

THE FLYING HORSE  
WITH A  
MUSTACHE 2



BY  
GRACE

**The Flying Horse With A Mustache**

**BOOK 2**

by Grace

# CHAPTER 1

## KELLY'S POV

"Kelly! Wake UP!!" shouted my older sister, Lisa.

"Ugh, get out of my room!" I groaned back, "It's Saturday!"

"No, it's *Friday*," Lisa corrected. From downstairs, Blob, my dog, barked loudly. "Ooh, your friend's here! I'd get ready fast if I were you." I sighed and dragged my sister to the bedroom door, and shut it.

Once I grabbed my backpack and kissed Blob goodbye, I marched out the door that was downstairs, and ended up looking straight at Jessie, my friend, with her arms crossed. "Well," she said, "where were you?" I hesitated and rolled my eyes.

"Let's just go. We're going to be late."

"Okay..."

We walked down the street, where Tod Anderson, my annoying classmate/annoying neighbor, was also walking. I marched right past him, with my chin up and everything, followed by Jessie.

"Uh, *excuse me?* Talk about rudeness!" Tod said, *clearly* annoyed.

"Yeah!" said an unfamiliar voice. I whirled around fast, only to see Tod shrug.

"Who's that?" I asked, eyeing Tod suspiciously. He only shrugged again, but looked nervous.

"Ooh! Ooh! Here! Here!" exclaimed the voice. I eyed the space next to Tod, which rippled. Once the rippling stopped, there was a horse with wings and a mustache staring at me with a sour face. I stumbled, and fell on my butt on the sidewalk.

"How... what... That... Thing?!?" My mouth felt numb. Tod suddenly stopped dead in his tracks, like he'd seen a ghost.

"Wait." Tod pointed at the creature, "You see Cornie?"

"Well, yeah, it's standing *right there!*" I managed to say. Jessie, who was a few meters away, turned around.

"Are you coming or not?" she called.

I thought quickly. "Why don't you go before me; I'll catch up later!" I saw Jessie make a face of displeasure, but she nodded and skipped away.

## CHAPTER 2

### TOD'S POV

I stared at Kelly with shock. Cornie told me that no mortals could see any creatures from Awkward land, which was for their own sake of sanity. How cheerful. Yet, Kelly saw Cornie, no doubt.

"How can she see you?" I whispered to Cornie. He frowned, studying Kelly from head to toe. She flinched, her arms crossed, and having a face full of 'I'm gonna hurl' look. After a long time of awkward silence, I coughed, breaking it. I blinked, and suddenly, Cornie had a doctor's coat and tools.

"How did you-"

"Up-up-up!" Cornie shushed me. After many "tests" as Cornie called it, he gave me an answer.

"I think your so called girlfriend is a...a...a..."

"A," I said.

"...A..." This continued for about 10 minutes.

"Just tell me!" I finally broke the tension.

"Fine, have it the *boring way*! I think she's a -choo one! Hmph, happy?"

"What?" I asked, completely confused. What *was* an 'A-choo one'?

"Uggg!" Cornie complained, "I *said* that your *girlfriend*-"

"*She's not my girlfriend*," I reminded Cornie.

"Yeah, whatever. I said that your *girlf*- that is, *friend*- is an -a-choo one,"

"What are you *talking* about?" I said. Cornie tried explaining several times, but it ended up as "A-choo!" every time.

"Okay," I took a deep breath. "Here's a tissue. Blow your nose and say it slowly."

"I meant, A - *Choo - sen One*," Cornie corrected.

"Ah," I replied, as Cornie's sneeze dripped off the tip of his nose.

## CHAPTER 3

### KELLY'S POV

"A what?" I asked, completely confused. "Somebody tell me what's going on? Tod, explain." Tod looked up at the sky, probably thinking, "why me?" After a long pause, he explained about a so-called place Awkward land, and the creatures there. He also told me about some evil toast thing that was planning to take over the world, and how the chosen ones were supposed to stop him.

"Hold up," I interrupted, "does this mean that I will be stuck with...*You*?" Tod made a face.

"Unfortunately, yes," he said sadly. Then Tod rolled his head towards Cornie. "Are you *sure* she's a chosen one?" he asked. Cornie crossed his eyes and started giggling uncontrollably.

