

## SCROLLS EPISODE ELEVEN

The heat from the fireball continued to grow in intensity. The orange glow of it filled Marty's blurred vision and for a moment he thought he was looking up at the sun. He knew that he needed to do something, anything, but each time he tried to call a spell into his mind it didn't come.

The man was preparing to cast the spell and Marty made a final attempt to call up spells into his mind. None of his regular ones worked, but then two new symbols appeared. He focused on them hard, not recognizing them. After a moment he remembered, they were a part of a scroll he had copied down and then used in one of the earliest installments of *The Wizard's Quest*.

Marty tried to remember the word that had been on the spell. Just as the man standing over him released the fireball it came into his mind.

"Kasma," Marty said.

The earth beneath them wrenched wildly, causing the man to pitch backwards and launch his fireball straight up into the sky. A horrendous noise came from the ground as it rumbled violently. Marty tried to get to his feet but fell back down as what felt like an earthquake hit. He landed on his stomach in the creek bed.

Looking down the creek, Marty saw a crack opening up and spreading towards them. The ground was splitting apart at a rapid pace. He crawled forward as the massive crack reached them. The man who had been standing over him fell down into the chasm that opened. Marty was gripping the ground on the far bank of the creek. As the earth below him dropped away his legs swung downward, leaving him dangling from the edge of what had quickly become a fifteen foot wide, thirty foot deep chasm where the creek had been.

Marty heard a shout and looked back across the chasm. The car they had been in was teetering dangerously on the far side, the front end hanging over the edge. The man in the dark suit who had gone over there to kill Blake was hanging from the front bumper, his legs kicking wildly. The car tilted forward, then back, barely balanced.

Marty took a deep breath and pulled himself up. He lay on his back for a moment, glad to be out of immediate danger. Looking across he could see that

Blake was still unconscious in the driver's seat of the car. It pitched forward again, this time pausing for a long moment before tipping back once more.

The car wasn't going to last long perched on the edge. Marty got to his feet and examined the width of the chasm. He took a deep breath and then spoke.

“Batrakhos.”

He was launched into the air by his spell. Marty looked down into the chasm as he sailed over it. He then turned his attention to the far side and prepared for his landing. He hit hard and rolled, sliding to a stop a moment later in the dirt. Marty quickly got to his feet and ran along the edge of the gorge.

The car was tilting forward again, slowly at first, then more quickly. Marty could tell this time it wasn't going to rebalance, it was about to fall into the chasm. He picked up his pace, running as fast as he could. Just as the vehicle pitched wildly Marty reached it. He jumped up onto the back bumper. The car stopped there and for a moment Marty could see down into the pit below. His stomach churned but finally his added weight caused the back end of the car to set back down. The man in the suit was still clinging to the front bumper.

“Blake! You have to wake up man!” Marty yelled.

He leaned forward to get a look into the car. As he did he saw a fireball coming at him. It was just a few feet away and Marty pitched himself backwards off the car to avoid getting hit in the face with it. Without his weight on the back of the vehicle it again tilted forward. Marty leapt back up and grabbed on again. Once it settled back to the ground he looked down into the chasm. The man in the jacket was lying down there, one of his legs twisted sickeningly beneath him, broken. But he was alive and angry and in the process of launching another fireball up at Marty.

“Alexo!” Marty yelled.

The blue shield appeared along his arm and he raised it and deflected the fireball away. He then turned his attention back to the car. He banged on the trunk as hard as he could, trying anything to get Blake's attention. An idea occurred to him and Marty called up another of his spells in his mind. Once he had it locked into place he spoke.

“BLAKE!”

He had used the voice amplification spell and his word sounded out with terrifying force. It reverberated off the walls of the ravine, shaking loose dirt along the edges. The force of the noise was so great that the man in the suit had tried to cover his ears with one hand. Without both hands hanging on he lost his grip and slipped from the bumper. He cried out as he fell, then screamed when he hit the bottom.

Blake stirred in the car. Marty deflected another fireball then started hitting the trunk again.

