

The Flying Horse with A



ustache

By GRACE

THE FLYING HORSE WITH A MUSTACHE

By Grace

CHAPTER 1

It was a fabulous day for me, Tod. Well, maybe. Fine. It wasn't. My homework fell out of my hands into the mud, and when I bent down to grab it, my right shoe got a mud bath. And if that wasn't enough, I just remembered that it was my turn to bring the class hamster, Poochy, (what kind of name is that?!?) to my house for a week.

When I went in my classroom, it was total chaos. Kids were wrestling, paper airplanes were flying all around my head, (that made me dizzy) and the piranha girls were attacking every 30 seconds.

Ok. Let me explain who the piranha girls are. The piranha girls are a pack of girls that huddle in a group talking. But, every once in a while they'd go to some poor loser and tie ribbons in his hair, then put makeup and glitter all over his face. (Sometimes, they make the final touch the most terrifying thing of all.) After they're done, the girls walk away, gossiping and smiling viciously, as fast as they came up to their prey. I've heard great stories about the attacks, and their horrible endings. For instance, last week my friend Arnold stuck gum in Jessie's (a piranha girl) hair, and he regretted it 5 seconds later. He still can't erase the lipstick off of his forehead that had LOSER written on it.

I just stood there thinking, not noticing the piranha girls coming towards me until the last second, when Mrs. Buttthorn walked in. Everybody froze like ice. I couldn't blame them.

Mrs. Buttthorn was the most terrifying, ugliest, and the most craziest teacher in the world. She shouted, "EVERYBODY SIT!!!" and everybody did. "Now turn in your homework to... um... ah, Kelly! DO IT NOW!!!" Kelly is the president of the piranha girls. Even though she and I are rivals, I have to admit that she was the only kid that wasn't afraid of Mrs. Buttthorn.

Kelly came up to me first. "Where's your homework, Tod?" she asked. Her eyes were gleaming brightly as if she were sharing a cruel joke.

I hesitated then said, "Um... I think I left my homework at home, so ..."

"Oh, I saw you drop your homework in mud," Kelly whispered evilly.

CHAPTER 2

Well, there goes the rest of my life. Kelly having some dirt on me isn't going to be pretty. She could use that piece of information to get me in trouble when I get on her nerves. Then, I'd be as soggy and damp as my piece of homework, lying in the bottom of my back pack. "Oh, I won't tell Mrs. Buttthorn." Kelly smirked. Mrs. Buttthorn must've noticed that Kelly wasn't moving, so she screamed "KELLY! MOVE! COLLECT! I NEED TO GO TO THE BATHROOM!!!!" and she stormed out of the room.

After what seemed like days of torture, finally, school came to an end. As I was walking home, it started to rain really hard. I didn't bring an umbrella, so I ran home with my backpack on my head.

When I reached the front porch of my house, I felt like I had just burned 6 million calories. Then I remembered that I was holding Poochy's cage. It was soaking, and Poochy was actually WHIMPERING. All I ever saw Poochy do was bare his teeth at me. Although I am NOT a fan of pets that scare people about 20 times their size, I took him in anyway.

"MOM, I'M HOME!!!" I called. No answer. I went in the kitchen and saw a note on the dining table. It read: Hey Tod. I'm learning how to knit, so I won't be home 'till 6:00. Love you!!! - mom. Well, that's too bad. I wouldn't have any snack today. I put the cage and my backpack on the floor, and went outside in the backyard. It stopped raining. It was foggy and it was hard to see. Then, I noticed something like a small car... no, it was a horse. It turned, and it grinned at me with crazy eyes and... a mustache??? The mustache was very untidy, and it had hairs sticking out in odd places.

"Well, hey there!" said the horse. Then, it spread WINGS. It was too much information for my brain to hold, so I fainted.

CHAPTER 3

I woke up on the couch in the living room with the horse with wings and a mustache staring at me. He said “Hi! I’m Kettle Corn! Not the food, but I’m a horse!”

“*Kettle Corn?*” I choked.

“Yeah. So I landed here to you know...um...well... I fell down here actually. And now, I need to get back up to awkward land!” Kettle Corn explained. I tried really hard not to pass out again, but it was hard to process what Kettle corn was saying.

“Ooookay... so you’re a Pegasus with a mustache?” I asked.

“I guess you can say that,” Kettle corn answered. I slapped myself to see if I was dreaming.

“Nope.” I held back my urge to scream in pain from the slap I had just given myself. “Can I call you Cornie for short?” I asked.