"I'm sorry what was that?" he laughed, "I wasn't paying attention. Tell me again."

"Are-"

"He, he, he..."

"Are you-"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Are you sure that she's a chosen one?" Tod asked really fast.

"Ha- well, duh," Cornie made a *duh* face. "She has the cheesy smell of the chosen ones."

"Excuse me?" I interrupted again, "I smell like *what*?"

"Cheeeeeeeeeese!" Cornie shot back with a sly smile. "Remember, I came from Awkward land?"

"More like creepy land," I grumbled. Cornie made a face.

"From Creeplandia? No no no no no. That place is a tourist trap. Weirdlandia would be better. Right below Awkward land, you know."

"There's really a place named Creeplandia?"

"From where Cornie comes from anything's possible. Even Harry Potter," Tod said.

"Harry Potter? Oh yeah, him. He's from Booklandia. Totes cool, and stuff. Ooh! You should meet Greg Heffley or Percy Jackson. They're totes cool too." Cornie exclaimed.

"I was joking, but okay..."

"Ooh! Ooh! You *have* to meet Aslan, he's the Great Lion of a place called Narnia. Or, or, Bilbo Baggins..."

"Ok, Cornie, I think I've heard enough," Tod said. Suddenly, the school bell rang.

"You better tell me *everything*," I said to Tod.

During the classes, all I could think about was Tod and Cornie. "Kelly? Kelly!!" a voice called me back down to earth. I looked up to see Mrs. Buttthorn, and the class staring at me. Mrs. Buttthorn smiled a fake smile. "Kelly, dear, will you please tell me- ah, I mean *us* the answer to my question?" I tried hard

not to yawn, but it came too quickly before I could stop it. Mrs. Buttthorn gasped dramatically. "OUT ON THE *BENCH!!*" She nearly covered my face with spit, and I made the mistake of trying to explain that I didn't get a decent sleep before she was finished. That means that it got all over my tongue. It tasted of fish, liver, and onions. Everyone else gasped, except for Tod who just shook his head sadly.

The bench. What's so scary about it? It's just a little tiny bench outside the classroom, covered in sweat splotches made by the previous kids that had encountered The Bench. Anyway, hopefully those were just sweat splotches. Not only did The Bench smell like sweat, it had a light scent of onions. Besides that, it's just a tiny little harmless bench which just has sanitation issues. However, it becomes much more horrifying when the teacher and student are included in the scene. You get yelled at and spit at for a long time, until you start bawling like a madman.

"Class," Mrs. Buttthorn said smugly, "please take out your safety belts and bars." Everyone pushed the red button on their desks. Alarms blared. Seat belts slithered out of the chairs, and were buckled. Emergency lockdown was activated. The students held on to the bars sticking out of the desks.

Then, Mrs. Buttthorn dragged me to my doom...

## CHAPTER 4

### TOD'S POV

After Kelly was dragged to the bench everyone started whispering and starting rumors. After 25 minutes of the sea of noise, I couldn't take it anymore. "Yo!" I shouted. Nobody paid attention. "YOOOOOO!!!!!" I shouted with so much force, everybody froze and the only noises were the alarms and the screaming of the teacher.

"WHAT?" Jessie said impatiently, "you're interrupting our moment of freedom." Everyone mumbled in agreement.

"Look guys," I spread my hands out, like I was going to give my class a speech. "If Mrs. Buttthorn catches us, we're going to be next for *THE BENCH!!!*" I said dramatically. One kid started bawling like crazy.

"Not again!!" he screamed. Jessie just rolled her eyes and took out her textbook, and pretended to read. Everyone took one glance at her, and took out their textbooks, too. I refastened my seatbelt, and looked at the door, waiting for Kelly, her eyes red from crying. Nobody, and I mean *nobody* has ever come back from the bench without crying before.

Soon enough, the door flew open, with Mrs. Buttthorn looking satisfied, and Kelly right behind her. "Well then," the teacher chirped, "that is what happens if you *DISOBEY ME.*" Mrs. Buttthorn's sweet voice disappeared and a low growl replaced it. After an immensely boring class about Mrs. Buttthorn's 254 cats, (representing all her ex-husbands) the bell rang. Kelly sniffled a little, still recovering from the bench episode.

