

Dylan's Cubby house

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Dylan's cubby house

EVERY NIGHT after school, we were in our cubby house at Mike and Ben's house. We'd take food and drink, play games, talk, tell jokes, and watch the lights in the city blink on. Once or twice, we stayed over all night. It felt a bit cold, but we didn't care, we were the Cubby house trio. We had the best cubby house in the world. Nothing was ever going to come between us.

Our club had three members: Ben, his twin brother Mike, and me, Jake. We were the best of friends.

To enter our cubby house we made up a secret password. Not any sort of password would do. It must be the best. We stomp our feet, tap on the door using our middle finger and then knock three times. Stomp, stomp, tap, tap, knock, knock, and knock. After that, we held up our entry card. It was made of white cardboard. The word 'Pass' was written on both sides in big black letters. The last thing we needed to do before we were able to enter our cubby house was to sing the secret pass song. "I am one-third of the trio, trio, trio."

We nailed two signs on wooden poles at the bottom of the ladder that led to the door of our tree house. The first sign read:

"No grown-ups."

The second sign read.

"Nobody can enter without a pass card."

One warm summer's morning we were sitting in class. Our teacher, Miss Evans, escorted a new kid through the door.

"Class," she said. "This fine looking young man is Dylan. I want you all to give him a special welcome to help him feel at home."

Unfortunately, he was shown to the chair next to me. The girls pointed and giggled at his curly red hair. The boys stared and started to whisper bad things. Word soon spread throughout the class he couldn't be trusted.

"Hi," I groaned, when Dylan sat into his chair.

"Hello," he whispered back.

He didn't say much else all morning. I put it down to being shy.

Even though we weren't allowed to, Ben, Mike and I talked about our cubby house in class. Dylan overheard and caught us up at lunchtime.

"Can I join the cubby house club?" he asked. "I know all about cubby houses."

"No way," we said at the same time.

"I have the best cubby house in the world," stated Dylan timidly.

"We have the best cubby house in the world," growled Ben.

"But I have," said Dylan. "What's more, I can carry it anywhere I go."

"How can a good cubby house be moved?" I asked. "Our cubby house has lots of stuff in it. There's no way anyone can move it."

"I've lots of stuff and I can move mine."

"Name them?" said Mike.

We watched Dylan put a knuckle under his chin. He looked to be thinking.

"That's exactly what I thought," yelled Ben. "You're a liar."

"I am not," replied Dylan. "You enter my cubby house through a tunnel. It has a door and a window. There's a chandelier hanging from the roof. You can see the stars when it's dark and there are lots of other things."

We were still laughing when the three of us arrived at Ben and Mike's house. For ages, we stood and stared at the for sale sign in the front yard. Our cubby house had been pulled down, packed, and made ready for the revivalist truck.

We were so upset. Not only were we never to see each other again, the cubby house trio was no more. The cubby house club was finished.

In the space of two days, I was waving Ben and Mike goodbye. Their father was an army sergeant and had been posted to the other side of the world.

After school the next day, I was home feeling lonely and sorry for myself. The doorbell rang. Dylan came to cheer me up. He held a large blue bag with two thick black handles.

"Do you want to see my cubby house now?" he asked.

"I've had to say goodbye to my two best friends and our most precious thing in the world. I don't want to see your cubby house."

"When you see what's in the bag you'll be happy again," said Dylan.

I gave him an uncaring look, but in a moment of weakness, I agreed.

I stood next to my bed and watched Dylan peel an oversized blanket from the bag. He then set to work. He placed four chairs in a square, draped the dark brown blanket over the bed and the chairs. He then pulled stuff out from the bottom of the bag. When he was finished he sent me a grin.

"Ready?" he asked. "Come see."

I didn't share his excitement, but I followed him as we crawled under the bed as if we were going through a tunnel. Then we sat in the dark under the blanket. He pushed the button on the side of the small torch and hung it on a small hook on the blanket above our heads.

"Chandelier," he said.

The light from the torch helped to make the small area we were sitting in look like a cave.

Dylan pointed to a flap in the blanket near the torch. I peeled the flap back and in came the daylight.

"My window," said Dylan. He reached up and closed the flap and turned off the torch.

Above our heads, he had glued stickers to the blanket. They looked like stars and galaxies. He pointed to the Southern Cross and Orion's belt. Even the big dipper came into view.

"This is great. You sure do have the best cubby house," I said.

"Imagination goes a long way. It can take you anywhere in the world, from the bottom of the sea, to the top of the tallest tree and the snow-covered mountains."

"How about we start a new club?" I asked.

Dylan nodded his head. "We can call it the 'New Tree House Club'."

"I have a good idea. It should be named, 'Dylan's Cubby house.'"

"We can make cardboard cards with a new password on it. Do you have any ideas?"

We both fell silent.

I looked up. "The only thing I can think of is, 'Ours.'"

Dylan smiled. "What about using, 'The Duo?'"

"The Duo, it is." We shook hands, made up a secret handshake and set to work on our cards.

To the reader of Dylan's cubbyhouse. Thanks for reading this story. I hope you enjoyed it. There are many more on www.novelmastro.com

email mark_stewart777@hotmail.com if you want to leave a comment.