

THE MYSTERY UNKNOWN

Late into a clear, soundless crisp night stood an old, 15-foot torn up brick building that looked as though it had been abandoned for many years. Inside, however, a crook was plotting his crime in the moonlight.

Mr. Holican, a tall and well-built middle-aged man, heard some kind of noise coming towards him from outside the building. He quickly took out matches from his black pants pocket and burned his plans so no one could see them; only ashes were left behind as the person or thing entered the building. Mr. Holican quietly walked over to the moonlit window and jumped out landing on the grass. There was no sight of Mr. Holican as Zorpox the Detective entered the building.

Early the next morning when the bright, hot, sun came up around 9:00am, Mr. Holican awoke in a cold, ghostly dark alley that never saw a streak of light. It was there that he had spent the night hiding. He was tired but he had to get mobile because he knew he had a long day ahead of him.

As the sun grazed across the blue sky, the time inched forward for Mr. Holican. He had managed, however, to stay well-enough alert all day to stay undercover as a blind person waiting for someone while actually examining the equipment and high security of the city bank. Right before the bank closed, he took one last look around then he walked back to the dark alley without stopping. It was evening now and the red shimmering sun was just going down.

After the moon took its place and encouraged a cool mist to settle upon the night, he began walking back to the bank but he didn't go unnoticed. From across the street, Zorpox saw him and made a defining screeching sound while hovering fast towards him. When Mr. Holican heard and saw Zorpox coming towards him, he ran and ran fast as he could down the sidewalk and through the dark misty streets to lose Zorpox. Zorpox, however, still knew and saw where Mr. Holican was running to. Mr. Holican had no where to run as he approached the dark alley. He trapped himself in the dark alley that had a door going into an old abandoned hotel. He tried opening that rusty metal door but it was locked and Zorpox was just coming around the corner. Mr. Holican took his strong sturdy black crow bar that he found behind a ratty garbage can sitting beside the door and ripped the door open enough so he could just fit. Zorpox was right where Mr. Holican was standing a few seconds ago, absorbing the misty atmosphere that covered the alley. He saw the door that Mr. Holican slipped in but Zorpox was too big to fit through. Mr. Holican was in the building trying to find somewhere to hide for he didn't know that Zorpox couldn't fit through the door, but he had a feeling that Zorpox could and would find another way in.

Meanwhile, Mr. Holican spent 20 long minutes looking around in the building and he discovered that this building was haunted by seeing a big black old-fashioned train that had crashed halfway into the building wall. He slowly walked closer and closer to the train then looked and found a few dead rotting bodies underneath the train. But Mr. Holican wasn't

frightened. Then he stepped into another room that had dirty ripped clothing and an old mattress he could use as a sleeping area if he was to stay there for a while. He never heard or saw Zorpox anywhere throughout the building. Since he didn't feel like traveling and taking another risk by going outside of the building, he lay on the mattress and covered himself with the clothing.

In the silence of the night he woke up to go to the bathroom but on his way there, he heard loud banging and groaning sounds coming from the big room that had the train in it. He felt the urge to check out the sounds so he slowly and quietly walked into that room.

In the room he saw a glowing light shining from underneath the train and guessed that the groaning was coming from there, too. He didn't know if he should look and see what was causing the sounds or if he should just go back to bed. After hearing those disturbing noises growing louder and louder he decided to check it out. He cautiously bent down and saw the bodies were glowing green and flinching. Seeing that made him want to get out of the building A.S.A.P., but when he walked quickly to the door, it was shut completely and couldn't be opened again. He was starting to panic so he ran carelessly throughout the building trying to find another way out. He searched room by room, minute by minute, but he couldn't find a way out. Then he heard a strange voice saying, "The only way out is underneath the train". He didn't know where that voice came from but knew it wasn't any of the dead bodies because they were still underneath the train. Or were they?

He listened carefully to the voice and walked back to the train and found no bodies. At this time, Mr. Holican was so scared he didn't care if Zorpox the detective found him. His great full wish came true. Zorpox was hovering right across the room on the other side of the train, except Mr. Holican noticed something different about the detective. The last time he saw Zorpox, he was blue and his body didn't glow. He knew right away that it wasn't Zorpox, the Detective; it was the bodies formed like him to frighten Mr. Holican. The fake Zorpox was hovering closer and closer to Mr. Holican. Mr. Holican ran for his life, going in and out of rooms trying again to find or break away out. Then he came across a room that he never stepped foot in. It was the darkest soundless room in the building filled with big logs of wood stacked to the roof. He took the first few logs from the stack and threw them at the fake Zorpox with anger, hoping to knock him out, but, instead, he failed. To make it worse, the fake Zorpox was almost arms length from Mr. Holican who was now pressed against the wood stack with no place to escape.

Just then, the wood stack gave way and Mr. Holican fell backwards into a path landing on his butt. As soon as the fake Zorpox saw the pathway, he quickly hovered away. Mr. Holican stood up brushing himself off and turned around to see what was behind him. A blinding flash of light was revealed. "Of course, only light can scare away a dark creature!" said Mr. Holican with excitement. He still, however, didn't know what the light was or where the light was coming from. Then, all of a sudden, the stack of wood caught on fire with flames dancing high, causing the roof of the building to catch on fire too, not to mention the pathway, as well.

