

It was raining outside, again. It was a Sunday night so beautiful with the stars in the sky glittering and shining away till their death. Yet it felt like they wanted to die. They wanted to just fade away into the big dark blue sky with nobody to remember them after they are gone...

Although this made no difference for the little boy sleeping in his little cosy bed with a mattress made of feathers. He felt so comfortable in his dream. He was lucky to be on this little magical island of Clumberbatch citizens were never evil, where the only thing that inhabited it was . Oh that boy what a life he had, nothing to care about, no worries, but still when he grew up he wanted to move to America and be the the leader of some talk show and be on TV every single day and be a celebrity. Yet he was very simple minded at this time in his life.

He was waking up now it was an early morning of a long day. The 14th of June 1921. The start of a wonderful summer vacation, well, at least for now, it was 'wonderful'. So anyways he was waking up now the sun rising above the town from the north. In Clumberbatch the sun always rose diagonally it went from north to south to and up again to the west then it traveled its way to the east and finally disappeared in the south east.

The boy was now already eating breakfast, it was a simple one this time. Well at least in Clumberbatch it was considered simple. He was eating three fried eggs, a couple bread sticks, oatmeal, three muffins, 11 pancakes, chicken noodle soup, and finally four sausages.

Later today he planned to go fishing and then take the boat to Flumberbatch with his friend Gronginio. They said that Gronginio was from Italy but nobody understood how he could have gotten here. For nobody was ever recorded of coming to Clumberbatch from the other world. It was always either small birds that got lost or the evil natives of Flumberbatch invading Clumberbatch, yes, you may be surprised but they were devils those Flumberbatchians.

Now the boy was sailing to Flumberbatch not knowing he was in great danger. For he had sailed to Flumberbatch many times without getting noticed. If had gotten noticed then he wouldn't be alive. It was a long way to Flumberbatch maybe about half an hour. Yes you may say that half an hour is a small bit of time, but if you sailed the

Strahundian sea you would understand, the sea that separated the two islands. You would get seasick in two minutes or so. The boy was used to it though having sailed it at least once a week he knew how to pass without getting sick. He would meet with Gronginio later on the island. Who was sailing on his boat from the south of Clumberbatch rather than the north.

He was almost to the island when he saw a woman staring at him from between two trees she was short about 5'1" with dark skin and skinny jeans on the bottom, and a white shirt on top. The thing that glared at the boy the most was the woman's strange eyes they were the brightest yellow, brighter than the sun or any other thing, they were like two glaring yellow diamonds sitting there and looking at him. He blinked for a second understanding that he just got noticed by what was most likely a Flumberbatchian. So he quickly turned his boat around and started paddling as fast as he could the other way he didn't look back until he was in the middle of the sea a good 15 minutes from the Flumberbatchian shore. He slowly took a peak then he turned his full body around. It was a beautiful view with the island of Flumberbatch and hovering over it the gleaming hot red sun. Suddenly he felt a jerk. He had sailed into one of the currents, his boat tipped over immediately throwing him overboard and into the fast moving sea. A yelp exceeded from the boy as he was sucked into the water.

It was twilight when he found himself sitting on a sandy floor; all his clothes were wet and uncomfortable. He had no food, no fresh water, but most importantly he hadn't the slightest idea where he was. He knew by the look it wasn't Clumberbatch, it was warmer in Clumberbatch, much warmer. He was starting to realize that there were no palm trees, to the matter of fact the stuff he was sitting on wasn't sand it was hard, cold, and dirty cement. He suddenly looked away from the ocean, he almost fell down from shock behind him was a beautiful big bustling city, with tall buildings and many TV screens, it was noisy. He now realized that it was noisy not because of the water but because there were people talking, walking, screaming, yelling all at the same time and everybody started to blur, and the building started to curve. Then everything went black.

“Are you alive, young man?” The boy quickly sprang up and found a rather elderly man standing over him. He was all in black, except for a knot that hung of his neck. His hair was greased and shiny.

“Who are you?” said the boy in a very confused voice,

“Well I know who I am. The question is who are you, you little shrimp!” said the old man raising his voice but at the same time smiling. The boy decided that he was speaking to a maniac. Gronginio once taught him that if a maniac starts talking to you, the best are thing you can do is walk away pretending to not hear. He was about to do that but he was too interested to walk away like that. He had to at least find out where he was. “Where am I?” he yelled hoping the maniac was listening,

“Oh are you lost? Well you’re in New York City!” The boy turned around and started walking as fast as he could. He suddenly stopped in front of him stood the lady with the yellow eyes.

“Hello,” she said the boy stumbled back she edged closer, he stumbled back again but this time the woman disappeared for a second and reappeared right behind him picked him up by the arm pits and put him down again. As soon as his feet touched the ground he sprinted away from her as fast as he could. In the distance he heard “Oh so your back you little shrimp!” the boy ran behind a corner and into a small building that looked very old. It looked like a Clumberbatchian tavern the only difference was that there was a sword stuck in the roof which at least he thought very weird. He went in and collapsed on the floor. He fell asleep shortly, forgetting about the woman with yellow eyes and the maniac. Well he forgot them till he had his dream.

The Boys Dream

“I’m not insane, you are!” said the maniac. “I love you with all my heart” said the woman with the yellow eyes. They kept saying it over and over again till it all blurred together.

Then he woke up.

