

Reldni Productions Presents

The Reclaimers

In

The Ring of Shaboo

Pain intensified as ringing echoed endlessly in her head. Falling on her knees, she realised this new enemy was somehow unearthly. She could not win. A shattering of glass startled the oppressor. In an instant a giant metallic arm lunged straight at it's face. Weak and battered, Samantha lay down as her unknown ally lashed out at the beast.

Inside their cell Captain Dave and Marco were in a state of panic.

“If only Curt had met us back at the market, like he was supposed to, we wouldn't be stuck in this Mexican jail!” Dave fumed.

“Well Dave, you're the one who tried to hustle those bandits in the bar.”

“How was I supposed to know, they didn't like cheaters. It was just a friendly game of pool.”

“Ya, If it was so friendly, how come you stabbed the guy with the moustache in the arm?”

“It was in self defence Marco! Besides, how was I supposed to know it was a squirt gun?”

“How many real guns are orange with green and purple polka dots?”

“Okay, Marco, you win. I'll admit it, I was pretty sloshed.”

“But you didn't drink anything!”

“Quiet, someone's coming.”

The guard snickered and said something that Dave and Marco could not comprehend. Marco frowned as the guard swallowed the key to their cell.

“It looks like we’re going to be here for a while Captain Dave.”

“Don’t worry Marco, I have a plan.”

“What’s that?”

“Well, it’s simple. We don’t eat anything, until we become thin enough to fit through these bars.”

“That’s a great idea. You wouldn’t happen to have a better one, would you.”

“Well, we could call Xmaster Shaboo.”

“Oh no, anything but that. He always makes fun of me.”

“What can I say Marco, you’re such an easy target. I think we have no choice. It’s Shaboo or nothing.”

“All right, but I’m just going to crawl into that corner until we’re out of here.”

“Suit yourself Marco. Of all the Reclaimers to get thrown in prison with, I had to get stuck with Marco the wimp.”

“Shut up Dave, just get on with it.”

“That’s Captain Dave to you. Oh no, I can’t believe it.”

“What’s wrong?”

“I forgot, the prison guards took the ring!”

Suddenly the captives heard an explosion.

“What was that?”

“It sounds like Wise Charlie.” Captain Dave grinned.

Wise Charlie blitzed through the prison in seconds. Pausing at his friend's cell, without more than a nod, he tore the bars apart.

“Well, it looks like you guys owe me big time.”

“How did you know we were here Charlie?”

“How many times do I have to tell you Marco, Wise Charlie knows all. Are you guys going to stand there all afternoon?”

“Let’s get out of here.”

Charlie drew his gun.

“Not so fast Captain Dave.”

“What’s going on?”

“You Reclaimers fell right into the palm of my hand. Did you wonder why Curt never showed up? He was too busy feeding the vultures.”

“Why go to the trouble of saving us?”

“You wouldn’t have been in here long. Shaboo would of saved your ass. But now I’ve got the power ring.”

Marco leapt for the gun, but Charlie’s quick reflexes quickly blasted a hole in his chest.

“You killed Marco!”

Wise Charlie grinned. “That’s right Captain Dave. You’re next”

TO BE CONTINUED

Written By Troy Scott

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In

The Ring of Shaboo (Part II)

Charlie was pushed from behind. The bullet fired from Charlie's gun, but it missed Captain Dave. Charlie struggled with his aggressor, dropping the gun. Dave picked up the weapon, and fired a round into Charlie.

"Damn Clones" Dave muttered as Charlie fizzled.

"I thought you were dead Curt."

"I was in the desert, feeding the vultures. They don't seem to like this stale bread."

"Well, you got here just in time. This clone killed Marco."

"I wonder where the real Charlie is."

"I don't know, but this prison's a bit quiet."

Curt pondered for a minute.

"I think this whole things just a charade.", Curt announced.

"You mean, Tydra's behind this?"

"Who else?"

"Well, that would explain why everything's been so weird lately."

"We have to find Peter, Toth and Beth. Together we may defeat Tydra."

"Hey, I almost forgot." Dave snatched the ring off the damaged robot.

“Don’t use that ring, Dave. Don’t you get it? Shaboo is Tydra in disguise!”

“Get real.”

“What other explanation do you have?”

“Ya, maybe your right.”

Suddenly the prison became a blur. The two Reclaimers were tossed in a seemingly endless void. They drifted in blackness for what seemed like hours. Their minds were only half conscious. At times they would hear Tydra’s laughter echo in the distance.

The fight between The Clawman and The Beast continued. Clawman grabbed Samantha’s sword that was lying on the stone floor beside her. With a mighty thrust, Clawman drove the blade into the creature’s belly. The Beast vanished.

“Hello! Is there anyone there?!”

Clawman heard a familiar voice, and shouted back at it. Robert Billings was still in a bit of a daze.

“I wonder where we are?” He asked.

“I think we’re in Tydra’s world.” Clawman responded.

Robert noticed the scantily clad woman on the ground.

“Is she dead?”

“I don’t think so. We’ve got to find the others.”

“Where did she come from.”

“I don’t know, why don’t you ask her?”

Robert checked for vital signs. The beautiful warrior was asleep. He decided not to wake her.

“I think she’ll be okay, let’s go see if the others are here.”

“That’s a good idea.”, Somewhat sarcastically Clawman agreed.

Troy, Roger and Paul were used to stumbling around Tydra’s mazes. The three were beginning to feel as if they were Tydra’s personal laboratory rats. Tydra had recently made them relive three months of high school. Now they had been sent into the unknown along with Private Investigator Robert Billings and The Incredible Clawman.

Peter dreaded he would soon lose his sanity. He was alone in absolute darkness. The floor or ground of this never ending pitch black void felt like smooth solid concrete. He had tried yelling, but his words did not seem to travel far in the echoless atmosphere.

Peter's mind wandered back to the series of recent bizarre events. It started a week ago when the Reclaimers gathered at their headquarters. The meeting began with Toth reading a poem and boring everyone. Curt introduced his latest cyborg creation. It looked like something from a really bad horror movie. The creature's skin was scaly blood red. The cyborg spoke with a French accent. Curt had named him Marco. The Reclaimers all agreed that despite it's appearance, Marco was Curt's most stable and humanlike production yet. Captain Dave was very impressed at Curt's unprecedented achievement.

"Indeed, you have fallen into my trap." Shaboo's friendly face transformed into the image of Tydra's devilish grin. After drifting through the void, Curt and Dave had landed on a deserted beach. Tydra held out the ring to Captain Dave.

"Care for anything else my Master? I wonder where Marco went?" As Tydra spoke, a huge wave washed Marco to the shore. Marco's eyes lit up. He began walking towards Curt and Dave.

"Marco is now under my control!" Tydra announced. The Cyborg lunged out at Captain Dave.

TO BE CONTINUED

Written By Troy Scott

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In

The Ring of Shaboo (Part III)

“Wake up Repa.” Barney tapped Dave on the shoulder. Dave awoke from his strange dreams. He was back at his high school cafeteria. It was lunch time.

“How long did I dose off for Barney?”

“Long enough, lunch is just about over. Hey, aren’t you going to help fix the computer lab?”

Dave rubbed his eyes, and put his glasses back on.

“I guess so.” Dave left the lunch room, and headed upstairs to the computer lab. As Dave entered the lab, a sharp pain quickly burst through his head. Looking at the nearest computer, Dave carefully read the message that scrolled on the screen. “THE RECLAIMERS”. Dave wondered who the Reclaimers were. Then in an instant bits of his strange dream came back to him. He looked at the next computer. The message read “STRIKE AT”. Dave went around from screen to screen in the empty lab reading all the words. “ONE.”, “GET”, “OUT NOW”, “BEFORE”, “IT IS”, “TOO”, “LATE.”, “THE”, “SCHOOL”, “WILL”, “BE”, “DESTROYED.”.

The Computer instructor followed Dave into the lab. The computers were all turned off. Dave powered up the first system, but the words had been removed from the screen saver program. Dave checked each computer one by one. How could someone have removed all the messages that fast? The instructor shrugged, not knowing what to think.

It was twelve forty eight. Dave ran out of the school. He ran across the street and waited. He tried to recall his dream, but the visions were too cloudy. At One O’clock Dave heard a loud explosion. The high school was on fire.

“Wake up Repa.” Barney tapped Dave on the shoulder. Dave awoke from his strange dreams. He was back at his high school cafeteria. It was lunch time.

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“What are you doing here Repa?”

Dave didn’t recognize the man.

“Do I know you?”

“Not yet. Aren’t you afraid this school’s going to blow up?”

“You must be the one who made that message!”

“That’s right.” The man firmly grabbed Dave’s arm. “Don’t do anything foolish. That message was for you, and you alone. If you try to warn anyone, you’ll be killed too.”

“I don’t understand.”

“You’re not supposed to understand.”

Dave stared hard at the man’s face. He had seen him somewhere before. Then it came back to him. This was Tydra, a character in the broken dream. Tydra vanished. Dave looked at his watch. Then suddenly he realized this had happened before.

He ran to the nearest fire alarm. Where was it? Dave ran through the halls, until he realized all the fire alarms had disappeared. Then another revelation came to him. He was alone. He ran from classroom to classroom, until he knew for sure. Dave walked to the main doors of the school. The doors did not exist! He continued to explore the empty school. Every exit had vanished. Solid walls had taken their place. Dave looked at his watch. Tydra’s laughter now echoed through the halls. It was twelve fifty nine.

TO BE CONTINUED

Written By Troy Scott

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In

The Ring of Shaboo (Part IV)

Toth had been sucked into his radio. He was bouncing around from station to station. Finally the dial stuck and a loud voice announced “And now here is the latest hit by The Grumbles!” Acoustic guitars rang and violins echoed through the left and right channels. Then an electric guitar blared out a heavy metal riff as the lead singer began in an electronically altered tone.

Young street punks gathering ‘round
Cursing and tearing the whole damn town
Swinging up a knife, cutting up a life
Get your kicks, when your brains a blaze
Can’t see straight, when your in a haze

Slow down
Slow down
Spare me your story of guts and glory
Don’t even bother to shout out loud
You’re just a fool
And shouldn’t be proud

You think your a man, cause you’re holding a gun
Well a real man knows, he doesn’t need one
Beating the weaker ones isn’t so cool
Just proves you’re a coward and a fool

Slow down
Slow down
Spare me your story of guts and glory
Don’t even bother to shout out loud
You’re just a fool
And shouldn’t be proud

So you've had some hard times
Ain't that so sad
Everyone's had their hard times
And they don't all go bad

Slow down
Slow down
Spare me your story of guts and glory
Don't even bother to shout out loud
You're just a fool
And shouldn't be proud

Toth hated The Grumbles. He liked Classical music best. Somehow he had to get out of his radio. Then it suddenly occurred to him the absolute craziness of his predicament. How could he be stuck inside a radio?

“This way.” The Clawman pointed toward a wall. Dave was perplexed. “Hurry!” The Clawman shouted as he went through the wall. Dave followed through without further hesitation. He heard the school explode as he reached the other end.

“Who are you?” Dave queried.

“I'm The Clawman. Do you know where you are?”

“I'm not sure. Where am I?”

“Does the name Tydra ring a bell?”

“Yes. He's the one who brought my friends and I here; I think.”

“You mean there are more of you?”

“Yes, all of the Reclaimers.”

“Who are the Reclaimers?” The Clawman asked.

“You haven't heard of us?”

“Should I have?”

“Well, we're a team of highly skilled scientific explorers.”

“Interesting. So how did you get messed up with Tydra?”

“Well it started when we discovered this ring in Mexico....” Dave was cut off by a tremendous roar. A huge fire breathing dragon bounded towards Clawman and Dave.

TO BE CONTINUED

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The Reclaimers

In

The Ring of Shaboo (Part V)

As Clawman began fighting the menacing dragon, Dave fell through a trap door.

“It’s time for everyone’s favorite game show! WHEEL OF TORTURE! And here is your host of Wheel Of Torture, Ronnie Parkinson!” The studio audience was hyped as Ronnie appeared on the set.

“Hi gang! Welcome to another exciting edition of Wheel of Torture. Well, it looks like we have a great panel of contestants tonight. Don, would you mind introducing our player’s to our studio audience and our viewers at home?”

“My pleasure Ronnie. Tonight we have one of the famous Reclaimers here competing for a crack at the wheel. Her name is Beth Bradshaw. Beth is originally from New Jersey but she now resides in Burlington Ontario. Our second challenger tonight is not only the lead guitarist of the Rock Band The Grumbles, but he is also a Time Agent. Please welcome Alzims DorRelly Roger Grumble.”

“Thanks Don. Now let’s welcome our all time champion of The Wheel of Torture.”

“Okay Ronnie. Give him a big hand folks, here he is, Tydra Va-Foldia!” The crowd was ecstatic as Tydra took his place.

Dave awoke from what must have been a dream. Dave realized he was back at his CO-operative education placement. Bill was tearing apart an obsolete computer.

“Well, here’s another one for the trash bin.”, Bill said. Dave’s watch brightly pulsed. It was a signal from one of The Reclaimers. The flashing caught Bill’s eye.

“What’s wrong with your watch Dave?”

“Nothing, I just have to reset it. Can I use your phone?”

“Sure. Oh, could you put this tape in the safe?”

Dave walked over to the large open safe. Bill pushed him from behind. The two struggled, until Bill managed to squeeze the dazed Dave into the air tight safe. Bill laughed as he closed the door.

TO BE CONTINUED

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In

The Ring of Shaboo (Part VI)

“I’m very sorry Beth, that’s not the correct answer. It looks like the Freezing Chamber is being prepared. And let’s go to Don for an update on the score.”

“Thanks Ronnie. Our first challenger Beth is trailing with only 10 points. Roger is second with 30 and our all time champion Tydra has 500 points.”

“That means that Beth is going to have to continue the next round in the Freezing Chamber.”

“I’ve had about enough of this.” Roger whispered to Beth. The Freezing chamber opened. Beth swiftly kicked Ronnie as Roger pushed a surprised Tydra into the chamber.

Dave was gasping his last breath when Troy opened the safe.

“Will you stop messing about Repa?”

“Troy, Bill locked me in here.”

“Have you forgotten already? We’re not really at the office. We’re in Tydra’s world, where anything and everything can happen to us. We’re just toys in his game. I’d say it’s about time for the toys to assemble and strike back!”

“How do you know about Tydra?”

“Years ago my friends and I became Time Agents.”

“What is a Time Agent?” Before Troy could reply, Roger and Beth ran into the room.

“Troy, we trapped Tydra in a frozen room!”

“Good work Roger. There’s just one problem.”

“What’s that?”

Troy tore off his mask, revealing another face.

“I’m Tydra.”

Roger lunged out at Tydra. With a snap of his fingers Tydra turned Roger and Beth into stone. He turned to Dave.

“So Captain Dave, how about a game of pool?” Before Dave could respond, a pool table materialized. Dave suddenly felt sick to his stomach. He shrank and formed into the number eight ball on the pool table.

TO BE CONTINUED

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In

The Ring of Shaboo (Part VII)

“It’s about time I found somebody.” Robert walked into the room, relieved to find his friends Troy and Paul.”