He had to run through the pathway to get out of the building – it was the only way out. Suddenly, a blue gleaming orb was floating closer to him from inside the path. He had no idea what it was, but he jumped away before he caught on fire from the building. Curiously, when he did jump, he noticed that the blue orb went right through him and that it gave him a warm, happy

feeling. Instantly, he knew that the blue orb was the voice he heard earlier because the voice had given him the same comforting feeling. After this split second reflection he remembered that he was frantically falling through a big, rough hole in the ground. He began to scream and yell at the top of his lungs until he had a sudden hard landing when he hit the ground with a thug. It was pitch black and he had no idea where he was or what was happening. He sat quietly on the ground while trying to feel around him with his hands. "Hello? Hello?" said Mr. Holican as he was trying to find a splinter of light or a way out.

Soon, he found a little hole on the side of the hard muddy wall next to him. He took his hands and made the hole bigger by scraping and ripping the hole. Mr. Holican took awhile making the hole bigger, but when he finished he crawled through it which lead himself to a big room. In that dirty dark room, he stood up with power and saw a blue light getting brighter and brighter through the hole he just came from. He sat down again lowest to the surface not knowing what the blue light was. The second he sat down the light became more distinguishable – it was the blue orb that he had seen earlier! Then he heard the comforting voice again saying, "Go into that room which you came from and find the magic jewel that will grant you one wish. Think smart and good luck."

Suddenly, after the blue orb spoke, it sank lower to the ground and melted into the dark. Mr. Holican had a feeling that the blue orb was gone forever and wouldn't be able to help him anymore. So, Mr. Holican did what the orb told him to do by crawling back through the hole and entering the big room. He slowly and quietly stood up. Just then he saw a light shining through a small hole that looked like someone poked at it with their fingers. Closer and closer he walked to that small hole, but the closer he walked, the more an infuriating noise grew louder and louder. That, however, didn't interfere with him so he continued to the hole. Again, he took his hands and scraped and ripped to make the hole bigger. Carefully, but slowly, he finished making the hole bigger. Then he slowly crawled through that hole and saw himself outside. "But, what? I didn't get the jewel!" he shouted.

Mr. Holican was very confused because he didn't know if he was really outside or if his eyes were playing tricks on him. He took one step ahead of him and everything became dark. He instantly knew he wasn't outside. He was still inside of that big room but he didn't know why he was seeing things. Once everything got completely dark, he crawled back in that hole and saw the other half of that train he saw before. The bodies were in the train giving it that green glow. He had no idea what to do or more importantly where to find the magic jewel. He scrambled on his knees and hands trying to find that jewel. Then he fell forward into a small little dip in the wall. He saw a blue light glowing in one spot of that dip. He heard that voice as he did before but this time it was saying, "Dig, dig, deep into the wall as you'll see what you'll need." "The blue orb! It's note gone after all!" thought Mr. Holican. So, he began to dig and dig with his filthy hands until he reached the blue light.

It turned out that the blue light was not the blue orb, just a blue glowing light coming off of that blue orb. Disappointed and confused, he reached out to grab something that he thought was a hard bumpy rock. Again, the "something" turned out to be something that it wasn't but this time, there were no feelings of disappointment or confusion for when he pulled the object out of the wall he saw that it was the magic jewel! It looked so beautiful to him. The jewel was covered with so many different colours and it shone throughout the room, providing him with a great,

bright light like a rainbow of colours. As soon as he had that jewel in his hands, he made his wish to get out of this weird twisted building and to appear in front of the city bank. He made that wish with a great amount of strength. He closed his blood shot eyes and when he opened them he was really outside, standing in front of the city bank!

This time he knew that for sure because he saw people of all shapes and sizes walking as the wind was blowing through the tall green trees. Before he entered the bank, he took a look around and saw Zorpox, the Detective, standing right behind him. Mr. Holican was so shocked to see Zorpox that he didn't move or run away. Zorpox looked at Mr. Holican right in the eye and hovered away without any issues. Mr. Holican was even more shocked now since the detective didn't even recognize him. He quickly rushed up the steps and into the bank and looked into a clean, rectangular mirror that was hanging on the dry wall. He gasped. Mr. Holican did not look like himself: his skin was so dark and dirty, his hair grew twice as long, his clothing was badly ripped up and he was so, so skinny. "No wonder why Zorpox didn't recognize me," said Mr. Holican, still in great shock.

After seeing himself, he had no intentions of stealing money from the bank anymore. Instead, he turned his life around and rented an apartment, got himself a great job making thousands of dollars by publishing a book he wrote about his adventure that became famous through the country.

Five years later, after being a famous book writer, he joined the police force in his home city and became Mr. Holican, the Detective. One day when he was patrolling around the city bank, he saw a man running away from him that used to look like him. Mr. Holican, the Detective, knew that the man was living the life he used to live before – trying to make a quick buck and take the shortest shortcuts. Mr. Holican ran after him and caught him by the arm and said to him,

"I shall be telling this with a sigh,
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I –
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference." (from Robert Frost's, *The Road Not Taken*)

The End