

William, a Normal Kid Without Normal Adventures

PART IV

THE DREAD ATTACK OF THE AI

BY NATHANIEL



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

PART 4

The Dreaded Attack of the A.I.

by Nathaniel

Prologue

Yup. It's me again: William, in 8th grade. The robot that the 7th grade computer club kids made to destroy Xander has been put in the basement of a member's house. Me and the 4 other members of the club that I know play with the robot whenever we have time to. It's used as examples for other 7th graders, and lately, I've also been very happy that Xander and the Creator are gone, but I'm still dwelling on the fact that I got rid of 3 of my own grandchildren. Other than that, everything's normal. Until one day...

Chapter 1

An Absolutely Normal Day at School

I should probably introduce you to some of the old members of the 7th grade computer club. First up, Stan, who is basically the leader of the club. Everybody (but me) calls him Captain. (Or Cappy, but only on alternating Wednesdays.) Second is Gary, but for some strange reason we all call him Rhubarb. He doesn't even like rhubarb! I don't see why we don't just call him peach, or blueberry. And 3rd there's Brian. But, we decided to call him Brian. I mean, what really creative nickname could we give Brian? I stepped into math class to see my teacher, Mr. Wah-Wah, writing a very long equation on the board. Here it is:

$$[2323232345454545*(34560124527/216749243)*(9285618459573*4562748)+583096830573*945854]/383954736548=_____.$$

I nearly fainted when I saw this.

"Now, does anyone know how to solve this?" Mr. Wah-Wah asked, in a very serious tone.

"Well," Brian said. "First, we have to divide 34560124527 by 216749243."

"Which is..." Mr. Wah-Wah asked.

"SOMETHING!" Oscar yelled, for all in the school to hear.

"Wow, that's some answer," Rhubarb told Oscar.

Chapter 2

Something's the Word

After school, we went down to our secret storage place containing our robot. It was gone. "How did this happen?" Stan asked.

"There's got to be SOME explanation, Captain," Brian said.

We looked everywhere in the room. I found the voice codes and read, "Forget the owners —something," aloud.

"Why did we even put that command on?" Rhubarb asked.

"Why did we even decide to call you Rhubarb, Rhubarb?" I questioned.

"I don't know, but we need to find that robot!" Brian said. We ran up the stairs and burst out the door.

Meanwhile, the robot was walking down the street, moping, "I'll never find what they call 'home'." But then the Robot looked up to find a building flashing: CLUB ROBOT.

"Hurray! Home for me!" Robot shouted.

We were able to catch up with our robot just in time to see him go through the front door. "We need to get in there!" Stan said. So we quickly rushed over to Club Robot and burst through the doors. We were scanned by a security system.

It said, "0% ROBOT. INVALID!" A laser came out of the security.

"I think we should leave, how about you?" I casually suggested. We went out of the building screaming.

"How are we gonna get the robot back?" Stan asked. "Ideas?"

"We could . . . uhh . . . how about we . . ." Brian began.

"Ok, but any other ideas? Maybe some more practical ones?" Stan asked.

"I got nothing," Brian said disappointedly. Stan smacked his forehead and groaned.

Chapter 3

Plans and Crafts

Brian invited Stan, Rhubarb, Oscar, Sally and me to his house for plans.

“What’re we gonna do?” Oscar asked.

“You tell me!” Brian said.

“Why don’t we just go incognito?” suggested Stan.

“I mucho me gusta that idea!” Sally said.

“So what’re we waiting for? Let’s get to work on this robot costume!” said Rhubarb triumphantly. We went down to Brian’s basement and got a cardboard box and cut some holes in it.

“Perfect,” I said. Next, we went down to the dump and got a large piece of glass to use as a screen. We attached it to our box after resizing it to fit in one of the holes. Brian opened up a drawer and found some permanent markers. He drew a smiley face on the screen then drew a dial and a switch on the side of the box. This was the robot’s head. Then Brian got another cardboard box that was bigger than the first box.