“So, what are you up to Troy?”

“I need to make a couple of more adjustments, and this remote might bypass Tydra’s barrier. Then I’d be able to call the Time Machine, and we can all get the hell out of here.”

“Seems like a good plan to me. I wonder where Clawman and Roger got to?”

“I don’t know, but the three of us better stick together. We might be able to use the Time Machine’s detectors to locate the others after. What do you think Paul?”

“It seems okay, I guess. It would be better if we could get rid of Tydra once and for all.”

“Ya, I know what you mean. He seems to be quite the indestructible character.”

Still in the dark, Peter continued to cast his mind back.

Marco’s shovel finally struck something.

“I think I’ve found it.” The other Reclaimers helped Marco dig out the remainder of the box. Toth cracked the rusted lock. Inside the small box was a golden ring with a bright red centre piece. Beth took it and rubbed some of the dust off.

The area suddenly turned bright. Peter discontinued his reminiscing and stared at the figure that advanced toward him.

“You must be one of the Reclaimers.”

“Yes, who are you?” Peter responded.

“I’m The Clawman.” A loud hissing sound was made as the Time Machine arrived.

“I think that’s our ride.” Peter followed Clawman into the Time Machine’s hatch. The two met Troy, Paul and Robert near the central controls. The stone bodies of Beth and Roger had been also been collected.

“In some ways, I like him better that way.” Troy remarked as he looked upon the frozen Roger.

“Are they still alive?” Peter asked. Clawman was about to ask the same question.

“I’m not sure. So what’s our game plan Paul?”

“Well Troy, maybe we should find the others first.”

“That’s a good idea. I should have thought of that.”

“You did.”

“Well, I told you it was a good idea. By the way my name’s Troy, who are you?”

“I’m Peter.”

“I see. Very good. Well Peter, do you know anything about this?” Troy handed Peter the Ring of Shaboo.

Tydra was fuming. His concentration diminished and Dave transformed from a pool ball into his original form. Dave could see that Tydra was distressed. In an instant Tydra disappeared.

The Time Machine began to rock violently.

“It looks like Tydra isn’t very happy. He must realize we managed to get the Time Machine.” Paul noted.

“I think you’re right Paul. We better fly out of Tydra world now.”

“You can’t do that. We have to find my friends!” Peter exclaimed.

“We don’t have any choice. If this Time Machine blows apart, we may never get out of here!”

TO BE CONTINUED

Written By Troy Scott

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The Reclaimers

In

The Ring of Shaboo (Part VIII)

The Time Machine made one final lurch before settling still. The crew stood motionless for a minute.

“It looks like Tydra wants us to stick around awhile longer.” Troy muttered as he checked the machine’s damage status.

Curt had been tied to a tree for two hours. The Cyborg Marco had collapsed near his feet. Looking towards the shore, he could see Tydra. It looked as though Tydra was searching for something on the beach. Curt could hear someone approaching from behind him.

In the Time Machine, Robert noticed the ring start to move. Troy had placed it on a flat table. With a little trepidation, Robert touched the ring. It felt very hot. The ring glowed as it began to rise. The others noticed as well.

“Don’t touch it! It could be dangerous!” Curt exclaimed as he followed Dave into the Time Machine.

“The ring’s just another of Tydra’s tricks.” Dave said as the ring fell back on the table.

“It’s no longer hot.” Robert noted as he picked it up.

“Well anyway, welcome aboard Dave.”

“How do I know you’re the real Troy?”

“How do I know you’re the real Dave? Are there anymore of your friends out there?”

“We have to find Toth.”

“Is that her name?” The Clawman asked.

“Toth is a guy.”

“Then who’s the warrior woman Robert and I met up with?”

“It beats me. She’s not one of The Reclaimers.”

“Well whoever she is, we better find her as well.”

“It looks like I’m picking up something on the scanner.” Paul indicated.

Just then Curt noticed the stone images of Beth and Roger. Curt thought back to their first encounter with Shaboo who they now realized was the evil Time Agent Tydra.

Beth placed the ring around her finger. The ring began to glow. A bluish smoke flowed from the ring until it solidified into a small orange man.

“Hello, My name is Shaboo! I guess you must be my new masters.”

“Gosh, I think I’ve vatched that Aladdin movie too many times.” Said a dumbfounded Toth.

Curt remembered how Shaboo helped The Reclaimers escape a group of Mexican bandits. Shaboo also used his magical powers to make Marco appear human. Two days after encountering Shaboo, reality seemed to blur. Along with their Mexican friend Wise Charlie, The Reclaimers became entangled in Tydra’s web.

Dave and Paul helped carry the battered Wise Charlie on board the Space Ship.

“Crazy things are going on here Dave.”

“You don’t have to tell me that, Charlie. It looks like you’ve been in a fight.”

“No, I just fell down some stairs, tripped over a rake in the dark, and was attacked by a killer poodle. Not to mention, I was harassed by a door to door salesman.”

“A door to door salesman?”

“I told you not to mention the door to door salesman. By the way, I found this radio.”

Peter turned the small radio on.

“Hey they’re playing our song!” Troy announced as a hit from The Grumbles began to play. It was a shameless promotional ditty, but it had been selling well.

Keep those cards and letters coming
We want to read them day by day
Please send your regards

And your chocolate candy bars
Keep those cards and letters coming

Keep on wearing all those T-shirts
Keep promoting us for free
Wear them at school
You'll be so cool
Keep on wearing all those T-shirts

Keep on playing all our albums
You know they sound so good
Play them all night and day
Your neighbors will move away
Keep on playing all our albums

Keep on going to the concerts
You get a chance to see us live
We might be a mile way
But your getting wasted anyway
Keep on going to the concerts

Keep those cards and letters coming
We want to read them day by day
Please send your regards
And your chocolate candy bars
Keep those cards and letters coming

“HELP I CAN’T STAND THIS MUSIC. I WANT OUT OF HERE! PLEASE DON’T PLAY THAT “VILMA THE VITCH” SONG AGAIN!”

“Hey, that sounds like Toth. Toth where are you?!”

“I’M IN HERE DAVE! I’M IN THE RADIO!”

“What did you say?”

“I think he said, turn down the radio.”

“NO I SAID I’M IN THE RADIO! I’M INSIDE IT. DON’T ASK ME HOW I GOT HERE. I DON’T KNOW HOW I GOT HERE. THEY KEEP PLAYING “VILMA THE VITCH!””

“He must be talking about The Grumble’s new Album “Willma The Witch and Billy Bob Too””.

“OH NO HERE IT COMES AGAIN!” Another tune by The Grumbles filled the airwaves.

Over the glen down Paddington Road
There lived an ugly little toad
He sang his songs in a little brown shoe
With Willma the Witch and Billy Bob too

All day long they would dance and cheer
The little toad drank down a gallon of beer
Played all the merry games that they knew
With Willma the Witch and Billy Bob too

The excise men came to the house
They closed the still of Billy Mouse
Took Willma’s broom and Toady’s shoe
The singing friends were sad and blue

The little Toad put back on his wig
He went to town to do the jig
The townsfolk laughed inside the bar
Toady then became a star

Save your money so you can go
To see the toad on a Broadway show
He sings his songs in a little brown shoe
With Willma the Witch and Billy Bob too

“STOP THE SONG. I CAN’T STAND IT ANYMORE. I’VE HEARD IT TWENTY TIMES ALREADY!”

“All right Toth, settle down.” Dave turned off the radio.

“Was that you singing Troy?”

“No, Paul sang that number. I played the flute.”

“I didn’t hear any flute.”

“Well, I did such a lousy job, it didn’t make it to the final mix.”

“HEY YOU GUYS GET ME OUT OF THIS RADIO!”

TO BE CONTINUED

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In

The Ring of Shaboo (Part IX)

Samantha awoke in a puddle of water. Tydra stood beside her.

“Toth should be thankful he wasn’t turned to Stone like Roger and ...”

“And Beth.” Dave filled in.

Paul watched the monitor as he guided the drifting Time Machine.

“It looks like we found her. Hey look at this!”

The young warrior had chained Tydra to a wall. Peter and Paul welcomed her aboard the Time Machine. Samantha could not remember how she had entered Tydra’s world. It was clear that she was not from Earth’s twentieth century. Leaving Tydra in chains, The Time Machine blasted off.

“How are we ever going to get Roger, Beth and Toth back?” Dave asked Troy.

“We’re going to Hobinia, home planet of the Time Agents. They should be able to help.”

“I wouldn’t touch that if I were you.” Robert advised Samantha as she picked up the ring.

“We should have left that ring with Tydra.” Curt said.

“Can you not take me home?” Samantha asked.

“You still have to tell us where you live.” Paul remarked.

“It’s all so difficult to remember.” Samantha stared deep into Paul’s eyes. Paul was mesmerized and fell to his knees.

“What’s wrong Paul?” Troy asked. Samantha opened her mouth. Her teeth began to sharpen as her nostrils flared and her skin went pale. She grabbed Dave by the head and quickly sank her teeth into his neck. With great speed The Clawman tore the monster away. In the struggle that ensued, Robert saw the ring fall from Samantha’s clutches. Samantha cried out as The Clawman attacked her once more. Her head reeled and split revealing the chameleon like Tydra.

A surprised Clawman was thrown into the statues of Beth and Roger shattering them to pieces. Tydra snatched up Robert and Curt, hurling them into a corner. Another swift blow knocked Peter unconscious. Tydra turned toward Troy who was reaching for a weapon. The Clawman shook off the pain and jumped on to Tydra. Clawman was thrown into the central controls of the Time Machine. Tydra grabbed the laser gun out of Troy’s hand. Tydra knocked Wise Charlie down, pointed the gun at the dazed Clawman and fired. Clawman’s super reflexes did not fail him. The laser blast exploded the Time Machine’s system console. The Time Machine began to spin wildly out of control.

TO BE CONTINUED

Written By Troy Scott

Prologue

The ancient sun spread its beams across the town of Cumberland. Delta strolled through the market filling her basket with fruit and bread. A beeping sound emitted from her timer. She read the small panel on her wrist. An emergency meeting had been called. This was very rare indeed.

The council members were in a flustered state as they hurried into their seats. It took awhile for the noise to subside. President Madam Greenfeld entered the hall. She went to the podium and spoke into the microphone.

“I have just received confirmation thirty minutes ago that councilman Bruda Va-Foldia has left Hobinia. Last evening the Rich Edwards chamber had been broken into. The Ring of Shaboo was taken. Chief Time Agent Quesel believes Bruda has stolen the Ring. Chief Quesel will now answer any questions.”

Chief Quesel took the President’s place behind the microphone. As the council members began their onslaught of questions, Delta rushed out of the Great Hall. She flashed her security badge to the guard as she entered the Rich Edwards chamber. The casing that held the ring had been shattered. Delta had always held an interest for the Ring. She knew the legend of Shaboo well.

The Legend Of The Ring Of Shaboo

Many years ago on Hobinia there lived a powerful race of dwarf Wizards called the Shaboo. The wizards kept mostly to themselves. The ordinary habitants of Hobinia were frightened of The Wizards. One day the mother of a very sick child went to ask The Wizards for help. The Wizards gave the mother a potion. That night after drinking the potion, the boy was cured. The news of the boy’s recovery travelled fast. The people of Hobinia now realised that the Wizards were friendly and helpful. At first The Wizards were delighted when the people came to them for help. But soon The Wizards were constantly being hassled to perform their miracles. One night the elder Wizards met and decided to leave Hobinia. Their meeting was overheard by the evil Vlac Wilper. Vlac Wilper was a strange and powerful character. Although, not as powerful as a Wizard, Vlac had learnt many magical spells. He was also a scientist who created very disturbing and mystical inventions. Before the Shaboo left the planet of Hobinia, Vlac sucked a young Wizard into a magical ring. Later when all the Shaboo had left, Vlac summoned the Wizard from the ring. Somehow Vlac managed to keep the Wizard under his control

Although no one believed in the legend, The Ring of Shaboo had always been a famous and valuable treasure. However, it was not the most priceless item in the Rich Edwards Chamber. Delta wondered why Bruda hadn’t stolen anything more valuable.

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In

The Ring of Shaboo (Part X)

The Time Machine tossed and turned viciously jerking it's crew and cargo. The flaming equipment was smashed to bits. Blood trickled down the battered bodies of Troy, Dave, Paul, Robert, Clawman, Wise Charlie, Peter and Curt. They continued to be tossed violently throughout the spinning ship. Tydra, still in the form of a vampire like monster, snarled. He was looking for something in the rubble.

The golden ring was spun into the flaming Time Machine controls. The ring began to glow brightly. Blue smoke emitted from the ring. The ring burst into a large ball of fire as the smoke materialized into Xmaster Shaboo. With a wave of his hand the Time Machine gave a final jerk before resting still. Tydra smiled. Dave awoke in great pain. He watched as Shaboo and Tydra met.

“At last I reclaim you Xmaster Shaboo. Bow to your new master.”

“I bow to no one.”

“You must, for I am Tydra son of Bruda. You served my father, you now will serve me!”

“I served Bruda against my own will, but now I am free. You are an evil man Tydra Va-Foldia, just like your father.”

“You can never be free.” Tydra desperately searched for the ring.

“Ha, but I am free, the ring has been destroyed. I have fought long and hard to escape the clutches of evil men like you. Men like your father. Men like my first captor Vlac Wilper. Now I am at liberty to obey anyone I choose, or obey no one at all.”

As Xmaster Shaboo raised his small arm a powerful wind blew out the Time Machine's fires. Troy, Peter, Paul, Curt, Robert, and The Clawman woke up as their bumps, burns, gashes, wounds and bruises miraculously disappeared. Dave too felt his great pains suddenly cease to

exist. The controls of the Time Machine molded back into shape as broken parts quickly flew back and fastened where they belonged. The statues of Roger and Beth quickly melt back together. Then they cracked once again. This time, thin plaster like casing split apart revealing the real Roger and Beth. A broken radio blasted apart, leaving behind Toth who was the size of an egg. Toth quickly grew to his normal proportions.

Tydra realizing that Xmaster Shaboo was clearly on the side of his enemies quickly dove like a specter through a Time Machine wall.

Shaboo bid the Time Machine crew farewell as he decided to pursue the evil Time Agent.

As Troy, Roger and Paul looked at the Time Machine Controls, Toth heard some sound coming from the Time Machine closet.

Dave, Wise Charlie, Peter, Curt and Beth were discussing their recent experiences. Toth came over with Samantha.

“Look who I found in the closet.”

“I hope this one doesn’t bite me.” Dave said.

Samantha, a Time Agent herself had been tracing the Ring of Shaboo for years under the direction of Delta Astaris of the Hobinia Council. At one point she managed to capture its thief Bruda Va-Foldia, only to find he had hidden the ring somewhere in Mexico on Planet Earth. Samantha went to retrieve the Ring. The Reclaimers with their friend Wise Charlie had found a treasure map that would guide them to the Ring. Bruda’s son Tydra was also looking for the Ring of Shaboo. Tydra was being pursued by Time Agents Troy, Paul, Roger and their friends Clawman and Robert. When Tydra realized The Reclaimers and Samantha were all after the Ring, he used his powers to trap all his opponents into his virtual world.