“SURE!” Cornie exclaimed. I sat there staring at Cornie, while he sat staring at me. Finally, I broke the silence.

“Um... so... you want to eat something?”

“No thanks. Well, unless you have some clouds,” Cornie answered.

“Clouds? You know that clouds aren’t edible,” I explained.

I guess Cornie thought I was joking, because he laughed. “Ha! Very funny. Well, c’mon! I’ll show you how I eat clouds!” I followed Cornie out of the living room back outside to my backyard.

CHAPTER 4

I followed Cornie outside, and the next thing I knew, he was way up in the sky, nibbling on some clouds! “See, mmph... It’s easy mmph...” I totally freaked out and forgot how to breathe. When I remembered how to breathe again, Cornie was already back down on the grass belching.

“How- wha- uh- eh - impossible!” I stammered.

“Well, you know it’s a thing that *my kind* can do...” Cornie bragged.

“Yeah whatever,” I said trying not to sound amazed. I walked back into the house to see if there were any snacks left in the fridge. I took a peek inside, but there were only a few bottles of soda left, a sandwich that labeled: MOM. I was pretty starving, so I took the sandwich out. *Wait*. I thought. *If I eat the sandwich now, mom wouldn’t let me have dessert tonight.* I put the sandwich back in the fridge. Then, an idea popped inside my head. I ran upstairs into my room, and took out a glass jar. I took a few dollars and put them in my pocket and ran back downstairs and onto the front porch. I totally forgot all about Cornie, but he flew right in front of me.

“Hey pal! Where do you think you’re going? Without ME!”

“Um... Well...” I mumbled “I was just going to the local market to get something to eat.”

“ Well then, Mr. Sneakypants, I’m going with you!” Cornie said enthusiastically.

“Fine,” I grumbled, “to the market we go.”

CHAPTER 5

As we were walking to the market, I kept hearing about weird things that Cornie was muttering about under his breath like, flying underpants, evil espresso drinks, and psycho babysitters (and much much more.)

I never felt so happy to reach the market in my life. I told Cornie to stay high up in the clouds so nobody would notice him.

I came back outside with a bag of chips and a sandwich. I ate while I was walking home. Cornie was following me. Every once in a while I'd look back and see him flying, dodging trees every one and a half seconds.

"So... Can't you fly back to Awkward land?" I asked.

"Well... it's one light year away," Cornie said with a sigh.

When we got back to my house, I flopped onto the couch and my body betrayed me. Suddenly I was in a museum and saw this painting that read: Mc.Warpenblob. Right then, I knew this was the source to getting Cornie a chance to go back up to Awkward land. I saw some people walk past me without a glance at me, and one person had a 'kick me' sign on his back. I turned my thoughts back to back into the painting. If I could just steal the painting....

"Tod. Tod!!!!" I woke up with my mom glaring at me. "What is this MESS?!?" she yelled.

"What mess?" I said sleepily. I looked around and saw that we were in a dump. "This must be a dream," I said rubbing my eyes.

"Look again," My mom said. She was still glaring at me, until I realized that this was our HOUSE and this was NOT a dream.

"Uh Oh," I said.

CHAPTER 6

I shook my head in disbelief as I saw the world's messiest house. "This can't be!" I said in horror.

"Well, if you look around... IT CAN BE!!" mom said, looking red as a tomato. I sat up rubbing my eyes while groaning. "Well, what happened to what used to be my house?" she asked furiously.

"Mom, you don't understand! I was just sleeping peacefully," I complained. Mom slumped onto the kitchen chair putting her hand on her forehead.

"Tod, go to your room until I figure out what to do," she said unhappily.

I walked up to my bedroom and laid down on my bed feeling bad for my mom. Suddenly, I heard a scream. Then a terrible screech, too. Both sounds came from my closet. I grabbed the nearest item: my pillow. I walked slowly towards my closet holding my pillow high as if it were a deadly weapon.

"Who's there?" I asked weakly.

All of a sudden, Cornie's head popped out of my closet, leaving me screaming and running around my bedroom.

"Is anything wrong Tod?" mom said from downstairs. I had to act quickly.

"Um... yeah totally! I was just...um... practicing my screaming part for the school play! Yeah! There's no horse's head in my closet! Yeah, that's the name of the play!" I groaned at my lack of convincing lying to my own mother.

"Okay..." my mom called.

"Phew," I wiped the sweat off of my face.