He woke up with a stir sweating. He realized that it was not sweat. It had come from his pants. He had wet the bed, except he was not on a bed; he was in a building with a tall round roof and pictures of a man dying on a cross. He looked towards the door and there to his terror, floating was the woman with the yellow eyes, she was smiling. Weirdly trough his terror he found her very attractive, with her yellow

eyes and coffee brown hair matching her almond colored skin, she was truly beautiful. Right when he was about to ask her who she was the woman disappeared into thin air. First he thought she would reappear, like she did the first time but she didn't.

He slowly came out of the old building looking both ways before he crossed the busy street. He could hear the cars honking on the other streets of the city. He could see old people sitting on tables eating tasty sweets, or at least they looked tasty. He was now walking towards the tall buildings. They looked the prettiest to the boy, for he had never seen something that tall. For there were no tall buildings in Clumberbatch, to the matter of fact the tallest thing there was in Clumberbatch was called the Tower of Luck, and lets it just wasn't very tall.

There were lots of stores near the tall buildings, but the boy remembered that his teacher had taught him that if they are in a different city you should always look for the information building, he even remembered that on every information building there is italic letter, I. He quickly spotted the building that had the letter and started walking towards it. He would have ran if he was in Clumberbatch but here there were so many people and he didn't mean tens and hundreds he meant thousands, many thousands. He only got to the building 10 minutes due to a man who had accidentally knocked him down. In the information building it was very neat there was a sofa standing in the middle room and a lamp rite nearby it. On the other side of the room was a small little desk with a very pale woman slouching down. She was looking at the boy, "Hello," said the boy breaking the silence

"Hello," said the woman smiling at him "Are you lost?" she continued looking more worried this time.

"No, no" said the boy "I was just wondering, is there a ferry from here, New York City, too Clumberbatch Island in the Strahundian sea?" The lady looked at him like he had just insulted her.

"Excuse me, what did you say?" said the lady abruptly.

"You heard what I said Miss. Is there a ferry or not?!" said the boy. The next thing the lady did was much unexpected to the boy. She grabbed the phone and started dialing. First the boy thought she was calling the ferry, but when he heard what she was saying he understood he was in big trouble. The conversation went something like this,

“Hello,” said the lady

“Yes, yes,” said the voice in the phone said. The voice was a man’s voice very deep and solemn.

“We have a mad boy in our information building!” said the lady looking at the boy with concern.

“Is he crying and screaming, ‘cause I can’t hear him,” said the voice with a little giggle at the end.

“No, no he’s crazy! He thinks where in America and wants to go on a ferry to some vegetable patch!” said the lady raising her voice.

“Are you trying to ask me to dinner again ‘cause this time it’s gonna work!” said the man this time giggling louder.

“Shut your mouth you old fool!” she yelled with frustration.

“Aww I love you too honey bunches,” purred the man. They probably kept talking till midnight, but the boy took his first chance and quietly snuck out the door and into the big crowd. When he got out of the crowd he sat down on a bench and took a moment to admire his smooth escape, and to laugh a little about the phone conversation. The bad thing was the boy was getting hungry and he had nothing to buy food with. He smelled pasta cooking on the other side of the block and he wanted it. He decided that he was going to steal the food. So he stood up and started looking for the back door of the restaurant He found it shortly and quickly went in, when he went in all the cooks were busy cooking and on the other side of the kitchen sat a bowl of pasta all smothered in alfredo sauce topped with parmesan cheese. It was just sitting there alone with nothing, or nobody around it. He got on his knees and slowly crawled to the pasta and quickly took it he turned around and bam his pasta was grabbed from his hands by a man with a tall white hat and a fluffy black moustache

“And just what do you think you’re doing? You scum!” said the man loudly.

“Uh I’m sorry sir, very sorry,” the boy apologized “I didn’t mean to, I-I mean I meant to but I didn’t want to, um s-sir” stammered the boy.

“Shut your mouth, idiot!” he shouted “How dare you lie to your elders you insolent humbug!” yelled the chef.

“Everything okay back there Benson?” said a voice from the other side of the kitchen.

“No! There is a idiotic boy who is a thief and a liar!” said Benson, Benson was now holding the boy by the collar. The man quickly came over to Benson and surprisingly started laughing.

“Well if you hate him so much, let me take care of him. Trust me I know how take care of mischievous children, one time I got so mad at my son I nearly bit his leg off. He had to go to the doctors and get stiches!” said the other man with a tall white hat with a evil grin coming to his face. The boy whimpered but Benson only tightened his grip.

“You do that, and be sure if I see him ever again he will be in his funeral casket!” said Benson. Both of the men started laughing loudly while they handed over the boy. The boy tried to get free but the men were both too strong. When they were out of the kitchen the man smiled at him and said in a much more serious tone

“If I will ever see you here again I will get mad, but now go; but wait I know what you have been trough. Your way to get back to Clumberbatch is to find the Woman with the Yellow Eyes,” said the man gently smiling. The boy looked at him wide eyed

“I suppose you know who she is now go, go!” said the man. He then quickly kissed the boy on the forehead. The boy quickly turned around and left he looked back but the man had gone back into the restaurant. So the boy wasted no time and started looking for the woman with the yellow eyes.

He remembered he had last seen her in the building with the sword stuck into it so he decided to see if she was there now. when he got there the building was empty not even the woman was there so he turned around when he saw who was standing behind him

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