Chapter 5
Cops, Crooks, and Lovely Twoson

After heading back through the Giant Step cave, I exited out of the Traveling Entertainer’s Shack into the Onett city limits. With the first of the eight Sanctuary Melodies in hand, I felt confident about the adventure ahead of me. Although I knew what the next sanctuary location looked like, I did not know where it was or what it was called, so I could not properly ask about it. Feeling tired after a long day’s hard work and noticing that the sun was setting, I decided that I would worry about that issue the next day. Not wanting to go back to my house after having said all of those heartfelt goodbyes, I strolled towards Onett and headed into Hotel Onett, the town’s best and only lodge. I paid for a night’s stay, moved into the room I was given, did my usual nighttime routine, and hopped into bed. Before I fell asleep, I recollected the day’s events in my head. I had done quite a lot in one day, especially for a kid my age. Granted, I wasn’t what most people would consider a normal kid, but I digress. After I had finished reminiscing, I closed my eyes and entered the world of slumber.

While I was asleep, I had a dream, unlike any other that I had ever dreamt. It wasn’t a series of random and unexplainable images that my dreams normally consisted of; no, instead it was a very clear, very strange dream. In it, I heard the heavenly voice of a girl, who called out to me directly.

“Ness... Ness... I am a friend that you have never met. My name is Paula. I possess unusual abilities similar to your own, which I am using to call out to you in hope that you may hear my voice. I am in danger. I was taken by strange people in the middle of the night and am being held in some sort weird prison. You are the only one who can help me,
Ness. I live in the town of Twoson, which is right beside your hometown of Onett, but I have been taken to somewhere out of the town. I fear I do not have much more time left. Please Ness. You are my only hope.”

After I woke, I sat in my bed, thinking about the dream that had just occurred. At first, I could not tell whether the dream was real or just a bizarre fantasy; however, I eventually concluded that the dream was simply too out of the ordinary for it to not be legitimate. Although my main mission was to collect the eight Sanctuary Melodies, I really wanted to help the girl that called herself Paula. When my mind had fully awakened, I thought about the dream a little harder, and realized that Paula had said she carried powers similar to mine. Buzz Buzz had said that some of the other chosen children possessed PSI like myself. If Paula was in fact one of the other chosen children, it would explain how she could communicate with me and why she chose to alert me instead of anyone else. Although I still wasn’t sure if Paula was a chosen child or not, I eventually reasoned that I would be heading in the direction of Twoson anyways, so I would take some time to see if I could help her out. Once my mental tangent was over, I got dressed, packed my bags, exited the hotel, and started towards the road to Twoson.

On my way to Twoson, I was stopped by a familiar looking police blockade, and wondered what made the cops block access to Twoson. “Excuse me officers, but why is the road to Twoson closed?” I asked one of the fuzz who standing by the barrier.

“We’ve gotten word that there have been some suspicious people dressed in blue suits runnin’ around in Twoson, so we’ve blocked the road for the sake of the public safety,” the cop answered, chomping on a donut.

“But, I must go to Twoson; the fate of the world depends on it! Isn’t there anyway that I’ll be able to pass?” I asked emphatically.
“Well, if you’re so adamant about going to Twoson, then you should to talk to the chief of the Onett police, Captain Strong. He’s the one who gave the order, not me,” the officer explained, shoving the rest of his donut in his mouth.

“Captain Strong, eh? Ok then, thanks for the tip officer,” I said as I started toward the Onett police station.

I quickly arrived at the station and entered it, looking for someone with an authoritative aura about them. I scanned the few people that occupied the station and eventually spotted a burly man with a thick gray mustache talking to another police officer. I approached him and waited until he had finished talking to the other guy to speak up.

“Excuse me sir, but would you happen to be Captain Strong?” I asked the man, who had turned to face me.

“Correct, the one you are addressing is Captain Strong. What do need me for kid, I’m very busy doing adult things,” Captain Strong said in a gruff manner.

“Well you see sir, I really need to go to Twoson so that I can attend to a matter of incredible importance, but the police have the road barricaded. I was wondering if you could let me pass on special notice,” I said, trying to sound mature.

