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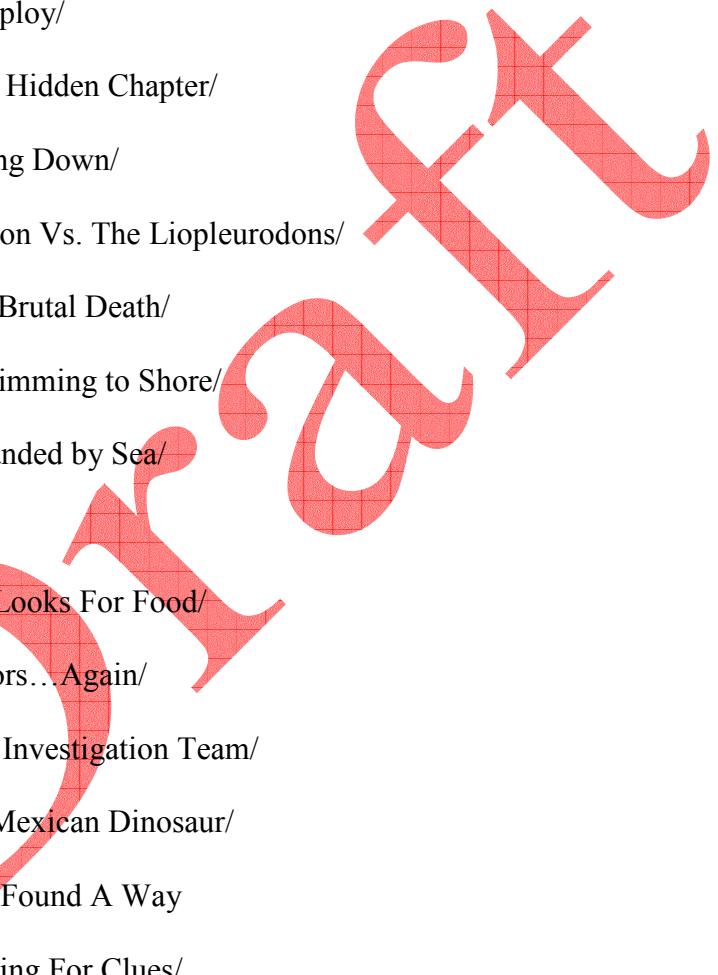
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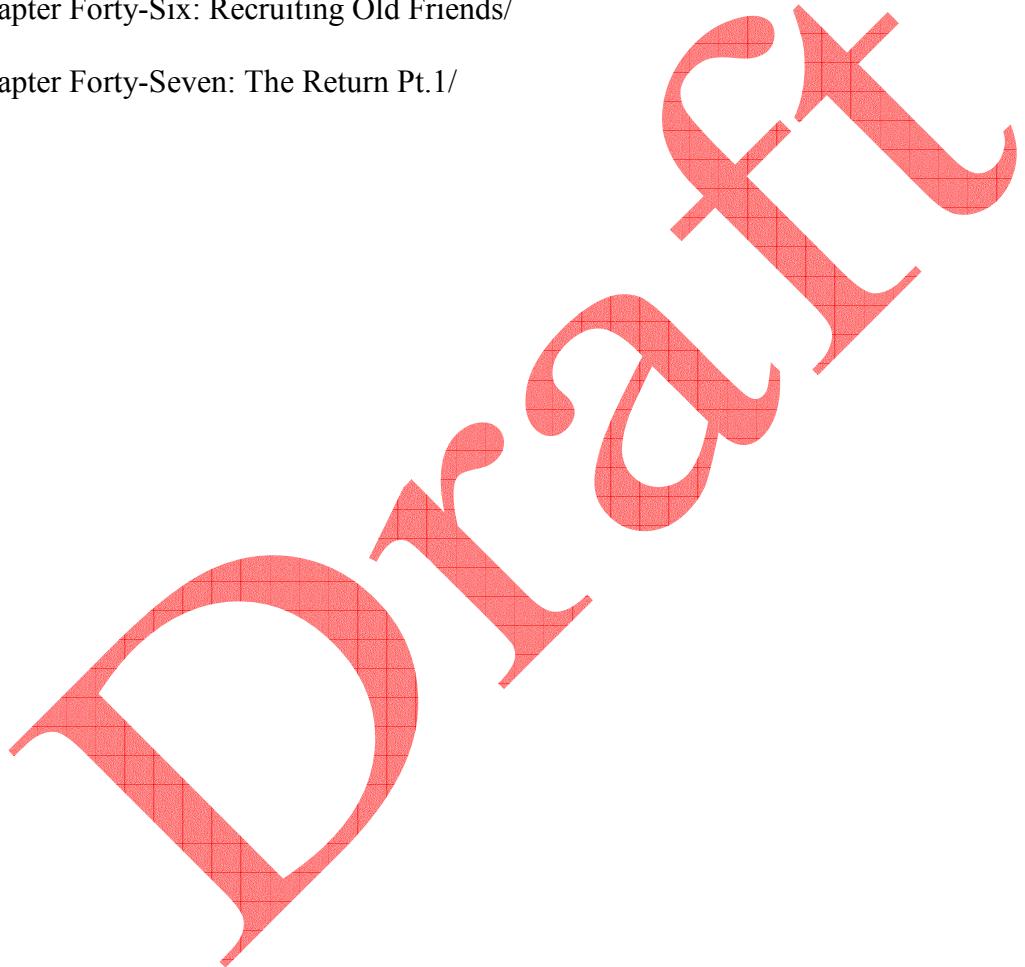
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The Beginning

“Stop, Jenson! Stop!!!”

Daniel Lumina ran down the hallway after Oliver Jenson. Jenson was up to something and he knew it. They stopped and stared at one another.

“Stop, you don’t know what you’re doing. Someone could get hurt!”

“Why do you not approve of what I am doing?” Jenson hollered back at him.

“Because, with that messed up plan of yours bringing dinosaurs to life, it just doesn’t make sense!”

“What doesn’t make sense, old man?”

“Everything! Their genetic codes mixed with these chemicals you’ve created can’t bring a dang thing into existence. I’m afraid I’m going to have to confiscate your evidence.”

“Wait, no you can’t! This will work and I know it.”

“How can you be so sure?”

Oliver walked over to the window of the largest testing lab. He pointed in.
“Believe me now?”

Daniel walked over. The light from the lab illuminated his face. He was in his early sixties. He had dark green eyes, a slightly wrinkled face, and was wearing a business suit. He frowned.

Inside the window, were loads of scientists interacting with specimen of baby dinosaurs. There were a few incubators rotating and warming eggs. One dinosaur was even peeing on a dude’s lab coat.

"Dear...," he stopped and said, "That's it Jenson. Frost and Search Inc. can't be dealing with nonsense and worthless crap like this. We are an elite organization fighting off creatures from dragons to organisms from other dimensions. You will no longer work as my executive advisor. You're fired."

After that being said, Daniel took a nasty knock to the face and fell over to the hard ground. Oliver ran off. He regained himself and noticed his suit spotted in red droplets...blood. He ran in pursuit of a traitor.

