

**WILLIAM, A NORMAL KID WITHOUT NORMAL
ADVENTURES COLLECTORS' EDITION
PARTS 1 - 4**

By Nathaniel



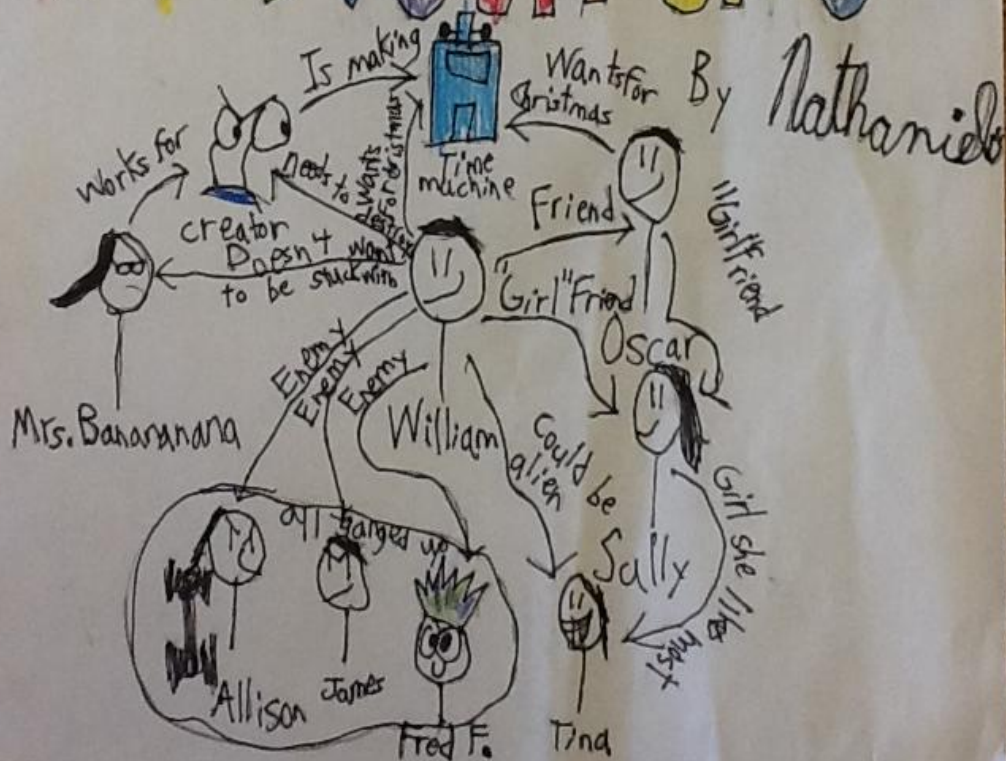
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William

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...

WILLIAM, A NORMAL KID
WITHOUT
NORMAL ADVENTURES

PART 2:
OF TIME AND
OF THE END
THE BEGINNING
DARKNESS



By
Nathaniel



***William, the Normal Kid
Without Normal Adventures...
By Nathaniel B.***

***PART 2:
The end of time
And the beginning of
DARKNESS***



It was just a regular day of school, regularity at a new school with nothing to worry about. I felt good. The next day went by peacefully. 7:30-8:00: open. 8:00-10:00: subject working. Pretty easy. Rest of day, too easy. No chemical releasings, no having to throw homework out the window. Next few days weren't a problem. One thing, however, was strange. The clock had stayed stopped all day, and sometimes stuff ran in slow-mo. I was worried. Luckily, I was going to visit my grandparents this weekend. Maybe Grandpa knows something about this stuff.

When I got to their house on Saturday, I took Grandpa aside and said to him, "Grandpa?"

"Yeeessss, Mah boooyy?" he replied.

"Stuff is really slowing down at school. I don't know what's going on. Can you explain what's happening?" I asked.

"Yeerrr just boored froomm nooot beeeing uused to thee 6th grade," he said.

"No. It's like everything is in slow-motion."

"Hmmm..." he said and paused to think. He gasped, "This iiiss worse than I thought. Come with me." He led me to a secret door in the hallway. Inside was like a laboratory, and there was a calendar hanging on the wall. The date 4 weeks from today was circled. Grandpa pointed to the circled date and said, "On thiiis day, time will be completely stopped. Time must be slowin' down already."

I was worried, but I wanted to find out more. "Why? Why is time stopping?" I asked.

