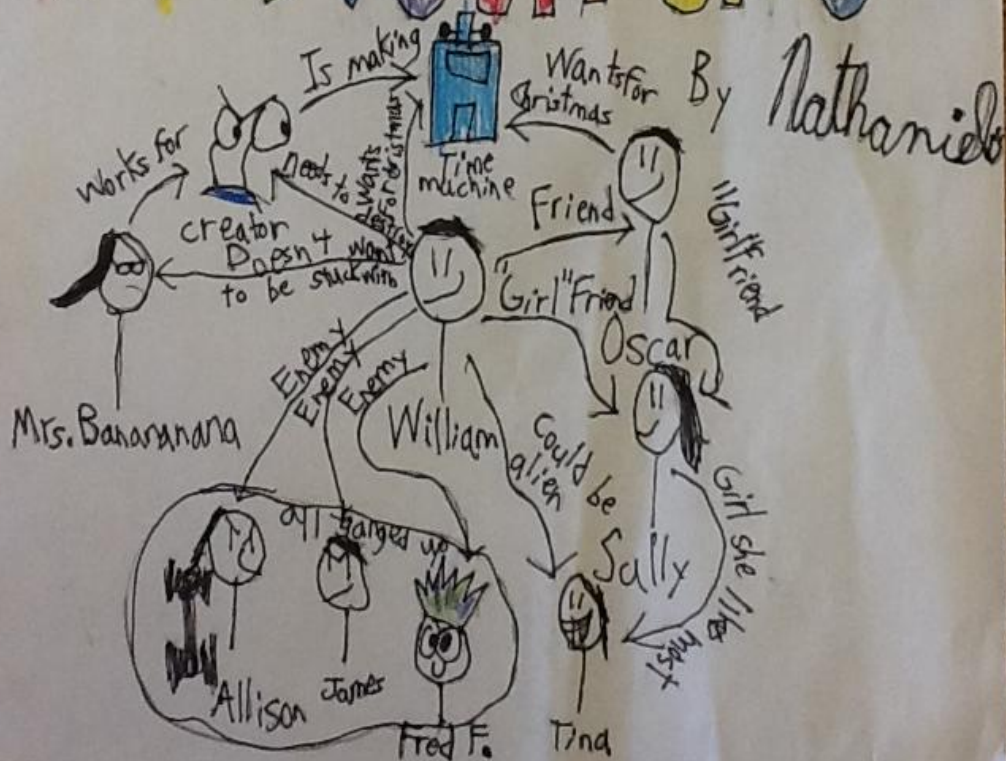


William

a normal kid
without normal

Adventures



***William, the Normal Kid
Without Normal Adventures...
PART 1: Boy vs. Homework***

By Nathaniel

Chapter 1:

The Releasing of the Chemicals

Day: Tuesday

Date: Sept. 8

Time: 12:50 PM

Hey, I'm Will. I'm 10 years old. Right now my class is having science.

"Good afternoon, class," our teacher says. "Today we will be experimenting with hydrochloric acid." His eyes are closed. He bumps into the shelf filled with bottles containing ... ummm ... hidrouchlohreec acid. The chemical spills and starts spreading throughout the school.

Once everyone is evacuated, the heedrowchloh, you know, let's just call it stuff. The stuff has spread everywhere, getting into all the classrooms, including mine, and getting today's homework assignment.

A few hours later, the chemical had cleared. That night, I hadn't done my homework because it wasn't due until Friday. When I was in bed, I heard very quiet footsteps, but when I turned on my light, they stopped. I turned off the light and got back into bed. Then, I heard soft whispering. I thought maybe my little sister, Tina, was playing a "pranky wanky" (which is what she calls a prank) on me. I headed into her room quietly, but she was fast asleep. I went back to my own room, but I saw my math homework and a knife in the hallway. I put everything back where it should be and then went to back to bed. Suddenly, the whispering got louder ... and louder ... and, eventually, it became a shouting voice ... my homework flew into the air about two feet away, facing me. Suddenly, I think it was talking to me using telepathy ...

"WILLIAM!"

"Yes?" I answered.

"YOU MUST FREE US!"

"From what?"

