

It was around that time that the hallucileaves began wearing off and Felix the mamma mia started sensing reality again. As soon as his eyes adjusted and his pupils became less tiny, he looked around and noticed that he wasn't in a quant cottage, but a ride operating room. He was confused as to how exactly he got there or why exactly he was there in the first place.

Felix stepped out into the modest sunlight to clear his head. Flyer the ku-ku fluttered toward him from afar with Emmett and Akako. They were each overjoyed that they were free from the creaky love-themed ride.

"Thank you so much!" said Akako. She hugged her giant, fuzzy dragon friend, which, in turn, made him feel smug.

"I don't remember a thing," said Felix.

"You were having hallucinations from eating strange leaves," said Flyer the ku-ku.

"I must say, all those songs I've been listening to make sense now... unless... THEY knew about the Rhythm and Melody World?"

"Of course they did! They knew about it before anyone else in the twentieth century."

Emmett and Akako never did go back to that abandoned amusement park, no matter how much rebellious and risky Akako became. The children were surprised to see that even though Felix the mamma-mia did something stupid and ate the hollucileaves out of desperation, he still had the same overall goal as Flyer. This just goes to show you that stupidity should be avoided as much as possible, but there is such thing as plain dumb luck.

Meanwhile, in the prehistoric land of Mesezoa, Mabel the skipper patiently waited for her musician child to return, as he promised he would see her the day after she defeated those magnolines that were terrorizing the neighborhood. It was already a day later and Taro wasn't there, but being the loyal monster she was, she still waited for him...

“Death from above!” he shouted. With his last moments in the air, he flipped on his back and landed on the strange silver man.



In real life, he ended up crushing the arctica with his real life body slam.



“Uncle!” the insane arctica shouted, “Uncle! I give up! I’ll turn the ride back on!” In the hallucination, Maxwell was facing the same crushing situation, but had a different resolution in mind.

“I will return the love to your land and keep harmony stable!” he said, “Just get off me!” That was the answer that The Walrus wanted to hear all along. He got off him just in time for the policemen (who were dressed in traditional British attire) arrived.

“Pretty little policemen in a row,” said The Walrus, “Arrest this man!” The little policemen obeyed their god’s orders and slapped handcuffs on Maxwell.

“Mark my words, Walrus,” said Maxwell, “Seltaeb won’t be a lovely, peaceful land forever.” The vengeful man was thrown into the paddy wagon and sped off into the distance.

“I found the eggman and the girl with kaleidoscope eyes,” said Eggy. With his invisible hands he carried the wacky-looking key to the other room to free the hostages from their cage made of concentrated hate.



Back in real life, the perpetrator finished giggling and revealed himself. The blue creature crawled out from underneath the controller chair and made an attack stance.

“Arctica!” said Flyer the ku-ku. The creature was a blue imp no bigger than the chair. He was wearing a pair of ice skates, which was appropriate since they were near the Arctic Circle. There was something about his face that looked... I dunno... insane. “You’re the one who’s screwing with the rides!”

“You return all the love to Seltaeb this instant!” said Felix the mamma mia. The artica didn’t know what the heck Felix was talking about.

“Huh?” he asked.

“Don’t ask,” said Flyer the ku-ku, “He’s high on hallucileaves. So why are you doing this?”

“Who knows? Maybe it’s because I’ve lived here for many years without contact with another monster. Or maybe it’s because I like seeing things suffer. Any reason is acceptable when you’re insane!”

In Felix’s hallucination, Maxwell Silverhammer was finished revealing his true form in front of Eggy and the Walrus.

“You should return all of the love this instant!” said the Walrus.

“Never!” replied Maxwell, “I will be using it to power my fleet of aircraft carriers! These carriers will drop bombs on everything and start a new Vietnam War... or Iraq War... or whichever you prefer.”

“I shall use violent walrus force to combat your hatred and gloom!” In the Land of Seltaeb, violence was hardly ever used, but The Walrus felt that he had no choice. Felix the walrus lifted his flipper in the air and slammed it toward the ground. Maxwell moved out of the way just in time.