"Is the coast clear?" Cornie asked, smiling.

"Yeah," I answered. Cornie tumbled out of my closet with Poochy biting his left hoof.

"Thank goodness you're not dead!" he exclaimed.

"What are you talking about?"

After things got settled, (also meaning that I had to pry Poochy off of Cornie's hoof) Cornie explained what happened while I was "dead".

"I thought you died, but you must have been sleeping... anyway, so I thought you died, so I panicked and ran around, trashing your house. Sorry!"

After a few hours of mostly talking and reading, mom called for dinner.

“Cornie, fly off and eat, but don’t get spotted by people. They can’t process the idea of a talking flying horse with a mustache,” I warned.

“Okay!” said Cornie, as he flew off into the night.

“Don’t forget to come back!” I called.

CHAPTER 7

I went downstairs for dinner, just when I realized the house was supposed to be a mess.

“Mom?” I asked.

“Yes Tod?” Mom said calmly.

“How are we supposed to eat if the house is ruined?”

“I tried cleaning up the best I could, so we will be able to eat, but the living room could still use some work,” she answered.

I slowly continued to walk down the stairs, expecting to see a big living room filled with junk. Instead, I found everything looking normal as if nothing happened. I sat down with my mouth hanging wide open.

“How did you....” I began.

“It did take a long time,” Mom admitted. “But I finally mastered the art of cleaning.”

I started laughing, joined by mom. “So,” I started, “what would you do if there was a talking Pegasus with a mustache living in our home?”

Mom’s smile melted, staring up in space, thinking about what I had just asked. “I would call the animal control of course,” she said finally.

“Oh.”

“Well,” mom said, as she passed potato soup to me, “eat up.”

After I was done with dinner, I patted my stomach. “What’s for dessert?”

“Oh, about that... no dessert for a month,” Mom smiled.

When I reached my bedroom, I saw no flying Pegasus on the bed, waiting for me. I went to my window, hoping to see Cornie. When I looked up, I saw Cornie staring at me. “Hi!” he said happily.

“Get off the roof,” I said, with my arms crossed. After I successfully closed the window (Cornie kept opening the window) I felt exhausted. “What time is it?” I asked, feeling drowsy.

“Hmm...I think its. . .” I didn’t have time to know, because I drifted off.

CHAPTER 8

It was a sunny morning, and I was eating breakfast. I brushed my teeth and went outside to walk to school. I, again, forgot all about Cornie, until he scared me half to death.

“BOO!”

“AGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!” I shrieked jumping up and down, (and yes, like a little girl) until I finally calmed down.

“Sorry ‘bout that, Tod. I’ll make it up to you by letting you ride on my back!” said Cornie, wiping tears of laughter off his face.

“Okay...” I said, irritated. Once I got up on Cornie’s back, he spread his wings, and we started to take off.

“Hold on!”

“I am holding on!!!” I screamed, as we were 50 feet above ground, struggling to maintain balance. “I thought you knew how to FLY!!” I screamed.

“I do, it’s just that I never had somebody ride me WHILE I was flying!” Cornie shouted back. We plummeted towards the ground, crash landing in some bushes.

“Where are we?” I managed.

“I don’t know, but it’s a building with people a lot like your size.” said Cornie.

“Oh. We’re here.”

CHAPTER 9

I recognized these bushes. We were in the school garden that was along the side of the school. My head ached pretty badly from the 50 foot drop, but at least the bushes softened the crash.

“OW...” I moaned.

“Where’s here?” Cornie asked, tilting his head to the side like there was water in his ears.

“My school,” I answered, brushing dirt and leaves off of my clothes. “Stay here, eat some clouds but do NOT be seen by the kids.”

“Till when?” Cornie asked.

“7 hours. Then we’ll go to the town art museum.”

“Okay...” Cornie flew back up in the clear sky.

Just then, the school bell rang. I brushed the last of the dirt off of my clothes, and marched into the school. The morning proceeded more or less normally.

It was noon, and I was eating lunch. I had a PB&J sandwich, and apple juice. I didn’t have much of an appetite, so I threw the rest of my lunch into the garbage, and went to REACH class.

“Okay class,” Mr. Globabob said, “go and search about anything that you’d like!”

“Hmm...” I said, while searching for Mc.Warpenblob, the one who haunted my dream. I found a website about it after a fair amount of class time.

“Look at this garbage,” I mumbled.

“Excuse me?” said a female voice vaguely familiar.

