

WILLIAM, A NORMAL  
KID WITHOUT NORMAL  
ADVENTURES

Book III

THE CREATOR'S

TIME



MACHINE



By: Nathaniel

***WILLIAM, A NORMAL  
KID WITHOUT NORMAL  
ADVENTURES***

**PART 3:  
THE CREATOR'S TIME MACHINE**

**BY NATHANIEL**

## CHAPTER 1: THE MYSTERIOUS NOTE

My name is William. But people call me Will for short. They don't call me "Will Forshort," but for short they call me Will. I am not very tall or short, so it wouldn't make sense for them to call me "Will Forshort." I hope that's clear now. But, the kids at the 7<sup>th</sup> grade Computer Club call me "Willpower." But anyways, it was April 3<sup>rd</sup>, the day AFTER the day I was recovering from the 273 pranks I received on April 1<sup>st</sup>. But I'm just gonna cut to the chase. Today I checked the mailbox, and there was a letter with some blue slime on it.

"Oscar, Sally! Code red! This is NOT a drill! I repeat; this is NOT a drill!"

"Preparing Lock-down sequence!" Oscar said.

"On lookout duty!" Sally cried. I opened the envelope.

"What is it Will?" Oscar asked.

"I'll read it," I said. "Dear kids, I, the Creator, have turned to the good side." Oscar and I gasped and almost fainted. I continued with the letter. "While I was testing my new time machine (remember that "it" I finished in the last book? Well that "it" is the time machine. So now you know.), I left my homework sheet in the year 2391. And that piece of paper is almost 70% of my organs, so I need you to go get it, kay? –T.C. (P.S., you wanna help the good guys, right?)" We knew it was a trap, but we didn't want anyone to die this morning. Oscar and I went to our old elementary school, and headed down to use the time machine.

"Creator? Ya there?" Oscar asked. We proceeded until we found the Creator pounding down some pound cake.

## CHAPTER 2

### TIME TRAVELING TIME!

“We’re here to use that time machine you mentioned in your letter!” I said. The Creator started scribbling on a piece of paper, and handed it to us.

“Great! It’s through that green door to your left,” the note said. Well, if we were being given notes from someone missing about 70% of their organs, then it is reasonable that part of that 70% would contain their vocal chords.

So we went into the green door to our left, into the time machine, and entered the date, APRIL 3<sup>RD</sup>, 2391. We came out in a similar room, with several more boxes than the one we were originally in. Exiting the room, we realized we were in a toothpaste factory. I slipped on a glop of toothpaste (which is how we found out it was a toothpaste factory). Given the coincidence of having terrible morning breath and finding myself in a toothpaste factory, I decided to brush my teeth, to freshen my morning breath.

“Come on Will! We gotta find that paper!” Oscar said. He rushed ahead of me, stepped on a tube of toothpaste, and slid into a wall.

“Come on Oscar! Quit fooling around!” I said, jokingly. We went down a looooooong hallway, with rooms where toothpaste was made, toothpaste tubes were made, and even a dentist’s office.

We finally got outside. There was a school, a dungeon, and miles and miles of rubble. Far away we could see a figure standing on a hill. We went over. The figure was a man with brown hair, a short beard, a black jacket, jeans, cleats, and a blood-stained eye patch. He had the Creator’s homework sheet in his hand.

“What do you want?” the man asked gruffly.

“Who are you?” Oscar asked.

“You know who I am! I’m Xander, YOUR DICTATOR!” replied this “Xander” guy. Xander began yelling and screaming at us angrily.

“WHY ARE YOU NOT IN THE DUNGEON?! WHY ARE YOU NOT IN YOUR UNIFORMS?!” Before we had time to answer, Oscar and I were blasted with a laser beam, and knocked out cold.

## CHAPTER 3

### THE DUMB DUNGEON

Oscar and I woke up with our wrists and ankles tied to a wall. We tried to squirm out, but the ropes got tighter the more we moved. We were also wearing gray shirts and pants, but we were barefoot.

We thought, “Why don’t we just use our superpowers?” But when we tried using them, they seemed to be disabled. There was a girl that seemed to look exactly like Sally next to us.

I asked her, “Is there any way out of this place?”

The girl answered with, “Yes, but it takes much skill, reflex, and timing. Only 3 have ever, ever escaped into the toothpaste factory or the school. But even then that Xander brought them all back eventually.”