“We need some tin foil,” said Brian. Stan rushed up the stairs. A minute later, he came back down with the box of tin foil. We wrapped foil around the rectangular prism, and then we had a robot torso. We got some metal tubes for legs and arms, and small cardboard boxes for hands and feet.

“Now, I will be on the bottom, operating the legs,” said Stan.

“I can be the torso and arms,” said Brian. And I volunteered to be the head and voice.

“I am a robot. Beep bop,” I said as we waddled and wobbled up the stairs and out of Brian’s house.

“It’s getting hot in here,” Brian complained.

“Just keep your arms down. I got this,” replied Stan.

Chapter 4

The Infiltration

As we wobbled violently back to Club Robot, we were given weird looks from the people in the neighborhood.

“Now we just have to dismantle security and get our robot back!” I said. We burst through the doors and got ourselves checked by the security,

“60% ROBOT. SUSPICIOUSLY VALID,” said the security.

“Would you like a soothing back massage?” I asked, with my best robot impression.

“Sure,” answered security. We wobbled towards the back of the security robot.

“Brian! The screwdriver!” I whispered. Brian got out the screwdriver and unscrewed the screws. Then he yanked out the wires and said, “Kick it, Stan!” Stan brought up the left leg as far as he could. The other robots in the building turned and looked at us. We got out of our fake robot, and I yelled, “Let’s go find our robot!”

A robot charged towards Brian. Luckily, Brian decided to take wrestling classes over the summer. Brian picked up the charging robot and shaped it into a boomerang. Brian threw the boomerang, knocking out exactly 19 robots. All the remaining robots made a hole in the wall and retreated.

“Let’s leave,” Stan said. So all of us returned home. I wondered where the retreating robots were going. I decided to sleep on it.

“Why are you going to bed at 3:30 P.M.?” Oscar asked me.

“No one said I couldn’t,” I replied.

Chapter 5
A Myster — No, a VERY
Mysterious Dream

I climbed onto my bed and fell into a deep slumber. A dream brewed inside my mind. Xander was standing in front of me. Except, he had no hair and a crystal ball for a head. His eyes glowed green, and his mouth hung open. Xander groaned like a zombie and fell to his knees. His crystal ball head rolled off and into my hands. The head slowly rotated and spoke.

“Use your head to look under your bed. Dig 20 feet under, and there you must slumber. Dream of a pie, a cranberry pie, but do not eat it, or else you will die. Wake up next morning and hope you weren’t snoring, and a present will be given to you.” Xander’s body fell to the ground and burst into flames. The crystal ball head melted and the resulting puddle spoke to me.

“After the present is given to you, find a stick and snap it in two. Then put on two purple sandals, and on your head you must put three candles. Once you do that, go down to your basement. Walk into the room with the fine blue pavement.” The puddle evaporated into a cloud. It AGAIN spoke to me!

“Disaster will come when I arrive. ‘Cause I will rain acid that will give you hives. So get the job done before I come, and you will be rewarded but not with gum.” The cloud vanished, and Xander’s burned body rose from the ground. It wrapped its arms around me, and that’s when I awoke.

“Weird,” I said.

Chapter 6
A Very Strange
Set of Tasks

When I woke up, I looked under my bed, and there lay a shovel. I pushed my bed over to the side and dug 20 feet into the ground. Just then, Oscar walked in.

“What exactly are you doing?” he asked.

“I’m performing a very strange set of tasks given to me by Xander’s bald, glass head,” I answered.

Oscar slowly walked out of the room. I fell asleep in the hole I dug and had another weird dream. The glass-headed Xander was there, but this time his head rolled onto the ground and shattered into pieces. The pieces of the head all muttered, “Metal. Metal! Metal?” More mutterings followed. “LLL...atem. LLL...atem. LLL...atem.” A cranberry pie appeared where Xander’s head used to be. The pieces of glass on the ground became doves and flew away. And with that, I awoke. A present was on my leg. I opened it, but there was nothing in the box. I went outside and found a stick. I snapped it in two. I put on my Mom’s purple sandals while balancing her scented candles on my head. I carefully made my way down the stairs into the basement. I went into the laundry room, the concrete floor of which was painted blue. That night, in yet another dream, glass-headed Xander returned.