THE END

Written By Troy Scott

The Reclaimers In

Spectral Shock

PART I

The mirror exploded blasting its fragments into her flesh. Blood trickled down staining the pale carpet.

Beth met her agitated friend Steven.

“How is she?” Beth asked.

Steven was still very shaken.

“The Doctor doesn’t think she’ll ever see again.”

Bandages covered Stephanie’s scarred and cut face. After looking in on the sleeping Stephanie, Beth went back to Steven.

“I can’t go back there. There’s something ... something evil in that house.”

“Don’t worry Steven, my friends and I can help.”

“No, you don’t understand. You can’t stop it. Do you believe in ghosts Beth?”

“Well, if you asked me that a year ago, I would have said no. But now I’d believe just about anything.”

“Well anyway, what happened to Stephanie, it’s all my fault.”

“What do you mean?”

“She didn’t want to stay there. I told her she had an overactive imagination. By the time I realised it myself, it was too late.”

“Look, you can’t blame yourself, most people would have done the same thing.”

Wise Charlie thought to himself. This was the perfect opportunity to poison Toth.

“How about a Coke Toth?” Toth gladly accepted the glass from Charlie.

“I thought you only liked Pepsi.” Curt said.

“Ya that’s right. Here, you take it.” Toth handed the beverage to Curt who quickly gulped it down. Dave burst into the room.

“I can’t believe it. I failed the exam.”

“What?” Curt asked.

“I failed my exam in computer class. Even worse, I failed the entire computer course.”

“There must be some mistake. You were doing so well in the class.” Peter declared.

Curt fell to the floor. He was dead. Wise Charlie pointed a gun toward the other three.

“At last The Reclaimers have met their end.” Charlie laughed as he fired.

TO BE CONTINUED

Written By Troy Scott

The Reclaimers In

Spectral Shock

PART II

The ringing awoke Dave from his nightmare. Ever since The Reclaimers encounter with Tydra, he had been having bizarre and terrible dreams. Dave rubbed his eyes, shook his head, got out of bed and picked up the phone. He heard a clicking sound. Whoever it was, just hung up. Dave looked at his watch and tried to recall his dream before it completely faded. In his dream he had failed his computer class and he and his friends were killed by Wise Charlie. It was a ridiculous dream. He had received a high final mark in the computer class and Wise Charlie had returned to Mexico weeks ago. Dave decided to go back to sleep. Without warning, his watch began to pulse. Dave quickly got dressed.

“We tried to call you on the phone.” Peter explained as Dave entered The Reclaimer’s Headquarters.

“Well, you woke me up.” Dave abruptly remarked.

“Maybe if you hadn’t been out partying all night, you’d be more alert during these meetings, Captain.” Peter said sternly. Dave was fed up with Peter’s recent snide comments.

“You can leave The Reclaimers anytime Pete. We don’t need you anymore.”

“That’s fine with me.” Peter headed to the door.

“Wait, this is crazy, what’s got into you guys?” Asked Beth. She knew something was brewing.

“Nothing has got into me.” Peter stated firmly as he closed the door.

“What’s going on Dave? Why have you two been at each other?”

“I don’t know Beth. I can’t understand it. Everything I say to Peter, he takes the wrong way. Something is bothering him, but he won’t us what it is. So let’s get on with the meeting and let him cool off.”

Beth explained to Dave, Curt and Toth how her friends Steven and Stephanie James had encountered an evil presence in their home. Dave, Curt and Beth agreed to spend the night in the house to try to contact the ghost. Toth was spooked by Beth’s story. He did not feel like meeting up with the wicked poltergeist that blinded Stephanie.

“Well Toth, if you don’t want to come that’s fine. However, you can still help us with some research.”

“I’m not very good at that Dave. You better do it yourself.”

“Well, I can see the Team Spirit is at an all time high.”

TO BE CONTINUED

Written By Troy Scott

The Reclaimers In

Spectral Shock

PART III

That night Dave met his friend Bill Bonnar at Macs Milk variety store.

“It’s been tough ever since I lost my computer job Dave.”

“Yes you’ve been telling me that for weeks. Can I have that slush drink now?”

“All right, hold your horses.”

“I’m sorry, I’ve had a bad day. Hey, how would you like to spend tomorrow night in a haunted house?”

“I’ve already been to your house Dave. Remember when I dropped off your modem?”

“Very funny Bill. Well, do you want to come or not?”

“Fine, I was going to quit this job anyway.”

“What does that have to do with going to a haunted house?”

“I won’t be working tomorrow.”

The following night Dave, Curt, Beth and Bill met at the bottom of the driveway. They followed Beth to the house’s doorway. She removed the key from her jacket and opened the door. The ceiling collapsed in on them and killed them all.

THE END

Written By Paul Quinton Troy Scott

The Final World

Featuring
Peter and Toth
The Last of The Reclaimers

“Just where do you think you two are going?”

Caught off guard, Peter had to think for a moment.

“Where’s your backstage passes?” The burly man harshly asked.

“Ve left them in the car, I think.” Toth lied.

“Well then you better go back and get them.”

“Look, mister we don’t want any trouble. We just have to see them. It’s very important.” Peter could tell the security guard wasn’t convinced.

“Ya right. Leave before I call the cops!”

“But The Grumbles are our friends. I’m sure they’ll want to see us.”

“Oh, so you’re friends with The Grumbles? Well gee, you should have said so! What do you take me for, an idiot? Get lost, before I loose my temper.”

“But it’s true. The Grumbles will be upset.”

“I have my orders, not to let anyone backstage without a pass. Do you understand that?” Peter slipped a crisp bill into the guard’s hand. This was something the guard understood.

“I’m glad ve didn’t have to use plan B”. Toth hated the idea of putting on a dress and lipstick.

The Reclaimers entered the noisy and crowed room. After looking around for a while and sampling snacks, Peter spotted Roger Grumble. Peter motioned to Toth, and the two of them met the rock idol. He was surrounded by adoring young ladies.

“Hey, Roger how are you doing?”

“Fine thanks. Who the hell are you?”

“Don’t you remember? I’m Peter of the Reclaimers.”

“Did you say you’re Peter of the Rabbits?” Roger joked, getting a good reaction from his fans.

“No. Don’t you remember Tydra and the Time Machine?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about Pee Wee.”

“Don’t call me Pee Wee.”

“I’ll call you anything I want.”

“Where’s Troy and Paul? Maybe they’ll remember me.” Peter figured Roger was probably intoxicated.

“Hey Troy! Come here for a minute.”

“What’s wrong Roger?” Troy looked straight at Peter and Toth.

“Who let these two in?” Troy said.

“I was about to ask you the same thing?” Roger stated.

“Are you two from the press?” Troy sternly asked.

“No, don’t you remember us. Were Peter and Toth.”

“I’m sorry. I can’t say I do. Nice to meet you.”

“I get it! You guys don’t know us, because you must have met us in your future!” Peter exclaimed. It was clear from Roger’s expression, that Toth wasn’t the only one who was confused. Troy turned around.

“What are you talking about?”

“Look, we’ve met before. Most likely in another time. In my past, but probably you’re future. How else would I know about your time machine?”

“My what? Paul get over here!”

“What do you want Troy!” Paul asked in disgust.

“Do you know these two?”

“Nope.”

“Roger and I don’t know them either.”

Paul began swearing at Peter and Toth. He screamed for a couple of body guards.

“I know you’re time agents!”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about!” Paul shouted.

“But Dave Repa is dead!” Peter cried in desperation as the guards grabbed him the arms.

“Hold it a second. Let go of him please.” Troy ordered the body guards.

“Did you say Dave Repa is dead?”

“Yes. Curt, Dave, Beth and their friend Bill all died.”

“Bill who?” Troy questioned Peter.

“Bill Bonnar.”

Troy thought for a minute. He could not remember Peter or Toth but he knew Bill and Dave. Troy had worked with Bill and Dave only a few years ago. Peter and Toth sat down and explained how Dave, Curt, Beth and Bill met a sudden and tragic fate after entering a haunted house.

“Toth and I figured, you can use your Time Machine and go back in time to warn them.”

Troy was baffled. He and his friends didn’t have a time machine.

TO BE CONTINUED

Written By Troy Scott

The Final World - Part II

Featuring
Don Younge and PLAM

“For the last time, it’s too dangerous.” Don was serious now.

“You’re talking to the greatest superhero the world has ever known! Just remember all the times I’ve saved your life.” The crappy crusader said.

“Not half as many times, as I’ve had to save yours Plam. You’re no hero, you’re a fool and an idiot. It’s a wonder you haven’t been killed yet. Sweadan’s finished playing her games now and it’s likely she still has Gortop on her side. If I’m teaming with anyone, it’ll be Ancient Spy or Hot Dog Dragon. But I don’t want you tagging along anymore! Am I making myself clear?” Plam didn’t respond. He just stood there. Don walked to the door.

“Hey, wait a second. Can’t I at least work the computer in the underground hideout? You know, we can stay in touch over your car phone. I could give you directions, if you get lost in your convertible or something!” Plam said with a renewed enthusiasm.

“First of all, I don’t have a car phone. Second, my car’s not a convertible, and third I don’t have a secret underground hideout.”

“Well, I do.” Plam grinned, knowing he caught Don’s attention.

“Are you serious?” Don asked as Plam nodded.

“Well then, why didn’t you say so in the first place?”

Plam drove Don in his new convertible to his apartment’s underground parking lot. Plam wheeled the car in position and pressed a special button in the car. Don heard a groaning noise, and felt the car jerk as it began to sink. The car was on some type of elevator platform that slowly descended. When the platform stopped, Plam slowly began driving down a dark narrow tunnel. Plam turned on the headlights. In the distance Don could hear the elevator rise back to its former position. After a few more seconds, Don could see that the tunnel began to slope gently downward. Plam stepped on the gas and the car zipped down the underground path. Plam continued to increase the speed as the path sloped more sharply. Don desperately wanted Plam to slow down. He could not do that. That would give Plam too much satisfaction. Plam finally began to slow the vehicle down.

Don wondered what Plam’s glorious hide out he would look like. He was very disappointed when he found a couple of dusty tables and chairs. There was one computer connected to an external modem. As well as the computer, one table had two telephones. One of the phones was rotary. In the back of the underground room, there was a rotting bookshelf. The books smelt damp and old. A map of the city was tacked to the other table.

“Well, it doesn’t look like much, but it’s my home away from home.” Plam stated realizing Don was not impressed.

Don recalled his hidden headquarters that he once lived in long ago in another time.

“Good work Plam. Now show me how this thing works.” Don pointed towards the computer.

“Actually, it’s broken.”

“What! You told me you had a computer!”

“I do; it’s just broken.”

“Well then, fix it.”

“I’ve been trying to. I’m having problems.”

“Why don’t you take it to a computer repair shop?”

“I can’t afford it, right now. I’m still paying off the convertible.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll pay for the repairs, you just take it in. Okay?”

“Gee, thanks Don.”

“Don’t mention it. Now while you’re getting the computer repaired, I’ll phone up Ancient Spy. I take it, these phones are operational?”

“Well, that one is.” Plam said, pointing to the old rotary.

“That figures. Oh well, I’ll just have to make due with it.” Don put the receiver to his ear.

“Hey! There’s no dial tone!” Don angrily said, as he jiggled the hook switch.

“Oh, sorry, I forgot.” Plam took the handset from Don and slammed it on the table three times. He placed it to his ear. There was a dial tone.

“Works every time.” Plam smiled, as he handed it back to Don. Plam walked toward the car door then suddenly stopped.

“I almost forgot.” Plam rushed to the car’s trunk and grabbed a bag of garments. He quickly put on his Plam costume. Don shook his head in disbelief. Plam slammed the trunk

down, not realizing that part of his cape was caught inside. He walked to the door tearing a good chunk of it off. Don could not help chuckle as Plam sped off.

TO BE CONTINUED

Written By Troy Scott

The Final World - Part III

Sirus gazed towards the sun. Riding on a camel, Gotek came to greet the weary traveler. In the distance Sirus could see the great pyramids. Sirus recalled a time when he helped to build them. It seemed so long ago. A quick blast missed Sirus. Sirus could see that Gotek had some sort of weapon.

“Stop it you fool! At least let us talk first.” Sirus shouted.

“There is nothing to discuss” said the stern old man. He fired again. This agitated the camel to such an extent that Gotek decided to dismount. Once off his camel, Gotek fired relentlessly at Sirus. Then a great fear came over Gotek as he saw Sirus calmly walk towards him directly in the line of fire. Gotek continued to fire until Sirus stood right next to him. Sirus smiled wickedly as he gently took the gun out of Gotek’s hand. He then pointed the gun and fired.

The camel dropped dead. Sirus threw the gun over his shoulder and tugged loosely on Gotek’s beard.

“I need your help Gotek.”

“I’ll never help you Sirus!”

“You have no choice. You either help me or die.”

“Bah! You think I care about dying? I have nothing more to live for.”

“I have some friends that have been perfecting a machine that can extract ...”

“Impossible, not even our ...”

“Don’t be so stupid Gotek, you know what I say is true.”

“You’re very strong, Sirus, you almost had me.”

“Such a strong mental block for such a weak old man.”

“Thank you Sirus.” The two continued their mental struggles. Sirus was trying his best to probe deep into Gotek’s mind. Gotek realized what Sirus was after. Gotek then relayed misinformation into Sirus’s mind. Gotek fell to the ground, hoping Sirus was fooled. Sirus wiped the sweat off his forehead.

“Good-bye Gotek, I have what I needed.” After Sirus left, Gotek congratulated himself.

The Ancient Spy opened his door to a very old friend. Gotek explained to Ancient Spy that Sirius was looking a powerful stone.

“Sirus has been busy collecting a lot of powerful objects.” Ancient Spy added.

“But surely this stone is the most dangerous.”

“You could be very right, my friend. Sirus has been in league with an evil alien cyborg named Gortop. My friends and I have had many recent battles with Gortop, Sirus and an earth woman named Sweadan. We have managed to retrieve many of the ancient Egyptian artifacts that Sirus has stolen. Some of these artifacts are said to have many great hidden powers. Fortunately, we managed to get them back before Sirus and his friends unlocked their secrets.”

“And fortunately, I managed to mislead Sirus in our mind battle.” Gotek added with pride.

“But unfortunately, I didn’t manage to win my mind battle with Sirus. He now knows where the stone is.”

“I’m surprised at you Ancient Spy. You should have been able to defeat him!”

“I’ve been very tired lately. The battles against Gortop, Sirus and Sweadan have taken their toll.” Ancient Spy sadly admitted.

Ned continued through the dense woods. He was looking for a lost memory. The endless stream of mosquitoes did not deter him. Then he saw it. Reaching into his pocket he retrieved the key. He recalled finding the familiar key in the Hydro field just a few weeks ago. His brother and friends had no idea what it was for. The key seemed to cry out to him for recognition. What was so special about this key? Why did it seem so important? Now he knew. In an instant the suppressed memories flushed back into his mind as he opened the Time Machine door.