As he ran, Daniel removed something from his suit pocket. It was a large raptor claw attached to string. But this was no ordinary claw. It was said to hold mystical powers and to give prophecies. The prophecy of the claw's destruction came with a sacrifice. It read:

**While he survives, we cannot overpower one
another. When he dies, I cease to exist.**

The claw would only respond to extreme hatred and anger from Daniel down the family line. The claw materialized into a larger form of a dagger.

"JENSON!!!!" Daniel roared.

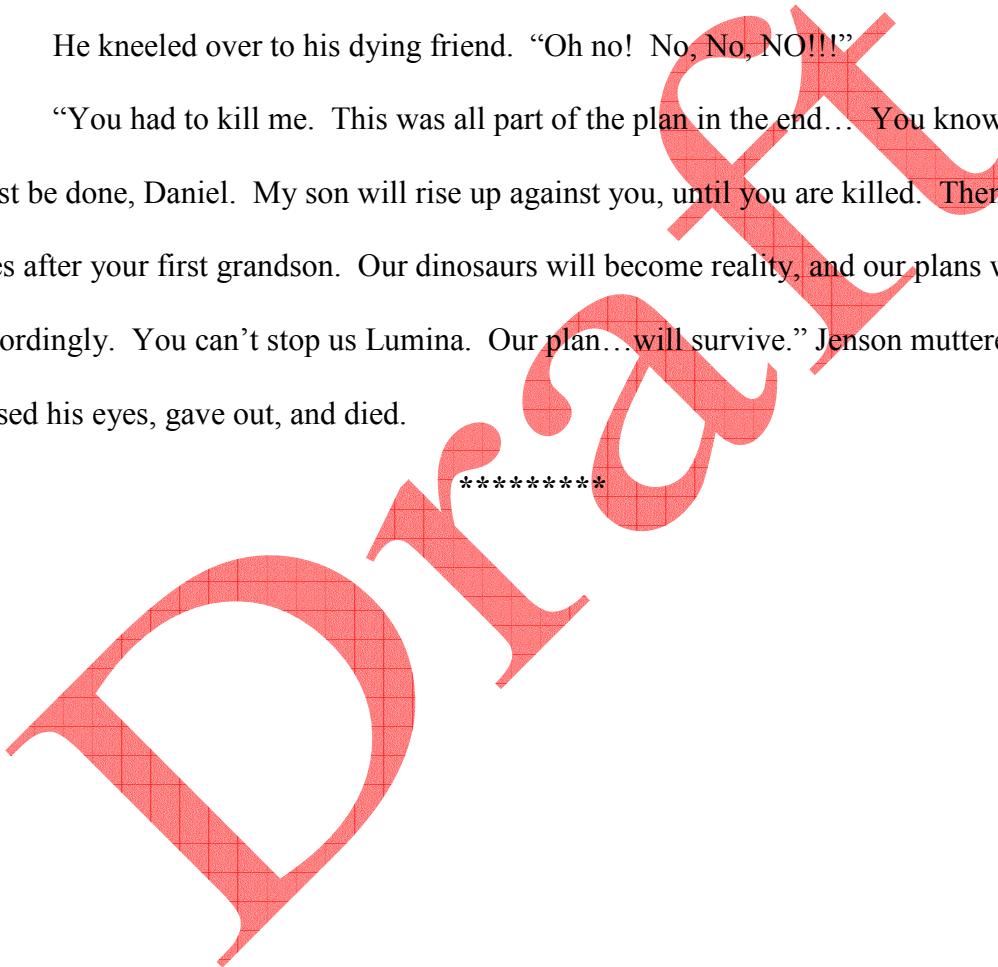
He finally caught up to him and charged. The dagger went straight through Jenson's back and pierced his heart like a fork stabbing a steak. Jenson gasped and looked down and the blood gushing from his body. Daniel released his grip and slid the dagger out. It materialized back to normal. Jenson slumped over and slammed on the ground.

Daniel raised the weapon to his sweaty face and an inscription burned into the center.

Wrong one...

Daniel looked horrified. If Oliver Jenson wasn't the one, then who was the one to be killed?

He kneeled over to his dying friend. "Oh no! No, No, NO!!!"
"You had to kill me. This was all part of the plan in the end... You know what must be done, Daniel. My son will rise up against you, until you are killed. Then he goes after your first grandson. Our dinosaurs will become reality, and our plans will go accordingly. You can't stop us Lumina. Our plan...will survive." Jenson muttered. He closed his eyes, gave out, and died.



Prologue: Becoming a Hunter

Harrison Lumina, age 11, pulled up to his grandfather's house in Detroit, Michigan. It was mid-June, around the 15th. He'd been so excited to visit his grandfather who was the founder of a legendary company known as Frost & Search Inc.

Harrison was pretty average. He had dark brown hair, brown, rectangular glasses, and usually always wore a striped shirt of some sort. He would prove in time of his great leadership.

His grandfather on the other hand was very different. Sometimes, he had the personality of a mad scientist always experimenting, sometimes dooming the universe, or his own town, but his grandfather was different, very different.

He created things with such value, which could hardly be described. He seemed to be the Zeus of another world, the founder of all creation, the gateway to another dimension. The key holding something so precious, that if it were to fall into the wrong hands, it would be the end of humanity and a very fatal end for the Hunters.

Harrison came to the front door and rang the doorbell, awakening his companion, the only friend he'd had since he'd moved to Minneapolis, Minnesota. He made a couple of friends when he'd arrived only days later a Westfield Junior High. Harrison made friends with a girl named Sadie Roberts. She was quite pretty to him. At the time, she had gorgeous brown hair that ran about halfway down her back, sparkling, blue eyes, and she was about the same height as he was at the age. They got along really well, until Nick met Harrison.

Nick had hazel eyes, similar to his grandfather's, brown hair, and he and Harrison became instantly friends from the time he got to his new home. The more time he spent with Nick, the less time he spent with her. By the end of fifth grade, they barely knew each other, like they'd never met.

Harrison's grandfather, Daniel Lumina, instantly awoke from the doorbell. He got out of his dusty old room filled with piles and piles of old books, drawings, and equations. "Coming," he answered in a rusty, crackling voice. He answered the door and saw Harrison.

"Hey Grandpa Daniel," Harrison said to him.

"Hello," he answered in a low tone, "C'mon in." He motioned Harrison and his parents inside his house and shut the door.

"Let me show you where you'll be staying," he said. Harrison and his parents followed him around corners and alleyways of his huge estate.

"Here we are," he said opening a large door, "Home sweet home."

The room had a flourish of many colors, had three beds that looked as if they had just been cleaned, and seemed to be like heaven to Harrison and his parents.

"Wow," his mother said, "Daniel, how did you do all this?"

"Do you really wanna know, or do you have to unpack and head to that new fancy Italian restaurant downtown?" he asked.