“Silver hammer attack!” Maxwell swung his silver hammer and hit Felix the walrus on the head.

“Don’t make me use my walrus powers!” said Felix the Walrus. With his magical God vision, he created laser beams from his eyes and fired them at Maxwell. Maxwell was hit pretty hard and fell on his backside as a result. For his final move, The Walrus jumped into the air despite his adiposity trying to keep him pinned to the ground. Of course, he was a god, so his body mass didn’t matter a lick.

could agree with on a carpet that was a nice shade of beige. In the corner, a stick man was busy hitting a nail to a piece of wood.

“Nice to see you, Mr. Walrus,” said the man.

“It’s only you, Mr. Kite,” said Felix the walrus. Mr. Kite was a man who was constantly trying to make things better. In other words, he was a good man.

“My benefit for today is to build on to this living room.” He stood on his two feet and wiped the sweat from his forehead. “What can I do for you fellows?”

“We could’ve sworn you were actually the love-stealing fiend Maxwell Silverhammer!” Mr. Kite laughed at The Walrus’s silly assumptions.

“Why would I steal love?” he said, “Love is the life force for the land of Seltaeb. All we need is love.”

Back in real life, a smallish creature could be heard giggling underneath the control panel of the control room. Flyer the ku-ku turned his head, wondering who could be making it.



“What was that?” he said. “Come out, come out, wherever you are!” There was no answer. It was obvious that the giggling monster was the one who was screwing around with the children, but it wouldn’t reveal itself.

Back in Seltaeb, the kindly stick man known as Mr. Kite stopped doing his benefit and started giggling. Felix the walrus started getting suspicious. Nothing in particular was funny.

“I’ve got you, you poor excuse for an obese sea creature!” said Mr. Kite. Like that, he morphed into his true identity, Maxwell Silverhammer. The evile (yes, EVILE – like evil, except 10,000 times worse... and spelled with an “E” at the end) man wore a jumpsuit made of metallic silver and in his silver hand was a silver hammer, his obvious choice for a weapon.

“That is the most ridiculous thing I ever heard!” said Emmett, expressing his disgust over the idea, “We’re not in love! I’d rather pass a demon kidney stone than be in love with *you!*”

“C’mon, give me a kiss! You know you wanna!” Akako closed her eyes and expected Emmett to pucker up and give her lips a big, wet surprise. Emmett breathed a deep breath and pecked Akako on the cheek lightly. Akako wasn’t very satisfied with Emmett attempt. “What? That’s it? Emmett, I’m not your mother! You should’ve done it more like this...” Like a hungry python, Akako grabbed Emmett and brought him closer to her. She then latched her face to his and gave him the most fiery open-mouth kiss. Five seconds had passed before she finished her display of affection. “How do you like THAT, Mr. Carnival Ride?!” There was no answer, since her belief that the tunnel was alive was nothing short of ridiculous. Emmett was feeling quite dizzy since this cherished childhood moment came at him so fast.

“My mind is so blown that I forgot what I was going to say. Oh, yeah... are you NUTS?! What the heck is wrong with you?” Akako sank a little in her chipped seat, feeling remorse.

“I guess I’m just desperate is all.” Akako hadn’t even been stuck in the tunnel for a measly hour and she was already becoming desperate for interaction with the opposite sex (she did think Emmett was cute enough to kiss in the first place, though).

In Felix the mamma-mia’s fantasy world, he was still searching for the evil Maxwell Silverhammer and he was getting close. His magical walrus senses (much more potent than the regular walrus senses) were going through the roof.

“Don’t try running from me, Maxwell,” he said, “I know wal-jitsu!”

It was a matter of minutes before his senses took him to a small house. This house looked just like the type of cottage that would be sitting on a hill in the countryside... that is, if it were an EVIL hill on an EVIL countryside.

In real life, Flyer the ku-ku was fluttering outside the control room, which was dilapidated and hadn’t seen maintenance in years. In fact, the word “control” was missing the N and the T and the ending of “room” was faded.

“I heard a noise in there,” said Flyer. Flyer already did a brave thing by flying out of the Tunnel of Love and exploring the park on his own. He didn’t know if he was brave enough to continue into the shack, where he knew something was amiss.