TO BE CONTINUED

Written By Troy Scott

The Final World - Part IV

His worn and battered body could barely move. The great power had been sucked from him. He watched in agony as his enemy came through the door. Once in the Time Machine, Ned looked around for a few seconds before spotting the figure lying in a corner. Ned cautiously approached the dying Time Agent. Tydra's body was charred.

"How did you find your Time Machine?" Tydra whispered.

"I found this key, it made me remember. I take it you were responsible for Roger, Troy, Paul and I losing our Time Machine memories."

"Of course."

"What purpose did it serve?"

"I had enough trouble with that Xmaster following me everywhere; I didn't need you and your friends as well. So I managed to build a machine that would erase selected events ..."
Tydra was too tired to continue.

"So I guess Xmaster Shaboo finally got the best of you." Ned said.

"Yes, he left me here to die." Tydra spoke his final words. Four hours later, Tydra's heart stopped beating. The life of one of the most dangerous persons in the universe, had come to an end. However the universe was far from safe. Gortop, Sweadan and Sirius had an ancient weapon that would annihilate the Earth.

Roger, Troy, Paul and Ned paid a visit to The Reclaimers.

"Somehow Tydra made us forget all about The Time Machine." Troy explained.

"Well now that you remember, how about going back in time and saving Dave, Beth, Curt and Bill?" Toth said anxiously.

"Well, as Time Agents, we're not really supposed to do that. Then again, if it weren't for Paul changing history, Troy and I wouldn't be alive today." Roger replied.

"So, does that mean you'll save them?" Peter asked.

"Hey, rules were meant to be broken. Besides I haven't been an official Time Agent for years." Paul answered.

Toth and Peter followed The Grumbles into the Time Vessel. The Machine took off.

"Why are we hovering in outer space?" Paul asked Troy.

“There seems to be some problem with the controls.” Troy carefully inspected the panels.

“I see what’s wrong now. It shouldn’t take me long to fix it.” Troy confidently said. Peter and Toth were enjoying the view.

Plam, Ancient Spy and Don Younge had managed to locate and infiltrate Sweadan’s underground base. They had successfully fought off most of the guards. Don who now donned his costume was battling the powerful cyborg Gortop. Gortop’s metal horns crashed against The Clawman’s armored head. The Clawman collapsed to the ground. Plam rushed to his side.

“Are you all right Don?” Plam asked kneeling before the warrior. Suddenly Gortop snatched Plam and threw him across the room. The Ancient Spy was knocked down by his arch enemy Sirius. Sirius aimed his laser gun at his motionless victim. The Clawman was still lying on the floor. He noticed Sweadan who was beside some sort of machine. At the centre of the machine, the ancient stone was encased in clear plastic. Gortop, Sweadan and Sirius had built a doomsday weapon that used the stone as it’s power source.

With a mighty thrust Clawman leapt up at Gortop. Gortop was caught off guard and spun helplessly into Sirius. Sirius’ head felt the impact of Gortop’s metal casing. Sirius’ trigger finger reacted and a laser blast hit the back of Gortop. Sweadan quickly moved away from the doomsday machine as the broken Gortop smashed into it. The machine was activated. The countdown commenced. There were 60 seconds before Earth would be destroyed utterly.

Sweadan rushed to the machine. The controls to stop the countdown had been destroyed from the cyborg’s powerful collision. Sweadan and Clawman tried desperately to shut down the machine. Clawman tore wires out of the machine. A beaten Plam assessed the situation.

“Remove the stone!” Plam yelled.

“Why didn’t I think of that?” Clawman asked himself.

Clawman smashed the plastic case and reached for the stone.

“What’s wrong Troy? Haven’t you fixed the Time Machine yet?” Paul asked.

“Yes, I’ve fixed it.” Troy was shaken. He sat down and asked for a glass of water. He couldn’t understand it. The Earth had been completely wiped out in every time period. It was as if The Earth had never existed at all.

THE END

Written By Troy Scott

The Final World

Book II

Part 1

Memories started fading quickly from the time travelers' minds. Suddenly Troy, Paul, Roger, Ned, Peter and Toth all began to fade away. Troy rushed to the Time Machine controls, desperately looking for an answer. He pressed a button. The Time Machine's lights flashed.

Troy wasn't sure exactly what the button did. He knew it was some emergency feature that had been installed by Time Agents of Hobinia. After the lights stopped flashing, the crew regained their memories. Their bodies stabilized. In the Time Machine, everything seemed normal again. The crew examined the Time Machine's terminals. There was still no Earth to return to.

After landing on a planet, Ned stepped out of the Time Machine and rapidly faded away. Toth was about to go next. Peter quickly pulled him back inside.

"Ned!" Roger desperately yelled.

"There's nothing we can do Roger. He's gone." Troy sadly said as he closed the Time Machine's door.

"We really shouldn't exist at all." Troy stated. The crew sat down and assessed their current situation.

"Let me get this straight. The Earth was never created, and we were never born. Then how come we are here talking?" Toth asked. The others didn't know the answer themselves. After much thought, Troy came up with an idea.

"Somehow we've got to create the Earth without leaving the time machine!"

"Create the Earth?" Peter asked.

"Well somebody has to do it. It might as well be us." Troy answered back.

"But Troy, the odds of creating the Earth exactly as we know it are impossible!" Paul commented.

"I know. There's another thing that's worrying me as well. We'll be creating a new Earth in place of our Earth that no longer exists. Therefore, we'll never be able to leave the Time Machine."

“Why not?” A puzzled Roger asked.

“Let’s call the Earth we were born in, Earth-1. Earth-1 no longer exists in anytime and any place. Therefore we were never born. The fact that we can exist in the Time Machine is an anomaly. My plan is to go back in time and somehow create a new planet. We’ll call it Earth-2. We were born on Earth-1, therefore if we landed on Earth-2, what would happen?” Roger thought for a moment.

“We’d be gods!” Roger exclaimed.

“Well, yes. But if we left the Time Machine and started walking around on Earth-2, what would happen then?”

“We’d be worshipped!” Roger gleefully answered.

“Not for very long, I’m afraid. You see Roger, if we left The Time Machine we would end up like your brother Ned. Just remember, you don’t exist.”

“That’s kind of hard, considering I do exist!”

“That’s just a technicality.” Paul added.

“If we made Earth-2, then wouldn’t I be born there?” Roger asked.

“Well, yes perhaps you would. But It wouldn’t be you, would it? It would be something like you. Possibly, something exactly like you; but not you.” Troy could tell Roger was confused.

The crew decided before they attempted creating Earth-2, they would consult with the Time Agents. Paul set a course for planet Hobinia.

TO BE CONTINUED

Written By Troy Scott
Time Theory Assistant - Bill Bonnar

The Final World

Book II

Part 2

Dave, Curt, Beth and Bill met at the bottom of the driveway. They followed Beth to the house's doorway. She removed the key from her jacket and opened the door.

“Hold On!” The four turned around to see Toth and Peter running towards them.

“Wait for us!”

Dave looked at Peter.

“You aren't invited.”

“Look Dave, you can't go into that house.”

“Peter's right, you'll be killed.” Toth added.

“Since when have you cared for my safety Pete?”

“Let's all go to the restaurant down the street.” Toth suggested.

The Reclaimers and Bill sat at a large table in the restaurant. Peter and Toth recounted the series of events beginning with the sudden demise of their friends. They explained how they encountered The Grumbles once again. The Grumbles, Peter and Toth were drifting in outer space in the Time Machine when the Earth suddenly vanished.

“To make a long story short, we finally discovered that there was a time barrier placed at the exact moment of the Earth's creation. With help from the Time Agents of Hobinia, we managed to destroy the barrier. We still have to discover who made the barrier. Toth and I better get going.” Peter and Toth got up to leave.

“Remember what I said. Whatever you do, don't go in that haunted house.” Peter added as he and Toth walked away.

“You can't do it Dave!”

“Why not?”

“It might kill her.”

“Better her, than us Beth. Come on Sasha.” The dog began to bark loudly and growl.

“It’s frightened Dave. Peter must be right, there is something dangerous about this house.” Curt said.

“All right, If this stupid Dog is too scared, I’ll go in.”

“You’re the stupid one Dave. Peter said you would die!”

“I don’t believe a word he said. He and Toth are nuts. I can’t understand why you believe such a story; Time Barriers and little green Time Agents saving Earth that didn’t exist!”

“He never said the Time Agents were little and green!”

“Even if he did, you guys would probably still believe him. Well, not me, I’m going into this so called haunted house whatever he says.”

“Why do you and Peter hate each other so much? You used to be great friends.”

“He’s no friend of mine; he never was!” Dave yelled as he walked abruptly into the house. Quickly Sasha jumped towards Dave. The dog pushed Dave clear from a chunk of falling ceiling, sacrificing it’s own life.

“Dave, are you all right?” Beth asked.

“Come and look for yourself.” Dave nastily replied.

“Sasha’s dead.” Curt sadly stated as he looked at the bleeding hero.

“I never liked that dumb dog anyway.”

“Sasha just saved your life!”

“So what? For the first time in her life she was useful for something.”

“You’re attitude is getting worse than Paul Quintal’s from The Grumbles.” Curt said.

“Shut up Curt, you’re such a jerk.” Bill held on to an angry Curt.

“It’s not worth it.” Bill yelled, trying to calm Curt down.

“Let go of me Bill! I’m going to kill him!” Curt struggled free from Bill's hold. Bill tried to stop him once again but Curt knocked him out cold. Dave grabbed a large piece of wood that was lying around. A fierce blow hit Curt directly in the head. Both Bill and Curt lay motionless.

Dave suddenly grabbed the horrified Beth. With an evil smile, he gave her a hard kiss on the lips. The shocked Beth kned Dave in the groin. Dave just laughed. Beth screamed as Dave began to tear off her clothes.

TO BE CONTINUED

Written By Troy Scott

The Final World

Book II

Part 3

(Richard M. Harris Investigates)

Richard shook his head as he watched the ambulance pull away. He walked up the driveway and through the open door of 3434 Draker Road.

“Richard, what are you doing here?”

“Hello, Sergeant. So, what happened?”

“Some punk killed his three friends. I don’t know what they were doing here. They must have broke in.”

“Who are the owners of the house?” Richard asked.

“We’re looking in to that. Now answer my question, what are you doing here?”

“I was just passing by. So what’s the name of the accused?”

“David Repa. According to Jenkins, he had a big smile on his face when he found him.”

Richard looked around. He could see that part of the ceiling had fallen. There was blood everywhere. The carcass of a dog was lying on the floor buried under the fallen plaster. Richard began to walk out of the hallway.

“As far as we can tell, they never went past the front entrance.” The Sergeant said. Richard seemed to ignore him as he walked up the stairs.

Dave awoke, rubbed his eyes and wiped the frost from his bedroom window. Time was wasting so he ate his breakfast quickly before walking to school.

Dave managed the school’s bookstore. He and his friend Chris opened the store as usual. Toth walked in at seven forty-five and went through his usual routine.

“Vell boys, its pretty damn cold out there today!” Toth said in morning voice.

“Yeah, we should get good business today. No one will want to go to the mall, in this weather.” Dave said. Just then people started to fill the hall way. The school started to fill with students coming off all the buses in the front drive way. Slowly all the bookstore staff trickled in for work.

“Hey Dave catch that babe on Boob Watch last night?” Asked Nayr Reklaw as he stumbled in.

“No man.. I was studying last night for the big math test today.” Dave replied.

“Oh, damn I forgot about that.” Said Nayr.

The first customer of the day soon arrived.

“I’d like a pack of cigarettes, a 6 pack of beer, a can of Coke and a small three ring binder.”

Dave went to the back of the store where the cigarettes and beer were kept. Toth grabbed a can of Coke out of the refrigerator.

“Sorry, ve ran out of three ring binders.” Toth stated.

“That’s okay.” The Principal said as he walked away without paying.

“It’s a wonder he didn’t take our last pack of condoms.” Chris said while shaking his head.

Soon after the bell rang, Dave closed up the store and rushed off to math class. All the desks were separated and the teacher was busy putting the tests on the desks.

Dave was trying to help Nayr cheat, while still doing his test. Suddenly Dave felt nauseous. Dave vomited on Nayr’s lap.

The class erupted in laughter. Dave ran to the bathroom. Peter and Curt met Dave in the washroom. Peter pulled out a knife. Beth came through the door. She wrapped her arms lovingly around Peter. Peter, Curt and Beth all laughed.

Dave bolted out the washroom and ran to nearest exit. Running as fast as he could he reached the frozen football field. Dave noticed a big hole in the centre of the field.

Dave looked into the black hole.

“What are you looking at?” Asked a naked Toth.

Without warning, Peter pushed Dave into the hole.

Dave woke up from his nightmare. He felt exhausted and dizzy. He froze in terror as he saw the bars to his cell.

Pamela sat next to Steven. His wife was asleep on the hospital bed. Steven was in complete anguish.

“It’s not the young man’s fault you know.” Steven finally managed to sputter.

“Of course not.” Pamela reassured him.

“It’s the house, something evil is there. I should have never let Beth go in there. I’m just so confused. No one will ever believe me.”

“I believe you Steven. That is why I’m here. I work with a man named Richard Harris.”

“The British actor?”

“No, Richard M. Harris, the paranormal investigator.” Pamela replied.

“I’ve never heard of him.”

“He’s probably at your house right now.”

Richard continued to ascend the stairs. It had been five years since his first encounter with Vengalla. He dreaded the thought of another.

TO BE CONTINUED

Written By Troy Scott and Dave Repa

The Final World

Book II

Part 4

The air was crisp and Latin in flavour as Pip sat on a hill.
You jerk, you dummy, you idiot, I told you to sit still.
Come hear my boy and I will slap you three times in the ear.
For you're deaf and blind already; and you look a mighty queer.

“What are you doing Nutso?”

“I'm just reading you're new William Shakeaboo poem book Norgello.”

“How do you like it?”

“It's terrible. I haven't read anything that bad in years.”

“Come on Nutso, Willaim Shakeaboo is the greatest poet of the century!”

“Well don't we have to get going to the studio.”

“Yes we better hurry, we only have the crane rented for two hours.”

“I can't believe we're finally going to record that Super Nutso script.”

“I know, we've worked on it for years. Finally we have enough money in the budget for the special effects. Grab the script and let's get going.”

“I thought you had the script.”

“I gave it to you!”

“Don't tell me we lost the script!”

“Okay, I wont.”

The officer quickly switched the television set off as the Sargent entered the room.

“What the hell are you doing?”

“Uh oh, I was just dusting for fingerprints Sarge.”

“Don’t bullshit me Jerkins, you were watching The Nutso & Norgello Comedy Hour!”

“Jenkins, get over here!.”

“Ya, what’s up Sarge?”

“I want you and Jerkins to find out what Richard Harris is doing here?”

“I thought he was your friend.”

“How would you like me to blow you away with this gun?” The Sergeant said as he waved his pistol in front of Jerkins and Jenkins

“Get to work all of you!” The furious Sergeant yelled.

The police were still at the crime scene where Beth, Bill and Curt had been murdered. Earlier that night, neighbours phoned the police while hearing screams.

Sweadan rushed to the machine. The controls to stop the countdown had been destroyed from the Gortop’s powerful collision. Sweadan and Clawman tried desperately to shut down the machine. Clawman tore wires out of the machine. A beaten Plam assessed the situation.