“Think of languages, child,” he said in a monotone voice. “Say the LLL...atem.” In the dream, I thought about what the head said. In my other dream, the head repeated the word ‘metal’ then another word that sounded like ‘latem’. I took a piece of paper and a pencil out of my pocket. I wrote down ‘metal’. Then I wrote the word ‘latem’. I stared at the words, and it hit me! ‘Latem’ was metal backwards. Maybe all I had to do was say the name of a metal. I quickly exited my dream and said the first metal that I thought of.

“Aluminum.” Nothing happened. Well, maybe I have to say the name of the metal backwards? So I said, “Munimula.” Suddenly, another gift box appeared in front of me. This time there was actually something inside.

Chapter 7

Drawers' Workshop?

My present was a pad of paper labeled, "DraWinG."

"Well, no matter how useless this pad of paper is, I may as well put it to good use," I said to myself. So, I opened to the first page. Then, I drew a tomato and gave it little, stubby arms and legs. I wrote, "Bob the tomato" under the drawing. I noticed that there weren't any other pages. But, there was an erase button at the bottom. Also, there was a button that wasn't labeled. I pushed it. My drawing disappeared from the pad, but in front of me there was a tomato with a face and stubby arms and legs. It was my drawing. Bob the tomato.

"Hello, Master," spoke the now three-dimensional drawing. "Please give me some more friends, Master. I am lonely, Master." I started scribbling on the pad and pressed the button that brought Bob to life.

"Here, Bob. This is Ray the floating cube." I picked up the present box to throw it out, but then I noticed that there was a remote control with a cord coming out of it. It looked like the end of the cord was meant to go in the side of the pad. The following buttons were on the remote: EDIT, DELETE, DUPLICATE and MIX. I drew a circle to test the buttons. Here were the test results: Delete and Duplicate were self-explanatory. Edit sucked up the drawing back into the pad so you could add extra detail. Mix zapped a drawing so you could combine it with another drawing. I found this pad fascinating. I changed my mind since I first got it. This pad of paper was definitely not useless.

Chapter 8

Robuts Are Coming

Oscar walked into my room and said, “What the —,” but then I interrupted him.

“— the heck am I doing? I’m using this awesome pad that turns drawings into 3-D objects!” Oscar snatched the pad out of my hand. I looked over his shoulder to see what he was drawing. I told him what the buttons did, and he pushed the one that brought his drawing to life. It was some security camera thing.

“Now we can watch over the entire town to see who needs help!” Oscar said.

“And why do we need to do that?” I asked.

“Well, we are technically superheroes,” Oscar replied. “We even saved the world, not once, not twice, but thrice!”

After thinking about it, I said, “I have a better idea.” I picked up the remote control and hit EDIT while pointing the remote at the security system. I erased it and drew a telephone then pushed the 3-D button. “Now people can call us when there’s an emergency, and we won’t have to be staring at the security cameras all the time,” I said. I went to get a drink, but when I came back, Bob the tomato had a mustache. I groaned. Suddenly, the phone rang! I answered it.

“Hullo? This is the mayor. Robuts have started to attack the city. Help!” He hung up.

I put the phone down and said, “We have our first mission, Oscar my buddy. Soon, we’ll have to save the world...” I paused to think, and then shrugged my shoulders, “...quadrice!” I loved my job.

Chapter 9

The Ultimate Battle Of Ultimateness

Oscar and I stepped outside. Robots ran down the streets. We gathered Sally, Dad and Grandpa. A fleet of robots stopped in front of us. A circle of robots surrounded each of us. But Sally backed us up by summoning the ghosts of power. Together they formed the black ghost with the gray axe that could blast rainbow laser beams. All of the robots surrounding us were cleared away. We proceeded deeper into the city.