"We need to unpack," she realized pulling her husband aside to unpack along with her. "We'll be out here in 20 and make sure nothing happens to Harrison. He's got a lil' something for a girl at school."

“MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!” Harrison complained, “I can take care of myself, no worries. And please don’t mention YOU-KNOW-WHO around Grandpa Daniel. Got it?!?” he whispered harshly.

“You talking about Voldemort?” his dad asked. He chuckled and went back to work.

“No, Jacob, he’s talking about his girlfriend.” she answered.

“Way, wow, hold on a sec!” his father interrupted, “Harrison? Has a? Girlfr-,”

“I never said girlfriend!” Harrison corrected him, “Anyway, just never mind. Have fun at the Italian place or whatever.”

He showed his parents out of the room and out the front door, slamming it, locking it, and feeling a sign of relief.

The first question his grandfather asked as soon as they left was, “Where’s Steven?”

“Mom forced him to go to summer camp until school started.” His grandfather grinned and continued walking with Harrison.

Time went on by and soon it was the late evening. His parents weren’t back yet, probably still celebrating their wedding anniversary. He knew they wouldn’t be back for awhile.

“So,” his grandfather asked him, “About this girlfriend?”

“OK, just to get this straight, we are not boyfriend and girlfriend. It drives me crazy when people tell me that. We’re just friends,” Harrison answered, “And besides,

the only time we kiss is at the end of the day, only once or twice on the lips. It's usually the cheeks but I mean seriously!!! So not cool."

"Eh, don't worry. I loved someone when I was your age too, ya know."

"You did?"

"Yup."

"So," Harrison began changing the subject, "What is all this stuff?" he asked once he was in his room.

"Well, I've been working more on the company nowadays. But it's getting harder and harder to comprehend all this knowledge, and the molecular structure of different dimensions."

"Dimen-?"

"Long story," he answered, "So, what about your life? How are you and your girlfriend?"

"Don't even go there. It's too complicated. It would take me more than a day to explain. My life sucks as majorly as it does sometimes."

He got up and examined the room, rummaging through files, looking at old drawings; it was like an ancient museum! He then lifted up one of the folders and saw something that caught his eye.

Extinction

"What?"

"Give me that!" Harrison's grandfather snapped the file away. "You don't need to know anything, yet."

It was getting late into the evening and early in the morning. Harrison hadn't had dinner yet, and his grandfather already went to bed, and surprisingly, he himself was still awake. He couldn't sleep after what he'd told him. But the only way he went to sleep was if he thought of actually kissing Sadie. And he did.

Hours passed, about 3:00am, and Harrison awoke right as he and Sadie were kissing goodbye. It was their best kiss ever... until he came to himself. He knew she was not there and he wouldn't see her for another month and a half. And besides, nothing could happen between the two of them just yet. So, instead of proceeding with the usual, he decided to stay awake.

"Danget." He muttered under his breath. A noise was coming from another room which drove him crazy keeping him awake. Harrison went to investigate what the heck the noise was and where it was coming from. It was his grandfather.

"What are you doing?" he asked in a harsh whisper, "It's like three in the morning!"

He then realized they were still alone. "Where are my parents?"

"Oh them? They came back a couple of hours ago and I told them to go out and to enjoy themselves," he lied.

"Really?"

"No, not really. Heaven knows where they are!"

"I hope they're ok. And I hope they will get breakfast, too. I'm starved!"

"Me too," he replied.

"I'll give em' a call to see what they're up to."

Harrison dialed the number as his grandfather left the room. “C’mon, C’mon, pick up the stupid phone already!”

He hesitantly lowered it because he wasn’t hearing any ring. He examined the telephone line. It ended short. It’d been cut. SLIP. CRACK. “Gaaaaaaaah!!!!!!”

A sudden noise came from another part of the house. “Grandpa!” Harrison shouted. He came finding him in the kitchen, a knife implanted deep in his chest. Blood gushed everywhere. Harrison rushed to him. “Grandpa, grandpa, I got to get help!”

“No,” he managed to say, “Take this.” A necklace flew from his hand into Harrison’s. It was a dinosaur claw attached to the string, some sort of necklace.

“Lead the hunters,” he told him, “I didn’t want to tell you until now. The Dino-Hunters are the most successful part of the organization. When the call comes, you must be ready. When the time comes, you’ll..., you’ll know.” He stuttered out the last part of his phrase, his head dropped, and he died.

“Oliver!” a teenage girl cried, “Oliver!”

“What is it Christina?” Oliver Jenson asked. He stepped into the light revealing him to her. He had dark brown eyes, neatly combed brown hair, and was the son of the traitorous client year before Christina rushed up to him, her black hair with violet and midnight-blue streaks bouncing up and down, her black eyes looking straight into him; a henchman of Oliver Jenson.

“I’ve just received word that Daniel Lumina is dead!”

“What?” Wait, what happened?”

“He was in his house with his grandson Harrison, accidentally tripped in the kitchen taking a knife to the chest, he gave him “The Claw of the Hunters”, and he died! Don’t you remember? “The Claw of the Hunters” is *only* given to the leader of the Dino-Hunters which haven’t been active for the past twenty years! He gave it to Harrison! He’s the new leader!”

“Well, with Daniel now gone, getting Harrison will be a snap.”

“Not exactly,” another voice came through.

“Rebecca?” Christina questioned.

“Yes, it’s me,” she answered. She also spoke with a British accent; much like Christina’s, had green eyes, and had short, curly brown hair. She was another deceiver of the Hunters and also betrayed her own part of the organization.

“He’s got a girlfriend if you didn’t remember, Christina. Sadie Roberts ring a bell?”

“Right,” Oliver said, “But not now. Christina! I want you to infiltrate the Hunters when they come together after we send the attack on the night of the 22nd. Then, when the time is right, Rebecca and I will launch the assault on the island. You go from there. But try to eliminate Harrison first. If you don’t succeed, then go for Sadie. Rebecca here will join later.”

“Understood,” she relied.

“Christina, Rebecca, man the troops. Get them ready. We don’t have much time, and we have a lot of work to do.”

Chapter One: Junior High Survival

Harrison woke up to his body shaking and his face damp with sweat. He looked around. He then realized he was still in his bedroom on the top bunk of the bed. The silence of the room was broken as he heard his brother, Steven snoring softly below.

Hesitantly, Harrison quietly climbed down the ladder and tiptoed over to the cabinet. That's where he kept his glasses. He opened his case and slipped them on while glancing over at the clock. 5:00AM it read. He then realized that he had done it again. Overreacting to the horrors contained in his nightmares had him doing the exact same thing almost every morning since junior high had started. The cold-hearted murderer was the one thing that scared him.

He kept imagining him hovering over Sadie Roberts with a dagger and hearing a sharp sound that made him flinch. Another vision of the murder was in a warehouse where Sadie stepped forward to protect Harrison and charged at the traitor. Then, there was a BANG from a gun and a THUD from a lifeless girlfriend. Harrison cleared his thoughts. He didn't want to think about it anymore. It was too hard to bear seeing her die repeatedly. "I need a glass of water," he said drearily.