Even in his hallucination, Felix understood that Flyer the ku-ku – er – eggy was too scared to enter the cottage, even though it looked harmless and cozy.

“You’ll be safe in this seemingly harmless cottage as long as you’re with me,” said Felix the walrus. They looked at each other, nodded in agreement, and walked right in.

To Flyer the ku-ku, the inside of the shack looked like a long abandoned room with a control panel. The panel had all sorts of dull-colored buttons that did this and that. In front of the control panel was a chair that was nailed to the ground. The guy who controlled the rides obviously sat there at one time.

To Felix the mamma-mia, it looked like a lovely living room with shiny windows that gave a glimpse of the mountainside. The furniture was sitting positions everyone

Flyer the ku-ku and Felix the mamma-mia were looking around the park for clues as to why the Tunnel of Love turned on and then shut off. As of yet, they had nothing to go on. Felix was still in his drug-induced fantasy world and was still oblivious to the creepy setting.

“Where is that Maxwell Silverhammer?” asked Felix the mamma-mia, “I want to give him a piece of my walrus mind!”

“What the heck are you talking about?!” asked Flyer, “There’s nobody named Maxwell Silverhammer dwelling in this property. We have no idea who did this to the children!”

Of course, Felix didn’t hear see him saying that. He heard him saying something like this:

“Look what I found on the ground!” said Flyer the egg. In his tiny egg beak was a shard of silver, like something that chipped off a spoon.

“He’s close…” said Felix the walrus, as sure as the day was long. He flopped ahead on his search for the infamous man who locked his friends away. The sky in Seltaeb turned a deep shade of green, as if the heavens puked. Of course, in this type of weird place, this was normal.

Felix the walrus sniffed the ground some more until he came upon something beautiful. Just ahead was a scantily clad woman who looked like something out of ancient Greek legend. She stood there out in the open while diamonds were floating by her head.

“Why, if it isn’t the king of our land,” she said.

“Lucy!” said Felix excitedly, “Where have you been all my walrus life?”

“I’ve been waiting for you, too, my lumpy lover.” Felix couldn’t help but flop closer to the woman. After all, she was attractive and surrounded by diamonds. Who couldn’t resist? Felix put his flippers around Lucy and gave her a big smooch, like a slobber-producing vacuum.

From Flyer the ku-ku’s perspective, Felix the mamma-mia was making out with the carnival game that allowed you to test your strength. The giant bell on the top was ringing a bit because a giant, red beast was putting a lot of pressure on it. Flyer’s simple response to Felix’s strange behavior was an eye-rolling.

“I’ll be looking for the one responsible. You can make out with all the inanimate objects for all I care.” Flyer fluttered away feeling smug because he knew what he was doing.

After a seemingly long while, Emmett felt bored with sitting in the dark place and didn’t know if his monster would solve the problem. After all, Flyer the ku-ku was just one monster. Akako was thinking of ideas as to how to start the ride again. Because she couldn’t think of any ideas based on reality, she only had hopeful fantasy swimming around in her head.

“Hey, I’ve got an idea!” she said, “I read this book where a Tunnel of Love ride stopped working and the only way to make it work again was to prove to the robot living inside that we were actually in love!”

“I thought you were the walrus.” Felix then pointed his flipped at Flyer the eggman and a tiny lightning bolt appeared from its tips.

“Logic and reasoning have no place here!” He then struck Flyer with his lightning until he darkened in color and had his eyes popping out of his head.

Back in the real world, Felix the mamma-mia ran out of the fun house to do something about Emmett and Akako’s pickle. Flyer the ku-ku still couldn’t convince him that he was hallucinating, but Felix was still going out to save the children, and that was what mattered the most.

Back in the Tunnel of Love, Emmett and Akako stopped being scared out of their minds and started being bored to death. Emmett still felt a little awkward for being on a ride with a girl. Akako, who didn’t care in the first place, was a little sick of sitting next to Emmett.

“We can always step out of the boat,” said Emmett, “The water is only a foot deep.” Akako was flabbergasted at Emmett’s crazy idea.