She whispered the aforementioned escape plan (which had never succeeded) to me, and I told it to Oscar. Xander walked into the room.

“It’s lunchtime you hopeless dweebs,” he said. Xander pushed a button on a remote control. The prisoners were released from their ropes’ grip and they marched single-file to the cafeteria.

Oscar whispered, “So what’s the plan again?”

I re-explained the plot of our escape. “When lunchtime is over, we hide under the table and wait for the others to leave the room. Then we jump out that window over there. The security alarm will go off, and Xander will begin chasing us in a helicopter. When the tractor beam fires from the helicopter, we leap forward. Make sure to land on your feet. We’ll be safe once we make it in the toothpaste factory.”

When we got in the cafeteria, we checked what was on the menu.

### **BREAKFAST**

Cold, stale pancake batter

Mushy over-smoked sausage

Raw omelet

(Raw egg covered in grated cheese)

### **LUNCH**

Ugly PB&J

(Rotten peanuts and rotten fruit of your choice on moldy bread)

Mystery soup

(Eat it at your own risk)

Rotten fruit/vegetables

### **DINNER**

Lackaroni of cheese

(Stale macaroni – no cheese)

Chicken wings, vegetarian style

(Chicken bone)

## CHAPTER 4

### AN EXTREME ESCAPE

Oscar and I ordered “Mystery Soup,” which was toothpaste with bits of rubble and ABC gum. We were given 20 minutes to “eat” our “food.” Oscar pulled something out of his pocket.

“A schedule!” he said. My uniform had a schedule in a pocket too.

“4:30 AM: Wake up 6:00 AM: Eat breakfast 6:20 AM: Hammer time 9:00 AM: Water works 12:00 PM: Eat lunch 12:00 PM: Wheel of torture 6:00 PM: Eat dinner. 6:20 PM: Torture tolls 10:00 PM: Sleep.”

Just as we finished reading our schedules, Xander walked into the room to say, “Lunchtime’s over. Time for the Wheel of Torture!” Oscar and I got under the table, while Xander lead the prisoners out of the cafeteria. We walked over to the window. I made an attempt to open the window.

“It’s locked,” I grunted.

“Watch me,” Oscar said. “I’m GREAT at opening windows!” Oscar punched the window, and broke it.

We jumped out the window, and an alarm went off. Xander flew out the top of the building in his chopper. But surprisingly, instead of firing the tractor beam, Xander jumped right out of the chopper, landed directly in front of us, and started to run. We chased after him. Xander, like us, was going towards the toothpaste factory. We rushed down the halls, and Xander leaped into the time machine. Luckily, we made it in before it vanished. Xander punched in, PRESENT DATE, and hit go.

“Exactly as planned...” He smirked.



## CHAPTER 5

### MURMURS AND THE FOURTH WALL

Oscar, Xander and I stepped out of the time machine, and into the Creator's lair. Xander zapped us with his knock-out ray. I was able to hear Xander and the Creator mumbling something. It sounded like this: "Mehmehmehmehmeh, mehmeh the murmur meh." Then it got a bit more interesting. "I secretly duplicated the homework sheet, giving you an extreme power boost." I woke up, as well as Oscar. Xander and the Creator were gone, but Sally, Grandpa, and Dad had found us.

"THE CITY'S UNDER ATTACK!!!" Dad shouted, waving his arms spastically. Normally we would have joined in, however, we didn't have any time to panic about this news. Instead, we had to focus on panicking that the building we were in was falling apart.

"Quick! Hurry into the time machine!" Oscar said. The five of us swiftly ran into the time machine, having a third of the chapter left. Oops, I broke the fourth wall! Well, that's beside the point. Grandpa set the date to "This day in history," and by history, I mean 1993.

"William, did you break the fourth wall while narrating?" Sally asked. "It's bad for your health!"

"Really?" I asked.

"Wait, I'm fictional?" Oscar asked.

"Stop breaking the fourth wall or we might end up breaking the fifth!" Sally screamed.

"I think it's too late to stop." Dad said. The time machine stopped moving. We fell through space.



## CHAPTER 6

### THE GOD OF ALL FICTION

The time machine landed with a thud. THUD! Like that, see – onomatopoeia reins yet again. We were at our destination, April 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1993.