“So, you really need to go to Twoson because of an emergency, and you say that you are the one who took out the Sharks. Hmmmmm. Tell you what. Follow me,” Captain Strong ushered. I obediently followed
the police chief down a long hallway at the back of the building, passing several jail cells containing complaining prisoners. At the end of the hall, Strong and I entered a room that held five other police officers. “These are my best men. If you really want to go to Twoson, you must prove that you are tough enough to handle anything in your path. Beat these five, and I’ll let you go to Twoson,” Strong explained. “What?!” I cried in surprise. “You want me, a 13-year-old boy, to defeat five fully grown professionally trained police officers? How is that fair?” “If you don’t want to go to Twoson, I can very easily let you walk out the door. Besides, if you say you were the one that took down the Sharks, then these guys shouldn’t be any trouble for you,” Strong said. “*sigh* Ok, I’ll fight your men, but you had better keep your promise about letting me go to Twoson!” I demanded. “Done deal. Now, get in position boys! Show this kid what the Onett Police Force is made of!” Strong ordered. The five cops let out a collective “Hoo-rah!” as they lined up against the wall. I prepared myself for the coming assault. “On my mark, get set, ATTACK!” Strong yelled. On cue, the officers all ran at me at once.

Not wanting to have a very bad time, I went ahead and used my strongest attack first thing.

I shouted. A wave of psychic energy once again shot from my forehead and blasted the line of cops, sending them all into the back wall. They all appeared to have been incapacitated by the explosion. I turned to Captain Strong, who just stood there with a stolid expression on his face. “Well, I just beat all of your best men. Now may I go to Twoson?” I asked with a relieved smile on my face. “I, uhhh, didn’t anticipate for that to be so easy,” Strong said, staring at the unconscious cops. “Uhhhhh, tell you what. If you can beat me aswell, then I will let you go to Twoson.” “What?! That’s not what you promised!” I said angrily.
“I know that, it’s just that, I don’t feel like that was a fair fight. I mean, those guys clearly didn’t stand a chance against you. If you fight me, then I’ll really be able to see how tough you are,” the captain said stubbornly.

“Ok. Fine. I accept your challenge, again,” I said, knowing that I wouldn’t be able to convince Strong otherwise.

“That’s a good boy. Now, I know that I will not be able to beat you in a straight fight, so I’ll have to use my super-ultra-mambo-tango-foxtrot martial arts!”

Captain Strong
Grizzly Police Chief

Captain Strong clapped his hands to make a disco ball lower from the ceiling. Strong then dimmed the lights and turned on the disco ball; after that, much to my displeasure, Strong began to boogie woogie. “Uh! Oh yeah! Can you keep up with my moves kid?” Strong taunted. As graceful as an elephant with butter under its feet, Strong danced over to me and tried to grapple me, to which I easily avoided. While Strong was bumbling about like an idiot, I forcefully struck him in the back of the head with my bat, hoping it would make him stop shaking his butt. To my surprise, Strong was still standing, and he began rapidly spinning place like a ballerina. “Nice try kid, but I’m just too darn cool to be taken out so easily,” Strong said. The whole scene was just too cringeworthy to behold, but I think that was Strong’s plan all along. Not able to bear any more, I went ahead and swiftly ended the fight.

I said quickly. The blast hit Strong dead on and sent him flying into the pile of cops behind him. I turned off the disco ball and brightened the room, and then went over to Strong, who’s eyes were spinning around like a washing machine. I shook him around a bit and he began to wake up.

“Ahem. Captain Strong. Having now defeated both the best men and the chief of the police force, I believe it is only fair for me to be able have access to Twoson,” I said matter-of-factly.

“Ah. Yes. That. Give me a second,” Strong said as he stood up. He then pulled out a portable radio from his belt and tuned into some frequency.

“Hello? Strong here. This kid wearing a red cap wants access to the road to Twoson, so I have given him permission to pass the police blockade. I know that. I know that! Don’t question me, just do it! Remember, be on the lookout for a kid in a red hat. Strong out.”

“Uh, my name’s Ness, sir,” I said.

“Alright Noose, I’ve given you permission to go to Twoson. Now you can deal with that emergency you were talking about. You’ve also single-handedly shown me just how ineffective the Onett Police Force is. I’ll be sure to train my men a lot harder from now on. Good luck out there, son, you never know when you’re gonna need it,” Strong advised.