## CHAPTER 5

### Kelly's POV

I avoided anyone who looked at me. I quickly slipped out the door and started to run, anxious to get away from that horrid place. Suddenly, a hand touched my shoulder. I stopped, and turned, looking straight at Tod.

"Why are you crying?" he asked.

"Were," I corrected. I sat down on a bench. Of course, it was just a regular bench, not *The Bench*. If it was, I'd hire a cleaning company to clean it for 1 month nonstop before I sat on it. Tod sat next to me, searched in his backpack, and pulled out some tissues. "You have tissues in your backpack?" I asked while grabbing one.

"Yeah... but nevermind me. What happened?" Tod asked curiously.

I sighed. "Fine... I'll tell -"

"Did Mrs. Buttthorn yell insults?" he guessed.

"What? No! Not that harmless... she showed me her feet!!! And shoved garlic in my face, until I started crying."

Tod gasped. "That *is* horrifying!" he said, shocked. I cracked a smile.

We sat on the bench for almost an hour without noticing the time fly by. I checked my watch, and jumped, startling Tod.

"Woah," he said with wide eyes, "you ok?"

"Yeah," I replied. "I gotta go now. See you tomorrow!"



## CHAPTER 6

### Tod's POV

Once Kelly was just a dot in the distance, I stood up, also ready to go home. I grabbed my backpack and fished out my cellphone, then slung the bag on one shoulder. It was loaded with textbooks and homework, so it weighed as much as a boulder. Then, I speed dialed mom's number and held it to my ear. Music was coming from the other end of the phone.

"Hello?" Mom's voice sounded calm, like she was doing yoga.

"It's me, Tod," I said "What's up?"

"Oh, my bum at the moment, because I'm doing downward dog." I made a face at that comment - yoga. "By the way, where are-" mom was cut off by a loud crashing noise.

"What was that?" I asked anxiously.

"I don't know, but it came from your room. I'll go check it out."

"Mom!" I stopped her from going in. "It's just the present that must've fallen on the floor," I lied, while scrimmaging in my backpack for something to give. My hand felt an object that was smooth, and I took it out. It was the rock that I found during recess today. It was china white, and as smooth as marble. I really wanted to keep it, but I knew it was the perfect "gift" for mom, especially in this situation. I would simply have to part with it once I got home to fill in for my fib.

"Well, ok then." Mom decided, "But it better not be that fat old rat in your room again."

"Yeah, thanks mom." I hung up, and laughed. For sure it wasn't the rat. Cornie was home.

## Chapter 7

### Tod's POV

It was finally Valentine's Day, and I was carefully carrying a cake to class. Why, you ask? Because, every year Mrs. Buttthorn makes us bring a treat for her, or else we'd get *The Bench*. I kept walking down the hall, but heard a faint call of "Tod!" I turned around, eyeing the hall suspiciously. There was nobody. I just shrugged, and continued to walk. Suddenly, a hand crept up on my shoulder, finger by finger.

I whipped around, and- *splat!!!* The cake splattered all over Kelly's face; some pieces were on the locker next to us, dripping to the floor.

"Trick *and* treat!" a random kid joked.

"What?!" Kelly wiped most of the cake off of her face, then noticed me.

"Anderson, you are so-" she was cut off by Mrs. Buttthorn gasping with her hands stretched out.

## CHAPTER 8

### Kelly's POV

It was the most shocking moment of my life. Tod whirled around, and splattered cake all over me. Of course it was delicious, but that didn't matter right now.

"Anderson, you are so-" I was about to say *dead*, but I was cut off by Mrs. Buttthorn.

"Wha'?! What is this nonsense?" she screamed, spitting at our faces.

"Uh, we were just-"

"We were just' blah blah blah!" Mrs. Buttthorn exclaimed. "Detention. Both of you."

"Aww...." Tod and I groaned.

"Hmph. I was looking forward to eating that lovely cake..." Mrs. Buttthorn whined.

"Actually, it is pretty good-"

"I get your point!" I rolled my eyes, while Mrs. Buttthorn was busy collecting the remaining pieces of the cake on the floor. When she was done, the floor was spotless. Mrs. Buttthorn licked her bat-like fingers.