Once inside the kitchen, Harrison reached for a cup and walked over to the fridge. He filled it half-way with water. He sighed. Then, he drank a big gulp of water and inhaled deeply.

Suddenly, a rustle came from his mail slot in the other room and something slipped through the slot. It rocked back and forth squeaking until all became silent. Harrison lowered his cup on the counter and turned his head to peer into the other room. His brow furrowed.

He then walked cautiously toward the door. He looked left to right, up, and then down. There at his feet, was a white envelope. Opening it was no trouble to him. He slipped out a piece of folded paper and unfolded it. Harrison stared at the written note with a blank expression because he didn't understand what was written. It read;

Meet me after school on your front doorstep at 5:00pm. We need to talk. Nothing serious. It's just that I need to talk to you about things I can't mention right now. Someone told me something about you that I knew nothing about. So, you better be there. Or so help me this opportunity might never come up again. Signed, better not tell you now.

He slipped the note in his pocket. He then gently pushed the mail slot open and squinted to look through. It was all dark. Light came from the tall poles. Then, he focused in closer. He saw a slim, shadowy figure biking off in the distance. Within a few moments, it (he hadn't decided whether the figure was male or female), had vanished into the darkness.

Confused, Harrison tried to comprehend what had just happened. He just then crashed on the couch, his eyelids heavy, and fell asleep... experiencing the horrors once again.

Harrison's ears were ringing loudly. His eyes popped open which seemed like a split second from when he fell asleep. There was a small figure sitting in a chair with a computer screen flashing with different flurries of light. He soon recognized the person.

"Steven," he yelled in a whisper, "What the heck are you doing out here?!" Steven seemed annoyed and in a fowl tone, he replied,

"Shut your mouth, Harry, or I'll spill the beans about your girlfriend."

Harrison's body slowly filled up with rage. His blood felt as if it was bubbling. He always hated when Steven called him Harry and he was even angrier for him mentioning Sadie in the conversation. "Don't you dare say anything against Sadie you brat!!!" Harrison needed to get that off his chest.

Steven got off from the chair and trudged over to Harrison. With hand extended, he slapped him clear on the cheek causing Harrison to lose his balance and to slide off the couch. Harrison clasped his cheek as Steven walked off. "Man," he realized, "If only Christina were here right now." Harrison pictured her dark-complexioned figure walking through the door right that very second using one of her ways of torture to punish Steven for what he had done.

Then, he remembered what had happened over an hour earlier. Harrison still couldn't get his head straight. He decided to look up Christina's address. He needed some advice on what to do at the dance which was only less than ten hours away. Though she

was a gothic who'd erupted as junior high began, deep in his gut, Harrison felt she had useful information to make tonight memorable.

He braced himself for the brutal, cold morning. Surprisingly, it was still dark outside. Harrison got down his warmest jacket, sweats, gloves, and his old running shoes. After dressing, he, quiet as a desert packrat, opened the garage and prepped his bike for the ride.

As he rounded the corner of East New Berry Road, he spied her house and old, rugged tree house. He pulled up and stomped on the brakes. His wheels screeched to a stop. The cold air prickled at his sleeves. He had to find warmth.

Harrison grabbed hold of the ladder and climbed up into the tree house. He looked around. It was an old hideout with splintery wood, dirty windows, and papers and file folders thrown in almost every direction. Suddenly, he seemed interested. He dusted off one of the file folders. On the tab, it read:

Operation Betrayal: Approved by O.J.

That seemed odd to him. Just as he had opened the folder out of nowhere, a hand clasped around his mouth and pulled him back into one dark corner of the tree house. His heart began beating very fast.

"What in blazes are you here for!?!?" came a raspy voice, sounding oddly familiar. The flashlight in his coat fell out. Harrison quickly turned it on and aimed it at the menacing figure. He knew the pale face that glared at him with mad intentions anywhere. It was no other than Christina.

“Well,” she hissed, “What do you want, Harrison?” She began tapping her foot on the creaking wood, desperately waiting for an answer. “Figures,” she realized, “You bike all the way to my tree house and got nothing to tell me.”

Harrison tried to stutter out an answer, but couldn’t. Finally, he cleared his throat loudly and said, “I came here for advice, Christina.” He paused for a long moment. “I need your help.”

While waiting for an answer, he heard Christina chuckle in the darkness. “Yeah, right.” She began to laugh while she talked. “Like if anyone would come to me for advice, it’s you!” She tucked her hands into her jean pockets. “Figures.”

“Well,” Harrison started, “Has anyone ever come to you for advice before if they really needed to?” There was a long pause and Christina became silent.

Christina bit her bottom lip and thought that he was right.

She straightened herself out and replied, “Alright.” Her sudden intent made Harrison’s heart jump. He gasped. Christina finished her sentence by saying, “Talk.”

After the long discussion with Christina about advice, she realized how truly desperate Harrison had to be to talk to her. “Man,” she whispered, “Are you sure you’re going with this?”

“Yes,” he replied, “Why the heck do you think I came here for?” Then, a sudden breeze came through the window. It prickled at Harrison’s skin and jolted brisk chills up and down his spine. He heard Christina shiver and shivered himself.

The sun began to come up and Christina realized, "I think you should get going, Harry. My parents will be very ticked off if they find me and you here in the tree house... if you known what I mean."

Harrison understood what she meant and then grunted. "For the last time, if you didn't already know, I don't like being called Harry and I highly agree with you. My parents should be waking up any minute now." He then said goodbye to the goth girl and scrambled down the ladder. His bike was knife-penetrating to the touch. He didn't care. He just needed to get home now!

He climbed aboard his bike and rode off. Gradually switching his gears until they were at their highest, he soon rounded the corners of Bernstein Street and Jake Avenue.

The sun was rising and it lit up the sky faster and faster. Harrison thought he might've not made it. Finally, he saw it. He saw his street known as St. Veda Lane. He slowly slowed to a stop and then he parked his bike as fast as he could. Then, he snuck back into bed, knowing that what he had just heard would be a big help to him that night.

Not more than two seconds later after he had fallen asleep, the door slammed open and his mother came through. She shook him until he awoke. She then left the room. Harrison still remembered he still had his glasses on. He felt for them. "Oops," he said.

Harrison got down from his ladder again. As he slowly inched down the ladder, he noticed it felt as cold as it did outside no more than a minute ago. "Well," he said, "It looks like it's time to face the day again. No one else is going to ruin it. I just have to

play cool.” The note suddenly struck him again. “Yet again, I’ll have to discover why the heck and who the heck sent me that note and see what’s so very important.”

He emphasized the last part of his sentence and walked over to his dresser. Getting out his striped shirt and jeans, he slipped them on and headed out of his room into the hallway.

Breakfast went alright. Steven kept spilling his milk from his cereal and he kept forcing him to clean it up. At one time, Harrison had the urge to pummel him but he resisted. After he cleaned up, he headed to his room to think about today’s solution from being beaten up.