"FROM BEING HERE. AT THE END OF EACH SCHOOL DAY, WE ARE SENT TO THE HOMES OF HELPLESS CHILDREN. THEN ON THE DUE DATE WE ARE STUFFED IN A TIGHT BASKET. WILLIAM, WILL YOU HELP US?"

"I guess so," I said, not really knowing how I could.

"THEN PLEASE ACCEPT THE POWER TO SHOOT LASERS FROM YOUR EYEBALLS."

I thought about this and replied, "Ooo-kaay..."

"YOU MUST FIND OUR CREATOR AND THEN DEFEAT HIM!"

Even though I had no idea how I was going to do that, I just said, "OK."

"THEN GET A GOOD NIGHT'S REST!"

"Ok, then," I said.

Chapter 2: The Freeing of the Homework

Day: Wednesday

Date: Sept. 30

Time: 3:30 PM

When the end-of-the-day bell rang, I left my classroom and went to hide in the boys' room. I didn't want the school janitor or any teachers to see me. I hid there until 4:00. Then I went back to my homeroom and started taking all of the homework assignments and throwing them out the window. I did this in the other homerooms, too. After the last assignment had been thrown out, I went home. When I got to my house, my neighbor / friend, Oscar, walked up to me and told me that his homework had given him the power to shoot lightning from his hands. Then he did it to prove that he wasn't lying. I shot my laser vision into the sky. "Did your homework tell you that you had to find its creator and defeat him?" I asked.

"How did you know?" asked Oscar.

"The same thing happened to me," I explained.

Just then my other friend, Sally, came up to us and said, "Did I hear you say that your homework gave you superpowers?"

"Yes!" Oscar and I said at the same time.

"Well no fair because mine didn't!!!" said Sally, and then she stormed away angrily.

After a 30 second pause, Oscar said, "Let's go game."

Chapter 2.5: The Definition of the Word "game"

game (gaym):

meaning 1: noun, is maybe on a hand-held system or on a board with pieces

meaning 2: verb, means to play a multi-player video game with a friend

Chapter 2.75: The Continuing of the Chapter 2

Day: Thursday

Date: Sept. 30

Time: 4:40 PM

So Oscar and I played our games together which caused me to completely forget that my homework was due the following day.

"HIGH SCORE!" I shouted. I didn't know what was more important: my homework or my entertainment.

Chapter 3: The Finding of the Creator (Part 1)

Day: Monday

Date: Oct. 12

Time: 6:00 AM

We are trying to come up with ideas of who the creator is.

Oscar and I woke up really early so we could start looking for the homework's creator. We already had three suspects:

1. My teacher, Mrs. Banananananana
2. Oscar's teacher, Mr. Gianttoilet
3. Our principal, Mr. Cherrrrrrrry

We knew the assistant principal, Mrs. Garbageface, was way too nice to make something as evil as homework, and it definitely wasn't a kid because all kids hate homework.

"Now," said Oscar, "Who should we start with?"

"Let's just start with the top of the list, my teacher, Mrs. Banananananana."

We ate breakfast and walked over to the school. It was still early, only 7:00.

School wouldn't start for another hour. We hoped our suspects came to school early. We found Mrs. Banananananana at the drinking fountain outside the Teachers' Lounge.

"The jig is up," I said.

"What are you talking about?" was her response. She knew nothing. We walked to Mr. Gianttoilet's classroom to confront him.

"We know who you really are!" said Oscar.

"What are you talking about?" said Mr. Gianttoilet angrily. We quickly walked away before he thought about detention. We only had one suspect left. We went to the principal's office to confront Mr. Cherrrrrrrry. The secretary wasn't in so we went right to his office. He was sitting at his desk.

"We know your secret," I said. His response was nothing. He completely ignored us.

"That didn't go very well," said Oscar. We didn't know what else to do, so we just went to our classrooms.

That same day, after lunch I had to go to the bathroom. I went in a stall and saw these letters carved on the wall:

ROTAERC EHT SI KROWEMOH

I knew that a kid didn't put them there. Kids only write bad words on the bathroom wall like those with four letters. I realized that maybe the letters carved into the stall might be a clue to finding the creator. After going to the bathroom, I went to my classroom to get my notebook. I returned to the bathroom and copied

the letters into my notebook. Later, when I got home from school, I told Oscar what I had seen and showed him my notebook. We didn't have time to talk more, so I told him to meet me in our tree house the next day. I went in the house to do my homework.

