

street light

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Street Light

When I was little, I was always interested in meeting new people. So you could guess that when the moving van pulled into the driveway next door, I was there. As I watched the movers unload their truck, I waited for the new neighbors to drive in. But they didn't come, for an hour or two or three. For that matter, they didn't come that day at all. About a week later a car drove up into the driveway next door. A boy, about my age stepped, out. He came over to me; "Hi,"

We've been best friends ever since.

Jane Anderson,

July 1991

Entry number 1

Part one

-Louie-

The school bell rang out. *Finally!* School was over and summer began! Louie ran home as fast as he could, eager to start his summer vacation. As soon as he got there, he picked up the phone and called his friend, Jane.

"Hi"

"Hi. What's up?"

"Not much. You wanna hang out?"

"Sure. But my mom signed me up for piano lessons and I won't be free till four."

"OK. See you then."

"Bye."

"Bye."

It seemed like forever for that hour to pass. Since he had been grounded for staying out too late, he couldn't watch TV or play video games to pass the time. After one hour of sitting around and trying to find the cat, the doorbell rang. Louie practically jumped off the couch. On his way to the door, he tripped. He was sent smashing to ground, but he didn't stop there. He just kept going; all he could see was black. Then, in the distance, Louie saw it. There was a light bulb. Glowing with such brilliant radiance that it made him forget that he was falling. But just as he was about to touch it, the bulb shattered, some of the pieces cutting him as they flew into oblivion. As he dropped into the empty black shell of the bulb, he closed his eyes, and waited for the end. And waited, and waited, but nothing happened. It was then he realized that his eyes were closed. *But what will I see?* But when he opened his eyes, he was in his normal living room. He had fallen asleep on the couch, waiting for Jane to come over. As he got up to answer the impatient doorbell, the memory of the dream flooded back. *What did that mean? Why did I even have that dream?* Finally, he brought himself to open the door. *I think that I'll keep this to myself.* He opened the door, and there was Jane.

"What took you so long?"

"Sorry. I fell asleep."

"Oh, that's OK."

"Thanks."

"No problem. So, what do you want to do?"

"I don't know. Maybe go down town?"

"Sure. Lets go!"

They were off. But little did they know that their little trip would turn into the most terrifying experience of their lives.

-Jane-

Wow. What a day. I wish every day were like this.

And she was right. The sun was shining, not a cloud in the sky and a beautiful 70 degrees. Louie had picked the right day for a walk. As they went down the street, the world seemed to come alive. Everything was perfect.

When they finally got downtown, they decided to go to the mall. As they went in, all of the familiar smells reached their noses.

“Hey, Louie, let's get something to eat. I'm starved.”

“Sure. Where do you want to eat?”

“Um... how about the pizza place?”

“OK.”

They sat down and ordered. Louie ordered two slices of cheese. Jane ordered one slice of pepperoni and some garlic bread. Once the food arrived, they ate quietly, then paid with some money that Jane's mother had given her. After they were done, Louie found a little antique shop hidden between two other buildings. They went in to check it out. Louie found something that he really liked, but he didn't have enough money to get it. Louie tried begging, pleading, but nothing worked. Finally he gave up and got something else. It took Jane about ten more minutes to choose what she was going to buy. She chose a little gold painted box with an ancient dairy in it, said to have belonged to King Richard himself. They paid, and then left. When they got outside, they noticed that it was really dark. Jane checked her watch. *Nine-thirty! Oh, man. My mom's going to kill me!*

They started racing home with hopes that they could get back before ten so they wouldn't get in trouble. After about ten minutes, they split up for their different houses. But less than a second after they had split up, Louie heard Jane calling. When he got to her, he saw what she had been so excited about. One of the streetlights was flickering. But the odd thing was the *color*. Every time the light went off, it came on in a different color. It was mesmerizing. First blue, then red, yellow, orange, back to blue, then a new

color. Louie was just about to go home when he saw something that he would never forget. He saw the light go out for a bit longer than usual, but he thought nothing of it. Then the light shone *black*. Not the color, but just sheer darkness. And the darkness was right on top of Jane. It seemed to swallow her. She started to scream, the dark had now totally engulfed her. When it touched the ground, it began to move back up into the bulb, taking Jane with it. Right before she was pulled all the way in, she screamed something. But the darkness seemed to muffle it. But it didn't matter now. She was gone. And there was no way to bring her back.

Part two

-Jane-

Where am I? What is this place? And why does my head hurt? Jane opened her eyes, and screamed. She was sitting on a bench, *between* two skeletons. Her eyes darted around the room, trying to get a grip on where she was and what had just happened. All of a sudden, her memory flooded back. She and Louie were walking home, when she got *sucked into a streetlight*. *Is that even possible? But if it is, where am I?* She got up and walked around her gloomy surroundings, looking for a way out. She found none. There was a door, but it was barred shut. She realized then and there that she was in some primitive kind of jail. *I have to get out. But how?* She spent the next hour trying to find a hidden way out, or something like that. But it was no use. There was no way out. *Well, if I have to spend the night, I might as well make this place as nice as I can.* Jane quietly brushed the skeletons off the bench and settled in for the night. At about what she thought was one in the morning, a crashing noise woke her up. She sat up to see the bars over the door opening. *Freedom!* Jane bolted for the door. She ran through the doors, into freedom. But a hand grabbed her, holding her back. The thing that was holding her was almost as scary as the skeletons. It looked like a loin standing on its hind legs with a pig head. But she couldn't be sure because it had a lot of armor on. The thing spoke in a raspy voice, "Get up! The master wants to see you."