“Let’s see now,” he said as he rumbled through piles and piles of paper labeled with plans to avoid coming home with a broken nose, shattered glasses, a black eye, blood streaming from his limbs, etc. “I’ve gone through almost everything I’ve thought of,” he realized, “hiding in the air ducts, pretending to be a girl, getting Christina to do it for me.” He paused there. Then, he got an idea. “I’ve got it!” he exclaimed, “All I have to do is to blend in like Christina in the shadows! That way, they won’t find me and demand my money, devotion, loyalty, or anything else!” Harrison seemed quite happy with himself.

“What are you doing?!?” Harrison’s head jolted towards his blonde, tall, blue-eyed, sophisticated older sister, Amber who was lingering in the doorway. “Well?” she demanded.

“Ugh.” Harrison couldn’t speak about today. Then, he decided to change the subject. He cleared his throat loudly. “How are you and Wade doing?” Wade was Amber’s boyfriend who she had been dating with ever since the fifth grade.

“We’re doing just fine.” She glanced at her watch. “Holy crap!!! I’m going to miss my track and field meet!”

She ran out of the room. Harrison looked at his navy clock as well. He knew why she was in a hurry. School started in about 40 minutes. “I better get going if I want to be there early.”

Harrison packed his backpack and hoisted it up onto his shoulders. It ached being on their so long. He waited around for his dad to go to work. He would always catch a free ride if he was ready.

“Are you ready to go?” his dad asked while yelling.

“Yeah,” Harrison replied, “I’m ready!”

Harrison got into his dad’s shiny red Hybrid and the rode off to Westfield. As they came to many stoplights and crosswalks, it gave Harrison some time to think. He knew what he was doing. He was safe. Harrison’s dad pulled up to Westfield. It was a large school with towering walls, several windows, and the front held a large archway. There was a banner hanging in the archway. It said:

Prom Tonight!!! Tickets on sale for only \$3.00 for a pack of eight tickets.

5:30-10:00pm

Bring your friends!

Underneath that was the schedule for the following evening.

5:30-6:00 Opening Buffet Dinner

6:00-6:30 Show Choir Performance

6:30-7:30 Free Time

7:45 Dance Starts

8:45 Dance Ends

8:45- 8:46 Makeout Minute

8:47- 9:30 Musical Manias

9:30-10:00 Final Performance by 7th Grade Band

That was one of the things that Harrison really looked forward to. The entire band would play for the entire school with amazing songs and it would be the perfect way to end the romance of tonight. He drearily dreamt of everything already. What really surprised him was the Makeout Minute thing. Why in the entire world would the school allow students to gracefully lock lips together for a measly minute even though the rules prohibited it? “Whatever,” he said, “Even if I get two centimeters from Sadie’s lips, I won’t even... Never mind.” His head hurt. Harrison pinched his forehead and scrunched his eyebrows. He slowly released his grip and walked through the doors of one of the greatest middle schools of the northern hemisphere.

Ok, so being in the seventh grade was a tough challenge. Normal middle-school drama, being pummeled all the time, was the ordinary hectic-middle school lifestyle. The hallways were crowded with students of all shapes and sizes, colors, and attitudes. A bunch of prissy girls were huddled over at the side of the hallway against a row of lockers glancing at a hot guy who was searching through his locker for something important. That’s how it was to Harrison.

About seven feet down the aisle were Nick and Chase discussing about something he definitely needed to hear.

“Hey guys, what’s up?” he asked.

“Everything’s going great,” Chase replied, “Nothing to worry about, man.” He started cracking up laughing and Nick joined in making it sound hysterical.

“What the h-?” Christina was looking at them from her (of course) black locker just across the hall. The boys all knew she was trying to stutter out a curse word she usually said all the time when she didn’t understand something and Harrison accompanied them as the two others began laughing again.

She came up and slapped all three of them simultaneously. She dramatically turned and walked over and slammed her locker door shut. Harrison then suddenly turned his head from left to right trying to search for someone. Then, he discovered her indeed. Sadie came bursting through the door and skidded over to her locker which was not only more than two yards away from Harrison’s locker.

‘Ohhh yes,’ he whispered, Bay...”

“Harrison, don’t,” Chase commanded in a whisper, “Even though you’re whispering, I’m pretty sure you’re embarrassing yourself.... in theory... school-publicly. You’re still in ear-range.”

“School and ear what?” he questioned confused. Girls from nearby lockers began to giggle probably at them and soon they cracked and were laughing so hard, tears came to their eyes and the entire hall of students all turned their heads in unison toward the interruptions. They soon noticed that they’d embarrassed themselves. Their cheeks turned red as a rose, tears swelled up in their eyes, and they screamed and cried as they ran to the girl’s bathroom to hide their shame.

“You see what I mean?” Chase’s intentions from earlier made his response make him sound like he was the smart guy. And he was... in a reassuring way.

Everyone started bursting beyond a breaking point of laughter and enjoyment. It was so loud the one of the strictest teachers at the school, Ms. Parson, came out and screamed at everyone for being so rowdy. Before she could finish, the bell rang for first period. “Get to class!” she said. Everyone scattered to get to class. Harrison then turned his allies.

“Ok then,” he told his friends, “We’ll discuss later a lunch, got it!?!?” He packed up his things and struggled to get to his first period.

He rounded a hallway and came to a dark part of the school where his advanced math class was held. He came inches from the door and ~~he~~ heard footsteps coming his way. He scrambled behind a nearby trash can and peered above the rim.

Christina came down the hallway and ~~he~~ noticed she was wearing high heels. They clinked as they moved across the tile floor. She disappeared and reappeared a few moments later with a mysterious object which she placed in her black purse. Her phone rang with a catchy ringtone.

“What the heck is she doing?” he muttered to himself.
He focused on her as she opened her purse and removed her phone. The screen flashed bright blue and she squinted to read some sort of message. Then suddenly, her screen blacked out.

“Stupid piece of junk,” she said as she banged her phone against a row of lockers which banged and sent the sound echoing through the hallway. It sounded like a cannon fire. She began to curse under her breath again as she trudged off from the hallway.
“Weird,” Harrison thought. Then said, “There are still a lot of things I don’t get about that chick.” He stood up from behind the trash can and slipped into one of his last classes

before they all faced something that had great costs; something they weren't prepared for; creatures of the past and present.

Math seemed to carry on for a million years. Many people, not Harrison though, fell asleep just as class had started when Mr. Maenad began talking about the decimal system and the mathematical origins which bored students to sleep.

“The decimal system was created by.....” Mr. Maenad kept going on and on. It seemed like the evolutionary clock was ticking backwards. “Just shoot me,” Harrison thought on his head, “Call in Christina to be on the S.W.A.T team to come in and ransack us for goodness sake.” His head slumped down to the hard, wood object know as his desk.

A paper thingamabob jetted across the class and landed clear on the side of his head. “Ow,” he said rubbing his bruised cranium. He picked up a paper airplane which was just millimeters from his backpack. He turned head to the side to find that Sam had thrown the plane.