We found robots. Well, of course we did. What else would we find? But when we destroyed these robots, they just blew up and spit out more robots. The new robots were smaller than the original ones. We couldn't seem to destroy them. We were drowning in a sea of robots. We blasted, kicked, snapped, slapped, punched, bit and head butted the tiny robots away. But then, all of the tiny robots stacked up one on top of each other and created a giant robot.

"That's exactly what I was expecting," Oscar said. I agreed, saying, "If we're going to save the city for a fourth time, it could at least be a bit less predictable. But this battle is going to be epic!"

We shot our powers at the robot, but the robot seemed immune to them! The robot zapped us with a laser. We all shot backward and we each flew into different objects. I hit a fire hydrant. Oscar flew into a lamppost, Sally into a building, Dad into a parked car, and Grandpa hit an old lady.

"Sorry, Ma'am," he said. The giant robot walked away. I hated my job. I went back inside and ate a sandwich.

Oscar came in and said, "I think that's our first failed mission."

But I lit up and replied, triumphantly. "Not yet!" I rushed upstairs, got the magic pad and started scribbling away. I created a time machine.

"Great... more time nonsense?" Oscar asked.

Chapter 10
Time Traveling Time!
Again...

“Who should we fetch?” I asked Oscar.

“We’re getting help?” Oscar replied.

“Yes,” I answered.

“Then I think we should get our grandchildren from 2391,” Oscar said.

“Good idea,” I said. We hopped in the time machine. But, just to be safe from totally wrecking the space-time continuum, we went to 2392. We were on a pile of rubble. The school, the toothpaste factory and all the other buildings were gone. All that was there was a large case with several robots. The robots were hopping out of the case and wandering into a portal, but the worst thing was Xander walking up to us. He had the same bald, glass head as he did in my mysterious dream.

“You must have come here for allies,” he said. “Because you cannot defeat the robots.” Did Xander just read our minds? “Before, you knew me as XANDER, THE DICTATOR OF THE UNIVERSE! But now, I have lost my head and have decided to rule your hometown instead of the world. You know — to start smaller,” he continued. I understood him completely. “I released my prisoners five months ago. Now, I create fun, puzzle mazes for time-travelers to solve,” Xander went on.

“We’ll do a puzzle, if it means we get allies,” Oscar said.

“How many allies would you like?” asked Xander. We said five, and the next thing we knew, we were sucked into Xander’s head. A voice spoke to us.

“Welcome to Xander’s own version of his very own...MAZE!” the voice said.

Chapter 11
The Maze of...
Something...

We looked around. We seemed to be in a room with several tunnels. On the floor lay a paper. It read, "Find the pipe that's different from the rest. Pick the wrong one, and you die. Take too long, you also die." My straight face turned into a frown.

"It's this one," said Oscar.

"But — " I started to say, but Oscar interrupted me.

"This one's got blue inside. The rest have red," he pointed out. I never knew what amazing things that kid would do. We crawled through the tunnel with the blue inside. After crawling for a bit, we came out of the tunnel into a room with several floating cubes. We landed inside a cube and counted 26 others, making 27 floating cubes in all. Another paper lay in our cube. This one read, "Make a cube that's 3x3x3." I banged on the inside of our cube, and the cube flew into another cube. They connected, and we could access both cubes. Oscar and I both pushed on opposite sides of the cubes. Then the cubes flew up, colliding into a third. Soon enough, we had shoved the arrangement of cubes around and only had one cube left to make our 3x3x3.

"We need to do this perfectly," I said. We nudged our arrangement of cubes carefully to attach the remaining cube at just the right angle. And we did it! Our large 3x3x3 cube floated to the floor of the room, and a floor tile opened up. We climbed down, arriving in a room with a pit full of water and a wall behind it.