Jane was getting really scared. *If these are the guards, then what will the master be like?* Thoughts of creatures ten feet tall, with snake heads and slug eyes filled her mind as the thing dragged her down a rundown hall. At the end was a great circular room. One half of the room was lined with portraits of strange creatures. The other half was covered with trophies; one of them was a human head. At the far end of the room was a tall chair shrouded in shadow. A ghastly white hand beckoned from inside the shadows. The thing pulled her to the foot of the chair. *Please don't kill me*, she thought frantically. But then the master spoke, "No need to worry, I will not kill you. Why would I kill one of my own kind?" and as he

said this the master stepped out from the shadows. It was a human. *But how can that be? How can he be the master that this thing fears?* His voice cut through her thoughts, "Before you make any more judgments about me, I would like to introduce myself. My name is Ghost; and I am the master of this land. And if you are curious as to why that thing fears me..." a bolt of lightning shot from his hand and split one of the trophies in two. "... That is why. And what is your name?"

Jane stammered, "J- Ja- Jane. My name is Jane." Ghost nodded his head. "What is this place? Why am I here?" asked Jane.

Ghost spoke, "This place as you call it, is the fifth of the eight realms. Yours is the third. And as for why you are here, your soul was brought into the wrong realm. You were supposed to be born into this one."

"But how is that possible? I have no magic lightning. My skin isn't white. I belong on earth."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Because I feel at home there."

"But that is just because you have spent your whole life there. If you had been born here, you would feel at home here." And as Ghost said the words, something inside Jane began to stir. A question was burning in her mind. She had to ask it. "Was Louie supposed to have been born here too?"

Ghost was surprised. "Do you mean your friend? Yes, he was the one other from your realm that wound up in the wrong place. How did you know?"

"I'm not sure. Maybe because he was the one person who I ever became really good friends with. He was the only one who ever seemed to really understand me."

"I see. Is there anything else that you would like to ask me?" The question that Jane wanted to ask seemed so childish. But she had to ask it. It seemed as if her mind would burst if she didn't. "Can you teach me magic?" Ghost laughed. He grabbed her hand, and they walked into the shadow.

-Louie-

What am I going to do? What just happened? Thoughts of worry, concern and doubt were swarming his

mind. But one thought was pushing above all of the others: *I have to find Jane and get her back.* Louie had one idea, but it seemed too crazy to work. But then again, what had just happened seemed too crazy to be real. Louie stood under the light and jumped. But all he succeeded in doing was breaking the bulb. *Damn! Now how am I going to get to her?* Then an idea hit that seemed so obvious that he didn't know how he hadn't thought of it before. *All I need to do is put a new light bulb in. But is it really that simple. I have to try.* But for now, Louie had to get home so his parents didn't go out looking for him, or worse.

When he got home, his parents sent him straight to bed. As he lay down to go to sleep, Louie started to feel a pit of nothingness growing inside him. It felt like something much greater than a friend had been taken from his life. Jane was the only one who understood him. Without her, he didn't have anyone to talk to.

When he got up, he felt as if his sleep had been empty too. He had no energy. But he forced himself out of bed, ate his breakfast, got dressed and headed out to buy a light bulb. Louie got on his bike and set off.

But when Louie got to the store, he realized that there was another problem. He had *no* idea of what size to get. When he got to the light bulb aisle, he realized how big the problem really was. *Oh no! There have got to be over a hundred sizes! How will I ever find the right one?* Then he saw a worker walk by. *Hey, maybe he can tell me.* "Excuse me? I was wondering what size bulb do the streetlights use?" The worker told him size six. He bought sizes five, six and seven just to be sure. *I better get a spare just in case.* He bought another size seven and put it in his pocket.

That night, Louie went down to the light with the bulbs. He tried to unscrew the broken bulb, but he cut his hand in the process. But he knew that he had to do it. So he tore it out. First, Louie tried the size six. It didn't fit. Then he tried the size seven. It fit! Louie waited, and waited, but nothing happened. Despair swept over him; how would he get her back now? But just as he was about to walk away, Louie saw something out of the corner of his eye; light! The light began to change colors, just like last time. Just as he was about to jump in, something came out. It was hideous; it looked like a lion standing on its hind legs with a pig's head. "Wha..." then it grabbed him, and jumped back into the light.

-Jane-

Wow. This is so cool! I never even dreamed that I could do this! Another bolt of lightning shot from

Jane's hand. "You see..." said Ghost, "it's easy once you know how."

"Wow, I guess you're right."

Jane was about to go to bed when she realized something, "Uh... Ghost, where do I sleep?"

"Follow me. I'll show you." He led her down a dark corridor, then into a sizable bedroom. "Well, good night, Jane."