“Hey! Blake! Climb out!” he yelled.

After a few moments Blake had fully regained consciousness. He seemed confused but Marty was finally able to get his attention.

“Climb out of the car!” Marty yelled again.

Blake looked down and saw that the car was hanging over the chasm. This seemed to wake him up the rest of the way and he quickly undid his seatbelt.

“What happened?” Blake shouted.

“I tried out a new spell.”

With his seatbelt removed Blake was able to climb out of the window of the car. He perched there, trying to get his feet underneath him so he could climb up onto the car. Another fireball came flying up at them. This one was aimed at Blake and Marty had to lean out onto the car in order to deflect it with his shield. When he shifted his weight the car slowly tilted forward. Blake’s grip slipped and he went off balance, almost pitching backwards out of the window and into the ravine below.

Marty moved back to the rear fender and the car set back down once more. Blake gripped the top of the car, barely keeping himself from falling. He gritted his teeth and pulled hard to get himself back upright. He shot Marty a dirty look before crawling out onto the car. Once he was up there he crawled quickly. When he reached the back he dove forward, off the car and onto the solid ground beyond.

Another fireball was incoming. This time Marty dove off the car, ducking just beneath the spell. He landed on his side on the edge of the chasm. With no one to

weigh it down the car leaned forward slowly. Marty looked down and saw that the man in the suit was directly below it at the bottom of the gorge. The vehicle did a slow forward flip as it went off the edge and began falling down towards the man. Marty extended his hand and yelled out.

“Aerios!”

A blast of wind caught the car and shifted its course. It landed with a shriek of twisting metal and breaking glass just a foot away from the man in the suit. The man looked up at Marty, realizing that he had saved his life. They stared at one another for a moment before finally the man nodded his thanks.

Marty got to his feet and found Blake sitting on the ground a few feet away, wiping blood away from a cut on his forehead.

“Their van is right over here,” Blake said, pointing behind him.

He got to his feet and the two ran over to the black van. The keys were still in the ignition and they got in and sped away.



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EPISODE ELEVEN

κίνδυνος

(PERIL)

“They were really reaching when they named this place,” Ken stated.

He and Keiko were parked outside of The Hellhole, the bar Blake had told them to go to for information on where to find Rain Man. When they first pulled

up they saw a man squatting in the middle of the pothole ridden parking lot, using the restroom. There was also a man lying on the hood of a truck, blood running from a wound on the back of his head. The structure itself looked like it was barely standing. It had a noticeable lean to it.

“Stay in the car,” Ken said as he started to open his door.

“I came to help, I didn’t come to hide in the car.”

Ken looked over at his sister. He admired her bravery but there was no way he was going to let her go into such a rough place.

“We’re probably going to need to make a quick escape so just stay here and keep it running,” Ken said. “Besides, you wouldn’t want to mess up your boyfriend’s new ride.”

She frowned at his last comment. Brian had received the sporty blue car as an off the record gift from a booster club member. He usually didn’t like her driving it but she had insisted on borrowing it tonight.

Finally Keiko nodded and Ken stepped out and closed the door. His throat dried up as he walked into the rundown establishment. The rancid smell of urine and cheap beer hit him like a punch in the face. There were barely any lights in the place and there was a fight going on in the corner. The bar looked like it was made of plywood and he could see nails sticking out of it.

Ken made his way to the bar, careful not to make eye contact with anyone on his way over. The bartender was an ancient old lady, she looked to be at least eighty years old. She was standing completely still, just staring down at the floor.

“Excuse me, can you help me?” Ken yelled, trying to be heard over the noise.

“You a cop?” the lady asked.

“No, I’m a student. I’m looking for someone, a guy who calls himself Rain Man.”

She looked up at him.

“You sure you’re not a cop?”

He was about to answer when he realized that she was holding a shotgun and now had it pointed directly at him. He slowly raised his hands.

“Ma’am, I’m just trying to find the guy, I’m no cop.”

She frowned.

“You call me ma’am one more time and I’m gonna pull this trigger, you hear me? My momma was ma’am, I’m just Pauline.”