A piece of paper was on the floor. "Dive and explore this underwater section of the maze. There will be places to breathe," was what it said.

"Go on without me," Oscar said. "I can't swim."

Chapter 12

Underwater “Cavern”

I dove into the pit of water. I must have gone at least 20 feet down. I quickly made a left and then another left. I could see the trail of bubbles I made. I could feel myself panic because I knew I would have to take a breath soon. I needed air. I swam faster than I've ever swum before. Suddenly, I had to take a breath. I opened my mouth and drifted away from the spot where I was. I felt myself go unconscious. I woke up in the location where I first dove in, but Oscar wasn't there. There was a hole in the ceiling, but a different one from the one Oscar and I climbed in from the cube room. I climbed up through it. In this room, there was large statue of a dragon. On closer inspection, it looked more like a large serpent. I spotted a paper on the ground. It read, “DIE.” The whole room, except for a small area at the top, filled with water. The serpent statue came alive and charged at me. I swam up to get some air, but then Oscar burst into the room. He swam up to where I was.

“I thought you couldn't swim!” I yelled.

“I found an alternate route,” Oscar replied as he swam up to me at the top of the room. “Make sure you're not in the water,” he continued. Oscar and I pulled ourselves out and were hanging from the faucet that had flooded the room. Remembering his superpower, Oscar hung from the faucet with one hand and shot sparks into the water with his other hand. Soon the water was flowing with electrical currents. I watched the serpent jerk and listened to it screech. All of a sudden, the water in the room started to drain out. A secret passageway opened up. Oscar and I went through.

A piece of paper lay on the ground. I read it out loud, “You did it!” And with that, Oscar and I were swiftly teleported out of the maze back to the pile of rubble in 2392.

Chapter 13

A Series of Unfortunate Occurrences

We got our great-great-great...great-grandchildren, Willson, Oscar, Sarah, Frank and Pete, and took them through the time portal that Xander's robots were using. We came out of a big, black hole with red and purple clouds swirling around it. As we fell through the clouds, I looked up to see a robot holding a package and falling with us.

"Hello, I am a Deliverybot," said the robot. I snatched the package out of Deliverybot's hands and opened it. It was a ray gun that shrunk things.

"Let's test this baby out," I said as I pointed it at Deliverybot. I pulled the trigger, but I had been holding it the wrong way. I shrunk *myself*!

"Hey! That package isn't yours," Deliverybot said as he grabbed the shrink ray and blasted the others. "Take that you thieving hoodlums!" he shouted.

"How are we going to get back to our original size?" Frank asked.

"How are we going to survive this 600 foot fall?" Sally questioned.

"Looks like we're in a series of unfortunate occurrences," I said. Oscar looked down. When we saw him looking down, we all started looking down, too. Luckily, we landed on something big and bushy.

"Hey Mason! I think I'm getting lice again," said a loud, booming voice.

"I think we're on someone's head!" Oscar announced.

"Then we'll just have to get down," Grandpa said. We started our trek through the hair.

"Great! A forest of hair!" Willson complained. We crawled down through curls and wrangled the tangles, heading towards the scalp.

Chapter 14

The Climb Down from Mt. Person

“How big is this afro?” Sarah yowled. Suddenly we hit the scalp, but the horrid events on this human’s head had just begun for two lice had found us. The ten of us let out a blood-curdling scream, “AAAAAAAHHHHH!!” A louse picked up Pete.

“Put me down you oversized bug!” he yelled. The louse carried Pete away. I blasted the other louse that was in front of us. The first louse dropped Pete who shouted, “Look behind you!” We turned around and standing there was some sort of cross between a louse, a flea, a leech, a fly and a mosquito.

“What is that?” Dad said.

“With both leech *and* mosquito DNA, one bite would suck all of the blood out of our bodies,” said Oscar. We ran for our lives. I wondered to myself how something like that could have ended up on someone’s head. We reached the end of the hair. “Now what do we do?” Oscar asked.