“Hello,” someone whispered. “You fictions are not supposed to know that you’re fictional. You’re supposed to think you’re real.”

“Show yourself!” I yelled.

“M-kay,” said the voice. A figure was revealed. “I AM THE GOD OF ALL FICTION!” Boomed the figure. “THIS OUGHTTA TAKE Y’ALL TO THE REAL WORLD!” blasted the God. A ray was shot. It head straight for Grandpa, so I deflected it with my laser vision. The God grunted. And he started to ferociously fire fiery fireballs at us. (Try saying that 5 times fast!)

Most of us managed to avoid being burnt, but then I noticed that 85% of Oscar’s body was burning. Sally summoned a ghost, and then it spat on Oscar.

“Well, I’d rather be covered in ghost saliva than be burnt to a crisp,” he said. Oscar always was rather optimistic.

The god made 4 copies of himself. Each God charged at each of us, glowing with beige light. We counterattacked. The copies of the God dissolved into dead fish. Why, I don’t know.

“Fine... I give up...” the God said. “I won’t send y’all to the real world... I’ll only erase all memories of being fictional.” We all experienced a blinding light, and then when it was gone, the God was gone.

“Come on. We’ve got to go,” Grandpa said.

## CHAPTER 7

### A PAST FRIEND

Grandpa took us to a hotel. It was called, "Sweet Suites," and the slogan was "We're the sweetest suites with the sweetest sweets!" We headed in.

"We need to get to room 68,942 on floor 689." Grandpa said. We crammed ourselves into the elevator. A light flashed "1". We started to go up. BEEP! The light flashed "2". BEEP! 3. BEEP! 14. BEEP! 71. BEEP! 296. BEEP! 364. BEEP! 511. BEEP! 569. Someone got on. BEEP! 624. BEEP! 653. BEEP! 689.

"Yay! Woo-hoo!" we shouted.

"Oh no," Grandpa said. "We were supposed to go to only the 215<sup>th</sup> floor."

"WHAT?!" we screamed at Grandpa. After about another 45 minutes, we arrived at who Grandpa wanted to visit. Grandpa knocked. "It's open!" someone said.

"Hello John!" Grandpa said.

"Hello Paul!" other guy said. When I saw the smile on the man who was in the room, I decided to describe it like this: ☺.

"I didn't know your grandpa's name was Paul," Oscar said.

"Neither did I," I replied.

"John, T.C.'s back! We need Spacecraft IX! Oh, and Mini-jet VII, too!" Grandpa exclaimed.

"Here they are! Press the red buttons to unfold them," John replied.

"Ok. That sounds like it will be vary oos-ful info-ma-shawn." Grandpa said, polishing his false teeth.

## CHAPTER 8

### OK! BACK TO THE... HUH?

The five of us went outside only to discover that the time machine was missing.

“Ok, first a false code red, then we’re trapped in a dungeon in the future, then the city’s under attack, AND NOW WE’RE TRAPPED IN THE PAST?! COULD THIS DAY GET ANY WORSE?!?!?!?” Oscar wailed. I guess his optimism waned into tantrumism.

“Hey, this is all your and Will’s fault for trying to help the bad side,” Sally reminded.

“We know...” Oscar and I said in unison.

“We’ll have to search the city to try to find the machine. Sally, Will, and Ralph will take Spacecraft IX, and I’ll take Oscar in Mini-jet VII,” Grandpa directed. So, I got into Spacecraft IX. We split up. Meanwhile, in Mini-jet VII...

“What does THIS button do?” Oscar wondered, pushing an orange button. A large, metallic hand extended out of the bottom of the plane, and it threw a missile at a building. The building exploded. “I wonder what THIS button does?” Oscar said, pushing a blue button. The glass roof of the plane opened up.

“Let’s try this button,” Grandpa said, pushing a red button labeled “EJECT”. Oscar was flung out of his seat, at the same time screaming,  
“AAHHH  
HH!!!!!!!!(etc.)”

*Back at Spacecraft IX . . .*

“Incoming!” I yelled. We opened up the roof. The U.C.O. (Unidentified Crashing Object) landed in our vehicle. It was Oscar.

“I’m never pushing randomly colored buttons again,” he said dizzily.

