

Earth was at war with planet Jupiter again. Not the actual planet, but the intelligent species called the Ghuts that lived on it. There could be no hand to hand combat due to the fact that Jupiter was another planet, but the rulers of the country's first move was to send my family with a bomb to destroy the dreaded Ghuts once and for all! Hold on, I got ahead of myself, let me introduce myself. I am the narrator of this story, Catherine van Lent daughter of Mike van Lent a famous astronaut. My father was the first living creature to step on Jupiter. Or so we thought...

Now three months later, scientists know better. Another species with technology far superior to ours exists. The Ghuts, savage beings, move from planet to planet sucking up its resources and technology. It was only a matter of time before they discovered us. Our only chance of beating them was acting first. Sadly, we did not know if they had some fatal weakness to starch or something like in the movies (I hope they aren't invincible!). All the info the world knew about Ghuts came to my head as my family's rocket ship, The *Apollo 14* approached planet Jupiter.

1. Ghuts are aliens
2. Ghuts have *way* better technology than humans
3. Ghuts are currently living on Jupiter, only 365366261.036 miles away.

"Yay, we know so much," I mutter.

"What was that, darling?" Asks my mom. "I didn't hear you." Fully aware that the scientists that discovered those three facts are listening not too far away from us on the computer, I replied "Nothing!"

Me, my brother, my dad and mom were doing various things. My Dad was desperately trying to cook something. Due to his lack of skill, he was currently failing to make a chicken pot pie. My geek brother, Christopher or Chris for short, was surrounded by electronics, playing two games at once, listening to a video, and facetimeing some friends all at the same time. My mom was a wizard when it came to computers, she was checking our location, readying the bomb, and other stuff like that. My dad was a boss at a company that made robots so everyone had some big connection with the internet (My brother who was 13, could program as well as the average 25 year old). Except me. My great computer connection? I didn't have one.

I was curled up on my bean bag chair reading *Wonderstruck* when I heard something by the window.

"What's that?" my mother wondered aloud. "Can you check what it is Catherine?" She added not looking up from the screen. I pretended not to hear her, I was at a good part in my book and didn't intend on pausing.

"Catherine! Can you check what is out the window?!?" My dad called slightly annoyed. Scowling, I put down my book. Later I thought tearfully of how happy I was that simple command was followed. Now back to the story.

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"Who dares gawk at the witch?" came a clarion voice from next to the bucket building. Peeling my eyes away from the ugly sight, I saw a thin woman with thin blond hair and high cheek bones. Fair skinned and with a haughty profile, this could only be the mayor, escorted by two strong men, so heavily armed I couldn't have told you if they had long blond hair and a very fair complexion or dark hair with similarly colored skin. They could have been.

"My apologies madam, we are new here and have not quite adjusted to the new terms." My mom said smoothly. I personally, was relieved she had picked up the 1692 vibe so quickly and curtsied. Not everyone in my family was so bright though. Christopher in turn stared blankly at her with the same expression he had worn upon witnessing the witch.

"May we dare ask what is the meaning of this beast's location?" Prompted my dad who probably thought it was the medieval times or something.

"Were there no witch trials in your old village?"

The mayor sniffed. "We have a suspect being dunked at this moment so watch if you must!" She snapped.

"So modest, she should be shown when people ask for an antonym example of froideur!" I whispered sarcastically to my brother, who snorted. The dunking was horrible! A nice teen with soft short black hair was thrown in with the witch. After intense searching, the witch shook a large chunk of cake out of the hem of the girls jacket. "Her prize." One of the guards explained. She gets to eat any of the food her victims have. That way the poisons are disposed of. The scene after that was very gruesome, so I chose to look down. It was lucky I did, because one by one I saw the nets holding the monster in ripped! How could the towns people find this so quotidian?