"OK. See you tomorrow."

But something just didn't feel right.

-Louie-

Where am I? What's going on? What was that thing? Louie's mind was racing. What had happened? *The light! It brought me here? Where is here?* Louie looked around. The room he was in smelled like sadness - and cobwebs. It was some kind of prison. *More like a dungeon.* There were two skeletons on the floor. Gross. He took a step back, and the floor sank down. One of the walls split in two, revealing a second room. In this second room was a boy, about his age, with ghastly white skin. Louie spoke in a shaky voice, "Who are you?"

The boy spoke, "My name is Ghost. And you have to help me. For Jane's sake."

"How do you know about Jane?"

"She is with my brother, Phantom. He has been impersonating me and has thrown me here. I will show you." And then, a bolt of lightning shot from his hand and blew the door off. "Come on. You don't want to be here when the guards arrive." Ghost grabbed Louie's hand and they were off. Ghost led him down winding halls and spiral staircases. They heard a roar from behind them. One of the guards was catching up to them. It came into view. Just then, Ghost let loose another lightning bolt. It hit the creature right in the center of its chest. It roared in pain and fell down the stairs. About five minutes later, they reached the top. And then they saw Phantom. He looked almost exactly like ghost, except he was a little older. Then Louie saw Jane, but something was different. Her skin was turning *white*. He started to run to her, but Phantom shot him with a bolt. He saw Ghost lunge at his brother, and then everything went black.

-Ghost-

Ghost lunged at his brother, shooting bolts of green fire. Phantom did the same, plunging into battle. Lightning bolts, fireballs and punches criss-crossed the room. Then Phantom and Ghost, in unison, shouted an incantation. Streams of blue energy shot from their hands and collided in mid-air, causing a cloud of smoke to engulf the battle. All that Jane could hear was the screaming from inside the smoke. She was confused, who should she route for? Who was the good guy? But she pushed all of those thoughts out of her head and went to help Louie.

Back in the battle, Ghost was losing. Phantom was pushing him back into the wall. Phantom landed a direct hit on Ghost, knocking him out. Before he went out, he saw Louie stand up.

-Louie-

The smoke cleared, and Louie saw Ghost on the floor, with Phantom holding a bolt of lightning above his head. "Listen to me! You have to run away NOW!" Ghost was shouting, "Get out! He'll kill us all! Go!"

"No. I won't let you die like that!" and as Louie said the words, he felt a strange power growing in him, and then, he started to glow. *What's going on?* Then Louie remembered Ghost. He wanted to save him but he didn't know how. Then, without even thinking, he said, "*Let the wind burn!*" The air started to feel hot. Then, right before his eyes, the fiery air lighted the room. It blew right into Phantom, sending him into a wall. Ghost got up and ran to Louie. "Louie! What did you just do?"

"I don't know what's going on."

Ghost spoke in a soft voice, "Mokono. That is your name."

"Mo-who-no?"

"Mokono, The spirit of the real ruler of this place. You're him."

"But why would I be him? I'm just Louie."

"No. You're not. You just lost your memory."

A thought crossed Louie's mind, "Then, who does that make Jane?"

"You catch on quick. Jane is, or was, your wife."

"My wife? How can that be?"

"Calm down, I can restore your memory."

"No. I want you to be the ruler. Jane and I need to get home. Where is the closest portal?"

"Thank you for letting me be the ruler. The nearest portal is that way." Ghost pointed his finger west.

"Thank you. Goodbye, Mokono."

"Come on Jane, let's go."

With Jane following him, they went out to the portal. It was another streetlight. "Well, *that* brings back memories." Said Jane. Then they waited, and waited, and they waited some more. "Why isn't it working?"

asked Jane.

"I don't know. Wait. There isn't a bulb in it."

"Now what do we do?" Just then, Louie remembered the spare size seven light bulb in his pocket. He got it out, and put it in. It fit!

Then they waited again. But, like before, nothing happened. Jane started to get worried, "Now how do we get home?"

"I... I don't know." A thought popped into Jane's head.

"Hey Louie, I heard Ghost tell you that you had some kind of powers. Maybe *you* can make it work."

"You believed that?"

"Well, after blue light came from their fingertips, and the mystical streetlights, I'll believe anything."

"I see your point."

Louie concentrated. His outline started to glow like last time. He spoke in a soft voice, "*Open.*" The streetlight came on, and started to change color. Then it shone the eerie dark, and they went in, but about half way there, Louie saw the bulb break. Some of the shards cut him as they flew by. Then they were falling into the empty shell of the light bulb. *It's just like my dream! But this time, I won't wake up!* As they fell, Louie saw a light in the distance. He grabbed Jane. *I hope that I can fly.* He could. He grabbed Jane and took off. He was getting closer to the light, but he was also getting closer to the bulb. *Come on! Go faster!* He did. He shot across the blackness and into the light. They went through. And hit

ground. It hurt, but it was a relief. Jane got to her feet first. "Where are we?" Louie looked around, and saw what she meant.

"Well, wherever we are, it's sure not Earth..."

To be continued...