Chapter 4: The Oscaring of the Oscar?

Hi there, Oscar here. Some weird stuff is going on.

After Will told me what he saw in the bathroom and showed me the letters he copied, we agreed to meet in the tree house the next day. The next morning when I got to my locker, I noticed these words engraved into it:

WHEN WORLDS ARE REVERSED,
YOU FIND THE
CREATOR.

I read the words “YOU FIND THE CREATOR” and instantly copied them in my journal. That afternoon, when we met in the tree house, I showed Will. We tried to put our clues together.

ROTAERC EHT SI KROWEMOH

WHEN WORLDS ARE REVERSED,
YOU FIND THE
CREATOR.

William’s clue was nonsense, and mine was impossible to understand. There must be more clues.

“Maybe the second clue can make the first clue make more sense,” Will said.

“And maybe a *third* clue could make the second clue make more sense,” I said.

But we both knew that for a third clue to make the second clue make more sense, we would first have to find a third clue. The next day, when I turned in my homework, Mr. Gianttoilet said to me, “About that thing you confronted me about a couple of days ago, Oscar...”

“Yeah?” I asked.

“What was that all about?”

“Probably nothing you need to know about,” I replied while walking briskly away.

Chapter 5: Old Friends...

Day: Saturday

Date: Oct. 31 Halloween

Time: 9:00 AM

William here (again). Tonight is Halloween. I can't wait. Oscar and I are going as vampire-franken-zombies. Just some random thing I made up.

I should tell you about some of the kids in my class. Or, at least they were supposed to be in my class but never came to school. There's Allison Patrie, who was related to James Patrie. They always got the bathrooms mixed up. My principal suspended them, and then they got revenge by attacking the city in a giant robotic toilet. We flushed the toilet, and Allison and James were never heard from again.

And then there was Fred Frednington. He was always weirding everyone out. How did we get rid of him? He was digging for trash one day in a dumpster and was taken to the landfill. He was buried in garbage.

And that's all you need to know before the next chapter.

Chapter 6: The Returning of the “Old Friends”...

Day: Saturday

Date: Oct. 31 Halloween

Time: 8:00 PM

My dad, my little sister Tina, Oscar and I went into the neighborhood to go trick-or-treating. I was going as a vampire-franken-zombie, and Oscar was going as me. Technically making him a vampire-franken-zombie as well. Tina was a fairy-sprite-princess. I planned to get every house on the block and then go to the next block. Tina wanted to go to 1,000,000 houses before going home. But everyone except Tina knew if we did that, we would have to live on candy for the next 50 Halloweens. So we went with my plan.

A half-hour later, Oscar was complaining that he had to use the bathroom. Suddenly a porta-potty appeared out of thin air. Oscar burst into it. The porta-potty disappeared, but Oscar remained where he was. Then, my sister, Tina, shape shifted into a zombie who looked like Fred Frednington. My dad, who was standing next to her holding her hand, unzipped himself with his other hand and became James and Allison Patrie and a plastic toilet. My dad was really tall. To match his height, James stood on the toilet and Allison stood on his shoulders. The “old friends” had come to get their revenge!

At that moment, advanced combat began. It was a frightening fight that went on all night! My laser vision and Oscar’s lightning powers versus James and Allison’s toilet paper cannons and Fred’s shape shifting. But they had the upper hand. Not only were we outnumbered, but also they were almost invincible. Whenever my laser beam or Oscar’s bolts of lightning hit them, they duplicated but shrunk to half their size. At first, we were shocked, but on second thought we found it reasonable according to Lavoisier’s theory on conservation of matter. Eventually, there were about 256 Allison’s, Jameses and Freds. Each one was about ½ an inch tall.

“What are we going to do with all of them?” I asked.

“I know exactly what to do with them,” Oscar said as he started to pick up the mini people and put them in his candy bag.