He mouthed out something at her and she mouthed something back at him. She used movement to show he needed to open it. Their must've been a secret message on there or something. And there was. Hidden in the center part of the airplane was a message written in tiny print. Harrison tilted his head up to see what position the teacher was in. Mr. Maenad had his back to the class and his eyes to the board.

“Alright,” he mouthed to Sam, “I’ll read it.”

He squinted to read the tiny message. It was written in cursive which he recognized was Sam’s writing. It said:

I think you should do it Harrison. Maybe she thinks of you differently than from what you thought.

“No way,” he mouthed to her.

“Why not?” she mouthed back.

“Because... I’d rather not even show up to the dang thing, then ask her out and make a complete fool of myself...no way!!!”

Sam had a look on her face that said *are you kidding me?* Finally, Harrison gave in and muttered quietly, “Fine. I’ll do it... at lunchtime.”

Then Sam smiled, for she knew that this would be fun to watch.

He didn’t really want to tell Sam that he would ask his crush out to the prom. Then, once math finally ended, Harrison came to the same hallway where he was no more than an hour ago. He came to his locker, entered the combination, and began loading his heavy math books into the interior of the storage unit.

When he was finished, he began walking down the hallway where then Sadie was passing by him going the opposite direction; probably to her locker. Harrison’s head turned to eye the magnificent site. He began to doze off... until... WHAM!

Phillip Wellington and the other viruses known as the 8th grade bad boys came running down the hallway. He smacked Harrison’s in the back of the head and they laughed as he fell down to the hard, linoleum floor with a BAM! They then ran over to Sadie and they opened a soda can which exploded all over her hair, clothes and everything else. She began screaming in terror as they all snickered and ran off to abuse more kids. Harrison came by to inspect if she was alright. She wasn’t harmed, just wet,

sticky, and then Harrison sniffed her. She smelled pretty good, because the guys had sprayed her with a can of Diet Root Beer.

Sadie focused in on Harrison, his face began turning red and his eyes seemed as if they were burning with a flame. Harrison sprinted off toward the inconsiderate, deranged freaks. He came a foot from Phillip and suddenly, Sadie yelled, "Now!!!"

Suddenly out of nowhere, no other than Christina shot through the air duct vent and landed straight on Phillip's back and he tumbled down to the ground. She launched kicks to between the legs and to the shins of the group. One after another punches rocketed from side to side, up and down, and everywhere. Drops of dark red blood fell to the floor and Christina had given them all bloody noses and they ran off to avoid being tortured by the fierce and aggressive chick. Harrison eyed her. She wasn't even breaking a sweat. He then added that to his list of things he never understood about goth girls.

She walked over to Sadie. "Thanks for that," Sadie said and she began inhaling and exhaling deeply, "That was almost to close."

"To close of what?" Christina asked. Then she remembered she had defended Harrison for Sadie's reputation. "Oh yeah," she muttered, "Right."

The school janitor came by with his cleaning supplies. He was whistling a jolly tune until he stopped in the treads of Philip. The ground was soaked in his fluids. "Aw, not again!!!" he yelled. The three friends laughed and walked off to the class before Harrison pulled a move.

The lunchroom doors burst open and row after row of students ran through. Harrison sprinted to a nearby table joining his friends and their female acquaintances... including Sadie.

“So,” Sam came by with her lunch and sat down next to Harrison, “Did you do it?”

Nick, Chase and Jackson turned their heads and said, “Huh?”
Harrison raised his hand and slapped Sam in the back of the head and her forehead banged on the table. She regained her consciousness fairly quickly and repeated hitting Harrison on the head and he also banged his forehead on the table. He mouthed, “What the heck?!?” to her and she pointed at the guys motioning him to tell them what he would do.

He didn’t want to say anything, but he had no real logical choice. He breathed in and then out heavily. Harrison cleared his throat and said, “I did nothing of the sort.” Chase began laughing, and Harrison suspected it was at him. But then, when he saw where Chase’s eyes were focused on, he began to frown. “Really?” he asked.

Sadie began walking sourly to her table. Her hair; still sticky from the soda flipped up and down and her lips were fixed into a pout. She seemed frustrated but Harrison didn’t seem to figure it out until it was too late. Christina walked passed her and grunted as she walked to a nearby to a vacant table and she glared at Sadie with burning red eyes.

With the tips of her fingernails and began scratching a message into the table. Behind her shadowy hair, a dead, white finger pointed at his not-yet-girlfriend and then

aimed at the table where she had carved the inscription. Sadie suggested that Christina wanted her to read what she had just written.

Lunchtime passed by quickly and soon enough students were running out the door to get to their next classes. Sadie got up from her table and Christina slithered by as creepy as a snake. Harrison heard her shiver after she'd passed by so menacingly. Sadie leaned down and squinted at the message. Her eyebrows began to scrunch in and she pouted again. The words written were:

You owe me, Roberts!

Harrison heard Sadie begin to say something bitter until she looked over in his direction and spotted him, realizing that they were the only ones remaining in the cafeteria. With head bowed down, she reached behind her head and undid her ponytail. Her hair unfurled and covered her face to hide her shame. She walked past him and elbowed Harrison in the shoulder, growled at him and opened the door leading into the main hall.

“Sadie...” he began.

“No,” she shushed him, “Not now. I want to be alone.”

“Hey, dude!” came a sudden voice. Sadie’s head turned toward Harrison’s vacant expression. He mouthed to her to move and ran up to meet Nick. He looked back at Sadie as she walked into the girl’s bathroom as he walked off to his writing class.

“What was the hold up, Harrison?” Nick asked.

“Uh,” Harrison lied, “It was nothing.”

“Well, don’t do it again! Do you know what would happen to the both of us if Ms. Parson thought we were trying to ditch class?”

Harrison realized Nick was right. Ms. Parson was the meanest teacher and it was proven when she almost flipped out in a hideous display before first period. “Right,” he replied.

Chapter Two: The Sudden Surprise

“Where’s Sadie!?!?” Ms. Parson’s attitude hadn’t improved before class had even started. It was worse. She pushed her glasses into place which sat atop her stiff nose. Her brown eyes glared at the class demanding an answer. She was stuck up and she played by the book. “Where in all of this pathetic school does she lay?”

The whole class stood in utter silence. Harrison raised his hand and said, “Um,” he paused and then continued, “When lunch was over, I was the only one with Sadie in the cafeteria. She was reading something on one of the tables, and then she just collapsed and split her knee open. So I escorted her to the health office and I haven’t seen her since,” he lied.

“Well don’t let it happen again, Lumina. I’m watching your every move.” She turned around and then retorted, “Even if you do have feelings for her.”

The entire class began laughing at what Ms. Parson had said. “Oh crap,” Harrison thought, “Not now. Please. No! Nooo! NOOOO!!!!” The class went on and on until Ms. Parson yelled at the top of her lungs,

“QQQQUUUUIIIIEEEETTTTTTTT!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Shut up, ALL OF YOU!!!