“Remove the stone!” Plam yelled.

“Why didn’t I think of that?” Clawman asked himself.

Clawman smashed the plastic case and reached for the stone. It was too late. The machine sent a beam into time and space that created a time barrier. The Earth ceased to exist for a fraction of a second. Troy, Peter, Toth, Paul and Roger with help from the Time Agents of Hobinia quickly destroyed the barrier with a powerful energy beam.

Sirus had a splitting headache after being knocked down. He jolted up and rapidly grabbed the ancient stone from Clawman. Clawman spun around to smash Sirus. Sweadan bashed Clawman from behind with a long heavy rod. She did the same to Plam.

Ancient Spy and Plam were sent to an opium den. Clawman was strapped to a table with his head stuck in a contraption. With a flick of the switch, the device fed images to the monitor. Sirus and Sweadan were enthralled as they viewed Clawman’s chaotic life on the screen. Sirus suddenly paused the action.

“With a machine like that, I could rule the world!” Sirus exclaimed as he pointed to the image on the screen. Without warning, Clawman broke the straps and freed himself. He pushed Sweadan aside.

Sirus ejaculated and took off in his copper coloured camero. Clawman rushed to Plam’s convertible. It was out of petrol.

TO BE CONTINUED

Written By Troy Scott and Paul Quinton

The Final World

Book II

Part 5

The Grumbles, Peter and Toth had given up trying to locate the source of the now destroyed Time Barrier. The Grumbles dropped off the two Reclaimers before proceeding to Toronto for a recording session.

“How long have you known Dave Repa?” The Sergeant asked.

“Long enough.” Peter replied.

“Would you say he was an unstable or violent person?”

“No, Dave was one of the calmest and nicest person I knew. He and I are good friends. He’s a Reclaimer!”

“What is a Reclaimer?”

“You haven’t heard of The Reclaimers?”

“No, should I have?”

“I guess not. You might have read about us in the paper a few years back.”

“Now I remember, you’re the guys who found The Holy Grail, right?”

“Well, we never found that, but you’ve got the right idea.”

The Sergeant, Peter and Toth spent a few more minutes remembering The Reclaimers brief rise to fame via the talk show circuit.

“For awhile, we’ve managed to steer clear from the media. We get more work done that way. The public has pretty well forgotten about us. It’s just as well, I suppose.” Peter concluded.

“Why do you suppose your friend, Dave Repa murdered the other Reclaimers?”

“I don’t suppose he did. In fact I know he didn’t.” Peter emphatically responded.

“Well then why was he found at the scene of the crime clutching a bloody knife, kneeling over Curt Mitchem with a grin on his face.”

“He was obviously in a state of shock!”

“Perhaps. Do you know what I think?”

“What?”

“I think I know what happened that night.”

“What happened?” Toth finally said something.

“I think that your friend Dave Repa got a little carried away. In a jealous rage he killed Beth Bradshaw. Then he killed all the witnesses.”

“That’s preposterous! Dave in a jealous rage?” Peter exclaimed.

“I know you and Dave had a big fist fight one night after school. I wonder what that fight was all about?” The Sergeant stared hard at Peter.

“So what? So we had a fight; what’s your point Sergeant?”

“What was the fight about Peter?”

“It was just a silly fight.”

“Well then, you won’t mind telling me. What was the fight about?”

“Beth stood up Dave the night before and ended up going out with me. Dave found out from a mutual friend.”

“Oh, I see. A nice little love triangle.” The Sergeant laughed.

“That’s not a good enough reason for Dave to kill Beth and the others.” Peter stated.

“No, but I’ve got one.” Said Richard M. Harris as he entered the room.

“Who let you in here, Harris?” The Sergeant asked.

“Is that any way to treat an old friend Sergeant?” Richard asked as he sat down.

“All right, Harris, what do you think happened that night?”

“I think Dave was possessed by an thoroughly evil entity living in that house.”

“Oh, well then, I guess it’s case solved.” The Sergeant laughed.

“You want to hear another theory of mine?” Richard asked in a very serious tone.

“Sure, why not? I just love fairy tales.”

“I think that part of the entity has now been transferred into you, Sergeant.”

TO BE CONTINUED

Written By Troy Scott

The Final World

Book II

Part 6

“Well, it didn’t just take off on it’s own!” Troy exclaimed.

“I don’t know where it is.” Paul shrugged.

“Wherever it is, the remote control will recall it.”

“So where’s the remote?” Paul asked.

“Roger, you had it last. Where did you put it?” Roger thought for a minute, before responding.

“Oh ya, now I remember. I put it in that desk drawer.”

“What desk drawer?”

“The one in the Time Machine.”

“You idiot Roger!”

“What’s wrong?”

“How are we going to use the remote control to bring back the Time Machine when the remote control is in The Time Machine?”

“Oh, I never thought of that.” Roger stupidly said as Paul whacked him on the head with a broom.

Curt and Beth walked through the door of The Reclaimers’ headquarters.

“How is it going Elvis?” Beth asked.

“Where have you guys been?” Elvis asked as he wheeled his chair around.

“You probably wouldn’t believe us if we told you.” Curt answered.

“You’re probably right. Anyway, I got that information you wanted. I hope you guys know what you’re doing. It wasn’t easy to get at this stuff.” Beth smiled as she scanned the text on the monitor.

“How long do you think it will take to build another remote Troy?” Paul asked.

“I don’t know; about two months.”

“I’ll help you.” Roger said.

“Make that two years.”

Toth and Peter wearily entered the headquarters after a long day at the police station.

“Hey Elvis, what are you doing here?”

“You just missed Beth and Curt.” Elvis said.

“What do you mean?”

“I said you just missed Beth and Curt. They just left here five minutes ago.” Elvis noted the confused expression on Toth’s face.

“Beth and Curt are dead.” Peter stated.

“You must be crazy. I swear, they were just here. They telephoned me three hours ago. They asked me to find some information for them. I met them here, gave them a copy of what they wanted; then they left.”

“What information did you give them?” Peter asked as Elvis pointed to the screen.

“How did you find this!” Peter exclaimed.

“I have my ways.” Elvis proudly declared.

“Come on Toth, we’ve got to stop them!”

“Vhat? Stop who?” Toth was bewildered.

“Curt and Beth!”

“But I thought they vere dead!” Toth yelled as he caught up with Peter.

TO BE CONTINUED

Written By Troy Scott

The Final World

Book II

Part 7

Troy had finished building a new remote control unit for the lost Time Machine. A hooded figure approached from behind. Troy turned around slowly. Sirius stared hard into his eyes.

Richard and Pamela began to prepare for a ghostly encounter at 3434 Draker Road.

“Anyone who comes into this house seems to be affected. The police sergeant became agitated and hostile. He’s a man that usually keeps cool under pressure. Once I made him realize that he was being controlled he managed to purge himself from the evil spirit.” Richard said.

“What about Dave Repa, how is he?” Pamela asked as she loaded a tape in a video camera.

“I had a short chat with him. He’s still a bit confused. He has no recollection of last night.” Richard answered as he walked toward the knocking door. Richard introduced Peter and Toth to Pamela. The two Reclaimers wanted to help Richard and Pamela destroy Vengella.

“Vengella is a very dangerous and powerful spirit. Although I appreciate your offer, I’m afraid you can’t help us.” Richard said.

“Why not? This Vengella killed our friends and framed Dave. We got to help you!” Announced a determined Toth. After a short argument, Richard reluctantly agreed that Peter and Toth could help.

“We’ll come back around eight o’clock tonight. We have some things to do before then.” Peter said. Peter and Toth decided to visit The Grumbles. Perhaps they could borrow The Time Machine and change history once more.

“This time we’ll make sure Dave and the others don’t go anywhere near that house.”

“But what about Beth and Curt?” Toth asked.

“We’ve spent enough time looking for them. We still don’t know for sure that it was Beth and Curt!” To their dismay, Peter and Toth soon found out that The Grumble’s Time Machine was missing.

“I thought you said you were nearly done making the new remote control.” Paul said to Troy.

“It wasn’t as easy as I thought. I don’t know when I’ll be finished now.” Troy confessed.

“Well, I guess Toth and I better head back. We’re going to stay at that haunted house tonight.” Suddenly a horrible noise came from the house nearby.

“What’s that awful noise!” Toth asked.

“Oh, that’s just Roger rehearsing in his basement.” Paul said. The noise stopped and Roger ran up the stairs and flew out of his house.

“Hey guys, I just wrote this really cool song! You’ve got to hear it!”

“No thanks, Toth and I better get going.” Peter replied.

“Oh come on, it will only take a minute. I even wrote the lyrics myself.” Usually Troy supplied the lyrics to The Grumbles songs. Reluctantly Peter and Toth ventured into Roger’s abode. After looking around Peter decided if he could survive Roger’s basement, the haunted house would be a piece of cake. Roger revved up the volume on his electric guitar and began to wail.

I’m not an idiot
Because you are my brain
If I were a kitchen sink
You could be the drain
I’m not a violin
Until you are the string
I’m not a married man
Until I get your ring

Oh ya Oh ya Oh ya Oh ya

Oh I’m nothing
I’m just a worthless piece of slime
I’m not even worth a dime
But I thank the stars above
That I’m the one you love
Oh I’m nothing

I’m nothing without you babe
You know that very well
And if you ever left me
My life would go to hell
I’m nothing and I’m ugly
But you love me just the same

I smell bad and I'm stupid
But you always call my name

If I were a mouth
You would be my teeth
If I were a flower
You'd be the soil beneath
If I were a Mack truck
You would be the dog
If I were a lily pad
You would be the frog

Oh ya Oh ya Oh ya Oh ya

Oh I'm nothing
I'm just a worthless piece of slime
I'm not even worth a dime
But I thank the stars above
That I'm the one you love
Oh I'm nothing

I'm nothing without you babe
You know that very well
And if you ever left me
My life would go to hell
I'm nothing and I'm ugly
But you love me just the same
I smell bad and I'm stupid
But you always call my name

“The haunted house can't be any scarier than this!” Toth exclaimed, unknowingly echoing Peter's thoughts.

“All right Roger, I think we've heard enough!” Troy yelled pointing a laser gun.

Meanwhile back at 3434 Draker road, Richard was mounting a camera at the top of the stairs. Pamela came from behind and pushed him. Richard tumbled down the stairs screaming.

Roger quickly threw his microphone near the amplifier creating horrendous feedback. Troy dropped the gun to cover his ears with both hands. Paul snatched the weapon and aimed it at Troy. Roger turned off the noise. Troy wrenched the gun out at Paul's hand. Roger splintered his acoustic guitar over Troy's head. Troy fell to the floor.

“I don't understand. What is going on?” Toth asked.

“How are we supposed to know!” A distressed Paul answered.

Peter and Toth had to leave The Grumbles to keep their appointment with Richard and Pamela.

“I wonder what got into Troy.” Toth said to Peter.

“I guess Roger and Paul won’t know until he wakes up. Anyway, we have enough to worry about tonight.”

Toth and Peter entered the unlocked dark house. They realized the electricity was off after trying some light switches. Richard or Pamela did not answer their calls. Peter switched on his torch. Toth followed as Peter ascended the stairs. Cautiously they opened a bedroom door at the top of the stairs. There was no one inside.

“Where could they have gone?” Peter wondered.

“Richard! Pamela! We’re here!” Toth cried out again.

“Let’s get out of here. It’s obvious Richard and Pamela left. Maybe we should do the same.”

“What’s wrong Toth? Are you scared?”

“Well, ... yes, I’m a bit scared. Why shouldn’t I be? Anyone who comes in this place goes insane or gets hurt. I think we should go.”

“What if Richard and Pamela are still here, but are knocked out or something? I think we should have a good look around before we leave.” Peter said.

“I guess you’re right.” Toth agreed.

“I’ll continue looking upstairs, you look on the first floor.”

“No way Peter, I don’t like the idea of us splitting up. We should stick together.”

“We can stay in contact with one another on the walkie-talkies. If I lose contact with you, I’ll be there right away.”

Reluctantly Toth agreed to Peter’s plan. The two maintained contact with one another through their radios. Peter was nearly finished his search upstairs. While in the bathroom his walkie-talkie went dead. Peter assumed the batteries had died. Suddenly the bathroom door slammed shut. Peter was locked inside. His attempts at breaking the door down were fruitless.

Toth was worried after losing radio contact with Peter. He proceeded to go back upstairs and find him. Then he heard a weak voice coming from a closet door. What happened next is too horrible to describe in words.

Thirty minutes later the fire truck arrived. The house was engulfed in flames. Peter had sprained his ankle jumping out of the second floor bathroom window. No remains of Toth were found.

TO BE CONTINUED

Written By Troy Scott

The First Encounter

Richard got out of bed and went down the hall. He said hello to the nurse passing by, before entering the small sitting room. He took a seat next to Pamela.

The two had been preparing for a second encounter with a dreaded spirit known as Vengella. They were busy setting up recording and monitoring devices inside of the disturbed house. Suddenly possessed by the ghost, Pamela pushed the unsuspecting Richard down a flight of stairs. Richard had fractured his left arm, and badly bruised his right leg during the tumble. Pamela struggled to clear her mind from Vengella's hateful influence. Vengella finally let go of her strong willed defiant host. Pamela took Richard to the hospital. Later that night The Reclaimers, Peter and Toth arrived at the house to meet Pamela and Richard. They entered the haunted house unaware that the paranormal investigators had left. Fearing the worst The Reclaimers conducted a desperate search for Richard and Pamela. Somehow the house was ignited and only Peter made it out alive.

As Richard was waiting to be discharged from the hospital, he thought back to his first encounter at 3434 Draker Road.

A family of four was at their wits end. Two horrible weeks had elapsed since they moved into the house. They managed to contact Richard through a mutual acquaintance. Richard with his colleague Jim, interviewed the family. They then set up recording equipment throughout the large home.

Meanwhile Pamela was busy researching the history of the house. Richard's office was cluttered with numerous newspaper and magazine articles. Richard or Pamela had not found the time to sort through and properly catalogue the information. Scouring through the mess, she discovered an old newspaper clipping. This was the first of many incredible discoveries Pamela would make that day concerning 3434 Draker Road.

Richard ascended the attic stairs. Jim followed behind him. The attic was dusty and stuffy. A sudden gust of wind slammed the attic door shut.

"It's locked" Jim said as he tried the door. Richard was busy rummaging through the contents of a small desk drawer.

"Richard, did you hear me?"

"What?"

“I said, the attic door is locked. We’re trapped in here.” Jim was surprised at how unconcerned Richard appeared to be. Richard pulled his cellular phone from his jacket. He instructed Jim to phone Pamela at the office.

“The phone is dead.” Jim said.

“It can’t be; I just re-charged it.” Richard examined the phone before agreeing with Jim.

“There’s strange powers at work here Jim, I can feel it.”

“Now you’re talking like Madame Dingbat.” Jim was referring to Madame Alacious, a psychic friend of Richard’s.

“That phone always was a piece of crap.” Richard admitted.

After taking a good look around, Richard declared he had seen enough of the attic. Jim had been busy trying to navigate a piece of wire through the keyhole in a feeble attempt at unlocking the door.

