



***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.

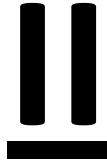
We went back to the hidden room, and Grandpa brought out a rocket ship. "It's powered by milk!" Grandpa exclaimed. It was just like a real rocket, and there was room for three people, but I was still surprised at the fact that it was powered by milk.

"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!"