I turned around, staring into Kelly’s eyes. They were sea green. “What do you want, Kelly.” I grumbled.

“I want to know why you said this is garbage,” she said with her arms crossed.

“I meant the information is garbage. SHEESH,” I said. I must’ve looked at her funny, because she walked stiffly back to her seat.

CHAPTER 10

After school, I was sitting on the bench, waiting for Cornie, growing impatient by the moment. Finally, I saw Cornie coming towards me shouting words that were lost in the wind. I stood up, and gave him a look of pure confusion, (which I am best at, since I do it all the time in science, math, literacy, social studies, English, P.E., and history) but something was wrong. Suddenly, I got what he was trying to tell me. "Get out of the way!"

Too late. Cornie crashed onto my body, giving me a free mud bath in the face.

"BLECH!" I said, spitting mud at Cornie.

"Sorry, I was spotted then chased by-" he was cut off by flying - are those cups?!? "-Evil espresso drinks." Cornie finished.

I don't want to tell you about the un-humanly features of the evil coffee drinks, but I think it's the best for you to know. They're cups with wings, and they're pitch black, the WHOLE cup and all, except for the eyes. The eyes are blood red. It will SO haunt me in my beautiful future. I was too busy thinking about what my future would look like, that I forgot to run away, screaming my head off. One of the devilish drinks came up to me and tried to spit purple liquid at me, but luckily, I rolled out of the way just in time. I noticed that where the spit/liquid was, the cement was bubbling, and when it evaporated, there was a small crater left. I was so shocked, I stumbled back towards Cornie.

"Let's be smart, and run," I said nervously.

"Sure. Let's be smart and run!" Cornie echoed.

We ran to the nearest building as fast as we could. I found an entranceway, and dashed in shouting, "Get in!"

Once I knew the creatures were gone, we found ourselves in the Art Museum by this painting of a cat in a tutu. "Okay..." I said, looking away from the painting. Cornie walked back and forth looking nervous.

"Where are we?"

"The Art Museum."

"What's the name?"

"The Art Museum."

"Yeah, I know we're in a art museum, but what's the name of the art museum?"

"The Art Museum!"

“Oh.” Cornie backed away from me like I had a terrible disease or something.

“Let’s find Mc.Warpenblob and get outta here.” I grumbled.

We walked for over an hour, trying to locate the area of where Mc.Warpenblob was held.

“Why is it SO hard to find a stupid painting!!!” Cornie said, sitting down on the floor. Then, he gasped.

“What?” I asked.

“Look.” Cornie pointed across the hall where there was a glass display case with a gold label that read: **MC.WARPENBLOB** in bold letters. And inside the display case, there was the painting, Mc.Warpenblob.

CHAPTER 10.5

I gasped, running towards the painting with my arms flying wildly behind me, like I was gonna hug it or something (which I wasn't by the way).

"OMG OMG OMG!!!!!" I squished my face against the glass, looking around Mc.Warpenblob. Mc.Warpenblob is basically a blob with glasses, holding a piece of cheese, while sitting on a toilet. The display case had about a billion lasers. I don't know why, but I seriously had to know why this one piece of art is SO famous.

"Ahem."

I turned around so fast, I knocked down the velvet ropes that had a sign that read: DO NOT CROSS. The person who was behind me was a skinny man in a uniform with a pointed nose. He had an old fashioned hairstyle, and a mustache that was curled perfectly, the complete opposite to what Cornie's mustache looked like. Cornie's mustache was bushy and had strands of hair sticking out, while Fletcher's was sleek and had no strands of hair that were out of place. The man's eyes were stormy black with an evil gleam.

"Why hello," he said coldly with what seemed to me to be a French accent. "My name is-"

"Fletcher," I interrupted, reading the nametag stuck on Fletcher's uniform.

"Yes," said Fletcher, raising his thin eyebrows at me. "I work for the Art Museum, and have you seen the sign 'NO PETS'?" The man pointed across the hall revealing sign with an X on a picture of a dog. Then, he pointed at Cornie, looking not at all surprised by the wings or the mustache.

"I believe this is your... horse?" Fletcher, the creepy French man, looked at me for an answer.

"Umm... yes! This is my horse. I'll take him outside and make him stay outside," I said while smiling. I glared at Cornie gave him a look that said: "act like a normal horse!"

"Neigh," said Cornie, without any enthusiasm. I glared at Cornie again, then smiled at Fletcher, and slowly walked backwards to the nearest exit. I led Cornie outside, told him to meet me here in an hour.