Ken smiled, trying desperately to appear calm even though it felt like his heart was going to burst.

“Pauline, that’s a lovely name. Is that French?” Ken asked.

The woman stared at him for a moment before lowering the gun. She shook her head and smiled.

“You ain’t too bright but you got good cheeks on ya.”

“Cheeks?”

She reached over and pinched his cheek hard. She turned it in her hand and pulled down, causing him to lean down onto the bar. After a moment she released him.

“My grandson was a husky fella like you. His pants were always falling off because he refused to wear a dang belt.”

Ken tried to smile but was too confused to do it correctly.

“Sounds like he was a good kid.”

“He was an idiot,” Pauline said quickly.

“That’s... okay, uh,” Ken stammered.

Pauline put the shotgun back beneath the bar and then leaned close. She pointed towards the back corner.

“Man back there is named Al. If anyone could give you information on Rain Man it’d be him.”

Ken looked into the back corner. It was darkest back there and while he could see the hulking shape of a man seated at a table he couldn’t make out much more.

“Okay, thank you Pauline.”

“Don’t thank me yet fat cheeks. Al ain’t in a good mood which means he’s likely to pound ya.”

Her parting words did little to ease Ken’s growing feeling that he might die in this place. He slowly approached the back corner. Al was even bigger up close than he had seemed from across the bar. His long brown hair flowed far down his

back, almost to his waist. He had on a denim jacket with no sleeves, presumably so his massive biceps could get some air, and he had a large tattoo on his neck. It was of the word “mom” but it rested atop a skull and crossbones symbol that overlapped with a radioactive symbol, making it one of the most confusing tattoos Ken had ever seen.

“Excuse me, Al? Pauline said that you could help me find someone.”

The surly man didn’t look up from his pitcher of beer.

“Get bent,” he said.

His voice sounded like it came through an exhaust pipe.

“Listen, I just need a second of your time. A friend of mine is in trouble and I need help finding them.”

The man took a long drink from the pitcher, draining about half of it.

“If you’re still here in three seconds I’m gonna knock you out,” Al threatened.

Ken looked around, wondering if there was someone else he could talk to. Before he knew it Al was on his feet and coming towards him. The man was true to his word and delivered a nasty punch to Ken’s face. Ken fell backwards onto the grimy floor.

Al returned to his seat and Ken rubbed his chin where he had been hit. It stung badly but nothing he couldn’t handle. He stood back up and stepped towards Al’s table.

“I’m looking for a guy named Rain Man.”

Al grunted and stood back up quickly. This time he hit Ken with an uppercut, sending him flying through the air. He landed hard on his back and the air was knocked out of him. He wheezed for a few moments until he could catch his breath. He felt of his jaw for a moment and then slowly got back up. Again he approached the ill tempered Al.

“Rain Man kidnapped my friend and I need to save her.”

The man drained the rest of his pitcher before answering.

“You done did it. I was going to let you off easy but you went and pissed me off and now I gotta hurt ya.”

Ken tensed up as the man got to his feet. This time Ken tried to strike first, throwing a punch towards Al's face. It glanced harmlessly off of the man's shoulder. Al was done playing around and this time he hit Ken as hard as he could in the nose. There was a loud pop and blood began flowing out of it freely. Ken tried to drop to the ground but Al grabbed him by the shirt and held him up. He punched Ken again in the face, then a third time. Finally he let go and Ken collapsed to the floor.

His head was pounding and his eyes watered as blood continued to flow from his nose. He wiped his eyes and then got to one knee, struggling to get back to his feet. Al was still standing there, looking down at him.

"Where can I find Rain Man?" Ken asked.

Al stepped forward and kneed Ken hard in the side of the head. He fell onto his side, a sharp pain shooting through his head. His vision flashed black and he had to fight to keep from passing out. He was hurting bad but he got onto his hands and knees and looked up at his attacker.

"Tell me where Rain Man is."