As if by magic I had a vision of what would happen next. "I think it's time to leave!" I whispered to everyone as I took a slow step back. They followed my lead. Too late. "WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?!?" screeched the witch. She must have tried to hit us or something, because suddenly the whole building shattered. As one, everyone within a half a mile radius ran. Chaos took a strong hold on the world. Houses were up in flames, families were separated and for a strange reason there were net covered onions rolling around the roads. Spotting a narrow non-onion infested path away from the city, I pointed it out to everyone and me, Chris, mom and dad dashed towards the narrow escape path. When we got far enough away from the smoke to see, I observed we had run into a large field filled with tall grass. Suddenly, to the left a red tailed wolf slipped out of the shoots. When it looked at us I felt like it could see into my soul. Intelligence glittered in its eyes. As swiftly as it came, the red tailed wolf plummeted back into the grass. Not for long though. I could still glimpse little movements among the lanky plants. Only once the

wolf once again pelted on to the road on which we stood did any of us remember we could speak. Unfortunately, it was Chris who gained this ability first. "Whaaaaau?" He mumbled. I knelt down to examine this creature. "Um, Catherine? That's a wolf you know!" whispered my dad. I knew not to usually confront an unknown canine like this, but this red fur girl felt so simpatico, and I felt even more attached when she dropped a squirrel at my feet. "Is this for us, sweetie?" I asked her gingerly. I swear she nodded before bounding off into the woods. "That was strange!" My mother exclaimed. "But this gift probably won't help much." "Why not?" questioned my dad, obviously confused. "Can't cook it, but that's not the point!" I yell feeling the tears build up in my eyes. Before I could remind them the world had been set back a few centuries, my red tailed friend dropped in. And she was not alone. She was accompanied by a midnight black wolf, to put it nicely. To put it not so nicely (but way more accurately) she was pulling the fellow by his ear! When she reached us she stepped back and watched us. Grudgingly, Mr. Black wolf dropped a squirrel before us. He shuffled backward and glanced at the first wolf, who I decided to call Manna, as if to say "There, I did it. Happy?" Manna, satisfied, turned and trotted down a trail to are right I hadn't noticed. "Guess we better follow her" Chris said. "That's the smartest thing you've said all day" I snorted "Of course we should follow her. Besides, do we have a better thing to do?" Chris looked down sheepishly. My dad shot me a warning look, Don't tease your brother too much. That put me in a bad mood as we tagged along after the wolves. I was so lost in thought I ran into Christopher. Why? We had reached a fork in the trail. One wolf waited down each trail. My dad glanced at the red wolf, the black wolf, and at us in turn. "Well? You're the wilderness survival people around here, not me." Dad urged. "We could eat the three leaf clovers." mumbled Chris (He didn't really get the point.). "I think your dad means which path." explained mom softly. If we had a matriarch, it would be her. "I think the black furred wolf. Little red must have brought him along for the ride for a reason." "But this crimson pup hasn't led us wrong yet!" argued my brother. At this point all eyes were on me and I felt my cheeks flaming up. "Um, I agree with mom" managed to untangle itself from my mouth and float out. I was *HORRIBLE* when it came to public speaking. Even when it was just my family, the second an eye strayed in my direction I turned all red and forgot my name. Realizing I had gotten so wrapped in my thoughts the family was almost out of sight, I ran back to the lead. Oops. We emerged on a hill overlooking a small farm. In the distance I heard a chanticleer. "Wrong direction. Nothing useful here. Let's try the other path." sighed my dad. I noticed he was watching us out of the corner of his eyes, hoping we point out something that could help. Dejectedly I shook my head. I was tired, hungry and sore. Without even realizing it, I started dragging my feet. This would normally cause panic, due to the fact each shoe individually cost \$600,000,000,001, but today no one cared. When we finally dragged ourselves to the split in the paths, Manna was laying under a tree

panting slightly. I swore I saw a mischievous light in her dark peepers as she stretched and trotted merrily down her trail. Too exhausted to speak, by the time we reached the final area, Chris had dropped off three times, dad four, me two, but mom managed to keep her eyes on the prize of a bed. She got that prize when a nice comfy *modern* log cabin materialized in front of us. "I declare this a sockeroo!" Dad croaked hoarsely. Blacky crouched next to me, trying to avoid Manna's smug grin. I don't know where I got the energy, but I crawled onto the leather couch. I was at heartsease.

My last thought was: **WHAT HAPPENED?** And should write a story about this.