an immortal box. I want to go back to Egypt to continue my research, but of course I'm a box. So please take me to Egypt.” I couldn’t believe my eyes that it was really my Grandfather. I was quick to think it over and told the box that I would do it.

Early the next morning, I gathered the box and my things and hopped on a plane to Egypt. When I got there, I got a ride to King Tut’s pyramid, and my grandfather told me how to get in. While looking around, I saw that there were some statues built into the walls of the god Anubis. I walked through a long hallway when I heard some rumbling behind me. I looked to see the door closing and the statues moving and breaking out of the wall. They swung huge weapons at me, but I dodged. Running, I turned a corner and I saw it was a maze. I got very tired as I ran through the maze, dodging the weapons the whole way.

Finally, I entered a room with four stone pillars and a circular altar in the center. I opened the box and saw a note that told me to quickly put the box down in the center. Suddenly the whole room changed into my grandfather’s research room. My Grandfather was standing there with me. He gave me a huge hug and said, “How was that adventure?”