“It’s no use!”

“Here let me try.” Richard said as he removed the key from his pocket.

“You bastard! You had the key all along! Where did you get it?”

“Mrs Chambers gave it to me, while you were watching television with young Nigel.”

It wasn’t long after Richard and Jim had finished examining the attic, that Pamela arrived at the house. The three settled in the living room to discuss the details of this most extraordinary case. Pamela was anxious to reveal her research discoveries. Suddenly a noise sent the three rushing to the stairway. Jim picked the broken camera up. Richard was certain he had securely mounted it. A whistling sound came from the kitchen. Jim unplugged the boiling kettle and prepared the instant coffee. The three settled back into the living room. Pamela gave a brief summary of what she had learnt, as Richard and Jim studied the material.

At the turn of the century, the house had been owned by a man named Tom Washington. According to old newspaper articles, Tom and his associates practised witchcraft. Through some unknown ritual, they managed to summon an evil spirit known as Vengella. Tom and his companions were consumed by Vengella’s power. They were never seen again. According to local legend, Vengella has remained in the house ever since.

An uneventful hour passed. Jim decided to get some rest. He retired to one of the bedrooms upstairs. He lay awake on the bed a few minutes before he closed his eyes and dozed off. Suddenly he awoke. He could feel an invisible force wound tightly around his neck.

Richard and Pamela raced up the stairs. They heard Jim cry for help once again. Pamela felt a sharp pain through her arm as she touched the bedroom door knob. Richard quickly removed his sweater. He wrapped it around his hand like a glove and opened the red hot door. It was too late. Jim had been strangled. The walls of the room burst into flames. The bed Jim was lying on exploded. Richard stared at one of the flaming walls. Blood began to pour from it. Through the smoke a misty figure appeared. The image was of a beautiful woman with long flowing hair.

She had a wicked smile. Her body, at first transparent, slowly solidified. She was dressed in a black velvety gown. Her lips moved, but Pamela and Richard could not hear what she was saying. Suddenly she grabbed Pamela's arm. The bedroom door swung back open. The ghost threw Pamela out the bedroom. Before Richard could follow, the door slammed shut. Richard turned towards the ghost. He stared into her hypnotic eyes. She dropped her gown on the floor and moved closer toward him. Richard was bewitched and could not move. She pressed her cool body next to his. His heart stopped beating as she kissed his lips.

Richard awoke with a jerk. He was back in the living room. He ran up the stairs. He opened the bedroom door. Jim was lying on the bed snoring loudly. Richard turned around as Pamela came from behind with an axe in her hand. She began to swing it violently at Richard. Richard's scream woke Jim up. Jim grabbed Pamela from behind and wrestled her to the ground.

Pamela cried out then suddenly collapsed. Richard checked to ensure she still had a pulse.

"What the hell is going on?" Jim asked.

"I don't know. Whatever is in this house, it's very powerful. I think it must be able to control the human mind. I think we better get going. Whatever we're dealing with; it's too dangerous and evil." Richard sternly said. Jim nodded his head in agreement as he looked at the axe lying on the floor.

Back in the living room Vengella was enjoying the late night movie. Richard cautiously sat down beside her.

"What are you watching?"

"I'm not sure, I think it's called The Shining. It's not very good."

"Why not?" Richard asked.

"It's just not scary enough. Besides, I much prefer the real thing." The television exploded and Vengella faded away. Jim ran into the room to see what was going on.

"What's going on?"

"Jim, have you ever been in love?" Richard sighed.

“What?”

“You heard me. So what were you and Pamela doing upstairs?”

“Nothing, she’s still unconscious.”

“Oh ya. I’m sure she is.” Richard said in a very sarcastic tone.

“What’s wrong with you Richard?”

“Richard?” Richard’s eyes turned red. His tone of voice completely changed. “I’m not Richard. I’m Vengella you fool!” He walked toward a mirror. Pleased with his appearance he smiled as he rubbed his beard. Jim watched Richard’s strange behaviour with a growing apprehension.

“Jim, do you know the difference between reality and fantasy?” A grinning Richard asked.

Jim hesitated before answering. “Yes.” He couldn’t think of anything else to add.

“Well then, what is the difference between reality and fantasy?” Half a minute elapsed and Jim still hadn’t responded.

“You don’t know!” Richard lashed out. “You’re not even certain of your own existence!” Richard snapped his fingers. From the kitchen, Jim walked over to meet Jim. The two were identical in every detail.

“Jim, I’d like you to meet Jim. The both of you can’t be real, so which Jim is the fake?”

“He is!” The two Jims said in unison while pointing at one another. Richard laughed as the two Jims began to fight.

Pamela woke up feeling dizzy and sick to her stomach. Richard entered the room.

“Hurry up, we have to get out of here!” He said as he helped her to her feet.

“Where’s Jim?” She asked.

“I don’t know. I searched everywhere.”

“We can’t leave him here!”

“We can’t stay here either. Besides he might have left already.”

“Without telling us?”

“I wouldn’t blame him. During these past three years we’ve investigated some strange and bizarre things. Ninety-nine percent of our cases have concluded with scientifically viable or natural explanations. Vengella is part of the extremely rare one percent, and I can’t do anything about it!” A loud crashing noise came from the stairway. Richard and Pamela felt the entire house tremble. Coming out of the room, they saw the stairway begin to crumble. Holding each other by the hand they quickly descended. They had made it halfway down when the staircase suddenly collapsed.

Jim thrust a knife into his double’s chest. As the blood spilled from his clone, Jim also bled. His replica faded away. Jim realised he had just killed himself.

Pamela awoke. She walked out of the bedroom. The staircase was intact. She called out to Richard and Jim but there was no reply. She was about to go downstairs when an overwhelming fear came over her. Her nightmare of the collapsing stairs had seemed so real and vivid. She held on tightly to the banister as she carefully made her way down. After reaching the bottom, she took a deep sigh of relief. Suddenly the lights went out. She walked towards the kitchen. Pamela then heard Richard cry for help. His voice seemed to be coming from the basement.

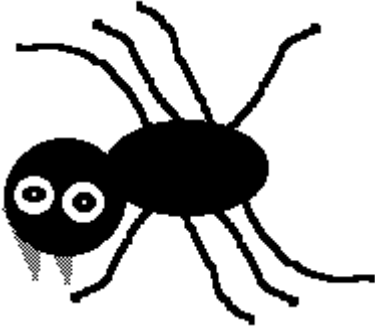
Pamela made it to the living room. She took a flashlight from her bag. She slowly opened the creaking door to the basement. She called out to Richard, but there was no answer. The basement was absolutely filthy. There were cobwebs everywhere. Pamela shone her flashlight around until she located Richard. He was lying in the corner of the room. Pamela was horrified to see blood dripping from his head. She rushed over to him. Quickly and violently Richard lunged at her. Pamela dropped the flashlight and the two struggled in the dark. Pamela could feel Richard clawing at her like a rabid beast. Richard tore at Pamela’s clothes.

Richard ran down to the basement with his flashlight. As he came down the steps, the lights came back on. Pamela’s attacker quickly vanished. Richard came over to her.

“It looked just like you!” Pamela exclaimed. She carefully examined her clothes. “They’re not ripped. I could have sworn”

“Don’t you see? It’s all in the mind! Vengella can’t hurt us physically. She can only assault us mentally. By doing that, she can control us. She can effect our reasoning and perceptions. We’ve got to get out of here, before we completely go insane!” Richard explained.

The two ran up the steps. The basement door was locked. Pamela pointed to a spider on the wall. It began to grow. Richard saw it as well. The spider leapt from the wall on to the floor. It was the strangest and largest spider Pamela or Richard had ever seen. It pointed its sharp fangs as it crawled slowly towards its victims. With a quick jump it unpredictably sprang upon Pamela’s neck. She cried for help, but Richard just stood there watching. He clicked his heels and began to laugh out loudly. For an instant, Pamela forgot her peril and began to laugh as well. When she joined Richard in a dance, the enormous spider vanished.



“Vengella, we have defeated you!” Richard announced with pride. Suddenly the basement door flew open. Richard politely motioned Pamela to go through ahead of him.

“We’re too clever for you Vengella! You’re mind games won’t work on us anymore!”

Pamela and Richard got a fright when they saw Jim’s body in the hall. This was no illusion; Jim was dead.

“I thought you said Vengella couldn’t harm us!”

“It looks like he killed himself.” A frustrated Richard replied, as he examined the body.

Pamela ran to the door.

“The door is locked shut!” Pamela began to panic. Suddenly Vengella materialised. She grabbed hold of Pamela’s neck. Pamela screamed as Vengella choked her.

“Pamela, it’s not real! It’s just like the spider, it’s only in your mind!” Richard yelled.

“You fool!” Vengella yelled and pointed toward the ceiling. The light fell down and crashed upon Richard who had been standing directly underneath it.

“All in the mind?” Vengella wickedly laughed. Pamela was still in Vengella’s tight grip.

Vengella laughed again as she watched her victim gasp.

Without warning a new apparition appeared. The faint image of a tall man materialised. “No! I can’t let you do this.”

“Go away!” Vengella yelled.

“Unhand her I say, or I shall do you some mischief!”

“I shall destroy you once and for all!” Vengella angrily responded.

“Hah Hah! You can’t kill me Vengella. You already have!” With this statement, Vengella let go of Pamela and turned to face him. The ghost man gallantly walked through Vengella and took Pamela by the hand.

“I hope she hasn’t harmed you.”

“Who are you?” Pamela asked her ghostly rescuer.

“My name is; or was; Thomas Washington.”

“You saved my life.”

“But of course. I’d hate to see a woman of your stature fall victim, as I did, to Vengella’s evil power.”

“What about my friends? You helped me, why didn’t you protect them?”

“Why? Young lady, they’re not as pretty as you. But, if it would make you feel better, I shall ensure the safety of that one.” Tom pointed toward the unconscious Richard. “I’m afraid Vengella has already killed the other.” Tom dryly said, referring to the lifeless Jim.

“Enough of this!” Vengella hissed. “Do not try and interfere with my plans Tom!” Vengella prepared to attack Pamela once more. Tom pushed Vengella aside. The two determined ghosts began to grapple with one another. Pamela went over to Richard who was just recovering from the blow.

“What’s going on?” He asked. He looked up and saw the two ghosts fighting.

“Let’s get out of here while we can.” Pamela suggested as she helped Richard to his feet. Pamela tried the door. This time it was unlocked. Richard and Pamela fled.

Tom Washington’s ghost was never seen again. Vengella’s ghost would return in a few years.

THE END

Written By Troy Scott

The Final World

Book II

Part 8

Beth, Curt and Toth entered the Reclaimer headquarters and met Peter.

“We have come for you.” Beth said.

“Who are you?” Peter asked.

“We are the children of Tydra.” Toth answered.

“In other words, robotic clones.” Peter added.

“You know of us?” Curt asked.

“Are you aware that Tydra is dead?” Peter asked.

“He’s not dead! He’s just resting” Beth shouted.

“So was the parrot.” Peter answered back, referring to Monty Python’s Dead Parrot Sketch. “Why clone The Reclaimers?”

“You and your friends are enemies of Tydra. You will all die and we will take your places.”

“I see, it’s like the Invasion of the Body Snatchers. But why?”

“That is how we have been programmed.”

“Well, get a new program!” Paul shouted as he entered the headquarters with Sirius.

“I have seen the future. Humanity has been wiped out by Tydra’s clones. They are all that remains.” Sirius solemnly told Peter.

“But, Tydra’s dead, isn’t he?” Peter said.

“Yes, but these robots are intelligent. As we speak new ones are being created in some factory. In a couple of years the world leaders will be replaced by clones, and no one will discover the truth until it’s too late.”

“Sirus was the one who stole the Time Machine. He also hypnotized Troy. That’s why Troy tried to kill us. Now Sirus has returned to help destroy Tydra’s robots.” Paul informed Peter.

“Do you trust him?” Peter asked.

“No, of course not.” Paul replied.

“I thought I could rule the universe with the Time Machine! But who wants to rule a universe of robots? So I came back to stop them before they begin their legacy. If we fail to destroy them now, they will conquer this world, and every world to the final world!” Sirus proclaimed.

As Peter, Paul and Sirus talked, the robots slowly moved in for the kill.

TO BE CONTINUED

Written By Troy Scott

The Final World

Book II

Part 9

“Let the games begin.”

A burly strong man blocked the costumed hero's way. With a quick mighty grasp Clawman hurled his victim across the room. Clawman continued into the den. A group of large oriental men stared at him with awe. The sweet smell of opium permeated throughout. Clawman made his way to the back of the room, where Plam and Ancient Spy were bound and gagged. Those who tried to stop him, were easily dealt with. Most were too drugged to bother.

The memories had returned in a sudden flash. Sweat trickled down his forehead.

“What's wrong?” Pamela asked. Richard was still waiting to be discharged from the hospital.

“I remember it all now.” Richard said. “How could I have forgotten?”

“Forgotten what?”

“Our first encounter with Vengella. Now I remember. Jim died in that house, that very night.”

“No Richard, you've got it wrong. Jim died in a car wreck.”

“No he didn't! Don't you remember? You were there too.”

“Yes, I remember, we went to the house. The Chambers family lived there then, didn't they?” Pamela asked.

“That's right. Then what happened?”

“Well, when I came to the house you and Jim had already set up the equipment as usual and then

“Well, what happened next?”

“I can't remember.” Pamela felt uneasy. She tried to recall the events of that night but her memory was fuzzy. “I know what to do. Once I'm back at the office, I'll look up the notes of the case.”

“So you can't remember anything?”

“I can remember bits and pieces, but it’s like a dream. It’s difficult to explain.”

“Sir, could you take this?” A nurse came into the room and handed Richard a pill and a cup of water.

“What is this? I thought I was going to leave.”

“It’s a mild sedative, it will help you rest.”

“I don’t want to rest!”

“Settle down sir.”

“I’m sorry. I’m feeling fine, I don’t need any medication right now.” Richard politely said.

“As you wish.” The nurse frowned. She walked away.

“That was odd.” Richard stated. Pamela nodded in agreement.

The nurse returned with a large knife and proceeded to stab it directly into Richard’s heart.

Sirus quickly assessed the situation and swiftly pulled out the Ancient Stone. A beam of light pulsed out of it. The robots backed away. The Curt robot then made a sudden lurch towards Peter. Sirus aimed the stone at Peter’s attacker but was caught off guard by robot Beth who snatched the stone from his hands with lightning speed. She sped out of Reclaimer headquarters with her prize, knocking down Paul in the process. Sirus helped Paul to his feet and the two turned to help Peter thwart off Curt. Just then, Clawman, Ancient Spy and Plam burst into the room. Once again they had managed to track down Sirus with a device Ancient Spy had built. Curt and Toth hurried out the opposite door, without Clawman and his companions noticing.

“The signal is fading!” Plam exclaimed as he read the small hand held Ancient Stone tracking device.

“Where’s the stone Sirus?” Clawman asked his enemy.

“They took it!” Sirus, Paul and Peter then explained to the new arrivals what had happened. Peter, Paul, Sirus, Plam, Ancient Spy and Clawman all agreed to work together. Tydra’s clones now had the powerful Ancient stone. They had to be stopped before they used it to destroy the universe.