“Just a word of advice, you might also want to invest in some dance lessons. I can tell that you’re a bit… rusty. Er, anyways, see you around Captain Strong,” I said as I exited the room.

Having now dealt with the issue of the police blockade, I continued past the spot where the barrier stood and headed down the dirt road that led to Twoson. As I walked down the trail, I thought once again of the call I had received the previous night and wondered if I should ask around for some information about the mysterious girl when I arrived at Twoson. I knew the girl who called me was named Paula, but I didn’t know much more than that. I supposed that I would just have to keep questioning people until I gained some knowledge that could help me out. By the time I had escaped my mind, I had already came to the tunnel that led into Twoson. I speedily crossed through the eerie underpass and entered the town of Twoson.
Twoson was slightly larger than Onett overall, but it still paled in comparison to Eagleland’s largest city, Fourside. The color of the leaves of the trees and of the grass surrounding the town were a lighter shade of green than that of Onett, probably because Onett residents were crazy about the health of the ecosystem. As I approached the edge of the town, a middle-aged women came up to me with a huge smile on her face.

“Welcome traveler! Welcome to beautiful Twoson, the town of great experiences! Here in Twoson, we have a modern, clean hotel, a hospital, a nice bus station, a multi-floored department store, and the wonderful Chaos Theater! In the center of the town is the lovely Polestar Preschool, home of the equally lovely Paula Polestar!” At the mention of Paula’s name, I instantly perked up. “To the west of Polestar Preschool is Burglin Park. It’s exciting. To the east of Twoson lies Rest In Peace Valley, I mean Peaceful Rest Valley, and beyond that is Happy-Happy Village. The road to the north of Twoson will take you to the town of Threed, although I’ve heard its not in the best condition right now. And, I believe that’s everything! Would you like to know anything else about Twoson?” the women asked.

“Yes ma’am. Do you know if there have been any strange happenings going on in the town recently?” I asked, seeing if I could piece together the puzzle of Paula’s disappearance.

“Well, some people have recently reported seeing weird folks wearing blue suits and masks walking around town, but since Twoson is a place known for all sorts of crimina—I mean strange activities, nobody takes it as anything unusual,” the women answered with a nervous look in her eyes.

“Hmm, I see. Ok then, if you don’t mind me, I’m going to go investigate the township,” I said, starting away from the women.

“Have a great day sir, and remember to check out Burglin Park!” the women said cheerily.
I decided the first thing that I was going to do was check out the department store and see if it had anything useful for sale. I entered the large building and strolled about its multiple floors, eating a stale bread roll as I browsed the inventories of the many stores inside the complex. While in the store, I purchased a better bat and bracelet for myself, selling off the older ones. After I exited the store, I moseyed down the street and passed by the park that the women had spoken about; however, I decided to save a trip there for another time, for my destination at that time was Polestar Preschool, the home of the girl that appeared in my dream. Eventually, I came to a quaint little building in the middle of the town, with a small cat sleeping on the roof of the building above some letters that read “Polestar”. Without hesitation, I entered the humble residence.

As I stepped into the preschool, I immediately almost tripped over some toys lying on the ground. There were a bunch of tiny children running around, playing joyfully with whatever they could get their hands on, and a skinny blonde-haired women standing by them, watching the tots frolic about. She had a look of joy in her eyes as she scribbled away on a clipboard. The women soon noticed me and came over, laying the clipboard down on a desk.

“Why, hello there, young man! I would think that you are too old to attend a place like this, but if you want to, I won’t judge!” the women said, looking cheerful.

“Oh no, I didn’t come in to ask to attend your class, miss. I came here to ask if this the home of Paula Polestar,” I said.

“Oh, I see. You’re just another tourist who has come to see Paula’s fantastic abilities. I am Paula’s mother, and I’m sorry to say pal, but she’s been a bit of a hermit lately, and says that she won’t come out of her room until a boy wearing a red cap and a blue & yellow striped shirt arrives, or something to that effect.” The women looked at my clothes. “Say, you’re wearing a red cap and a blue & yellow shirt! What’s your name, friend?” Paula’s mother asked.
“My name is Ness ma’am, and I have come here after receiving a message from Paula in my sleep. She said she was in danger,” I said quietly.