“Hey, I see the time machine!” Sally cheered. She called Grandpa and told him, “Hey Gramps, the time machine’s at the dump.” We landed about 5 feet from the machine, and waited for Grandpa.

## CHAPTER 9

### BACK TO THE PRESENT

We watched trash incinerate for about 5 minutes, and then Grandpa arrived. But, the time machine was missing again. We noticed it in a tank labeled "TO BE INCINERATED." I started running. Everyone followed.

"Ugh! I keep stepping in rat dung! WHY DO I KEEP STEPPING IN RAT DUNG?!" Sally screeched.

I lurched onto the ledge of the container containing a lake of lava-like liquid. (Try saying that 5 times fast.) I jumped off the ledge, and just barely made it into the time machine. Everyone else joined me, but I saw in the distance that Sally was stuck in rat dung. "Uh, I could use some help. So... Help!" she cried. I shot a laser. The claw started to slowly release us. The laser melted the poo that silly Sally was stuck in. Sally ran. Anran'anran'anran'anran. Sally got onto the rim, and Sally jumped off. The claw released us. Sally landed in the time machine, and Grandpa quickly sent us to the present just moments before we would have been melted.

"Wow." I said. "That... was... so... fun."

## CHAPTER 10

### THE HORRID PRESENT

We came out of the time machine to be greeted by Xander.

“Hello silly fools,” he said, redundantly. “Say hello to Mr. Sleepy-time.” Xander took out his knock-out ray, and blasted us.

“Shoot.” I thought, not as an imperative, but more as an uh-oh-ative

The duration of my sleep was shorter than all the other times this has happened. All of us woke up in a cage. We woke up in the following order: Me, Dad, Sally, Grandpa, and Oscar. We were in a cage, with a water bottle, an exercise wheel, and food bowls with our names on them. Xander was outside.

“When I come back in an hour, I’m going to see 5 cute little hamsters. The chemicals that are in this room transform humans into hamsters. Got it? Good.” And he left.

“How will we get out?” Oscar asked. He looked at me, expecting some totally obvious answer that he would have never thought of. I decided to oblige.

“Like this.” I said, shooting my laser vision at the bars of the cage. Unfortunately, they were not disintegrated. “Ok, how are we going to get out of here?” I asked, scratching my head. We thought about a solution as we shrunk and grew fur (which felt very awkward).

“Squeak?” Grandpa asked.

“Squeak squeak,” I replied.

I then noticed that I was small enough to squeeze through the bars of our cage. I headed for the off switch. Everyone followed me. We stacked each other on top of one another, and flipped the switch. (Turning off the DNA swapper.)



We saw another cage with 5 hamsters. After 10 seconds, all of us were humans again. We got them out of their cage, and they said, "Thank you! It's so great that you rescued us. Oh thank you great, great, great, great, great grandparents. We are your great, great, great, great, great grandchildren. Isn't that great?"

"It's more than great enough," I answered, a slight headache bouncing around my brain. They had very similar names to ours, and they have superpowers as well as us. So you will probably be able to find out who's whose spawn.

Willson has the power to move things with his mind, Oscar can levitate, Sarah can make things invisible, Rolph can control the temperature of things, and Pete can move around at the speed of light. I felt jealous, because my descendants have way cooler superpowers than us. We bumped into Xander on our way out of the prison house.

"Mr. Sleepy Time time!"

## CHAPTER II

### THE LABYRINTH OF DEATH

We woke up in a room. It was dark, in fact, pitch black. Either that or I suddenly lost my sense of sight. But, I didn't lose my sense of sight, because lights went on.

"Hey look! A note!" Sally exclaimed. She picked it up and read it.

"Dear people, you have fully cooperated to my plan by giving me Spacecraft IX, Mini-jet VII, 5 supernatural beings, and- well, that's pretty much it. -Xander, your soon-to-be-and-technically-already dictator. The place seemed to be some sort of maze. There were 3 doors, one going left, one right, and one straight ahead.

"Let's go left." I said.

"No, right."

"No! Center!" "ARRGH!"

After much consideration, we decided to go right. Three doors were locked. But, however, there was a trap door in the middle of the floor. But we couldn't go in it, because a large slimy worm was coming out of it.