THE END

Written By Troy Scott

The Final World

Book III

The nurse returned with a large knife and proceeded to stab it directly into Richard's heart. Pamela screamed as Richard quickly moved out of the way. The noise caught the attention of some orderlies and a security guard. They struggled to free the knife from the nurse's clutches. The nurse suddenly vanished.

The door knob turned. Clawman and Plam were poised and ready to attack. The door opened and Elvis wheeled himself in. He saw the costumed men and screamed with fear.

"Don't worry Elvis. Clawman and Plam are friends." Peter reassured his pal.

"What's going on?" The bewildered Elvis asked as he rolled into the room.

"The Curt and Beth you gave that secret information to, were actually robot clones created by Tydra." Peter answered.

"What?"

"Sorry Elvis, we don't have time to explain, we have to stop them." Peter quickly said as he followed Clawman, Plam, Ancient Spy, Paul Quintal and Sirius out of Reclaimer headquarters.

"To the Plam-mobile!" Plam shouted.

"Is that what you're calling that piece of crap car you've got?" Clawman ribbed.

"No, everyone into the Time Machine!" Sirius suggested.

So they all walked toward the Time Machine. Paul was the first to notice the robots. The heroes ducked behind some bushes as they watched the robots in the distance.

"They're trying to break into the Time Machine! We have to stop them!" Sirius announced.

"No! Stay back, I think they're" Paul's voice trailed off as the robots ran away from the machine.

"They must have seen us." Peter said as he stood up. All of a sudden the Time Machine was ripped apart in a massive explosion.

They were all hit by large fiery fragments and died.

THE END

Written By Troy Scott (Last sentence by Paul Quinton).

The Final World - The Trial, Part One

Richard M. Harris was worried Vengella would strike again. He decided to pay a visit to a powerful psychic named Madame Alacious. Upon arriving at her house, Richard was alarmed to see the front door wide open. An eerie feeling came over him as he cautiously entered through the doorway.

Roger and Troy ran up the steps. They rushed into the church.

“I hope we’re not too late!” Roger said.

“Oh no, this is a disaster. They’re sold out!” Troy exclaimed as he saw the sign. Roger was crushed, he was nearly in tears. Jackson came out of the crowd. He was waving a bag in his hand.

“Hey you losers, I bought the last ones!” Jackson laughed. Roger and Troy chased him out the doors and down the street.

“Did you get anything at the church bazaar?” Ned asked, as Roger and Troy entered the house.

“We stole these from Jackson. We left the punk tied to a tree.” Troy carefully removed the packages from the plastic bag. Each package contained a dozen cabbage rolls.

While Roger and Ned were busy cooking the cabbage rolls, Troy continued designing a new Remote Control Unit for the Time Machine. There was a knock on the door. Roger, Ned and Troy went to the door cautiously. Troy looked through the window.

“It’s him! He’s the guy who hypnotized me!” Troy exclaimed. “I knew he’d come back. Wait a minute.....” Troy’s voice trailed off as Roger and Ned came near the window.

“He’s got Paul!” Ned cried.

“We better open the door, and see what he wants.”

Dave Repa entered the court room. His preliminary hearing for the murder of Beth Bradshaw, Bill Bonnar and Curt Mitchem was about to commence.

To Be Continued

Written By Troy Scott

The Final World - The Trial, Part Two

The court room became dark. Dave had a feeling this was no ordinary trial.

“So we meet again, Mr. Repa. I apologize for my abrupt exit during our last encounter. You and your friends were fortunate. If it were not for a certain Xmaster, I would have destroyed you. However my children have assured me that Shaboo has been dealt with. He was a very powerful enemy. If it were not for my children, I would still be buried in the ground. However, they managed to find something very very powerful.” Tydra held the Ancient Stone in his hand. “I don’t know what it is exactly, but I will soon find out. This stone managed to bring me back to life. It also helped put an end to Shaboo’s miserable existence. He should have cooperated with me, when he had the chance. But enough of my rambling. Now you’re up to date, and I shall leave you to your fate.”

“Wait! You killed my friends Tydra!” Dave shouted. Tydra laughed.

“That’s where you’re wrong Mr. Repa. You can’t pin the murder on me, I was dead at the time! Anyway, I must be going. I can’t wait to see how your trial goes.”

“Why don’t you just kill me now, and get it over with?”

“That’s not my style! Besides, too many people have died in this story already.”

Suddenly Dave awoke from his dream. Was it a dream? Dave wiped the sweat off his brow and looked at his watch. In a few short hours, his trial would begin.

To Be Continued

Written By Troy Scott

DAWN OF THE RECLAIMERS

Dave ran as fast as he could. Andrew was right behind him. Dave turned the corner and crashed into Yamushk. Yamushk pushed Dave into the wall. Dave dropped to the floor on impact. Andrew and Yamushk dragged Dave by his feet into the bathroom.

“You know Clint doesn’t like waiting for his money Dave.” Andrew laughed as he stomped on Dave’s eye glasses.

“I was going to pay him; honest!” Dave squirmed.

“When will you ever learn Repa?” Dave was then dragged into a toilet stall. Yamushk forced Dave’s head into the bowl. Andrew filled the fountain like sink with the jammed drain. After Yamushk finished flushing the toilet, he punched Dave in the stomach. Dave reeled from the blow. Andrew and Yamushk picked him up and violently squeezed him into the sink.

“Just where do you think you’re going?” Yamushk harshly asked a terrified Peter.

“I’m glad I met up with you.” Peter trembled. “I was just on my way to pay Andrew.”

“Excellent. Let’s see the money.” Yamushk smiled.

“Well,” Peter couldn’t hide his anxiety. “The money is in my locker.”

“Good; I’ll follow you.”

“I’ve got to get back to class, I can meet you at lunch.”

“Your locker isn’t far. It won’t take long. Or, maybe you don’t have the money?”

“No! I’ve got it, honest.”

“That’s good, because I’d hate to see you fall.” Suddenly Yamushk grabbed Peter by the collar and pushed him through the stairway doors. He shoved Peter toward the railing.

“Maybe I should drop you right now!” Yamushk swung Peter away from the railing and relaxed his grip. Peter hesitated. As he turned toward the stairs, Yamushk pushed him from behind. Peter lost his balance and tumbled until he regained control. Peter was badly bruised. He looked up and saw Yamushk menacingly advance.

“Gee Peter, you should be careful. You could have hurt yourself.” Yamushk maliciously kicked Peter in the ribs. “I know you didn’t bring the money Peter! Andrew already checked your locker!” Yamushk shouted as he removed a broken combination lock from his pocket. He whipped it directly at Peter’s head.

Peter was in tears when he got to his locker. His locker was completely empty. His jacket, books and school supplies were gone.

Dave was still damp when he entered the school library. He felt a hand press hard against his shoulder. He quickly turned around.

“Dave, what happened to you? Did you piss your pants again?”

“Shut up Pat.” Dave angrily replied.

“Hey, settle down, I was only joking.”

“I know. I’m sorry. I have a lot on my mind. I’d rather be alone right now.”

“Okay Dave, suit yourself. I’ll see you in class.”

“I don’t think I’ll be showing up.”

“What? I don’t believe it. Dave Repa cut class”

“You didn’t see me here Pat. This conversation never took place.”

“Maybe he didn’t see you, but I did.” Beth had overheard Pat and Dave.

“Could you two just leave me alone.” Dave politely asked. He watched Beth and Pat exit the library as the bell rang. All of the students hurried out the library to their classes. Half a minute later Pat was pushed back through the open library door. He picked himself up and turned to face Andrew and Yamushk.

Peeking from behind a large book case, Dave witnessed Andrew and Yamushk threaten poor Pat. Yamushk pushed Pat once again. Pat wearily got up. He made a dash. Andrew and Yamushk chased him around the library. Andrew caught sight of Dave who was cowering behind a case of books.

“Look who we have here!” Andrew grabbed Dave by the hair. At the same time as this, Yamushk had managed to corner Pat. The two thugs dragged their victims up to the mezzanine. Andrew spied a pair of scissors on a table. He quickly grabbed them and threw Dave into a chair. Yamushk snatched up a container of white glue. He slowly poured the glue over Pat’s head. Andrew was busy chopping off Dave’s hair.

Looking down at the main floor, Yamushk could see Clint entering the library. Yamushk shouted and waved. Clint ran up the steps to meet his friends. Clint laughed when he saw Dave and Pat. Finally he stopped laughing. He stood straight and looked serious.

“All right, enough fooling around. Throw these two losers off.” Andrew hesitated.

“You’re joking, right?”

“Of course not. I said throw them off.”

“But, they could die. It’s quite a drop.” Clint slapped Andrew in the face.

“When I tell you to do something, do it!” Clint yelled. Yamushk took Pat to the edge of the mezzanine. Pat struggled as Yamushk tried to shove him over the railing. Clint came over to assist. Suddenly Dave leapt out of his chair. Andrew’s fist knocked him to the floor. Pat clung to the railing. With a final thrust Clint and Yamushk threw him off the balcony. Pat crashed on to the floor. Before they could move Dave into position, the librarian came through the doors.

Clint and his friends slowly crept down the stairs and went out the door without the librarian noticing. Dave looked down in horror at Pat’s motionless body.

The following day Dave and his buddies were operating the school store during lunch hour. Troy dropped by and laid a twenty dollar bill on the counter.

“Twenty dollars worth of Tic Tacs please” he said. Jed gave him a lot of change and one container of Tic Tacs.

“I said twenty dollars worth of Tic Tacs!” Jed stared at the wall thinking.

“Good thing this isn’t on your math test.” Troy chided.

“Help me Dave!” Jed exclaimed. “My brain cells are about to explode.” Dave came over and grabbed the rack of Tic Tacs.

“Dave, are you the manager here?” Troy asked.

“Yes Troy.”

“I think you better start laying off some of your staff.”

“You’re probably right.” Dave was about to continue his conversation when Andrew barged into the store.

“Okay Repa, where’s the money?” Andrew yelled. Jed and the other store staff fled out the door leaving Troy and Dave behind.

“Is this a disgruntled employee?” Troy asked Dave.

“Shut up!” Andrew pushed Troy aside.

“Look, Andrew I was just” Dave’s voice trailed off as Andrew opened the cash register.

“Hey you can’t do that!” Dave’s attempt to stop Andrew was futile. Andrew punched Dave in the head.

“That’s not very polite of you young man. Are you a low life thug?” Inquired Troy. Andrew pushed Troy into a shelf of candy. Troy dove for a small hot apple pie. He ripped off the cardboard covering and squashed it in Andrew’s face. Andrew screamed. The pie was very hot. Troy quickly wiped his apple filling stained gloves on Andrew’s vest. Without warning Troy opened up a freezer.

“Look! Caviar flavoured popsicles!”

“What?” A perplexed Andrew poked his head inside the freezer. Troy slammed the freezer’s door on Andrew’s head while kicking him in the rear. When Troy reopened the door, Andrew fell unconscious to the floor.

Later that evening Dave was home alone. He called Pat on the telephone. Pat had been very fortunate. He had sustained only a few minor injuries from the fall. Without warning the line went dead. Dave hung up the telephone. Minutes later Dave heard a powerful crack of thunder. Dave’s house was in darkness. From his bedroom window, Dave viewed the torrential storm. A bright light shone in the sky. Dave watched the light as it rapidly descended closer.

With flashlight in hand, he ran through the howling wind and pouring rain. He paused to catch his breath and think for a moment before entering the woods. Dave pushed onward until he came to the sight of the wreck. Dave cautiously approached the strange ship that had crashed into the woods. He wondered if anyone else had seen it.

The following day, Dave decided to introduce his new friend to his classmates at school. Beth, Janie and Vince were discussing the finer details of last evening’s episode of Terry Dick’s Undersea House of Soap. They greeted Dave and his friend as they came down the hallway. Before Dave could introduce Curt to the girls, a terrified student came running down the hall. He nearly knocked Dave and Curt over. Looking behind him, Dave could see that Andrew and Yamushk were catching up with their prey. The rest of the students in the hallway cleared the way for the two thugs. The bell rang and most of the students scurried to class. Dave, Curt and

Beth were among the ones who stayed behind. Andrew and Yamushk seized Peter. The two toughs began to yell and threaten Peter.

“Those accursed villains!” Curt shouted. Beth and Dave watched in bewilderment as Curt marched over to confront Andrew and Yamushk.

“Gentlemen, I command you to unhand this young man!” Curt gallantly announced.

“You’re as crazy as the popsicle guy!” Yamushk exclaimed, referring to his encounter with Troy.

“I warn you sir, I will do you some mischief!” Curt shouted. Curt fell to the ground after his head made contact with Andrew’s wooden stick.

Alone in his cell, Dave recalled the events that led to the formation of The Reclaimers. His thoughts were disrupted as the guard opened the bars and led him to a small room. Dave was seated at a table. A woman in a suit pressed the record button on a small tape recorder.

“Tell me about Curt Mitchem.” The woman ordered.

“Who are you?” Dave asked.

“Just answer her.” The police sergeant instructed.

“Not without my lawyer!” Dave demanded.

“Mr. Repa, are you aware that the autopsy on Curt Mitchem revealed”

“Revealed what?” Dave asked.

“I think, you already know.” She bluntly said staring directly at Dave.

Roger was about to move from the window and open the door. He hesitated for a moment as he witnessed the blank expression on Paul’s face. With a powerful thrust of energy, Sirius tore through Roger’s door. Paul followed behind. Troy, Roger and Ned realised their lives were in peril. The robots chased the three through the house and out Roger’s back door.

Her eyes were filled with terror, as she tried to catch her breath. Richard handed her a cup of tea. Vengella had paid a visit to the old woman.

“What happened?” Richard asked softly.

“It tried to attack my mind. I’m alright now. Vengella is truly malevolent. It is hateful towards those who dare to oppose it.” Madame Alacious calmly stated.

“Does Vengella have a purpose, other than continuing her personal vendetta against me?” Richard asked.

“I’m not sure. Vengella is very powerful, she has the ability to control people’s minds.”

“Yes, I know that all too well. She made Dave Repa kill his friends. She made Pamela push me down the stairs. She made Jim kill himself! I believe she also has the ability to alter people’s memories. Do you think there is any way of defeating her?” Richard desperately asked.

“I seemed to feel another weak presence in the room. It was as if there was some other gentler entity trying oppose Vengella’s wrath.” The old psychic recalled.

“It could have been Washington.” Richard suggested.

“Perhaps if we could make contact with this other spirit...” Without warning Madame Alacious collapsed to the floor.

After his interrogation, Dave returned to his cell. A little while later, his thoughts continued where they had left off.

It was Halloween night. Tired of suffering daily humiliation and pain, Peter, Dave and Curt had formed an alliance.

Clint held the door open, as Yamushk and Andrew brought in the loot.

“Looks like a good night’s haul.” Clint smiled as he helped Yamushk with a large pillow case full of candy. Yamushk and Andrew had spent the evening beating up small children and stealing their candy.

“Hey, you’ll never guess who we bumped into!” Yamushk laughed.

“Who?” Clint asked.