Once I came back to where Mc.Warpenblob was held, I heard Fletcher's voice, so I froze. He was talking to a mysterious voice. It

sounded like it was half melting in fire. There was a conversation going on, and this was the exchange:

“But boss, I found one of the 5 chosen ones! I can sense him.”
Fletcher’s voice quivered a little.

“Yes. Yes,” the voice boomed, “but what creature was guarding him? I suppose a legendary one eh? Or - ”

“The boy was with a mustachio!” Fletcher blurted, “my lord.”

“A MUSTACHIO!!”

“Yes,” Fletcher whimpered.

“Gah!” the voice said, obviously irritated. “Just make sure to delay his quest until I fully rise. Then the other 4 will have no power against me! They don’t even know who they are!” The half melted voice laughed, leaving a trace of its voice echoing through the museum.

“Good work.” The voice said, “Boss, out.”

Once the voice was gone I took a peek in the hall, only to see Fletcher walking into another room.

CHAPTER 10.95

It was 4:00 when I was going to tell Cornie a plan I made up. "CORNIE!" Cornie apparently heard me calling, because he landed softly on the ground 10 yards behind me. After things got settled, I told Cornie my plan; where we were going to wait, and how we were going to steal the painting.

"Wait. What's a bathroom?" Cornie asked, as if it weren't obvious enough.

"A bathroom is a place you . . . do . . . stuff."

"What stuff?"

"Stuff you do not want to know." I opened the bathroom door to see if anyone was there. The coast was clear.

We waited for 2 hours until an announcement said the museum was now closed. I opened my stall door and crawled into Cornie's stall, and unlocked his stall door.

"Phew!" Cornie said, "you know, Tod, I think I'm claustrophobic. I thought I was going to pass out in that tight spot!"

"Okay. Good for you, Cornie," I said not paying attention to what Cornie was saying. "Now which way would lead to Mc.Warpenblob?"

"That way," Cornie pointed to the left.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"I don't know, but I feel a powerful aura in that direction." Cornie seemed to be telling the truth because his usual corny smile was replaced by a grim look.

"Ok... I trust you, Cornie." After a few minutes, Cornie easily led me to Mc.Warpenblob. "Thanks Cornie - " I was interrupted by laughter. It seemed to come from every direction.

"Well, well, well, who do we have here? Tod Anderson is it?" The horrible voice was terrible enough, but its body was even worse. The figure was toast, literally. But, its left eye, actually more than its left eye, a good chunk of its head/body was melted. The toast had puny arms and legs like a T-rex. He was sitting on a wheelchair with Fletcher pushing it.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"You don't want to know. It's way too long, and you won't understand it anyways. But, you may call me 'Toast'," Toast said.

"Why are you here?" I asked.

"Because! This is my lair!" Toast said. "And, I'm trying to delay you of course!" he added. I looked at Cornie. I nodded. Cornie nodded. He

lunged at Fletcher, kicked him with all his power, and knocked the French dude out cold. While Toast was in shock, I ran towards the painting, thrusting my hands out to grab it, but, unfortunately was blocked by the Toast.

“What do you think you’re doing, chosen one?” Toast said.

“Okay Toast. One teensy weensy irrelevant question. Do you know what sarcasm is?” I asked, trying to distract Toast.

“No, I haven’t heard about this sarcasm. What is it?”

“Hmm... you don’t want to know. It’s way too long and you won’t understand it.” I said, mimicking Toast’s voice as best as I could. (It’s not easy to talk like your voice is half gurgling.)

Toast growled. “I should have let my minions eat you whole,” he said.

“Whoa, whoa, whoa. What minions?” I asked, starting to worry.

“My espresso drinks of course! Well, they can’t eat you whole in espresso drink form,” Toast answered.

“In what form can your minions eat me whole?” I glanced at Cornie, but he just sighed, and shook his head.

“In dragon form,” he said glumly. I made a **WHAT!!!** Face at Cornie, who was looking at his hooves.

“Look at your unreliable companion, Tod.” Toast insisted. “Join me. Rule the world together! Leave that irresponsible mustachio to me. I will give him the punishment he deserves.”

I hesitated, while Cornie looked at me blankly. “Uh-well-eh-hmm...” I looked back and forth between Toast and Cornie. It was pretty tempting to control the world when Toast said it, it sounded so like paradise, but I knew better than to trust an evil and mad Toast thing. Besides, there was a good chance of me later being thrown to the side, like an old, moldy sock.

