

Theo's story – Journey to ffxendor

It was a normal day, I could hear Agru (my teacher) yelling at me from the front of the class. I ignored him, as usual.

My name is Horxd. I'm not the sort of person you would call a mighty warrior, I'm a short skinny runt, not like all the other hun kids.

So I was ignoring Agru (I was too busy chatting to my mate) then suddenly someone shone something in my eye. I looked up... What's that? I thought.

There was a bang,
I blacked out.

I woke up, I was in a bed except... it wasn't the kind of bed I was used to. One it wasn't made of wood and furs, it was made of metal and a sort of squidgy thing (which I later learned was called a mattress). Two there was a metal hovering thingy magig, (a robot), which scared me out of my skin when it said in a very buzzy voice

"HELLO I SEE YOU ARE AWAKE. MY NAME IS DOOP".

I didn't know how I knew what it was saying until later. I screamed. Someone clad in white rushed into the room. I started jabbering wildly in hunnish. The person said *"Doop could you translate?"*

"TRANSLATION IN PROGRESS, SECTION 8: HUNNISH. WHAT? WHAT YEAR IS IT? WHERE AM I ?"

The person who looked like they were wearing molten bone said *"Could you speak English please?"*

"What do you mean speak English? I can't speak English you idiot!" Which of course I said in perfect English ... "um;"

"See, you can speak English."

"How did that happen?" I asked.

"You are one of the few people born every century who have the ability to travel through time and dimensions. If we pick those people up on our scanners we go and bring them here, before they discover their special abilities. If they discover their powers before we can find them it can be too strong for them to handle. Only about 23% of you people who can travel through time and dimensions make it to the age of 12. They have been known to try to destroy all others with the same power and the organisation that protects them, we are that organisation. We saved you from one of those rogue dimension travellers, a bullet had punctured your lung, you were lucky to survive. I do hope you want to join us in our fight."

I felt bamboozled and didn't really understand everything but I understood that one of these people had shot me and I wanted my revenge.

"I'll do it!"

The next day I left in a slicer (a type of battle craft built for outer space) for dimension Brgel otherwise known as ffxendor>/{ }{ }[_-@op. I was hoping to find the person who shot me. I prepared for hyperspace and jumped.