“Are you kidding me?” she exclaimed, “That water is filthy and hasn’t seen the light of day in years! And besides, I’m wearing socks!”

“But I thought you were a ‘rebel.’” Akako felt sullen and heart-broken after hearing Emmett’s sarcastic-sounding remark.

“I am a rebel, Emmett! I am a rebel!”

“Why do you do such stupid things anyway? We wouldn’t be stuck in this mess if it weren’t for you wanting to trespass into this place!”

“I don’t know. I just like getting in trouble.”

“Why? Sure, I don’t listen to my mother a lot, but you don’t listen to anybody.”

“Do you want to know my dark past?” Emmett anxiously nodded and turned his listening ears on. “When I was growing up, my parents wanted to craft me into the ‘perfect child.’ They made me play soccer even though I had no interest in sports. My main interest was music. I had a love for playing music ever since I got a xylophone for my seventh birthday. I tried telling them that I wanted to try out for the children’s orchestra, but they said that they were my parents and they knew what was best for me. Then, one day, I snapped. I just stopped listening to my parents and did whatever I wanted. It wasn’t long until I stopped listening to society and I got a criminal record at the age of fourteen.”

“Are you still living with your parents?”

“No.”

“Then you should embrace this time. You don’t have to listen to your parents anymore.”

“I know, but they still hate me for how I’m acting.” Emmett was lost for words. He didn’t have any advice to give for Akako’s problem. All he could do was change the subject.

“Do you want to hear a tale from MY past?” Akako jerked up, excited about this opportunity.

“Sure!”

“Well, one time I picked my nose and I got a booger that was all black and red. It was the coolest thing!”

“Eww! I like my past better.”

Meanwhile, in a dark room, a monster spied on the children through a camera, which is how he knew they were in the park in the first place. It was his cue to start the ride, when they were seated.

“Hook, line, and sinker,” he said.

The ride started as if the amusement park was fully functional. The swan boat lingered into the tunnel, which wasn't as dark because the colorful lighting extended into it. Flyer the ku-ku slowly took his head out of Emmett's chest and observed the pretty designs. The swan was moving at a slow pace, particularly since it had been a while since its last mediocre voyage. Emmett felt weird sitting through a love-themed ride with a girl with which he had no desire. Just as they saw the light at the end of the tunnel, the ride shut off. Everything became dark and scary again.

“What's going on?” asked Emmett, “Is this some person's idea of a sick joke?”

“You're scared, aren't you?” said Akako, trying to egg him on.

“No I'm not!” Emmett looked down to ask his monster a favor. “Flyer, I need you to go out and see who is doing this.” Flyer wearily accepted the favor and flapped his tiny wings until he was levitating in the air once more. He flew out of the dark, artificial cave to search for Akako's monster.

Flyer the ku-ku was usually scared to be in this sort of environment, but he was the only one with the ability to fly, so he had to suck it up. In a frightened tone, he called out Felix's name.

“F... F... Felix!” he called. He was small, but his voice echoed quite a bit.

It felt like a long time, but Flyer eventually found Felix the mamma-mia sticking halfway out of the funhouse. The wacky mirrors didn't make much of a difference to him since he was still hallucinating from eating the leaves. Flyer was obviously disappointed. “What are you doing? Your partner and my partner are stuck on a ride and you're out here goofing off?”



Felix didn't see Flyer as a ku-ku. He simply saw him as the smaller eggman.

“Eggy, what's wrong?” asked Felix the walrus.

“Maxwell Silverhammer has kidnapped eggman and the girl with kaleidoscope eyes! He says that he'll let them go only if you surrender all the love in Seltaeb!”

“That tears it!” said Felix the walrus, “I am going to rescue those things and defeat Mr. Silverhammer! And you're coming with me! After all, I, too, am the eggman.”

“Are you listening to anything I’m saying?” asked Akako back in the Rhythm and Melody World. Her monster obviously wasn’t. As soon as he finished dancing, he listened to them talk some more.