Chapter 7: AFJ Bars

Day: Monday

Date: Nov. 2

Time: 4:00 PM

In the next two days, Oscar and I had figured out how to clone the tiny people without them getting any smaller, and we produced a new candy bar. It was called an AFJ bar. It came in three flavors: Raspberry Allisonry, Lemon-head Fred and Limey Jamesy. There were ten fruit-flavored people in each chocolate-covered bar. We made twenty-five bars that our families decided to sell. Everyone in our families liked the AFJ bars and thought that other people would like them, too. Each candy bar was 60 cents. Because of the cloning, we had an unlimited supply of candy, which meant infinite money. A month later we had made \$1,000. Each. So we decided to make our tree house into a paradise.

“We have \$2,000. How should we spend it?” Oscar asked. I took a bite out of an AFJ bar and said, “Let’s wait until we have more money.”

Oscar and I waited until New Year’s Day. On that day we had \$3,000. Each. But we had already spent half of it to make our tree house paradise and sent the other half to our college bank accounts. We are about to switch to a new narrator, and you’re not going to be amused.

Chapter 8: I'm a Banana

Unknown Date

I am Mrs. Banananananana. I am William's teacher. Speaking of William, today he became unusually popular. This is rather fishy, but enough about that. I must tell you about some things. I work for the S.T.A. (Secret Teacher Agency). It's located in the Teachers' Lounge, 50 feet underground, where kids will never reach. Down there we are in cooperation with the creator. We have the creator make homework and then send it out to random classrooms. The teachers' purpose is not to teach but to torture children. Our only concern about the creator's safety is that when the creator was born, 3 clues about him were released into 3 different areas. If all 3 are found, the creator could be in danger.

At 3:00, I proceeded to the S.T.A. HQ. "Creator?" I said.

"YES?" Creator asked.

"I am ready to take your homework."

"ALRIGHT. PLEASE TAKE THE SHEETS!" I took the creator's homework and left. I carried out this daily routine religiously while many months passed...

Chapter 9: The Third Clue

Day: Friday

Date: June 11

Time: 2:55 PM

William back at narration.

5 minutes away from the end of the school year. I was thinking about my plans for this summer. 4 minutes. Hop into my chair and play video games with Oscar and Sally. 3 minutes. Everyone was staring at the clock. 2 minutes. We were all losing our patience. 1 minute. I was ready to make a dash. BEEEEEEP! The chariot race began.

What is the chariot race you might ask? The great chariot race is at the end of the school year when everyone tries to get a good seat on the bus by getting there ASAP. I was in third, almost second. I was soon in second behind Gary Flaxx. I took a big leap forward putting me in first. I got on the bus and sat in front. The seats filled up, front to back. And next thing I knew, I was staring at these words:

**SUBTRACT
L
FROM CLUE
2**

Into my journal they went. When I arrived home, I showed Oscar.

“So we have these clues,” Oscar said.

“‘Rotaerc eht si krowemoh’, ‘When worlds are reversed you find the creator’ and now ‘Subtract L from clue 2.’” I said. When we took the L from clue 2 it became “When words are reversed you find the creator.” We shifted the first clue’s letters around.

HOMEWORK IS THE CREATOR

Oscar and I gasped.

Chapter 10: The Finding of the Creator (Part 2)

Day: Monday

Date: June 21

Time: 3:14 PM

We figured that this “Creator” was in the Teachers’ Lounge. We snuck off to school and into the Teachers’ Lounge. We figured that we had a good chance to move around without being detected since it was now summer break. Somewhere the wall looked different than the other areas. It was a door. Oscar and I entered, and inside was an elevator. Oscar pushed B20F. The elevator rocketed down.

We went outside of the elevator and found ourselves in an underground maze. The walls, ceiling and floor were made of concrete. There was not much light. We could barely see in the maze, but at least it was dry. We couldn’t hear any sounds and both felt this was very strange.

“I wish we had a map,” I said. We didn’t have a map, but we did have walkie-talkies. Oscar and I got out our walkie-talkies and decided to split up. There was a choice of three paths: straight-ahead, to the right and to the left. I went right, and Oscar went left.

Cshh, “Oscar, do you read me?”