“Did you just say that you’re name is Ness? That’s the name of the person that Paula wanted to see! You said that you got a call from her in your sleep telling you that she was in trouble? Nonsense, Paula has been in her room for the past few days, she can’t be in any trouble. Come with me, I’ll take you to see her,” Mrs. Polestar beckoned. I followed the women through a door that led into a dining room, where a man with blonde hair wearing a blue sweater sat at the dining table reading a newspaper; the man looked up when we entered the room.

“Hey honey, who’s the kid ya got there? Is he a news reporter? We don’t need any more news reporters buggin’ our daughter,” the man said. From what I gathered, I believed this man to be Paula’s father.

“Don’t worry sweetums, this isn’t a news reporter. This is Ness, the boy that Paula said she wanted to see,” Mrs. Polestar introduced.

“Let’s see, red hat, blue & yellow striped shirt, named Ness... Woah! You’re right! That is the one Paula was looking for! Let’s get him up to see her right now!” Mr. Polestar directed. Instantly, the two parents grabbed me and carried me up a staircase that led into a bedroom, and put me down next to pink door.

“This is Paula’s bedroom. Go on in, she’s been waiting for you!” Mr. Polestar said. On command, I opened the door to the room. Both parents let out a gasp, for the room was completely devoid of life.

“WHAT! WHERE IS SHE?!” the pair cried out at once. The two bowled me out of the way and began to frantically search the room.

“It’s no good, she’s not here! She must have been kidnapped by someone!” Mrs. Polestar cried.

“Nonononononononononononono... This can’t be happening... PAULA! PAULA! WHERE ARE YOU?!” Mr. Polestar said as he bolted down the stairs. Through a window, I saw him panickedly run around
in circles before taking off down the street. I was then suddenly grabbed and shaken violently by Mrs. Polestar.  

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING JUST STANDING THERE? MY DAUGHTER HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED! THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT! WHY DIDN’T YOU TELL ME THAT SHE WAS IN DANGER?!” she said as she released me from her grip and bolted down the stairs. Through the window, I saw her too run around in circles before taking off in the other direction from her husband. I stood still for a moment, dizzy from being shaken so much; after that, I stumbled out of the room, down the stairs, and exited the preschool.

Now knowing for sure that Paula had been taken, I sat down on a nearby bench and pondered my next move. I wanted to find out where Paula had been taken, but did not know of anybody who would possess that information. I thought of the places that she could have been taken, and narrowed down the possibilities to Peaceful Rest Valley in the east and Threed to the north. All I needed was one more teensy spot of data to set myself in the right direction. Not knowing what else to do, I decided that I should check the only place that I hadn’t before; Burglin Park.

I slowly walked up to a large metal arch with writing on it that read “Burglin Park”. When I had passed by this place earlier, it looked to be fairly empty, but now that I was viewing it from up close, I saw about a dozen people inhabiting the area, either buying or selling an assortment of items.

“Surely somebody here will know about Paula’s kidnapping,” I thought. I waltzed inside the park’s fencing and began to ask around for Paula’s whereabouts. Of course, nobody really knew what I was talking about until I spoke to one merchant that wore psychedelic clothing and had long dreadlocks.

“Excuse me sir, but would you happen to know where Paula Polestar is?” I asked.
“Wat’s dat mon? Jou wanna kno where da psychic girl be at? I dons kno mahself mon, but I tink da boss o’ da perk would kno. ‘Is name be Everdred, an’ he lives o’er dere at da fahr edg o’ da perk,” the man said. Although I struggled to understand his thick accent, I determined that he was referring to the house that sat next to the woods at the edge of the park.

“The house over there? Ok, thank you for the tip mister,” I said.

“Ehhh, no problum mon. Be carful doe, I hears Everdred use ta be a dangerus crook, stealin’ people’s stuf. Don hesitate to deffend yaself, ‘k mon?” the man said as I walked towards the house.

The house in question was very small, appearing to only consist of one room. It didn’t look too shabby on the outside though, so I wondered if the rumors about the person named Everdred were true. Not seeing anyone on the outside of the house, I approached the front door and gave it a few knocks. After getting no response, I began to knock again when I felt something drop on my hat. Wondering if what I had felt was rain, I looked up only to be greeted by the face of a man with a huge gaping smile dripping saliva. Startled by the horrifying sight, I jumped back as the man landed on the spot I previously occupied. I whipped out my bat as the man began to cackle maniacally.