"Well then, off to class, now," she said, satisfied, and walked towards her classroom, with us right behind.

## CHAPTER 9

### TOD'S POV

Kelly wouldn't talk to me for the rest of the day. She kept turning her back, every time I tried to talk to her.

After school was over, and the bell rang, I saw a glimpse of Kelly, and I decided to follow. The figure was lost, when a stampede of middle schoolers came hurtling towards me.

"Ahhhhhh!!!!!!!" I screamed, while being trampled by a million feet. When everyone was gone, I stood up, and brushed dirt, more dirt, and a piece of ABC gum off of me. I traced the place where Kelly was heading, and it revealed a side door. I opened it, and stepped outside, into a puddle of water.

"Oh come on!!!" I groaned. When I looked down to dry my shoe, I saw wet footprints. It was probably Kelly's, so I followed, and reached the park next to my school. Sitting on a park bench, Kelly was reading *Harry Potter*. She was only on the first book. I laughed faintly. Apparently Kelly was so into the book that she didn't want anyone to disturb her, or she was just surprised, because she smacked the book on my face.

"Ow..." I moaned softly. Kelly bit her lip.

"You ok? Wait. I'm not talking to you." Kelly crossed her arms, and then pretended to read.

"Aw, you got to be kidding me. Look, Kelly, or Ms. I'm-not-talking-to-you, it was just an accident this morning."

Kelly blinked. "What? No, you just disturbed me from my reading. But, I'm still mad at that. But, I forgive you," Kelly said.

We spent the rest of the hour arguing about how pathetic it was that she was only on book number 1.

## CHAPTER 10

### KELLY'S POV

The next day was same old, same old, until school ended. I was getting my backpack out of my locker. When I closed it, Jessie was standing there in front of me, with a dirty look on her face. "Ahh!" I stepped back, and fell. Jessie rolled her eyes, and helped me up.

"Hi to you too," she said. "Just wanted to ask you a question."

"What?"

"No, that's not my question!" Jessie responded.

"That was *my* question!" I cleverly retorted.

"Oh, ok. Well, my question is: why are you hanging out with that loser?"

Jessie asked suspiciously, waving her eyebrows at me.

"Uh, first, stop with the eyebrow wiggling. Seriously. It's creeping me out."

Jessie stopped, and mumbled something about me being no fun. "Okay. Okay. So I was talking to some loser. I get it. It looks weird. But, it was only because... Uh, we're working on a project! Yeah, a project." I lied. I wouldn't have said that if I knew that Tod was behind me, completely appalled. Jessie didn't seem convinced, but I gave my most fake smile.

"Fine," she said finally. Then, I noticed Tod.

"Hey!" I called. Tod shook his head.

"Why don't you ever grow up?" he said.

"What?" I asked.

"Oh, no. I meant that why don't you grow up? Like grow taller," he corrected.

"But, you should also tell Jessie that we're friends."

"No."

"Why not?" Tod asked, with fake curiosity.

"Because, then I would be a loser too."

"Oh, so now being a 'loser' is a horrible thing? Yeah, no. See you later." Tod ditched me.

## CHAPTER 11

### Tod's POV

After school, I walked home with Cornie. "You look so grumpy, Tod," Cornie finally noticed my scrunched up face, and arched back (The backpack helped). I grunted. "Okay, I'll take it as a 'I-don't-want-to-talk-about-it' face." Cornie started to walk on, but I grabbed his tail, and yanked him back. "OW!!"

"It all started on-" I was about to give Cornie a really thorough and detailed lecture about this morning, but Cornie held out his hoof, in a 'talk-to-the-hoof-man-not-me' sort of way.

"No one, and I mean no one, wants to hear your problems, especially, me." Cornie complained. "Now, where's Kelly?"

"We're not talking," I said plainly. Cornie gasped, fell to his knees, and started to fake cry. I rolled my eyes and kept walking. Cornie peeked between his hooves, stopped crying, and caught up with me.

"Dude, if you're going to save the world, you gotta cooperate," Cornie pleaded. "Say it with me. Co-oper-ate." I pushed him aside, to hide my smile.

"Yeah, whatever, Cornie."

"Are you going to do it?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Just because."

"Please?"

"No."

"Please?"

"No."

"PLEASE?!?"