Cshh, “Read you loud and clear,” Oscar replied. About two minutes later, I arrived at a dead end. I reported that to Oscar, and he said he had reached a dead end, too. We met back at the entrance, but this time we decided to take the path straight ahead together. Another six minutes later, there was another fork in the path. Again there were three choices. Oscar quickly chose the left path. Oscar likes going left, but he didn’t know that there was a sign lying on the floor by the left path that said “PUFF’S LAIR”. I could have warned him over the walkie-talkie, but something called Puff didn’t seem very dangerous. This time, I went straight forward, and soon found myself at two doors. They both said “Creator’s Lair” on them. I opened the door on the left and walked through, bumping into a brick wall with “SUCKER!” printed on it in black. I opened the door on the right, and there was another brick wall with “SUCKER!” printed on it, too. I went back to where Oscar and I had separated. Oscar was coming back too. But Oscar was being chased by an elephant wearing several afros all over its body (not only on its head, but every joint had an afro, and there were some on his back and coming out of his ears)...and it was very angry. Oscar and I looked at the elephant with the same looks our teachers had given us when we confronted them about the creator. The elephant stared back.

Chapter 11: Puff, the Afroed Elephant

Day: ?

Date: ?

Time: ?

I am losing track of time underground.

Oscar noticed the plank of wood next to the path. He picked it up and read it out loud: "PUFF'S LAIR". I thought for a minute and said to the elephant, "So, your name is Puff?"

The elephant nodded and smiled. Puff pointed his trunk down the path to the right.

"Yes, I'm assuming that is the correct path," Oscar said. Oscar and I hopped onto the bushy afro that went down Puff's back, and we all went down the path to the right. All of a sudden there were lots of snakes charging down the hallway towards us! The snakes started tearing the bushy hair off Puff's legs. Puff trumpeted. After all of the hair on Puff's legs was gone, the snakes began to bite Puff's skin. Puff trumpeted again, this time louder. Then Puff fell to the ground.

"NOOOOOO!!!" I screamed. And to think I felt so distressed at his passing even though I only met him in the previous chapter. Then the snakes had a new target: us. Oscar and I shot lasers and lightning at the snakes to get rid of them. Puff's legs were covered in red, purple and black bite marks. I felt extremely sorry for Puff, the (formerly) afroed elephant.

Chapter 12: Lost

Day: ?

Date: ?

Time: ?

Many twists, turns, split paths and fake doors had left us with no sense of direction. Luckily, we found a backpack filled with mac 'n' cheese and a jug of chocolate milk. Oscar and I didn't know how long that food might have been down there, but we didn't care. We were STARVING!!! We ate a little of the food then went on, taking the backpack with us. As we were walking, I looked down on the floor. I saw a sheet of paper and a remote control with only one button. I picked them up and read the sheet of paper. It said, "Press the button on the remote control to go back to the maze." Oscar took the remote from me and pushed the button. As soon as his finger pressed down, we both teleported to the start of the maze. We found another piece of paper that wasn't there before. This one said, "Go straight then right then left. You will come to three doors. Punch in the password on the middle door, but enter the left door. The password is 'KIDSSTINK'. Then go left at the next three intersections, and you should be at the first staircase. Go up the staircase."

"*First staircase?*" I asked. Oscar sighed. I looked at the paper again. It continued, "There are ten staircases all-together." We followed the paper's instructions. Oscar and I were no longer lost.

10 staircases later...

After climbing all those stairs we were really tired. At the top of the tenth staircase was another maze (or a continuation of the first). I looked at our instructions and read the paper out loud, "Go into the maze. Turn right, and when you get to a dead end, charge right into it. Do not worry. The wall is a fake. Oscar and I looked at each other, and we ran into the wall." Crash! We hit the wall with a thud and fell down.

"What the..." said Oscar. I reread the instructions.

"Oops, my bad. It says 'Turn left'," I said. We ran down the left path into the wall. The wall fell over revealing yet another staircase. We went upstairs. Another two staircases later...one more staircase.

Chapter 13: Push a Button

Day: ?

Date: ?

Time: ?

On the second to last floor, Oscar and I saw three buttons: red, green and blue. We looked down at our paper. It said, "Push a button..." but the rest was torn off. I pushed the red one, or at least tried to. Right before my finger hit the button, it flew around then landed on the ceiling. I pushed the green button next. Nothing happened. Finally, I pressed the blue button. Suddenly, four glass elevators popped up each containing a teacher. My teacher, Mrs. Banananananana was next to me. Next to her were Mr. Grayayayayayape, Mrs. Ucantaloupe and our principal, Mr. Cherrrrrrry. Mr. Cherrrrrrry was in a black robe, and the others were wearing white robes. They all had red light sabers.