"You see, William," he started to explain. "Father Time is dying. Father Space can revive him, but then Father Space will die, and Father Time will have to die in order to revive Father Space. It will go back and forth in an infinite loop. This is what will cause time to stop and the fabric of space to rip apart." After being given this explanation, I still felt I needed more information.

"What can we do to stop time from stopping in time?" I asked.

"We must feed Father Time these grandfather clocks," Grandpa said while pointing to 10 grandfather clocks in the corner of the room. "The grandfather clocks will give us 900,000,000 years. We must feed them to Father Time to give him more energy. Father Time lives 200 miles above the earth." Grandpa sure knows a lot about this.

"We'll need a rocket ship, right?" I asked.

"Yes, my boy," Grandpa replied.

"How are we possibly going to get one?"

"Go to the grocery store and buy 50 gallons of milk," he answered, but it made no sense. After he gave me 100 bucks to pay for the milk, I knew he was serious. So I walked to the store to buy the milk. I bought the milk, and started walking back home.

On my way home, I was grabbed and robbed. When I got home, Grandpa asked, "Where's the milk, my boy?"

"I got robbed," I answered.

"We should teach 'em a lesson," Grandpa said. We walked to the robbers' hideout and got back the milk.

We went back to the hidden room, and Grandpa brought out a rocket ship. "It's powered by milk!" Grandpa exclaimed. It was just like a real rocket, and there was room for three people, but I was still surprised at the fact that it was powered by milk.

"We should leave tomorrow," I said.

"But I haven't finished the rocket. I'll need 26 more days," Grandpa stated.

"26 MORE DAYS?!?!? BUT THAT MEANS WE WILL HAVE ONLY 2 DAYS TO SAVE TIME AND SPACE!" I shouted.

"The extra time I am taking to prepare will actually make the trip shorter! I'm putting turbo speed on, so the ride won't take as long!" He said back. I told him I would check on his progress from time to time, and he was fine with that, so I went home.



The next day, as Oscar, Sally and I were playing video games, I thought that if I took them along, the job would be easier. So after we finished playing, I asked if they wanted to come along.

“NNNOO!” shouted Oscar. “I’ve already gone through enough helping you stop the Creator! I’m not going through that again...”

“QUIET!” Sally screeched, as she put her hand over Oscar’s mouth. “I’ll come with you, William,” Sally said.

“O.K. Prepare to leave in 25 days,” I said. We then went home for dinner.

After dinner, Sally and I walked to Grandma and Grandpa’s house. I knocked on the secret door. “Grandpa? In there?” I asked. The door opened up, and Grandpa stuck his head out.

“The turbo speed has not been installed, yet,” he stated.

“That’s not why I’m here,” I explained. Sally walked into the hidden room and looked around curiously.

“You weren’t lying, Will. I...I...can’t believe it!” she said.

“Well, it’s there,” I said, pointing to the rocket ship. Suddenly, I heard romantic music coming from Grandpa’s radio. “Really, Grandpa? REALLY!?! WE’RE NOT EVEN TEENAGERS, YET!” I shouted angrily.

“Sorry...” Grandpa apologized while turning off the radio. I asked Grandpa if it would be O.K. for Sally to come along. Grandpa said it would be fine.

Sally and I went back to our house. As we were walking towards the front door, I heard a rustling in a bush. I turned to the bush, but then it was silent. “Hmmm...” I said. I thought that maybe, just maybe, this would lead to a sequel of our current adventure. Something about time travel perhaps...I dunno.

When we got inside, we went to my room to start planning our trip and what food we should bring with us. I thought some old, leftover ham and cheese sandwiches and a jug of water sounded fine, but Sally said that hamburgers, lemonade and cheesecake would be better choices. This told me that Sally was a WAY better planner than me. So if we all go on a vacation together, Sally will have that job.

