

TIM MADISON, GALACTIC WARRIOR

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SAMPLE:

PART I Training

Chapter 1

Something was wrong!

The air was too still.

The house too quiet.

Brady the neighbor's obnoxious collie wasn't barking outside.

Tim flicked on the light. His desk, cluttered with astronomy magazines and math homework, the model airplane with the broken landing gear hanging by fishing line above his bed, his eighth grade history book; all looked normal. It was the walls. Ordinarily light-blue, they had turned red. He looked to the floor. The tan carpet had become black. Bright brown numbers on his digital clock beamed 6:15 A.M..

He stepped toward the door, turned handle slowly, and pushed. Bedroom light threw his shadow across the hallway's previously tan, now lime-green carpet. Normally white hallway walls were yellow.

"Greetings," a voice said.

Tim spun his head. Fear soared up his spine. He tried to scream but a lungful of choked air came out. A creature a few feet taller than him, with a human body, beetle-like head, and claws for hands, stood wearing an all black jumpsuit.

"I will take you to our training facility where the Council has arranged accommodations," the creature said.

Tim backed against the wall and looked from side to side thinking which way to run. To his parent's room? The bathroom? His heart banged. His muscles tensed. Should he bolt back into his own bedroom and slam the door shut?

"Who?" he gasped. "What are you?"

"I am Kiz," the creature said. "The Thispan council sent me here because they have knowledge of dangerous events which will occur on your planet. I am to teach you the skills that most assures your success at preventing these events. This is your assignment."

Tim gulped, pushing panic down. "I... I don't understand."

“You are the Earth’s galactic warrior, chosen because of your ability to learn things quickly and rationalize your surroundings. I will explain more once we are onboard the Skyru.”

“The what?”

“Our traveling device.”

“I can’t leave!” He quickly thought about his schedule. “What about school? I... I have a math quiz today and a history test on Thursday!”

“Your universe will only age for one minute while you are away. However, we cannot remain in this state of near timelessness for an extended period. We must reach the end of your universe before the hole connecting our two dimensions closes.”

Tim’s mind whirled. So much farfetched information was coming at him he felt dizzy.

“This is impossible!”

“As you will soon learn,” Kiz replied. “Nothing is impossible.”

Kiz stepped down the hallway. Tim felt impulsively as if he should follow him, and then as if being pulled by an invisible string, he did. Down the stairs, through the yellow foyer, to the blue front door. Kiz turned the handle. Hinges creaked.

“We are experiencing problems with the colorization adapter on the time-stopper,” Kiz said. “The Council believes its function was second in importance to the urgency of your assignment.”

Tim was barely listening; most of his attention was absorbed by the site of the bizarre landscape. The early-morning neighborhood was frozen in time and everything tinted with the wrong colors. Everywhere he looked was something different and astonishing. Brady was blue and stood silent for once in his life with his nose glued to the ground. A few feet away a green sparrow hovered motionless in midair. Grass on the front lawn was red. Neighbors’ houses were pink and blue instead of their usual browns and grays. Leaves on the spruce tree across the street were orange and its trunk was yellow.

“Unbelievable!” Tim gasped.

Kiz headed down the driveway and onto the sidewalk. Tim followed, completely awestruck at his surroundings. They passed an orange squirrel suspended in mid-scamper and another reared back on its hind legs. Brown bees poised above silver daisies. Mountains of green clouds dotted a milky-white sky. Wild-colored cars sat motionless amid the morning congestion around the construction in the right lane of Watson Street.

Bang!

Sound like a cracking of the sky. A silver triangle about the size of a parking space and looking as thin as a pane of glass appeared overhead.

“What’s that?” Tim asked.

“The Skyru. Battle training begins now.”

Brilliant light flashed from the triangle’s underbelly and just like that, Tim found himself standing inside a wide, brightly lit, metal corridor that appeared to go on endlessly.

Kiz stepped forward. “The other galactic warriors are waiting for us in the main hall.”

“Others?” Tim’s belly rolled with trepidation. He raised his hands and slowly backed away. “I... I don’t think I’m ready for this! I mean, a few minutes ago I was asleep in my bed, and now... I mean... I don’t even know what’s happening?”

“To tell you more at this time will jeopardize your assignment and everything the Council has worked toward. You must learn your battle skills in the appropriate order for your training to be most effective. The fate of your world, perhaps all worlds, rests on you.”