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Story # 1

The Unexpected
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"Thomas!Get back here!You will not go galavanting around the forest with out your gear.I know this is your first camping trip with your friends,but just calm down.",said Tom's father.

"Oh, come on dad.It's just a small outing.Nothing to be made big of",I said.

"Don't go saying that it's nothing.Any camping activity is an adventure.Especially since you're going to explore that cave.Wasn't that thing just found?",said Tom's father as he was putting on Tom's excavation gear.

"Yeah,it was found about two weeks ago by John's dad.Hey!That backpack is on too tight!"

"The tighter it is,the harder it is to fall off.Now get out of here!John and his father are waiting in their car.Have a fun time!"

"I will!And say goodbye to mom for me!"

I ran toward my friend's car.He swung open the door's and hopped in.His friend John greeted me.

"Hey Tom ,are you ready for the campout?"

"Yep, I brought everything that we planned to bring.Are we going to go pick up Drafford?"

"Yah.He said he had a new invention to show us.He said that it could be real good to use for the trip."

"Oh no.Not another one of his crazy gadgets.Remember his last one?A molecular transporter or something like that."

"Yeah, I remember it all right!He turned our cat into a sofa!It freaked my mom out, but luckily he brought old fluffy back,barely"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, when he brought him back, he was invisible. It was a little hard to get a hold of. But the effects wore off in about a month."

"Wow! Oh, look there's his house now."

"Can't wait to see what he did this time!"

Drafford's house was a small yet exquisite little hutch. He lived on the far side of Phoenix, Arizona. Even though his parent's income is not to be desired of, he does have direct access to the airforce's experimental equipment which they so kindly throw away into his own backyard. Well it isn't exactly his. It's old Mr. Franklin's. He's the farmer that never farmed in his life. He inherited the land from his father but he never learned the trick of the trade so the land went untouched. And because he never visits his property Drafford uses it as his project grounds.

"Are we all most there?", said John.

"Hey, you all ready know that its all the way across town and this rain isn't helping any!", said John's father.

But he was right, the rain was a nuisance. Every year there's always a season of torrential rains. It's all most like an inland hurricane.

I looked at the foggy window and rubbed out a small hole to look through. I saw the trees, houses, road and what ever else was standing still zoom by at what seemed a zillion miles an hour. Suddenly John's dad lost control of the car. We began to spin around and around! "Ahhhhhhhhh! Help!", we all screamed. John's dad was twisting the steering wheel furiously. Then when it seemed like the worst was over and the spinning was slowing down a giant twenty ton semi-freightliner came roaring into view. We all looked at each other and then screamed at the top of our lungs, "Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!"

John's dad compressed the brake pedal into the floor until it hit the carpeting of the car. Suddenly the car began lurching from side to side yet still going forward. The semi-truck saw us and lunged from the road into a

ditch. The car was still out of control! We were all screaming when a little old lady came toddling out into the street. Mr. Frindemps spun the wheel wildly. The car flew into a front yard then into a steel fence and finally landed in someone's driveway behind their house. I looked up and saw whose house it was. "We made it Drafford's without killing ourselves. Amazing!"