More and more segments were crawling out, so I blasted a segment. It melted, and the worm detached from the remaining segments. However, the remaining segments grew a head like the original worm, and started to chew on my leg. Ouch.

"Nobody inhale!" Grandpa said. He released some toxins into the air. The worm breathed them, shriveled up, and dissolved.

The 3 doors unlocked. We went left, after much consideration. In this room, tentacles burst out of the walls and constricted us.

"I really cannot wait until we get out of here." Sally said.

## CHAPTER 12

### MEANWHILE, IN A BUILDING FAR AWAY...

My name is Willson. I'm the narrator for this chapter. So, I'm practically who "I" is, at the moment. Me, my friends Oscur and Sarah, my dad Rolph, and my grandpa Pete are tightly strapped in chairs you would find in a dentist's office.

"Hello dweebs." Xander said. "All strapped in? Good." I suddenly lost every single one of my senses. I couldn't even taste the saliva in my mouth. Which was good, because I really hated the way saliva tasted.

After a minute or so, I regained my senses.

"Do you understand the mission?" Xander asked.

"Yes!" we all said.

"Actually, could you repeat?" Sarah asked.

"FINE," Xander said.

"We go outside, Willson, Oscur, and Pete get into Spacecraft IX, Rolph and Sarah go into Mini-jet VII, and I control the Creator. NOW is it clear?"

"Yes, thank you." Sarah said.

"Alrighty, let's get a move-on!" Xander said. I was excited. I was so excited, that my psychic powers went out of control and blasted Oscur into the wall.

"Sorry." I said.

After all of us were in our desired spots, we only had to wait for our enemy. But, I didn't know who that was. I guess I'll just have to wait and see.

## CHAPTER 13

### SUPERSTITIOUS?

“Hooray! We escaped the labyrinth!” Oscar screamed. We saw Xander, the Creator, and our children, who looked like they were about to attack us. The Creator grabbed all of us, and shoved us into the time machine, and sent us to the year of 45 billion B.C. A huge explosion engulfed us.

**THE END!**

Or is it? If we die in the past, our grandchildren would not exist, therefore Xander's plan would be incomplete, making the plan not exist, having the Creator not create the time machine, making our death not possible. But if that's the case, then we wouldn't die, our grandchildren would exist, Xander's plan exists, the time machine is made, and, it creates a paradox.

"Oh dear. *Another* paradox?" The God of fiction said. "Oh well. I'll just return things to normal, and start a new chapter."

## CHAPTER 14

### I'M NOT SUPERSTITIOUS. ARE YOU?

“Hooray! We escaped the labyrinth!” Oscar screamed. We saw Xander, the Creator, and our children, who looked like they were about to attack us. The Creator grabbed all of us, and shoved us into the time machine, and sent us to the year of 2390. We came out in a cage. Xander was outside.

“Hello guys and gal,” Xander said.

“Let us go!” Oscar said.

“Why should I?” Xander asked. “I’m too busy taking over the world. Oh yeah, I already did, 377 YEARS AGO! Since YOU can’t do anything, I can just let my prisoners of this dungeon go!” He cackled and shot us with Mr. SleepyTime.

When we woke up, Xander and the time machine were gone. I wish I never got these superpowers. Why do I have to be the chosen one? Why me?!?! WHY MEEEE?!?!?!?!?

We all combined our powers and focused them on the bars of the cage to try to break free. But, that did absolutely nothing.

“Hey, I’ve got an idea!” Oscar said. “I can see a trap door! If we push the cage from the inside, we can get in there! All we have to do is simultaneously jump and push in the same direction, and the cage will gradually shimmy where we want it to go!” It was a good idea. So we cooperated.

“PUUUUUSH!” Grandpa shouted.

From the hard but almost useless effort everybody was making, I knew that this is certainly going take a loooong time. Coordination was not really our strong suit.

## CHAPTER 15

### THE TRAP DOOR(S)

After about an hour or so, we finally made it to the trap door.

“Huh?” I said. “This isn’t a door! It’s a painting of a door with a doorknob attached!” I shouted.

“Maybe THAT’S the real one?” Oscar said. So, we headed for the trap door that Oscar pointed to.

“PUUUUUUSH!” Grandpa yelled. The next 12 trap doors we attempted to reach were fake. The next one we reached was real, however. Grandpa opened the door. We jumped in, and fell. And fell, and fell. We hit the ground after 6 seconds.