"NO."

"Pretty please with- I think it's called a Larry- on top?"

"NO."

"PUH-LEEEEEEE-ZEEEEEE!!!!!!" PLEASE!?!?!?"

"Fine."

"Please- wait what?"

"Nothing."

"Ugh!!!"

"No."

"I give up!"

"No."

"Stop."

"No."

"Stop!"

"No."

"STOP!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

"No."

"AHHHHHH!!" Cornie started to go crazy.

“Okay, okay, deep breaths, deep breaths.”

“Okay. Let’s go home now, so you can let me eat a few extra clouds.”

“Woah, woah, woah. I never said that I would let you eat extra clouds.

Because, if you do, you’ll get fat, and then you won’t be able to fly, which leads to not being able to save the world!” I explained.

“Geez. Talk about over thinking stuff.” Cornie and I walked in silence for the rest of the walk home.

## CHAPTER 12

### Tod's POV

When Cornie and I reached my house, I took out my keys and unlocked the door. "Go eat a few clouds, but that's it. Got it?" I instructed.

"Yeah, yeah, whatever." Cornie flew off in the orange sky. Then, I went inside. I dropped my backpack on the floor, making a **clunk** sound, which echoed in the isolated house. Suddenly, mom came out of the kitchen, holding a fry pan like a baseball bat. There were scrambled eggs falling out of it.

"Who is it?" Mom asked suspiciously.

"Mom, it's me." I answered in a plain tone.

"Oh, hey Tod. Want dinner?" I looked at the fry pan, and then looked at mom. "Or, not," she concluded.



# CHAPTER 1

## TOD'S POV

After helping mom re-doing dinner, I helped wash the dishes.

"Tod?" mom asked.

"Yeah, mom?" she handed me a plate, and I started to dry it.

"You're getting braces soon, so... Mwahahaha!!!" Mom made the evil fingertip gesture while I looked at her awkwardly. "I'm sorry for my inappropriate behavior,"

"Wait. Braces?!? NOOOOOOOOO!!!" I fell to my knees. Then, the doorbell rang. "I'll get it." I got up, and opened the door, then quickly shut it. Toast was outside, with Fletcher holding a tranquilizer dart.

"Is everything all right?" Mom asked, still doing the dishes.

"Yeah, yeah mom!" I reassured her, followed by a mumbled self-reassurance. "What do you need to hear buddy...?"

Then, the door fell, and Fletcher shot me on my tushie. Suddenly, the world looked blurry, and I became drowsy.

"Sunny skies," I said dreamily, "ooh, pretty rainbows! Unicorn on me! Mad dentist..." I fell on my face, and started snoring.

## CHAPTER 14

### Kelly's POV

After dinner, I went out for a walk, still fuming from the incident at school. I suddenly felt a pang of guilt. I felt bad of lying to Jessie, and should have admitted that I was friends with Tod. I regretted calling him a loser and decided to apologize to him when I saw him next, and also tell Jessie the truth.

Then, something shiny caught my eye. I walked up to it, and saw that it was a tranquilizer dart. It read: Evil Toast's dentistry thingamabob. Having instantly applied the power of deductive reasoning, I knew... it was the Toast Tod was talking about a few days ago. I looked on the other side, and it showed the address, as well as the following statement: *If found, please return it to me, Toast. Reward: DEATH (Just Kidding)*. I stuffed the dart in my pocket, and went out to find Toast.

I found the "secret" lair on Armburger street, and thought for a second, "Who in the world names these streets?!?". Then, I focused on Toast again. Suddenly, something fell on my head.

"Wow, it's literally raining cats and dogs," I said. "Oh! Here I go." I passed out on the bushes with the object on me.

## CHAPTER 15

### TOAST'S POV

I woke up suddenly with pipe cleaners holding me back. I tried to pull them off, but they were too strong for me. No man could defeat the mighty pipe cleaners for *sure*. Then, I looked around, and saw Toast standing on his wheelchair. Even though I was strapped to a seat, I was still taller than Toast.

"Where am I?" I asked. Fletcher just looked at me blankly.

