

# The Lost Journey

Written by Jonathan B.

“I’m finally home.” The Author wrote. The Author leaned back in his chair and sighed. “I’m finally finished, my final book is finished!” The Author relaxed and fell quickly into a deep, deep sleep. He woke up early in the morning, yawned, and stretched. He didn’t remember what had happened last night. He walked into the kitchen and stopped right in his tracks. The room was mostly empty! The Author rubbed his eyes. Not seeing anything change, he rushed to the windows and peered outside. He gasped and quickly closed the curtains. The Author took a deep breath and opened them slowly to reveal that his house was on a hover platform exactly like the ones in the book he was writing. The Author closed the curtains and sped to the front door. He checked outside, seeing the walkway and garden were still there and cautiously stepped outside.

Then out of nowhere a voice started speaking. “Welcome Author.” The Author startled, but stayed where he was. “You were sent here on crimes willfully committed against the Mech Demons. You made us, the Mech Demons the “bad guys.” Also, you did not mention sustenance as needed for characters inside this world in that, “book,” and you won’t die, so feel free to think about your actions for the rest of eternity. Goodbye.”

“Yargles!” The Author cursed, using his “favorite” word. Then he walked back into his house subduing to his fate. Halfway through the house, he stubbed his foot on the small uprising step in his house. “Ouch” The Author said glumly. As soon as he said that, He had an idea. “If this story is real, than other stories are too. I could write a story to escape this place!” The Author announced triumphantly. “But how do I start. How do I start? They took most of my belongings, but probably not my little writing compartment!” The Author rushed into his room and pushed a button on the side of his dresser, opening the small compartment right next to him. Inside the compartment was five pencils, three pens, 30 slips of paper, and a highlighter. He grabbed the pencils and paper and thought for a moment, tapping the pencil against his chin then started writing. There once was a boy named Jacob. He loved books a lot. One day at school he got bullied so he went into the library and wished with all his might that he could be there, and he traveled there! He had many adventures until one day, Jacob found a book titled  
The Lost Journey.

He wished himself there and arrived near a beautiful garden next to a house floating using magnetical suspensions. He looked around then knocked on the door. The Author heard the knocking and jumped for joy. He rushed to the door and opened it smiling broadly. The boy Jacob stood there nervously wondering what to do. Then out of nowhere a voice different than the other Mech Demon shouted an alarm and sirens blared. The boy jumped back in shock, and a mechanical arm lifted him off the platform and plummeted with him down and down, into the dark space below. The Author yelled Jacob's name and knew the boy would wonder why he knew his name. He weeped for the boy he might have created.

"I could write his escape!" He thought after he shed all his tears. The author walked quickly back to his room to retrieve his writing instruments, found them, and got to work tapping the pencil against his chin. Then he started writing. The mechanical arm releases Jacob and he stays in midair and realizes he can fly. He flies back to the platform and realizes why he is in this world, to save The Author from eternal punishment. The Author finished up and took his writing utensils and the paper and got up to go with the boy back home. "Wait, one more thing." The Author thought. He stooped down and wrote one last sentence. Jacob and The Author are invisible to the Mech Demons. The Author got up, opened the door, and saw Jacob. "Got the book?" The Author asked. Jacob nodded and got it out. They stood holding the book together.

A second later they were standing in an empty lot presumably where The Author's house had been. Jacob disappeared a second later, and The Author wrote his house and other belongings back.

Epilogue: The Author finished the book and smiled. "Dear readers, yes, I know you're hearing me, this is my story. I am The Author Jonathan Brown."