

Lunion

Mike Saunders was a boy who lived in a city called Lunion (pronounced: loo-nee-on). He was born there in the year 2000. He had lived there all his life with his sister, Molly, his dad, Ethan, and his mom, Kathrin. Mike was 12 and had short, straight, blond hair. He had bright blue eyes, a slightly large nose and was tall for his age. Despite having big feet, Mike was a pretty fast runner. He was a guitarist in a rock band of four, and he had had about 5 years of experience as a guitarist. Mike could easily make friends, but keeping them was a challenge for him.

One day, a new kid moved into town. He moved in right across the street from Mike, a couple houses down. Mike decided to go and meet him. He rang the doorbell, someone opened the door, and it was a kid about Mike's age. He was slightly shorter than Mike, hair long and dark like the night sky.

Mike asked him, "What is your name?"

"John," he replied.

"Well, John do you want to come over to my house right now?" Mike questioned him.

John replied, "Sure, why not?"

When they got to Mike's house, they decided they would watch *The Simpsons*. While they were walking over to the television, Mike saw an article in the local newspaper that caught his eye. The headline was, *Employee Goes Missing in Local Store*. It read:

Janitor Paul Johnson, an employee at Terwitz grocery store, has gone missing. "This case is extremely mysterious because I've known Paul for about 10 years and he's never

missed a day of work, never mind two weeks,” reported Paul’s closest employee friend, Tom Buchson. Over 50 policemen are on the case to solve this mysterious happening.

Mike said, “Hey John, look at this.”

After John read the article, he breathed, “Wow.”

Mike said, “Paul is my friend. I talk to him every time I go to Terwitz, which is kind of a lot, so I think we should go investigate.”

John answered, “Well, all right. He sounds nice and I’ve got nothing else to do. Let’s start at Terwitz. That’s probably where we’ll find the most clues.”

When they reached Terwitz, there was a big crowd of policemen and police cars around the building. Terwitz was a very big building with a lot of windows. People liked to shop there because they had a wide variety of merchandise. People also liked to go there because the windows made the store feel more open.

“How will we ever get in there with so many policemen guarding the building?” John asked.

“I know a secret entrance that goes inside the building, Paul showed me it once,” said Mike. “We’ll be able to look for clues inside.”

Mike and John hurried around to the back of the building. They saw a small space where they could crawl through, undetected by any of the policemen out front.

“This is it,” said Mike. They ended up in a dark, small room with no light. Suddenly, the small room beamed with light; Mike had flipped the light switch. There was a mop, a bucket, and cleaning equipment. It was a custodian’s closet.

“Hey, look at this,” said John. “Looks like a book.” They picked it up and looked inside, and it read:

I am hopeful that the police do not find this and someone else does for reasons of my own. I will tell whomever it is that ends up finding this one fact; I am at 1614 Pickster Avenue, Lunion.

“That’s not far from our houses, only a couple blocks down. In fact, I think I recognize that number. Well, how about it? Should we go down there tomorrow and try to find him?” asked Mike.

“Sure, I always like an adventure,” replied John. “Let’s meet tomorrow at 7:00 AM, right outside your house.”

The next day, Mike and John woke up and met right outside Mike’s house, as they had planned the day before. It was a foggy morning, and when John reached Mike’s porch, Mike’s face was dripping. It was a cool day outside, not too hot, not too cold, right in the middle, the perfect temperature. They had already figured out what their transportation was going to be. They were going to ride their bikes to Pickster Avenue that morning at 7:00 AM, just as they had planned the day before. Mike had already mounted his bike when John crossed the street on his bike.

Mike asked, “Do you want to race? Just for fun?”

“Sure,” replied John. As they sped along, John took the lead, and then Mike caught up. After that, John sped up from behind Mike; John was in the lead, almost there... Mike won! He had passed John at the last second.

“I won!” said Mike triumphantly.

“That was pretty fun,” replied John.

The building Mike and John saw before them was a small building that was pretty run-down. Some shingles were missing, two windows were boarded up, and the wooden gate that was built around the building had missing boards, and nails were sticking out in odd directions. They walked up to the front door and knocked on a big knocker shaped like an owl. They heard hurried footsteps getting closer and closer to the door and then the door creaked open a little. Then, they heard a familiar voice say, "Who is it?"

"It is Mike Saunders, and I have come with a friend," said Mike to the voice. The door swung open. It was Paul Johnson.

"Come in, come in Mike, come this way, and who is your friend?" Paul asked as they walked down the stairs to the basement.

"His name is John. I met him yesterday when he moved in," said Mike excitedly.

"How did you find me anyways?" Paul asked curiously.

"We saw the newspaper, went to Terwitz and went through that secret entrance you showed me. Then we found your book in the custodians closet that the secret entrance leads to," Mike explained.

"Ah, I see," said Paul. When they reached the basement, they saw a lot of wires, machines and lights.

"Is this what you've been doing for those two weeks?" asked John excitedly.

"Yes this is what I've been doing lately. I have been building an antigravity machine. I think I've found the key to figuring out how to make the dream of artificial antigravity come true. Don't worry though; I know what I'm doing. I have a degree in engineering," explained Paul. "Don't tell the police though. Imagine the headlines: *Terwitz Employee Paul Johnson Finds Secret To Antigravity*. There would be chaos," Paul said urgently.

“Can we come by to visit sometimes?” asked Mike and John in chorus.

“Sure, why not?” replied Paul.

For the next week or so Mike and John would visit every day, and each time they would learn something new about engineering and antigravity. Paul was learning new things too. When he messed up, he always knew to do this or not to do that. On a Tuesday about a week after they had found out about Paul and the antigravity machine, Mike and John visited Paul yet again. Right when they were about to leave, they saw a red light blinking that they had never seen before.

They asked Paul, “Hey Paul, what does this red light mean?”

“Huh?” Asked Paul. Paul ran over to where they were looking and shouted, “Holy cow! This thing is gonna blow!” They ran outside, mounted their bikes and took off. They were speeding along and then-

“Where’s John?” asked Mike. They looked back. John was so nervous that he was having trouble mounting his bike. Then he accidentally knocked his bike over. After that it happened-BOOM! The last thing Mike and Paul saw of him was a figure flying helplessly into space.

“Well there goes another friend,” said Mike hopelessly.

* * * * *

15 years later in Hawaii...

John was lying on the beach in Hawaii working on his tan. He thought, “I wonder where Mike and Paul think I am. Well, if I could choose any place to be blasted to, I would probably choose Hawaii.”