"Oh, you're speaking in *muffle*, my *friend*." Toast answered, "I've been stuck on that planet for quite a while. You are in 'Evil Toast's dentistry thingamabob!'" Toast laughed evilly, but failed, reminding me of a squirrel choking on a nut. "Okay, sorry 'bout that. So, to be nice, I did what your mother wanted you to have."

"A skateboard?" I guessed.

"What? No! Braces! By the way, I gave you blue braces just to be nice to you." Toast said. "Then, we played around in your mouth, and I eventually came up with special non-killing packing foam for mouths, so they speak in muffle." At first, I nodded, and then started to panic. Still, the pipe cleaners were too strong for me. "Oh relax, boy," Toast groaned, "I practiced it on Fletcher first. It'll only last for a few days. Besides-" there was a beeping sound. "Ooh, my boxer boxers are done drying in the microwave! Be right back." Toast sat down, and rolled away. A few moments later, he came back with boxers size xxxxxxxxxxxx etc. small.

"Fletcher, catch." Toast flung the piece of clothing at Fletcher, and it landed on his perfect hair. He looked horrified, but did what his master said, and walked over to the "office". Then, he came out looking relieved.

"Oh.... I lost my train of thought...." Toast said.

"Hey, why don't you give me a notepad!" I suggested in muffle. I never thought this would work, but Toast completely fell for it.

"Sure! FLETCHER!!!!!!!"

Fletcher came out of the room, stumbling. "Y-yes, master?"

"Un-pipe cleaner the boy, and give him a notepad," Toast ordered. Fletcher looked hesitant. "DO IT!" Toast boomed. Fletcher walked up to a coffee table where there was a notepad, and untwisted the pipe cleaners, and freed me.

"Thanks," I thanked Fletcher, and then pushed him back, making him fall. I took a tube labeled: SPECIAL PACKING FOAM. I pressed the on button, and aimed it at Toast. The packing foam prevented Toast from moving. "Where's the cure?" I demanded.

Toast put his hands in the air in surrender. "Okay, okay, geez kid. The antidote's in the cabinet. Just don't kill me!"

I walked up to the cabinet and opened it. There were two vials. One had green liquid, and it had a label that said: WARNING! POISON. The other vial had blue liquid and it said: ANTIDOTE FOR PACKING FOAM FORMULA. It was *really* hard deciding what the cure would be, so I did EENY MINNIE MINY MO to figure it out. My finger landed on the blue vial. I shrugged, and took it out, and soaked it in the mouth. It melted the substance in my mouth, and I could talk again.

"How do you take *these* off?" I asked Toast, while pointing to my new braces.

“You can’t!” Toast screamed, “Mwahaha-ack-ack!” Toast really needed to work on his evil laughter.

“You really need to work on your evil laughter.” I thought out loud.

Then, all of a sudden, the wall collapsed. Like that. It just fell. And, when all the dust cleared, Kelly was standing there. Next to her, was a flying cereal box with a red cape. It had floppy arms and legs like Toast’s. It also had a face. The cereal box had beady black eyes, and a mouth, that had two giant triangular shaped teeth pointing upwards.

“What are *you* doing here?” Kelly glared at me.

“Uh, got trapped here! Duh!” I shot back with a glare. Then, Kelly noticed my braces, and doubled over, laughing like a maniac.

“I’m.... Sorry...” she managed to say between laughs. I rolled my eyes. “I’m- ha ha- also sorry-pfft- for not telling –ho ho ho- Jessie- HA HA HA- the truth –HA HA HA HA!!!” Kelly stopped laughing for a moment, “I hope that we could still be friends, and I am truly sorry for calling you a loser. I’ll make it up to you by telling the whole school that we’re friends, ‘kay?”

I sighed. “Wow, I never knew you were capable of such kindness, but yeah, that’ll be great if you could tell the school that we’re friends. By the way, what is that?” I pointed at the box. Kelly got up, and stopped the box from tackling me.

“Uh, that’s just Benny, my companion,” Kelly explained. I took a step back before talking to Benny.

“Uh... Hi, Benny?” I waved slowly.

“Benny.” Benny grunted.

Then, Cornie fell from the sky, and crashed into the building. “Woah,” he said. Then, he noticed Benny. “BENNY!!!!” he gasped, “my old bud!” Cornie shoved past me, and went up to Benny, and fist bumped him.

“Old... Bud?” Kelly choked.