Felix the Walrus in the fantasy land heard the dialogue like this:

“You must help us, oh mighty Walrus,” said the girl with kaleidoscope eyes, “The evil Maxwell Silverhammer is threatening to steal all the love from the land of Seltaeb!” Upon hearing this, Felix the Walrus was outraged. Maxwell had been doing sinister things to the land of Seltaeb, but this time, he went as far as to steal its vital energy. As the ruler – no – GOD of this land, it was up to him to protect it from the evil forces.

“That scoundrel!” he said, “I shall stop him... as soon as I finish bathing in happiness.”

With that, Felix the mamma mia lay in the dirt and closed his eyes, thinking that he was lying under a waterfall of warm guns. Akako, Emmett, and Flyer went on their way to see the rest of the amusement park.

The children explored the park like it was an ancient tomb, except instead of treasure there was... trash. Flyer the ku-ku became a bit frightened by all the disappearing color and ruined paraphernalia, so he stopped hovering in the air and hid in Emmett’s chest, trying not to look at the things in front of him.

They finally came upon a tunnel of love ride. The ride featured a tiny stream of dirty, green water with three swan-shaped boats floating near the entrance. The walls were painted pink with masquerading hearts and flowers, things that signified romance. The sight of this made Emmett almost nauseous, but Akako’s reaction was a different story.



“Cool,” she said, “This broken-down ride signifies that people have stopped caring and that love had left the air years ago. If only I was an art student...” Just then, the lights went on and music filled the air. For the first time in years, the ride started working again, but nobody knew how. It reminded the gang of Valentines Day with its white and red lights flashing and romantic disco music playing. “I say we should ride it!”

“No way are you even paying me to get on that ride,” said Emmett, “We’re not even in love!”

“We don’t have to be in love. It’s just a fun little ride. Please?” It didn’t take long for Emmett to finally give in to Akako’s girlish charm.

“Alright, alright.” They carefully stepped into the swan boat and sat down in the relatively hard seating.

“Are you okay, Felix?” Felix’s pupils began to dilate; his brain was tricking him into thinking that the world around him was drastically changing in a pool of swirling colors.

When Felix the mamma mia awoke, he noticed that the entire landscape looked... different. The dirt was white and clean; a small river was flowing before him. Across the river, there were yellow submarines, blue jays, and rocking horse people eating marshmallow pies. The sky was filled with rainbows and shamrocks. Felix felt a little different but didn’t know why. He then looked at his body; it was plump, grey, and his legs were missing. Where there were once fangs, there were now giant tusks. It hit him: he WAS the walrus.

“Wow...” he said, “I AM the walrus!”



Back in the Rhythm and Melody World, Emmett, Flyer, and Akako were watching Felix make a fool of himself. On the outside, he was seen as a mamma mia with dilated eyes dancing with his two back feet.

“Felix, you didn’t eat those halucileaves, did you?” asked Akako, “You know those are dangerous for your brain!” Felix looked at Akako and Emmett and didn’t see them as humans, but as a girl with kaleidoscopes instead of pupils and a talking egg.

“The girl with kaleidoscope eyes!” said Felix the Walrus, “Eggman! So glad to see you!” With his huge walrus flippers, he hugged his two friends.



“Akako, do you have anything to eat?” he asked. He looked at her with his best attempt at a sad face and lowered his neck so she could see it. Akako understood his body language, but there was nothing she could do.

“Sorry, Felix,” she said, “You should’ve eaten something before we left.” Felix had hunting in his blood, but there were no delicious monsters in sight. Akako and Emmett were starrng at the old amusement park, but Felix, being the impatient monster he was, was busy thinking with his stomach. He started scavenging for food, but tried not to stray too far away from the group.

Akako, Emmett, and Flyer walked up to the entrance, but a fence was blocking them. A tightly knotted rope was keeping the fence together and a sign that said “NO TRESSPASSING” adorned the top part of it.

“I say we go in!” said Akako. Emmett was startled by Akako’s enthusiasm toward breaking the rules. He would never go as far as to disobey a sign.

“It clearly says ‘no trespassing,’” said Emmett.

“What kind of world would this be if everyone did what the sign said?” She reached into her pocket and pulled out an authentic Swiss army knife with a shiny handle and a sharp blade.