Before she could continue straining her voice, the door shot open like the bullets from a machine gun. Principal Namens came running through. “WHAT IS GOING ON HERE!” he yelled. Ms. Parson was holding her breath until she fainted and fell to the floor unconscious.

“Hey dad,” Chase called out waving to his father.

“Hey, son,” he replied.

He then looked at Ms. Parson again. She was still unconscious.

“I think your work here is done Principal Namens,” the entire class told him in unison.

“Alright then,” he said and then he cleared his throat, “I guess I’ll be on my way then. Bye.” He waved to the class, left the room and closed the door.

One of the other students, Rebecca Flintwood stood up. She was the captain on the cheerleading team. She walked over to Ms. Parson and realized, “Is she gonna be ok?”

“Probably not,” Sam called out, “How about it Rebecca? Now what do we do?”

“What are you talking about?”

“You kn-,”

The anticipation from the several heads made her feel uneasy. “Alright...,” she pulled out her pom-poms and yelled, “PARTY!!!” She began jumping up and down shaking her pom-poms rapidly. Everyone began jumping and dancing around. Paper airplanes flew everywhere and Chase turned on the new song from Daft Punk in TRON: LEGACY called “Derezzed.” The anticipation was quite intense. Now was his chance.

Harrison sneaked out of the classroom and shut the door behind him. He ran and came inches from the girl's bathroom. He heard someone crying. "Probably Sadie," he thought to himself. He opened the door and found the source of the crying. Sadie wasn't wailing, she just seemed very upset. Harrison pushed open the door to where she was. "Sadie," he called.

"What do you want," she sniffled.

"Well... I um... sort of um... you know um."

"I WANT TO BE ALONE HARRISON. DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND!!!"

Harrison didn't understand and answered her and said, "Alright. I'll just leave ya here then." He waved to her farewell and shut her stall door.

He came out of the bathroom felling quite confused and felt a large amount of the elaborate uncertainty. 'Why did she just blow me off like that? What should I have done? Did I do anything to make her upset? WHAT THE HECK IS GOING ON!?!?' Thoughts like that kept zooming throughout his head. He needed a place to think and he also needed to be alone. He walked ~~throughout~~ the double-doors and walked up to the fence.

He struggled to climb over it and fell on the ground like a big oaf. He got up and quickly and walked over to a nearby tree and sat down on a log close by.

Time seemed to pass fairly quickly and he suddenly realized he had been stalked by the gothic, curious Christina.

She had snuck up on him after he had left through the doors, followed him over the fence, and had hidden behind the tree. Christina had waited until Harrison had looked

away from her. Then, she crept around the tree onto the log and sat next to him. By the time he realized she was there, he almost had a heart attack.

"How many times have I told you not to do that!?!?" he yelled at her.

"I dunno," she paused, "At least 50 now."

"I'm so confused," he murmured.

"About what?" Christina asked.

"Everything that's been going on today," he said. He referred back to everything he didn't get that day. The inscription on the table... shooting through the air ducts (OK, maybe that was normal), and many other things.

"Well," she said, "I had no choice."

There was a long pause from the both of them. It lasted so long that they might've thought they should've just leaned in and kissed or something. But, apparently, it was different. The mood felt as if...Harrison couldn't piece it together.

Christina moved in closer to Harrison, thinking he would do the same. He gave her the "*Don't even think about it. I almost have a girlfriend*" look and she scooted back awkwardly. Her lips looked like a fish and her eyes were enormous. She probably realized she had been a little stupid... for once.

"Why would you do things like that?" Harrison questioned.

"What." She seemed to be in a trance of some sort. "Oh yeah." Then, her tone seemed annoyed as she hissed through gritted teeth once regaining normal behavior, "I already told you. I HAD NO CHOICE!"

"What was your choice?" That was Harrison's only question.

Christina rolled her eyes and pulled out her wallet from her pocket. She took out a lot and he meant A LOT of money. 10's, 20's, 50's, 100's, the whole shebang.

“Ya see,” she commented.

Harrison’s eyes were big and wide, his mouth opened with aw. “How the heck did you get all that money?”

“Sadie paid me to protect you. And I was desperate for cash,” she said as she sorted through the bills.

“OH... MY...” Harrison said with dramatics added in between the pauses of his sentence.

“Harrison, don’t take this the wrong way or anyth-,”

“She actually likes me. Yes. *Finally*. Yes. Ha-ha.” He felt pumped and as happy as ever until Christina made his luck plummet down to his toes.

“No,” she said, “She paid me to protect you so that you didn’t get beaten up and would look stupid at the prom or whatever. It was only to protect her reputation.”

“Shoot,” Harrison was angered. But still, he had more questions. “She *was* going to ask me to the prom regardless, *right?*”

“As far as I’m concerned, possibly.”

“Oh fine,” he sunk down and fell off the log.

“But why I helped her?” Christina asked which probably one of Harrison’s following questions.

“Why did you?”

Christina paused. She pulled back the folded side of her hair revealing both of her eyes. That was the first time Harrison, actually, anyone had seen her without her hair completely pulled back flowing down her back.

Harrison tried to say “wow” but instead he accidentally whistled at her sounding like he was complimenting her on her looks.

“Shut it,” Christina whispered though her teeth gritted.

“Ok back to the question,” she said, “Why did I help her? Well,” she didn’t know where to begin, “I guess I still have a little bit of good still left inside me.”

“Yeah right,” Harrison commented. He thought Christina couldn’t hear what he said about her. Unfortunately for him, she did and she elbowed him in the chest hard enough to once again, fall off the log and her yelled back at her, “OWWWWW!!!”

Once he came back, he rolled his eyes and sat down next to her.

“Anyway, never mind. Take a look at this,” she said as she pulled out her laptop from her backpack. She quickly logged on and used her mouse to pull up an article from the Police Department of Minnesota website. There was a big article on the front page. Bolded letters stretched across the screen which indicated something had happened at the prison. A massive breakout and one of the deadliest killers escaped. The page read:

Massive Breakout!!!

Underneath the bolded title was a documentary of the event.

Last seen Oct. 31

Four prisoners escaped.

Two were bank robbers.

One was an illegal immigrant.

The other one was a massive killer.

One boy murdered: Mark Samuel

Reported MISSING

All Wanted

Citizens Beware!

If sighted, call 9-1-1 immediately!

They both exchanged some looks and they were both thinking of the same things.

If they massive breakout prisoners got to Minneapolis, it could be the end of it.

“What are we going to do!?”

“Hey! Why are you asking me!?!?”

“Not to be rude or anything, but ever since my parents died in a car accident, people have been not treating me as well as before. And sometimes, I just don’t take that kind of crap to particular levels! And sometimes, even I can’t take the -,”

Harrison cut her off and tried to calm her down. “Ok. Alright. I understand. Just relax.”

She began to breathe heavily and responded in a quiet, “Alright.”

There was another long pause and then Harrison said, “Christina. Don’t you think that if someone saw us out here, *together* that they would get the wrong image or something? It’s highly possible.”

“No,” she replied, “I don’t.”