“Hey!” I said. “I finally got that tooth out!” My tooth glowed. The reason, I don’t know. Maybe because of that suspicious toothpaste I used back in the toothpaste factory... But it helped us by showing us the way through the rugged path, and every intersection. It was quite a surprise that my tooth was glowing. I mean, teeth don’t glow.

“Wait a second, that’s right! Teeth don’t glow!” I thought aloud. I dropped my tooth. I saw a large machine, with a laser that pointed at the glowing object that, likely wasn’t a tooth. The laser magically blasted the tooth, with no sight of anything activating it. Suddenly, an extra-large pair of radio proof tweezers grabbed the tooth.

I read the text on the machine. “RADIOIZER”. Did the ray make the thing radioactive? A very strange being was holding whatever was now radioactive. Whatever they were, they weren’t human. They ran away with the object.

“That was strange.” Oscar said.

“I ag...” Sally said. She stopped talking when she saw a hole above her. We climbed out.

## CHAPTER 16

### XANDER'S PLAN (IN SLIGHTLY LARGER THAN A NUTSHELL.)

It's me! Everybody's favorite villain, XANDER! And guess what? I'm narrating! I'm going to explain my plan of evil. First, I used my telephone of time to call the Creator, who, I actually created by combining a piece of paper and a microscopic life form. Anyways, let's get back on topic. I used the time telephone to tell the Creator to build the time machine, so I could duplicate The Creator's homework sheet. After holding William and his chumpy friend, I brought them back so I could have them bring me those useful transportation vehicles. Unfortunately, I had to destroy them at this time or later, or else the paradox would ruin it all. If William, chump, little lady, and Will's dad and grandpa don't get here in 5 minutes, I'll say that they're dead and move on with my life. But, no. Here they come now... drat.



## CHAPTER 17

### THE WAR OF THE 24<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY

*Narration returns to William.*

"I won't let you rule this world!" I said.

"But." Xander said. "You will. So, I recommend you retreat while you can."

"NEVER!" screamed our side. The Creator slammed their tentacles where we were standing. We all scattered, avoiding being crushed. Willson, Oscar, and Pete fired lasers from Spacecraft IX. Part of Dad's hair disintegrated.

"Now I've got a bald spot. Earlier than I expected though," he said.

In Mini-jet VII, Rolph started to randomly push buttons. Several missiles, lasers, and cannons extended out of Mini-jet VII. However, the weight from all that rocketed the plane to the ground. But then, everything was fired directly at Oscar. But suddenly, an extremely bright light surrounded Oscar, and all projectiles bounced off of him.

"THAT'S IT! NOW THINK OF BREAD AND BUTTER!" Screeched a voice.

"Say whuuuuuuuuuu?" Oscar asked, as he dimmed slightly.

"IT'S DO OR DIE!" The voice said. So, Oscar began to think of bread and butter. A beam shot from Oscar, towards the Creator.

"Deflect it!" Xander yelled, pulling levers. The Creator used both arms to block Oscar's laser, but, in the end, the Creator was blasted backward, while in a robotic voice, saying something like, "4jwu\*pHm%1!". Bolts surrounded Oscar, and then he collapsed unconscious. The laser that Oscar shot was mirrored into the sky. After the laser was out of sight, large sonic waves of force struck everybody.

Sally started speaking an unknown ghost tongue, which sounded like, "Hry yjr,. us hjpdyd!" and several ghosts started to attack Spacecraft IX, the only thing



## EPILOGUE

### THE END, FOR NOW, SERIOUSLY - THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM

I told Oscar, Sally, Dad, and Grandpa about what's happened in the last few weeks, while they were recovering from their injuries. "Well," I said. "Xander's head was, literally, blown off. Next, the time machine was strapped to firecrackers, and they were shot into the sky. I decided to retire from superhero activities for a while. After all, I only have an adventure a year! So, that's what's happened since we defeated the Creator, for the second time." Oscar chuckled.

"In this hospital, there are really nifty nice nurses." he said.

"Hey, do I have to tell you AGAIN?" Dad yelled. "No girlfriend until you're married!"

"Ok.....?" Oscar said, confused at the ironic statement.

We all took a vacation, and we lived happily ever after. For a while...

TO BE CONTINUED...