“You have a pocket knife with you?!” exclaimed Emmett.

“Yeah. How else do you think I cut off your little brother’s umbilical cord?” She began sawing the rope. The knife was so strong that the rope broke in just five motions of her hand. “Hah! The monsters who locked this place up aren’t kidding anybody. I spit in their faces.” With her strong arms, she pulled the gates open to reveal a run-down wonderland of broken funhouses, out-of-order rides, and concession carts that had lost their wheels.

Meanwhile, Felix the mamma mia was still searching for food when he came across a row of jade-green plants, possibly the only ones growing for miles. He knew very well that he was a carnivore and the plants clearly didn’t contain meat or blood. He didn’t know if the plants were poisonous or not, but nevertheless, he indulged. He chomped on the leaves and bite off more as soon as he swallowed the first mouthful. Pretty soon, the row of plants was cleared and Felix’s appetite was satisfied for the time being.

Felix walked through the gate when he noticed that Akako had opened it. The place scared him a little bit, but he was prepared for the worst. Akako and Emmett were off in the distance still observing the place.

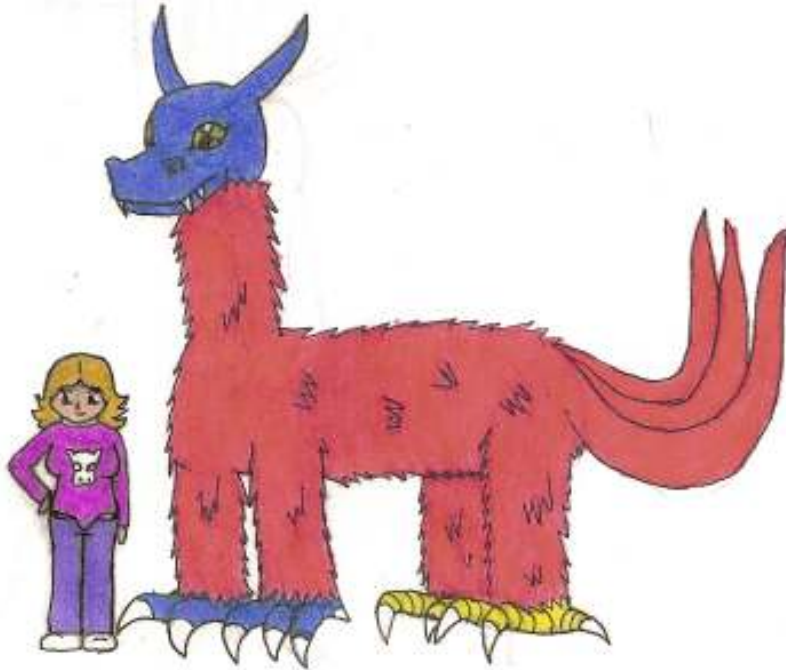
“My little brother is such a baby,” said Akako, “I invited him to come, but he said he nearly peed himself when he saw the daragon last time.” Emmett felt a little better about trespassing in an abandoned amusement park. After all, if they’re caught, Akako would be the one to get in trouble.

Felix the mamma mia stepped in as quietly as possible.

“Hey, guys,” he said. He was so abrupt with his talking that he made Emmett, Akako, and Flyer flinch.

“Felix, don’t scare us like that!” said Akako, “This place is scary enough as it is!”

“Sorry. I just wanted to say that I’m not hungry anymore thanks to...” The burly dragon stopped in mid-sentence like someone had pressed pause. The group was awaiting the rest of the sentence, but soon figured that something was going awry when he stopped his dialogue altogether.



“Hello, Akako,” said Emmett bashfully, “What are you doing here? These particular parts aren’t very popular.”

“That’s exactly why I go here. I like being alone with my monster while those other musicians visit and train in the ‘nicer’ places. You know me, I’m a non-conformist.” Emmett didn’t know how to act around college students, though they themselves act like children often. He started by asking her a simple question.

“Do you want to explore?”

“Yeah, why not?”