“Oh,” he said.

Soon enough, the both of them realized that they weren't alone either.

Nick was still in the classroom partying like a maniac as were all the other students. Rebecca was in the middle of it all and all the guys couldn't keep their eyes away from her.

"Oh gosh." He laughed.

"Hey Nick," Julia came up to him and asked, "You wanna dance?"

"Uh, I uh, sort of, kind of." He couldn't answer because he was thinking what she would do to him if Christina found out.

"Look," she said calming his fast heart rate, "I know you and Christina kissed and are possibly going out... you know, being boyfriend and girlfriend. But do you see her *anywhere*?"

Julia was right. Christina was nowhere in sight.

"I'll better find her," he stuttered out as he rushed out the door of the classroom. He could hear Sadie crying. He came into ~~investigate~~ just as her not-quite-yet boyfriend did and found her.

"Oh great," she muttered, "Not another one," she muttered towards him and rubbed her head... *hard*.

Nick got the message and immediately left.

He searched all throughout the school, around tight corners, even in the entrance hallway. But then something else awkward struck him.

"Wait a minute," he realized, "HARRISON'S GONE TOO!"

Now his best friend was missing too! He almost gave up hope but continued to search. He finally, after a good 10 minutes of searching, he'd almost looked everywhere, except outside. Realizing it was the only place left to look, he headed out the front doors... outside... where they actually were.

Harrison and Christina were still talking under the tree, the perfect romantic spot, until...

“WWWWWWWWWHHHHHHHAAAAAAAATTTTTTT!!!”

The sudden intent of Nick's horrifying scream made their heads jolt like a shotgun bullet toward Nick. But Harrison swore that when his head turned so fast, and Christina swore also, that their lips brushed together for half a second, smearing her lipstick and leaving the trace on Harrison's lips.

“No. Wait. Nick. It's not what you think,” Harrison began.

“You leave me for 15 minutes and I come out here to see you making out with my girlfriend,” he retorted pointing to her.

“Listen Nick,” Christina hissed, “Why don't you shut up so we can explain what's going on.”

“OK, explain.” He said crossing his arms motioning his arms toward their lips still covered with “the trace.”

“So,” Harrison began, “I wandered out to find *Sadie*, until I left. It seems she muttered something under her breath at me. Then, when I,” Harrison was interrupted by Nick.

“Dang, she did the same thing to me!” he said.

“Only ‘cause you’ve got the qualities of two dumb teenage boys abscessed over hot girls, diet soda, and-,” Christina said rolling her eyes and listing the qualities on her fingers.

“Quiet you,” Harrison and Nick said together in unison glaring at her.

“So,” Harrison continued, “I left and came out here and sat on this dumb log until I found out that *Christina* here (motioning toward Christina) had been stalking me.”

“Screw you.” she muttered.

“Stalking eh?” Nick asked. He then realized why he was there. “Then how in all of Minneapolis, Minnesota did you end up with black lipstick on your lips Harrison? I thought we were buds.”

He seemed suddenly surprised on how Nick put things. He felt his lips and a wet black spot came off. He wanted to say so many things at that moment.

He then had a horrifying vision of him and Christy (that’s a little nickname he gave her) making out *right in front of Sadie*. Angered, she pummeled him in the stomach, he unraveled and fell backwards, and Sadie cared no less of him in her heart as she went off with Phillip.

Christina’s midnight-blue and dark-violet streaks blew in the wind as golden streamers reflecting the summer sun.

“Well,” Nick sighed, “I guess there was nothing going on between you guys after all. Buds?” He asked as he extended d his right arm.

Harrison was still having a nightmare when he came back to reality. “Uh, yeah, buds,” he said as he shook Nick’s hand.

“Whew,” Christina said feeling relieved. “Now then, how ‘bout we all ditch the rest ‘f school, come back when the prom starts, and have the time of our lives as boyfriend, girlfriend, and just friends. What ya say?”

“Count us in!” Nick and Harrison exclaimed both hugging Christina. She bugged out and pushed them back and shivered. They began to snicker until she gave them her “*Death to You*” look and they stopped.

Far off in the distance, the school bell rang for the end of class, which was for the end of fourth period.

“Should we really ditch class, Christina?” Harrison asked.

They already left.

Students started walking through the double-doors. Harrison shrugged and said, “Oh well.” He ran after Christina and Nick. Hopefully, prom wouldn’t be so bad, because he didn’t even have a date yet. Or so he thought.

This time, the note struck him. Harrison checked his watch. 4:59 pm. “Uh oh,” he muttered as he came around the corner of his street. Harrison quickly ran and put his hand on the door handle. He pulled as hard as he could. It was locked.

“Hello Harrison,” said a voice.

Harrison stood still as a statue, because Sadie was right behind him. He turned around awkwardly.

“Uh...hey Sadie.”

“I need to talk to you.”

Harrison pulled and unfolded the note from his pocket. “I know,” he replied.

"Just remember," Sadie stepped closer to him. She kissed him on the cheek and said, "None of this will mean anything."

She walked off and left Harrison speechless. Then it hit him. Sadie was his prom date.

He walked back inside to find Amber texting on the couch. He walked past her. "Who's the hottie!?!?" she asked.

"Hottie?"

"You know, the girl who just kissed you."

"Oh, that was my prom date."

Amber chuckled. "You have no chance with that chick."

Harrison grunted and walked upstairs. His little brother, Steven was upstairs in Harrison's room. They both had to share one.

He opened the door and threw his stuff down. He slumps down on his bunk, put his hands over his face and sighed loudly.

Steven asked, "What's the matter, dude? You seem pretty down."

"I am," Harrison replied, "I don't know how, but things just keep getting worse and worse."

"Worse how?"

"Well, now I'm feeling pretty suspicious about prom. Also my prom date just gave me a peck. Jeez, what's gonna happen next?"

"A what?" Steven asked confused.

"Those are middle school terms dude. She kissed me on the cheek."

Harrison got up and walked over to the computer to check his email. There were two in the inbox. One was from Sadie (how did she get home so fast) and the other was from Nick. He decided to ignore Sadie's email and read Nick's.

"Huh?" Harrison seemed puzzled. He opened the email and it read:

Dude, I don't know what to do. First of all, I don't have a stupid date. And second of all, if I had one, I don't even know what I would do. I need advice about girls.

Harrison replied:

Well, you and I are on the same page. For one thing, I really don't know much about what girls like myself. The weird (and kinda creepy) thing is that I have a date to the prom. FYI, I'm pretty sure your date is Christina. Just saying. I don't want to get dollied up for this kind of crap, thinking that we'll make ourselves look like idiots. By the way, did you hear about the Makeout Minute thing? That's just bad news right there. Anyway, see ya tonight.

Harrison clicked send and walked over to his closet to get out his clothes, including his suit. Steven tried to suppress himself from laughing. "A little word of advice," Harrison said, "Women are so confusing sometimes."

"I've noticed," Steven replied.

Harrison glared at his brother and walked out, because he knew that tonight wouldn't go so well.