After the decision about the food, Sally remembered some homework she had to get done before school the next day. She left to go to her room. I continued my regular daily schedule. But then, I saw a red sphere flying around with a blue sphere behind it. The spheres stopped zooming and opened up. They were ghosts. The red one flew towards me and bit me. The blue one appeared behind me and punched my back. Why were these ghosts here? What did they want from me? I knew I had to fight back. I kicked the red ghost and punched the blue one at the same time. The ghosts flew back and hit the wall. The ghosts then merged into each other and made a large purple

figure. "Go away! Who are you? I already know that red and blue make purple!" I shouted. This made the ghost angry. The purple ghost rushed towards me, and I was floating up. Then I realized it had me in its grasp. It used its other large hand and scratched me. I passed out. When I finally woke up, I checked my watch for the date. It was about two weeks later. There were only ten days left to save time and space. I looked around, but I was not in my room. There were flashy colored tiles arranged on the walls. "Where am I?" I whispered. I was still in the grasp of the ghost, and I remembered being clawed. The thought made me drift off to sleep. I woke up next in a dark cave. Again I checked my watch. Only five days left. I looked around and saw bars. I was in some sort of jail. I saw Grandpa and Sally in a cell directly across from me, 5 feet away. "So close and yet so far," I thought.



Inside my cell, there was a flaming mattress. After two days of sleeping on the floor, I tried bending the bars of my cell. They crumbled to the floor. I slapped myself. How dumb could I be? The first thing you do when you're in jail is to grasp the bars tightly. I went to Grandpa and Sally's cell and crushed their bars, and we wandered out. We ran into three ghosts. The red and blue one I had encountered a while ago and a yellow one I had never seen before. I threw a rock at the red ghost. The yellow ghost flew up and caught the rock and used laser vision to make the rock come to life. The tiny rock attacked. Sally stomped it.

"The ghosts of power!" Grandpa shouted. "The red one can use his hands to grasp and scratch, the blue one uses hypnotic rays to put foes to sleep, and the yellow one uses laser eyes to make even the inanimate fight by its side." Then it hit me. Laser eyes! I still had laser vision! I shot lasers at the ghosts, but before they were hit, they fled. At least I thought they were fleeing. They turned around, and the blue ghost flew into the yellow one and a large green ghost took their place. The red ghost flew into the green ghost and created an even larger black ghost. The black ghost was holding a gray, ghastly axe as big as Grandpa.

"Run for your heads!" I shouted. We swiftly went around the ghost and ran as fast as we could to the exit. The ghost tried to chop us many times, but we ducked and he missed us. He then changed tactics and struck at our legs. Sally and I jumped, but Grandpa didn't and lost his legs. The axe was a ghost axe, and instead of being chopped off, Grandpa's legs disappeared when the axe struck. I was shocked, but we had to escape the ghost. Sally and I carried Grandpa the rest of the way. He didn't weigh as much without legs, so we could still move fast. I saw a light. We were nearing the exit. The ghost held up his axe, and a big, rainbow-colored laser came out of it. The laser just missed us and destroyed the ground below us. We flung ourselves out of the exit. Instead of hitting ground, we started falling out of the sky. The black ghost followed us down and separated into a purple ghost and a yellow ghost. The purple ghost scratched Sally. She fell asleep and started falling even faster. The yellow ghost shot laser vision at me. Suddenly, instead of wanting to fight the ghosts, I focused only on Grandpa. Everything was red. Grandpa took out a yellow amulet, aimed it at me and shot a green laser. I felt normal again. I kicked the purple ghost. It separated into the blue and red ghosts. Grandpa used his amulet on Sally, and she woke up. She spread her body out to create more resistance, and she floated up. She finished the fight by punching the blue and yellow ghosts and kicking the red ghost. The ghosts all dissolved away.

After a brief cheer, we remembered we were falling to our death. We screamed. "AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHhhhhhhh!!!! Huh?" We landed on fluffy mattresses. We got down, and there stood Oscar. He was red-faced and panting.

“I saw someone falling out of the sky, so I got as many things as I could to break their fall,” Oscar said, still breathing heavily. I turned around to look and saw tons of mattresses and hay.

“Thanks for saving us, Oscar, but we gotta go,” I said as Sally and I picked up Grandpa and dashed back to his house. The rocket was finished, so we got in. We all put on space equipment and prepared for liftoff.

“It’s a good thing that it was your bottom half that you lost, Grandpa,” I said.

“I couldn’t agree more,” Grandpa replied and smiled at me.

IV

T-minus 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, liftoff. The rocket flew up. We only had 10 hours. That was 8 hours of flying to get to where the God of Time lives, but only 2 hours left to rescue the God of Time. The rocket accelerated slowly approaching escape velocity. The feeling that I was about to save the universe was overwhelming. A thought occurred to me. I asked Grandpa, "What will happen if we don't make it?"

"Time will stop. The God of Space will give his energy to the God of Time. The God of Space will die, and a big, gaping hole in space will suck all of existence into it," Grandpa replied.