## CHAPTER 16

### Kelly's POV

"Yeah!" Cornie exclaimed, "Benny's my BBB! Best Buddy... Box!" neither Tod or I blinked. "Cool? Huh, huh?" Tod didn't look amused.

"Yeah...No." He shook his head.

Suddenly, there was a terrible screeching sound coming out of some speakers. "Ahem. Hello little *humans*." Toast's voice came out of the speakers once the noise ceased. "I am making a doomsday bomb, and you and your little friends will never be able to find me!!! Tee hee hee!"

"What, was that?" Tod asked.

"Oh, my laugh?" Toast said, "that other evil laugh was too hard, and I kept choking. So, 'tee hee hee' is my new evil laugh. Tee hee hee!!!"

"Why would we need to find you?" I asked.

"To stop me from destroying humanity, of course! Huh, you humans have no ability to ask sensible questions, except for the boy, here," Toast noticed. "Well," he said, "no one will ever find my lair!!! Tee hee hee!!!"

In the background we heard Fletcher's voice. "Uh, Mr. Toast?" he squeaked, "I got our tickets to Ney York City."

"Good. Now scat." Toast ordered. "And I mean the 'go away' scat, not the other scat." By the sound of it, Fletcher probably was about to do the vocal improvisation version. "You now know where I am headed, but you will never find me!!! Tee hee hee!!!" Toast's voice disappeared.

## CHAPTER 17

### TOAST'S POV

"Ahhhhhhh!!" I ran around Kelly, with my hands high up in the air. Then, Cornie joined.

"Ahhhhh!" he screamed, "Why are we doing this?!?"

"Because," I screamed back, "Toast's gonna destroy humanity, and no one can stop him from doing it!!!" That was the only response I could think of at the moment. Kelly grabbed the back of my shirt, and yanked me back.

"Hello, we're the *chosen ones*? Remember?" she tapped her head.

"Oh, right. So how are we going to get to New York City?" I asked.

"We'll go during summer break. Today was the last day of school, so in other words, tomorrow," Kelly said. Suddenly, Benny choked, and spit out a piece of paper. Then, he handed it to me.

"Uh, thanks..." I read the piece of paper aloud, "What's New York City?"

"It's a city in New York. State," Kelly explained. Then, Benny choked on another piece of paper, and tried handing it to me again.

"Uh, no thanks. Not this time." Benny tried handing the piece of paper to Kelly. She looked as horrified as Fletcher, but reached out to grab it.

"WAIT!" she screamed. Kelly walked up to a cabinet, and opened it. "Aha!"

"What?" I asked.

"Gloves!" Kelly replied, while taking out a box full of plastic gloves. Then, she pulled out a pair, and snapped them on.

"Uh, doesn't that hurt?" Cornie asked, amazed.

"No," Kelly said modestly. Then she turned around and made pained groans.

"Right..." I said. Kelly took the piece of paper.

"What is the plan?" she read aloud. I wanted to step up proudly, and say, *no idea!* But I knew better, and kept my mouth shut on that thought.

"Well," I said instead, "we'll have to search around until we find Toast-"

"Which won't be a problem," Kelly interrupted, while taking out the tranquilizer dart that left me unconscious, from her pocket.

"Yeah, but we still don't know where my mom is. It's not like she's been taken hostage or anything."

"Uh, testing, testing, 1 2 3?" Toast's voice came back. "Well, wherever you are, you must come, because I have taken the boy's mother hostage. Tee hee hee!! Now you have to come to New York! So long, losers!"

"Okay," I said, "it's settled. See you guys in the morning." I walked out the door, and closed it once everyone was safely out of the building. Suddenly, the whole shop collapsed, but we just shrugged, and walked our separate ways home.

## CHAPTER 18

### TOD'S POV

"Unicorn, unicorn, uni, uni, unicorn! WAKE UP!" a voice screamed either in my dreams, or in reality. I groaned, and threw my pillow at the mysterious figure. It shrieked, so apparently I threw at the right spot. After that, I got a few more milliseconds of peace, before the figure shook me.

"Ok, ok, I'm up!" I shot out of bed like a bullet. I looked around, and saw Kelly (who looked impatient) and Benny (who had no facial expressions). Kelly had a backpack slung on her back, and another in her hand. She threw the one in her hand at me. It landed on my stomach with a \*thud\*.