“I’d love to attend your little plan to rule the world today, but I have different plans,” I decided. Toast frowned for a moment, then his nasty scowl returned.

“Well then, what a shame.” Toast said with no sympathy. “My minions are quite hungry. Perhaps if you cannot attend my little plan to rule the world, as you call it, I will feed you to my minions. So long, chosen one.” The Toast nodded at the dark hallway next to us. At that very moment, Cornie and I were surrounded with blood red eyes.

“I think it’s time to go,” Cornie whispered nervously.

“Ok. Let’s just grab-” There were several loud screeches and thumps, rattling the artwork besides us.

“ATTACK!!”

Ten full grown pitch black dragons came stomping out of the dark hallways, breathing fire. Cornie and I ran away into the animal paintings section, behind a curtain. When the sound drifted into another corridor, I heaved a big sigh of relief.

“Hey Tod!” Cornie whispered. “I think they’re gone!”

“Yeah,” I said while panting. “All we have to do is grab and go. It’s that SIMPLE!!!” There were distant roars that were growing louder by the second. “Oops.” I squeaked.

“RUN!” Cornie screamed.

CHAPTER II

“What-*pant-is-pant-so-pant-bad-pant-about-pant-the-pant-dragons-pant?*” I shouted.

“Their breath!” Cornie answered breathlessly. “They have poisonous breath!”

I stopped dead in my tracks. “They have WHAT?!?” I screamed.

Cornie stopped. “You know what? I’ll tell you later!”

“Yeah,” I panted. “Tell me later!”

“We have to find Mc.Warpenblob fast!” Cornie and I ran up to a hall that looked familiar.

“Tod, look! There’s the painting!” exclaimed Cornie. I sprinted towards Mc.Warpenblob, took off the glass case, grabbed the painting, and ran for the nearest exit.

“NOOOO!!! Get the boy! Get the boy!” screamed Toast, red with rage. He looked like he had strawberry jam all over himself, and that reminded me that I was hungry. At that very moment, all red eyes looked at me.

“Cornie! C’mon!” I said very slowly. Everything and everyone was silent for one moment, except for the alarms that were blaring loudly. Then, Cornie and I pushed the emergency doors open, leaving the museum with two loud alarms and 10 hungry dragons.

CHAPTER 12

Outside, the sunset was surprisingly blinding, so we had to squint.

“What about the dragons?” I asked nervously.

“What about them?” Cornie asked, completely calm.

“Will they come outside?”

“No. They like total darkness when in dragon form.”

“Oh... so that’s why the museum was always so dark,” I reasoned.

“Stop,” Cornie said suddenly.

“Stop?” I asked.

“Look at Mc.Warpenblob.” Mc.Warpenblob was disappearing and what should have been Mc.Warpenblob, was a swirly rainbow colored hole.

“Uh... what’s that?” I pointed at the hole.

“The portal to Awkward land! I’ll jump in first!” Cornie plunged into the portal, leaving me to panic. I hesitated, then jumped into the portal, following Cornie.

CHAPTER 13

The feeling of the portal was like being blended in a mixer. "AHHHHHH!!!" I screamed. I closed my eyes until I felt that I was on solid ground.

I opened my eyes finding myself in the world: Awkward land. Awkward land was well... awkward. Instead of grass outside, there were green fluffy clouds. The creatures that grazed in the meadow were mostly what Cornie is: a mustachio. There were also dragons that breathed cotton balls every once in a while.

"Tod! Over here!" Cornie shouted. He was with three other creatures. I reluctantly walked towards them.

"You must be Tod Anderson, one of the chosen ones, are you not?" asked a horse with a flaming mane.

"Uh... yeah... I mean yes!" I answered.

"Well, thank you for returning Mc.Warpenblob to us. Toast kept it to himself so no living creature from Awkward land could access it. That meant that we could not have access to the outside world," Explained a cobra with wings.

"I was only trying to help Cornie... I mean Kettle Corn," I said, smiling.

"Yes. Kettle Corn was destined to meet one of the five chosen ones. That is why he has dropped by in your world; to find you, Tod. And as the prophecy says so, you must keep Kettle Corn," said the third creature, a giant owl.

"That would me great!" I exclaimed.

"Once again, thank you for everything," said the blazing horse. There was blinding light, and when the light was gone, the three creatures disappeared.

"Cornie," I said "Let's go home."