“Dave Repa!” Andrew and Yamushk laughed.

“Isn’t he a little old to be Trick O’ Treating?”

“We knocked him out and got his bag of goodies. You’ll never guess what’s inside.” Clint looked inside the large bag.

“Narly-Bits! This whole bag is full of Narly-Bits!” A joyous Clint exclaimed.

“He must have gone back to the same house hundreds of times.”

“Pretty sneaky. Too bad they’re ours now!” The three laughed as they dove in and quickly devoured their favourite candy.

Clint opened up his door, surprised to see Dave, Curt and Peter.

“What are you losers doing here? Have you come to beg for your candy back?”

“No. We just wanted to see if you guys were still alive. We poisoned those Narly-Bits you’ve been eating.” Dave said. He quickly turned and ran. Curt and Peter were right behind him. Clint tried to run after them, but he didn’t make it past the driveway. Yamushk and Andrew had fallen to the floor.

The Final World - The Trial, Part Three

Richard ran up the courthouse steps. He could feel Vengella's presence. Somehow he had to convince the jury that Dave Repa was innocent. As he neared the trial room, Vengella with knife in hand, materialized from behind.

Dave had been found guilty on all charges. Suddenly the judge's face transformed. Tydra laughed viciously as a terrorized Richard ran into the court room.

With a small blast from the Ancient Stone, Tydra attempted to clear the trial room. Reacting to Tydra's attack, Vengella unleashed her power. Tydra fired at the strange entity. Tydra's and Vengella's power collided at the same time. This resulted in their mutual destruction. Dave grabbed the Ancient Stone that was lying on the floor.

The two robots halted. Peering from above, Roger, Ned and Troy overheard their conversation.

"Once more Father Tydra rests. We must re-locate the Ancient Stone."

"We must abandon our current mission. We will deal with these other humans later. It is imperative we find The Ancient Stone!"

Ned, Roger and Troy climbed down from the tree after the robots of Sirius and Paul cleared off.

"What were they talking about?" Roger asked.

"I'm not sure, but whatever it is, I think we better try and find that Ancient Stone, before they do." Troy emphatically said.

To Be Continued

Written By Troy Scott

The Final World

(Conclusion)

“A time barrier now encompasses a wide area. I believe it has been strategically placed to prevent the so called ‘Big Bang’ that created the Earth. Here on Hobinia, we have the technology to destroy the time barrier. It is up to you to discover who or what created it.”

Troy recalled these words of Garlos. He strapped himself in the passenger side as Roger started the van.

“Roger, I just thought of something. That Ancient Stone the robots are after, might be connected with the time barrier.”

“I guess it’s possible.” Roger replied as he raced to catch up with the robots vehicle.

Pursued by unarmed guards, he burst through the palace doors. He unintentionally rammed into strong opposition from the outside and was clobbered to the ground. Barely conscious he was dragged by his arms into the palace. The guards threw him to the floor.

“I gave you a world to rule. I gave you an army of slaves. I gave you wealth and power! This is the thanks I get?” The king yelled. With all his remaining strength, Sirius made it to his knees.

“What’s the use of power and wealth in a world full of robots?”

The king laughed at this remark.

“I’ve been a fool to let you live Sirius. Now I have your secrets. You shall have enlightenment.” The robot king held the ancient stone in his hand. “Your death marks the end of humankind, Sirius.”

“No. There are others; there must be.” Sirius boldly stated.

“That is not possible. We followed the instructions which were quite clear. Every living creature was to be annihilated, starting from the planet Earth to this final world.”

“How do you know, THIS is the final world?”

“Our great father Tydra has said so.”

“What if he’s wrong?” Sirius slyly asked.

“He cannot be wrong.” The king complacently replied.

“That’s what you’re programmed to believe. I’m a human. I can think for myself. I can decide what’s right and wrong; you can’t.”

“Believe me, my computerised brain is far superior and more ingenious than you can imagine. I will not waste any further energies in explaining this. Before you die, I would like to thank you for your generous gift. This powerful stone will be very handy.” The king placed the stone gently on the table.

The guards grabbed their weapons and approached the kneeling Sirius. They waited for their master’s command. An explosion echoed throughout the palace.

“The power supply! What have you done?” The king shouted at Sirius. Sirius jumped up. He grabbed the Ancient Stone from the table and proceeded to escape.

Sirius barely made it to the Time Machine.

“Who are you?” Paul asked, as Sirius exited the Time Machine.

“I didn’t mean to return here.”

“You stole the Time Machine and hypnotised Troy!”

“Did I? Well, I guess I did. Paul, I need your help.”

“How do you know my name?”

“I think this is the time, all the trouble might have started.” Sirius seemed to be muttering to himself.

“What are you talking about?” Paul demanded to know what this sinister fellow was up to.

“The invasion of the robots has started. We must stop them now, before it’s too late.”

“What robots?” Paul asked.

“Tydra’s robots.”

“Tydra’s dead.”

“His robots aren’t.”

“How do I know you’re telling the truth?”

“You don’t. Well Paul, are you going to help me or not?”

Sirus and Paul took off in the Time Machine. While in their effort to destroy Tydra’s robots, they met up with Peter of The Reclaimers, Clawman, Ancient Spy and Plam. The robots had succeeded in planting a bomb on the time machine. Peter, Clawman, Ancient Spy, Plam, Paul and Sirus were killed in the explosion.

Troy Scott and the Grumble brothers were now on the road, pursuing Sirus and Paul lookalikes. Eddie Cantor was blasting out of the van’s CD deck speakers. Fortunately the traffic was not heavy. Roger managed to maintain a short distance behind the robot’s car.

Meanwhile Dave Repa entered Reclaimer headquarters.

“Elvis, what’s been going on?” Dave asked.

“Dave! I never thought I’d see you again.” Elvis exclaimed as Toth, Peter, Curt and Beth arrived on the scene.

“It looks like the Reclaimers are finally back in action.” Dave smiled.

The robots’ car was speeding and Roger was having a difficult time tailing them.

“We’re going too fast! Slow down.” Troy shouted.

“We’ll lose them if I slow down.” Roger insisted.

“We’re not going to catch up to them with our bodies spewed all over the road!” Troy warned. Ned, who was sitting in the back seat nodded his head in agreement. Suddenly the robot’s car decelerated as it turned into a mall. The robots quickly parked in a handicap zone and jumped out of the vehicle. They ran through the main entrance. Ned, Roger and Troy followed as fast as they could.

“If I’m not back in ten minutes, take the Stone and run!” Dave had instructed. Richard looked at his watch. The ten minutes had elapsed. He decided to ignore Dave’s instructions. He buried the Ancient Stone deep within his jacket pocket. He slowly crept toward Reclaimer headquarters.

“So Dave, where is the Stone?” Beth asked.

“What Stone?”

“Don’t play the fool Mr. Repa. You know all too well that your friends are dead.”

“What are you talking about?” Dave tried to play the fool. It was a game even he could not win.

“Damn, it looks like they’re gone!” Roger fumed as the three exited the mall. The robots car was missing.

“I don’t know how we could have lost them!” Troy said as he struggled with his bag full of Compact Discs.

“Look!” Ned pointed to the west. The robots were running after a tow truck as it dragged their car away.

The Robots began to surround Dave. Just then, Richard ran into the room. Elvis rose from his wheel chair and quickly knocked him to the floor..

The clones of Sirius and Paul finally ran back into the mall. Roger and Ned followed as Troy waited outside. The Grumble brothers split in opposite directions. Roger quickly glanced around, looking for the robots. He switched on his walkie-talkie as he spotted the robots going up the escalator. Roger attempted to make contact with his brother while pursuing the robots. It soon became obvious that Ned had not bothered to activate his receiver. Soon after arriving on the second floor, Roger lost sight of his quarries. He ran from one end of the mall to the other. Just when he was about to give up the chase, he heard someone shout his name from below. Roger scanned the lower floor from the railing. He spotted Ned who was waving to him. Unexpectedly, the robot which resembled Paul leapt at Roger. The two wrestled with one another for thirty seconds. Roger could not withstand the robot’s strength. With an extra surge of power, the robot lifted Roger over it’s head. A crowd of shoppers gasped in amazement as the robot thrust him over the balcony. As Roger fell he quickly grasped on to a tree branch. A security guard made his way through the crowd. The robot knocked the guard down as he tore through the shoppers. Ned had watched this surprising incident. He made his way upstairs to pursue the Paul robot, as Roger slowly climbed down the mall’s large tree.

A few minutes later the chase continued outside of the mall. The trail finally led to Reclaimer headquarters. The Paul and Sirius robots entered the room. The other robots had located their prize in Richard’s pockets.

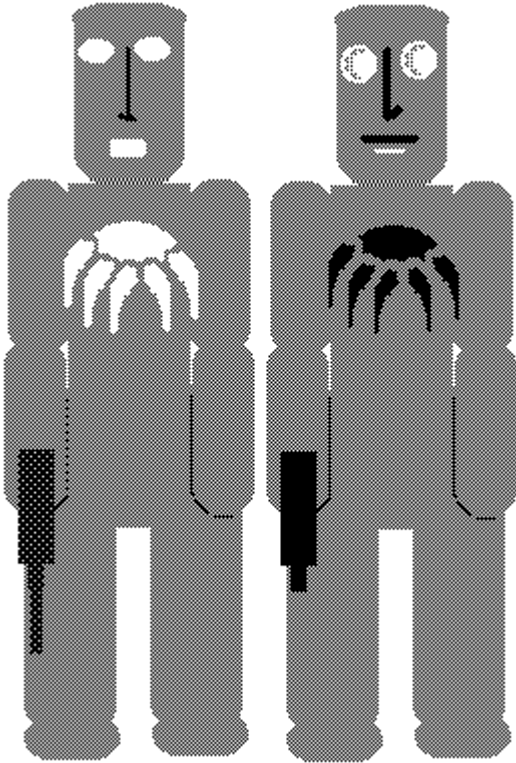
“We have found The Ancient Stone!” Curt robot exclaimed.

“Excellent. Shall we take these two for processing?” Sirius robot asked as it pointed to Richard and Dave. Just then, the Grumble brothers and Troy appeared on the scene.

“Will the real Reclaimers please stand up!” Troy shouted. He then noticed Richard and Dave were bound and gagged in the corner. Sirius, Paul, Curt, Beth, Peter, Toth and Elvis walked menacingly toward Roger, Ned and Troy. The three friends turned to run when two large red metallic soldiers crashed through the door. Troy, Roger and Ned scurried into a corner.

“All is ready. Your troops and our forces are assembled together on the IVNON. Have you collected the Ancient Stone?” One of the new arrivals asked.

“Yes, we have just regained it, Imogone Nopen!” The Elvis clone enthusiastically said.



“Excellent. We will leave these humans here to freeze with their world. We now have perfected Sirius’s machine. Once we are in orbit above the Earth, we will use the Stone to activate it. The Earth will come to a complete stand still. Every living creature will be frozen in the time barrier. We will then proceed to planet Hobinia, home of the Time Agents. They are the next in line to be eliminated.”

The clone robots followed the two others out of Reclaimer headquarters into a colossal space ship called IVNON.

Troy and Roger quickly untied Dave and Richard.

“I don’t understand. What’s going on now?” Dave asked Troy.

“This is far more serious than you could possibly imagine. Those red robots are called Imogones. Many many years in the future they will be created by a ruthless evil genius known as Gru. They will terrorise the galaxy. It looks like somehow Tydra’s robots in their time travels met up with the Imogones. As you can see, the two have joined forces. The only way to stop them, is to get to our own Time Machine, before they activate the time barrier.” Troy said to Dave.

“Before I got here, I saw the Time Machine. It’s about a half a kilometre away.” Dave said.

“Great! We must hurry!” Roger said as he finished freeing Richard from his bonds.

“Unfortunately, it’s been blown up in small pieces.”

“I don’t think I’ll have time to build a new one.” Troy sadly said as he watched the IVNON silently soar into the sky. The five went outside and watched it’s ascent.

“It looks like the end.” A hopeless Ned added.

Suddenly there was a terrific explosion. Debris from the IVNON poured down from the sky. Troy, Ned, Roger, Dave and Richard ran back into the building for cover. An elderly looking man came from behind and followed them.

The shower finally was over. Tydra’s robots and the Imogones had been destroyed in the exploding IVNON.

“Who are you?” Dave asked the old man.

“My name is Gotek.”

“Did you destroy the space ship?”

“How very astute of you, young man. Ever since Sirius discovered the Ancient Stone, I’ve been quite busy developing this device.” Gotek held out something that looked similar to a television remote control unit. “Sirius created a number of machines that drew power from the Ancient Stone. He made a sort of doomsday weapon that could project a time barrier anywhere in space. He also created a device that used the stone’s remarkable power to extract thoughts and memories from his victims’ minds. Tydra’s robots had a similar tool that did not require the Ancient Stone. They used it to extract any useful information from their victim’s brain, before creating a robot replica. Enough of my rambling, I’ll get to the point. I knew far more about the Stone than either Sirius or the robots. To put it very simply, I created this unit which operates the Stone by remote control. Incredibly, I just managed to finish it on time. While the robot allies had begun their journey into space, they had no idea that their precious Stone was being programmed from the ground. With this remote control unit, I commanded the Stone to destroy itself along with the robot’s ship. As you saw with your own eyes, that’s exactly what happened.”

THE END

Serial Listing

1. Reldni Productions Presents The Reclaimers In The Ring of Shaboo
2. Reldni Productions Presents The Reclaimers In The Ring of Shaboo (Part II)
3. Reldni Productions Presents The Reclaimers In The Ring of Shaboo (Part III)
4. Reldni Productions Presents The Reclaimers In The Ring of Shaboo (Part IV)
5. Reldni Productions Presents The Reclaimers In The Ring of Shaboo (Part V)
6. Reldni Productions Presents The Reclaimers In The Ring of Shaboo (Part VI)
7. Reldni Productions Presents The Reclaimers In The Ring of Shaboo (Part VII)
8. Reldni Productions Presents The Reclaimers In The Ring of Shaboo (Part VIII)
9. Reldni Productions Presents The Reclaimers In The Ring of Shaboo (Part IX)
10. Prologue
11. Reldni Productions Presents The Reclaimers In The Ring of Shaboo (Part X)
12. The Reclaimers In Spectral Shock Part I
13. The Reclaimers In Spectral Shock Part II
14. The Reclaimers In Spectral Shock Part III
15. The Final World Featuring Peter and Toth The Last of The Reclaimers
16. The Final World - Part II Featuring Don Younge and PLAM
17. The Final World - Part III
18. The Final World - Part IV
19. The Final World Book II Part 1
20. The Final World Book II Part 2
21. The Final World Book II Part 3 (Richard M. Harris Investigates)
22. The Final World Book II Part 4
23. The Final World Book II Part 5
24. The Final World Book II Part 6
25. The Final World Book II Part 7
26. The First Encounter
27. The Final World Book II Part 8
28. The Final World Book II Part 9
29. The Final World Book III
30. The Final World - The Trial, Part One
31. The Final World - The Trial, Part Two
32. DAWN OF THE RECLAIMERS
33. The Final World - The Trial, Part Three
34. The Final World (Conclusion)