“Nee hahahaha! Let’s chat later after we’ve locked horns!” the man said insanely.

Mystery Man

Just Plain Weird

The man had a thick n-shaped moustache and long black hair and was wearing a black bowler hat, black spectacles, a yellow shirt with a flower pattern on it, and green pants with yellow polka dots. Before I could even speak a word, the man rushed at me, attempting to
smash his skull into my face. I sped out of the way and hid behind a nearby tree. The man turned to face me and then licked his lips before he rushed me again, trying to chomp me with his massive yellow teeth. Remembering the words of the merchant, I did not hesitate to defend myself and gave the obese weirdo a taste of my bat. He stumbled back and spit out a tooth, turning to me with a sinister look on his face. The man then reached into his pocket and pulled out a tiny bead, throwing it on the ground afterwards; the bead burst into a cloud of smoke, obscuring my view of the battlefield. I searched around carefully for any sign of movement within the smog when I suddenly felt an incredible weight pounce on my back. Crushed by the massive object, I once again heard the terrible guffaw of the attacking man.

“Nee hahahahaha! You’re toast now kid! Say your prayers!” the man bellowed. Suffocating under the man’s weight, I flung my limbs around, hoping that the wild movements would make the man get off of me. I eventually hit one of the man’s ankles, which made him fly off of me, howling in pain. As the man was bouncing around holding his ankle, I got up from the ground and fiercely smacked the man in his gullet. The blow made the man lurch backwards and fall on the ground with a *thud* . I carefully approached him and kicked him in the ankle one more time. “OUCHIE! Owowowowowow, ow! Okay, okay, I give up! I surrender! Just stop hitting my ankle!” the man begged pathetically.

“Who are you, and why did you attack me?” I aggressively asked. The man quickly sat up and pulled out a cigarette from his pocket, lighting it up and puffing it before giving me an answer.

“Alright, fine. I’m Everdred, boss of Burglin Park. When I saw you walking by earlier, I thought you looked suspicious, so I set up an ambush to test your strength. When I leapt from that roof, I twisted my ankle, which you took advantage of in order to win the fight. You know, you’re pretty strong for a kid your age,” Everdred complimented as he took another puff of his joint. “I heard that you have been trying to find a girl named Paula. A few nights ago, while I
was out for my midnight stroll, I noticed two men wearing blue suits and masks accompanied by a chubby boy sneak into Polestar Preschool and come out with a wriggling sack in their hands. Thanks to some underground dirt, I learned that the thing in that sack was in fact Paula and that the men in blue have taken her to a secret hideout in Peaceful Rest Valley. I also heard rumors that the men were going to make her some sort of human sacrifice. Whoever they were, those people were definitely hardcore strange. At this point, Paula might already be gone. If you wanna save her, you’re gonna have to go through Peaceful Rest Valley, which isn’t actually a peaceful place.” Everdred stood up and flicked his cigarette onto the ground. “If you manage to save Paula, remember to come back here, okay? Don’t forget!” Everdred yelled as he entered his house and slammed the door. I stood there for a moment, trying to analyze the mass of information that was just given to me. I now knew that Paula was taken to Peaceful Rest Valley and not to Threed; I also now knew the intentions of Paula’s kidnappers, and was shocked at the thought of an innocent girl being offered as a human sacrifice. This only gave me more incentive to come to Paula’s aid, and quickly at that. Not wasting anymore time, I ran as fast as I could across the town until the road ended and became a dirt path. I spotted a man by standing around and hastily approached him.

“E-excuse me sir! Is this the path to Peaceful Rest Valley?” I asked, my mind moving faster than my mouth.

“Yep, this is it alright. If you plan on heading to Peaceful Rest Valley, be careful, ‘cause I’ve heard that there have been sightings of UFOs and all sorts of crazy mess in that place recently,” the man warned.

“Ok, thank you sir,” I said as I took off down the bumpy trail. At this point, I didn’t care about what I would have to fight, I only cared about one thing: rescuing Paula.