"Like a black hole?"

"No. A space hole. Not even something 10 times the speed of light could escape the gravitational pull."

The rocket kept going. We were almost there, when suddenly...

V

A red ghost was outside the window. The other window had a green ghost outside of it. The red ghost went over to the green ghost and was swallowed by it making a black ghost. The gray axe was in its hand. It chopped out rocket hitting the fuel tank. Milk spilled out. "Making another milky way," I said.

"The cow that jumped over the moon won't be happy to see that," laughed Grandpa.

"What did the astronaut say to the Milky Way? Got milk?" joked Sally.

"Stay calm everyone! You shouldn't cry over spilled milk!" Grandpa said.

After many more annoying milk and space puns, we started to panic. We wouldn't have enough fuel. Even if we defeated the ghosts, they would continue to haunt us. The ghost shot a rainbow laser out of its axe. I was hit. A vision appeared before me. A young man was holding something. He was in a grassy field surrounded by three white ghosts. They looked like they were having fun. The object in the young man's hand was the amulet that Grandpa used to save me earlier. It seemed to me that the man was Grandpa in his "younger days." One of the white ghosts accidentally phased itself into the amulet and came out a red ghost. The other ghosts started laughing at the red ghost. The red ghost was angry and shoved the remaining white ghosts into the amulet, and they came out blue and yellow.

"Oh no!" young Grandpa shouted. The ghost flew away. The vision then changed. The same young man was looking at the black ghost we had encountered before. Dead bodies and rubble surrounded the black ghost. Young Grandpa spoke.

"After being friends for so long! How...? Could you have a change of heart?" The black ghost let out an evil moan and flew away. Once again, I had a vision. I saw the same young Grandpa, but he was with a boy about my age. That kid was my dad.

"Ralph, do you promise to tell your children about the ghosts of power?" Grandpa asked.

"I promise," said Dad.

"Looks like *someone* didn't keep his promise," I thought. Grandpa and Dad were in a room that looked exceedingly familiar. Concrete walls, ceiling, floor, three buttons: red, green and blue, glass elevators, unconscious teachers. Yup, definitely the S.T.A. HQ. They walked up "that last staircase" and down "that last hallway" and started fighting the Creator. Creator seemed smaller than when Oscar and I fought him. Dad, or should I say Ralph, seemed to have powers to create powerful, high-ranked magnitudes, and Grandpa could use toxic gases. Sadly, they lost the fight. They left. On the way back, Grandpa dropped a remote control and a booklet of instructions. So *that's* where those came from. I woke up in that cave where the ghosts of power came from.

VI

I was in a different cell from before. Grandpa and Sally were in the cell next to mine. I looked around, and this time I noticed a POSTER! I read the words written:

The five sacred powers for five chosen ones are:
Laser vision for a fearless leader,
Lightning powers for a furious sidekick,
The brainy one can communicate with spirits,
Oldest and wisest uses toxic gases,
Some guy called Ralph can summon earthquakes.

I know all the others, but who's our brain? I saw Sally. Maybe it was her. She got an A on that last science test, an A+ in literacy, A in math, 100% on the spelling test. Yup, she's the brain. At this point, I was sure that one got their powers from homework. I called over to Sally, "Sally, are you wearing the pants that you stuffed your math homework in?"

"I'm pretty sure. Why?" she replied.

"Because I believe the assignment will give you superpowers." Sally took out the assignment. It started speaking.

"You're the only one left of the chosen ones, so...take these powers," said the math homework.

"Whadda they do?" Sally asked.

"They let ya talk to ghosts," answered the math homework.

"Cool," said Sally.

I kicked those wimpy bars out, freed Grandpa, and we went to the exit. We were in our spacesuits, but we lost our rocket. I turned around and yelled, "Black ghost incoming! Use your powers, Sally!" Sally's eyes glowed black. Creeeeeeepy. A long moment of silence passed. Sally turned to me, her eyes returned to normal.

"I had a chat with him, and he said that he would help us save the universe," said Sally.

"Who's he?" I asked.

"The ghost. Duh," Sally replied. "If we get on his back, he'll take us to our destination. I also asked him if he had the power to restore Grandpa's legs, and he said he could do that, too." I looked at her with amazement. The black ghost waved his axe in the air, there was a small burst of light and magically Grandpa's legs were back where they belonged. We hopped on the ghost's back. Luckily, when our rocket disappeared, the grandfather clocks were left behind. While we rode on the ghost's back, he grasped the clocks. As we zoomed into the sky, I wondered what it would be like when we

arrived at the home of the God of Time. Would it be a humble floating island, or maybe a big planet? If there was ever a time to ask this stuff, it was now.