“We jump onto the ear down there!” Grandpa yelled, pointing down. “On the count of three! 1 ... 2 ... 3!” We jumped and landed on the ear.

“Quick! It’s coming!” Sally shouted as the Flymosquitoulouseleechflea crawled down towards us. As we climbed down the ear, the Flymosquitoulouseleechflea spat some sort of acid at us. Luckily, it missed us by half an inch, which was a lot to us.

“Hooray!” Oscar whooped as we hit the shoulder.

“No cheering, yet. We’ve got a long way to go,” I said.

“Why don’t we kill the Flymosquitoulouseleechflea?” questioned Sally.

“It’s a new species! Proving that it exists would get us hundreds of thousands of dollars!” Grandpa said, excitedly.

“Right now, isn’t living more important than cash?” I reasoned. We continued climbing down.

Chapter 15

EEK! A FLYMOSQUITOULOUSELEECHFLEA!

“EEK! The Flymosquitoulouseleechflea is almost here!” Sarah screamed. We started crawling down the arm, but the Flymosquitoulouseleechflea was much faster.

“I don’t wanna die on someone’s arm when I’m only 1 ½ centimeters tall!” I yelled.

“Neither do I, but we have to do something!” Oscar yelled back.

“I know!” I continued. “Look! There’s a guitar down there! We could jump down. We’ll land between the strings, but the Flymosquitoulouseleechflea won’t fit!” We all agreed this was our only chance for escape. We crawled down a little further and held on to the person’s sleeve. We were right above the guitar, so we let go. We fell and landed in between the strings into the guitar. The Flymosquitoulouseleechflea hit the guitar strings. It tried and tried to get through but couldn’t. Eventually, it stopped and just sat there, growling at us.

“Great, now we’re trapped,” Sally said.

“I have another idea!” I said enthusiastically. “I’ll just need a few drops of everyone’s blood!” Everyone gave me their blood, and I put it in a plastic bag. Then, I got a stick of wood from the guitar and tied the bag to the stick. “Now, Oscar, once the Flymosquitoulouseleechflea goes away, I need you to lift us up by levitation.” Finally, after about an hour, it went away. Oscar lifted us out of the guitar. “Put us on the Flymosquitoulouseleechflea!” I ordered. Oscar flew us to the creature, and we landed on it. I hung the stick with the bag of blood in front of the creature’s head. The Flymosquitoulouseleechflea noticed the bag and started to run. But, since we were moving with it, the bag moved, too. Eventually, I figured out how to steer the thing, and I led it to my house. Once the Flymosquitoulouseleechflea was on our magic pad, I threw the bag of blood out the window, and the Flymosquitoulouseleechflea jumped out the window after it. We all worked together to draw a growth ray. After 6 hours of struggling, we finally did it!

“Let’s do this!” shouted Oscar.

Chapter 16

Dream Crushers

We zapped ourselves with the growth ray several times. When finally returned to our normal size, we burst out of the house. We spotted the robots down the street. Confronting them, we crushed Xander's robots and, likewise, his dreams of universal control. But then, we were suddenly zapped away from the city into a strange room. We heard a voice.

"Why are you dream crushers? We, the dream makers, would prefer it if you would let others' dreams come true." I looked around the room to see if I could figure out where the voice was coming from. I could see no one but us.

"Show yourself!" I shouted. "And, what exactly are you talking about?"

"You mean ourselves," replied the voice. Before our eyes, six figures appeared.

"What's a 'dream crusher'?" asked Sally, bravely approaching the figures.

"The dream crushers are a group of people who found dreams that were beginning to come true. These people wanted to destroy the dreams. Whether these people are good or bad does not matter. They are our enemies," explained one of the figures. They continued to speak. "If you want to save the town, Will must do it by himself. There is information that is for him and him alone. Besides, Oscar and Sally, your parents returned long ago. Hank and Paul, your wives are worrying about you. The rest of you are going to Xander's time.