"OW!!" the force was so hard, that I fell back on my bed.

"Sorry," Kelly bit her lip. I got back up, and unzipped the backpack. It had: money, food bars, water, a mini first-aid kit, clean clothes, etc. Then, I looked at my alarm clock. It was 5:00 A.M.

"Why now?" I whined.

"Probably because," Kelly said mockingly, "*we have a train station to get to in 25 minutes!*"

"Ooh! Ooh! Do they serve wasabi?" I asked excitedly.

"Will you go if I say yes?" Kelly asked, doing the evil fingertip gesture that was so "in" this year. I nodded. "Umm... then, yes, they do serve wasabi! Yay..." I clapped my hands happily. "Wait!!!" Kelly interrupted before I got to celebrate, "Where's Cornie?"

"Uh, I don't know," I answered, "Cornie usually hogs the bed, and pushes me off, and snores as loud as- like, I don't know- 3 billion jets flying by?" I imitated the sound.

"Oookkkaayyy?" Kelly took a step back, before talking to me again, apparently impressed with my impersonation. Then, we heard whistling. I looked at Kelly, while she looked at me. We crept up towards the bathroom next to my bedroom. The door opened, and revealed... Cornie with a shower cap on, and a towel draped on his back.

"AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!" Cornie, Kelly and I screamed. Benny turned around, and walked downstairs as if he didn't have anything to with that (which he didn't).

"GUYS!!!" Cornie shrieked, "personal business!!!"

"Sorry!" I screamed back. Kelly stopped screaming and looked at her watch and gasped.

# CHAPTER 1

## TOD'S POV

"Guys!!!" Kelly shouted. I kept screaming with Cornie.

"Not now, Kelly!!!" I shouted back.

"We have 10 minutes until the train leaves!!!" she warned. That made me stop.

"Well, you could've just said so," I grabbed the backpack, and grabbed Cornie by the tail.

"Sorry, what?" he said. Kelly smacked her hand on her forehead, groaning.

Cornie looked at me with a confused look.

"We have to go on a train that leaves in like, 9 minutes? Something like that." I explained.

"Oh... ha, ha, ha- I don't get it." This time, I smacked my hand on my forehead.

Then, I dragged Cornie from the tail all the way to the train station.

To onlookers, I must have looked like a mime, but without the makeup, and not being silent. I kept grunting every few steps. Cornie was sipping tea, and somehow suddenly wore a tuxedo and a monocle. Surprisingly, his mustache was combed to perfection, almost as perfect as Fletcher's.

"What are you looking at?" Cornie asked in a horrible British accent.

"Wow," I mocked, "your British accent is horrible! Now you have another thing your bad at! Yodeling, landing safely, and now acting like you're British! Awesome!" Cornie ignored my comment, and kept bothering me instead.

"Watcha doing, watcha doing, watcha doing?"

"Apparently dragging a pest..." I mumbled.

"Why thank you!"

Suddenly, a train whistle blew in the distance. We ran for the train in slow motion. Well, at least it *felt* like we were in slow mo to me. The train started to move slowly. I dragged Cornie as fast as slow motion would allow, while he was just sipping tea as if this was some harmless *tea party*. Kelly looked as panicked and desperate as me, and tried jumping on. She failed to do so, but got ahold of the railing with one hand. I grabbed her other hand, and held on to Cornie's tail with the other. Benny flew onto the platform, and helped pull Kelly up.

Once we were all on the platform, we sighed with relief. Cornie "*magically*" turned into himself again.

"What did I miss?" he asked. I rolled my eyes, and looked up at the sky. The sun was just starting to rise. The wind swirled around me. For some reason, I knew today was going to be a good day, and that somehow we could save my mom, *and* save the world from utter destruction.

"We will," Cornie said, besides me. I snapped out of my trance, and stared at him.

"We will what?" I asked.

"We'll be able to do both tasks," Cornie replied reassuringly, "I just know."

"How did you-"



“I just know,” Cornie tapped his head with his hoof in a thinkey-type gesture. I smiled and nodded, and stared at the sun again, as we headed towards our destiny, whether it was going to be good, or bad.