“Grandpa, were the ghosts of power always evil?”

“No. They were once friends of mine,” Grandpa said.

“How did they become evil?” I asked, still wondering. He held up the amulet.

“They accidentally took the powers from this here amulet. Why do you want to know?” he said, quizzically. I told Grandpa about all those crazy visions I had: white ghosts, city in rubble, and more stuff. “Well!” said Grandpa after I finished describing the visions. “You must have seen those visions because of the past attacks!”

“Huh?” I said. I was confused.

“Sometimes, if you are struck by one of those powerful attacks by the ghosts of power, you’ll see visions like that,” Grandpa explained.

“Oh,” I said. “Where did you get your toxic gases from? And Dad’s earthquakes?” I asked.

“Well, we got our powers from the same thing you got your powers from,” replied Grandpa.

“Oh, ya mean homework! One more question: where did those ghosts come from?”

“They are your great great great great great great great great great great great...(cough)... great great grandparents. Well, three of them, that is three out of 65,536.” I looked over at Sally. Her eyes were glowing black again.

“We’re here,” she said.

VII

We came to a floating white cube. It was enormous. "There's no door!" I exclaimed.

"Exactly!" said Grandpa while phasing into the cube. Sally and I phased it, too. Then we saw those gods that Grandpa told me about. They didn't look anything like I imagined. They looked like regular people.

"I'm so hungry, I could eat these underling visitors!" said the god I assumed to be the God of Time.

"But we have food that will be tastier and better for your health!" I said. Grandpa gave the grandfather clocks to the gods.

"Wonderful! More for my collection!" said the God of Time.

"You're supposed to eat them, not store them," explained Sally.

"Exactly! My collection is in my tummy!" said the God of Time. Apparently these gods can't get any more serious. We rode the ghosts of power back home.

"Well, that's good and over with," I said.

VIII

EPILOGUE

(or epiluck)

I think we'll probably go on another crazy adventure a while later, due to my horrible luck. On the way home from my grandparents' house, it started to rain. I had my umbrella, but then I realized that I was hungry, so I went to a restaurant. I accidentally opened my umbrella and spilled my salt. On the way out, I knocked my hand on the wooden door and tripped over a black cat crossing my path. I stumbled backwards and stepped on 13 cracks, went under a ladder and smashed into a mirror that two men were carrying.

That night, in the Creator's lab:

"YES...IT IS FINISHED...NOW...TO GET RID OF THOSE PESKY PEOPLES ONCE AND FOR ALL!"

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 7th grade Computer Club call me "Willpower." But anyways, it was April 3rd, the day AFTER the day I was recovering from the 273 pranks I received on April 1st. 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 3RD, 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 glob 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, meh 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.

"AAHHHHHHHHH
HHH!!!!!!
!!!!!(etc)" And so, the time machine did not reach the destined time, and instead, repeatedly fell through space.

THE END

(OF THE CHAPTER.)

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 3rd, 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 215th 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 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 24TH 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 left in the air. Soon, it was on the ground, and all of our descendants were out of the vehicles, and ready to fight more. Sarah clung to the Creator, and then both of them became invisible. We stayed on a sharp lookout for anything funny, and then, Sally was being beaten by something invisible. I shot at it with lasers. Sarah shot back, and Sally was freed from her. But, she was unconscious. Sarah got up, and retreated from us.

"Wonderful. Only 3 more to fall!" Xander said. All of a sudden, Willson started glowing, and then, Dad was flung high into the air.

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...

William, a Normal Kid Without Normal Adventures

PART II

THE DREAD ATTACK OF THE AI OF

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 Flymosquitolouseleechflea!

“Eek! The Flymosquitolouseleechflea is almost here!” Sarah screamed. We started crawling down the arm, but the Flymosquitolouseleechflea 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 Flymosquitolouseleechflea 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 Flymosquitolouseleechflea 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 Flymosquitolouseleechflea 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 Flymosquitolouseleechflea!” 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 Flymosquitolouseleechflea 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 Flymosquitolouseleechflea was on our magic pad, I threw the bag of blood out the window, and the Flymosquitolouseleechflea 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