We were all zapped away. I was in front of the school. Everyone else went to the dungeon. I walked into the school, and a girl, about the age of 17, was standing just inside the front door. She turned to me and said, "You must be Will. I'm Alice. I'm so glad to finally meet you." She hugged me. I was confused about who she was, but she gave no explanation.

"Now, why did the dream makers take me here?" I asked.

"That doesn't matter. I need to tell you something very important that will help you stop the robot invasion. I know you won't believe me, but you will need Xander's help," Alice replied.

"Why would he help me?" I asked.

"I'll tell you all about it. Sit down," she said as she sat on the bench in the school's entry. I sat down next to her, and she began her story. "Xander was from

your time. Xander met your mom before she met your dad. He fell in love with her, but she didn't feel the same way. She then met and married your dad, and you were born. Perhaps if you remind Xander of the good days with your mom, you might get on his good side." I couldn't believe what I had just heard. She continued, "Xander told me this because we're very close. I'm his daughter." I was shocked.

Chapter 17

Using the Truth for Good

I left Alice and ran off to find Xander. I finally located him by the machine that was generating the robots. He looked at me, and I said, "Remember my mom?" He paused and thought for a moment. Suddenly, his attitude seemed to change. I thought to myself, "This plot seems vaguely familiar."

"We need to stop the robot invasion!" he screamed. He took out a sledgehammer and smashed the robot-making machine. "There. Done," he said.

"Umm...don't we need to get rid of the robots that were already created?" I asked. "They're tearing apart the city," I reminded him.

"Oh," Xander replied. We jumped into the time portal and started to fall. We landed on top of a large robot. It was the only one around, but it was the size of at least 5,000 potatoes. Don't ask.

"We need to get to the center of this robot and melt its heart," said Xander. "However, it will be strongly guarded." Xander opened up a hatch on the robot's head. We climbed in. Now that we were inside, the robot seemed to be the size of at least 20,000 potatoes. Again. Don't ask. A question formed in my mind.

"So...Ummm...Xander, how did you get your glass head?" I asked.

"That computer club's robot was the one and only cause," Xander answered. We crawled through the robot and then, we were attacked by loads of tiny, insect robots! We took an alternate route by simply melting into the floor and making our way to the center of the robot. Eventually, we made it to the heart. I took aim and blasted it, and then it melted. Unfortunately, the security robots found us and attacked. Fortunately, the onslaught was shortened because the giant robot exploded. We were in the middle of a big crowd. My dad ran up to me.

"Will, I discovered some sort of unknown mold growing in our kitchen. I'm going to the big, sciency building to have it checked out. I'll probably end up living there 24/7/365," he said. Mom watched him leave and rolled her eyes. She walked up to Xander.

“Now that you’re not evil anymore, and seeing that Will needs a father-figure for the moment, would you like to stay with our family?” she asked him. “As a friend, of course,” she added.

“Yes,” Xander said, and they walked off towards the house, together.

One of the dream makers came up to me and said, “For bringing Xander to his knees quadrice and for having him quit his career of evil, you are granted one wish.” I was shot backward.

“You mean Xander was actually the cause of all my adventures?” I asked.

“Yes. Make your wish,” the dream maker replied.

“O.K.” I said. “I wish for the chosen ones to lose their superpowers and for no more disaster to come... FOR ... ALL ...ETERNITY!!!!” And, then, there was a huge flash.

Epilogue

Xander turned on the television. There was my dad!

“Hank Orags discovers a new element called Moldoss, atomic abbreviation Ms...” said the newsman on T.V. I thought, “My last name is Orags?!”

“It’s a combination of moss and mold!” said dad excitedly to the newsman.

“Real cool dad you got there,” said Alice.

“Well, not as cool as yours. Except for the fact that he tried to take over the world. A lot,” I said, and we laughed.

THE END