“Get on my back,” said Felix the mamma mia. He kneeled down so the others could safely climb on. As soon as he stood up, Emmett and Flyer felt a bit intimidated. Felix was quite tall and there was always the possibility of falling off his big, fuzzy body.

“If you’re really scared, you can put your hands on my shoulders,” said Akako. Emmett, still bashful, did what she suggested and felt a little better. With that, Felix walked off slowly. The breeze became more rampant and chilly because they were moving against it. Emmett took his hands off of Akako’s shoulders and crossed his chest. By then, he wasn’t as afraid of falling off.

The gang soon saw a structure in the distance with many doo-dads sticking out. Felix was the first to spot it, since he was the leader and mode of transportation.

“I see a... um...” he said. Felix the mamma mia had a hard time remembering words, especially if they were fancy or “good” words.

“A structure?” said Akako.

“Yeah! That’s it!” The gang was curious as to why such a weird-looking structure was placed in the middle of nowhere. Since they had absolutely nowhere to go, they thought it was appropriate to get a closer look.

The strange structure was none other than an abandoned amusement park. The cracked sign at the entrance said “Go-Go Land,” with part of the D was worn off from the forces of nature. Felix the mamma mia was not only tired from the trip, he was also quite famished.

“What did you say?” she shouted back. In the blink of an eye, Emmett and Flyer were out the door.

After purchasing their ticket at the portal station, they finally went through the portal and arrived in the Rhythm and Melody World. Though Emmett was usually excited for this occasion, something told him that he probably shouldn't have chosen the portal with the words “Tundra Valley” above it. The entire place was cold, cloudy, and didn't have much plant life. All that could be heard was the blowing of the wind and the noises that the native monsters were making.

“It's freezing here,” said Emmett, feeling stupid that he didn't bring his jacket.

“Why did you choose this place anyway?” asked Flyer the Ku-Ku.

“There was nobody else waiting for it.” The two of them moved on, not worrying about their surroundings because there was barely anything in their way. Flyer was naturally worried about things, and was having all kinds of anxious feelings.

“Emmett, I think there are things watching us.”

“Don't be a worrywart. Nobody is watching...”



“Boo!” said a voice behind Emmett. The experience got his adrenaline levels through the roof and he jumped forward. He bravely looked behind him only to see someone he hadn't seen in a while.

“Hello, pipsqueak,” joked Akako. She happened to be in that same place in the Rhythm and Melody World with her mamma mia Felix. Out of all the 7.5 billion people on planet Earth, Emmett did not expect to meet her at that moment.

Emmett Bertolli was at the music school one weekday taking his private flute class with Flyer the ku-ku sitting beside his chair. The man teaching him was none other than Giovanni Bertolli, his father. During the lesson, they would speak to each other in either Italian (Giovanni's native language that he, in turn, taught his children) or English, depending on what the person starting the conversation wanted. Emmett was playing the song that he was practicing all that week, making a few mistakes, but like they say, practice makes perfect. Giovanni's monster, Augusto the imperieckmore, was helping Emmett with the song.



“Emmett, do you know how to play a C#?” asked Augusto.

“I sort of forgot,” said Emmett, almost ashamed.

“It’s quite easy. All you have to do is press down your pinky finger and nothing else.” Emmett was relieved that this particular key was so easy. He pressed down his finger and blew real loud. The result was a high-pitch C# note that could be heard from the other room. Giovanni laughed a little (the word “giggled” doesn’t sound manly enough).

“Dad, your monster is so smart,” complimented Emmett. Giovanni was flattered to hear such a thing about his monster, who was only a young adult in “monster years.”

“Well, son,” said Giovanni, “Monsters aren’t always smart, just like how people aren’t always smart.” Emmett was a little devastated when he heard this. People have made plenty of historical mistakes, but imagine how bad a music monster could screw up.

The next day, Emmett got home from school happy as a clam. He felt in the mood for adventure, and since he didn’t have much homework on that particular day, he rested his backpack by the door and told his mom that he was going out again.

“Mom, I’m going to the Rhythm and Melody World,” he shouted, “I’ll be back by dinner!” Cathy was at the table doing taxes via her ultra-portable touch-screen computer. She was too distracted to care about her son’s activities.