"How dare you two intrude on the S.T.A.!" Mrs. Ucantaloupe yelled.

"Where is the creator?" I said.

"Tell us or meet your doom!" Oscar warned, readying his powers.

Chapter 14: A Crazy Fight

Day: ?

Date: ?

Time: ?

The battle began with Mrs. B., Mr. G. and Mrs. U. jumping out of their elevators towards me, but Oscar stopped them in their tracks with a bolt of lightning. They backed away from me, and Oscar ran towards them trying to attack some more. Then it was just me and Mr. C.

Point-of-view SWITCH! to Oscar

The teachers' light sabers were no match for my lightning. However, my hands were becoming cramped from using so much power.

SWITCH! to Will

I was fighting Mr. C., but my eyes were burning from using my laser vision. "OWOWOW!" I cried, still holding back Mr. C.'s light saber. Tears sprang to my eyes, and I howled a high-pitched scream.

SWITCH! to Oscar

I was screeching...

SWITCH! to Will

Screaming...

SWITCH! Back to Oscar

...at the top of my lungs...

BOTH!

AAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

SWITCH! Back to Will

Oscar and I were at low stamina, but all the teachers were out cold. The red button flew down from the ceiling and returned to its normal state. I pushed it. To no great surprise . . . a staircase was revealed.

Oscar and I took a quick rest and then went up. At the top of the staircase was a long hallway. Up ahead, we could see a giant, slimy, blue thing with tentacles. The thing had a big piece of paper sticking out of it. As we got closer, I could read the piece of paper. It said: "Homework Assignment (Grade 5): Write a story about an amazing adventure..." That was all I could read, the rest of the paper was covered in slime. I was disgusted. Oscar threw up. Oscar's throw up made me and the thing throw up. The thing's throw up made Oscar and me throw up again (and so on). But who threw up the most? Forget the throwing up part...

"I AM THE CREATOR. I WAS EXPECTING YOU WILLIAM AND OSCAR."

"But how did..." we tried to ask.

"SILENCE!!!" the creator boomed. "I CAN SEE INTO THE FUTURE OK?!! BUT YOUR JOURNEY ENDS HERE! Oh wait, lemme check... YEAH, YOU'RE DOOMED!"

Chapter 16: The Poison

Day: ?

Date: ?

Time: ?

The teachers were about to inject poison into Oscar's and my bodies. Both doses of poison would be injected at the same time. A 5 minute timer started once the poison was inside of me.

"This is how much longer you kids have to live," Mrs. U. said. "5 minutes."

"I'm gonna die," I thought as the last few seconds passed. 3, 2, 1...0. But I remained alive.

"IT HAS BEEN 4 YEARS NOW!" A voice said. Next thing I knew, I was injecting poison into the creator. All the other things that took place after happened so fast that I couldn't even write them down. Oscar and I left the S.T.A. HQ and headed home.

The next chapter takes place many months later.

Chapter 17: Epilogue (or Epiclogue, just for fun.)

Day: Tuesday

Date: Sept. 1

Time: 12:50 PM

Hey, I'm Will. I'm 11 years old, and I am in the 6th grade. Oscar, Sally and I are now in the same class. We are now in a new school with no S.T.A. sort of thing, and, somehow, all the expensive things in our tree house have gone. Oscar's and Sally's parents decided to travel the world, so now, Oscar and Sally live with me. And every night our homework never talks to us about a creator.

Oscar and I were talking about our adventure with Sally in the tree house. We talked about the clues that lead us to the creator.

"What do you think the creator was?" asked Oscar.

"Maybe the thing/creator grew from that homework assignment that was sticking out of it?" I answered.

"HOMEWORK IS THE CREATOR. The answer to the clues...How do you think it happened?" Oscar was thinking out loud. We didn't have an answer to that. We were happy that everything was back to normal throughout the land, and we all lived happily ever after.

(Well, we did live happily ever after, that is, until we met the God of Time and the God of the Universe *duhn, duhn, duhn*)

TO BE CONTINUED...