Blood had run down his face and into his mouth. Ken spit it out as he stared up at the man. Al shook his head. He reached down and grabbed Ken by the hair. He pulled up hard until Ken was perched on his knees. Then Al punched him hard in the face, his fist striking in the forehead. Ken collapsed back to the floor but it was Al who cried out.

"My hand!" he howled.

Ken writhed in pain on the germ infested floor. Al was cradling his hand, looking down at it worriedly.

"I think you broke my hand you hard headed freak!"

It took him almost a minute but Ken was able to get back to his feet. He swayed severely but took a step towards Al.

"Tell me where..."

Al held up his good hand to silence Ken.

"Enough already, geez. What are you, one of these pain sickos that gets beat up for fun?"

Ken spit out blood before answering.

“I just want to save my friend.”

“Dumbbell’s Garage, down on Allencrest Drive. Rain Man’s brother runs a small time criminal thing there. He’ll know where his brother is staying.”

After swaying a little more, Ken nodded.

“Now get outta here before I decide to use my bullwhip on you,” Al said.

He motioned back to his table and Ken saw a giant whip coiled there. He decided to take the man’s advice and quickly stumbled out of the building. Keiko was parked nearby and he made his way over to her. His head was pounding and he felt like he was going to pass out. He opened the car door and fell into the passenger’s seat.

“Oh my God! What’d they do to you?” Keiko cried out as she saw him.

“Just drive, I know where we need to go.”

She put the car into gear and drove away from The Hellhole as fast as she could.

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A black, starless sky had settled in overhead as Marty and Blake continued down the interstate towards Olympia. They had been silent since fleeing from the creek bed over an hour before. Marty was driving but over the past few minutes he noticed a change in the way that Blake was acting. He seemed to be getting agitated and was shifting in his seat.

“You nervous?” Marty asked.

When Blake didn’t immediately respond, Marty spoke again.

“I am.”

It was the truth. He had lived his entire adult life facing the idea of dying, but not like this. His end was supposed to come in a hospital bed as he finally succumbed to his illness. It was something that Marty had accepted. But the idea of dying violently during a magic battle against a maniac filled him with fear.

“Just keep your eyes on the road,” Blake said.

Marty was quiet for a moment. For some reason Blake's response irritated him.

"You can drop the act, it's just the two of us. We might die tonight, why wouldn't that make you nervous?" Marty asked.

"Nothing great was ever gained without risking everything," Blake answered. After changing lanes to go around a slow moving car, Marty spoke again.

"So, what is it that you're hoping to gain from all of this?"

Blake didn't immediately respond. He stared at the window for a long moment before finally answering.

"Sloan Scott needs to be stopped. That's all I care about."

"No it isn't. You've been after more than that this whole time."

When Blake didn't answer Marty looked over at him.

"Come on. I'm here, we're going to face him, I've already got the healing scroll. Why don't you tell me what you've really been after all along?"

A slow, wicked smile spread across Blake's face. His eyes lit up as he lost himself in his thoughts. A chill ran through Marty as he looked upon him, afraid of what was going on in his head. He returned his attention to the road, not wanting to look at his passenger any more. He recalled the story that Blake had told about Ubermensch, the company that Blake's father ran and the way in which each generation tried to become more powerful than the last.

A few minutes later Marty spoke again.

"You may think you know what you're doing but you should be careful."

"Should I?"

"Power has a way of corrupting a person, making them into the worst possible version of themselves. Look at Sloan, he's evil. You don't want to become like that."

A heavy silence hung over them for a long moment as they continued down the dark interstate. Blake reclined his seat and turned away from Marty in it. He then spoke quietly.

"In the last analysis, even the best man is evil."

Those dark words weighed heavily on Marty's mind as they grew ever closer to Olympia.

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"It stings!"

"Well if you would hold still I'd be done already."

Keiko had stopped at a store and bought some medical supplies and was dressing her brother's wounds. Ken was flinching constantly, making it a difficult process. She placed another large bandage on him and then sat back. She frowned as she looked at him. He reminded her of a boxer that had just finished getting destroyed in a match.

"I'm okay," Ken said, trying to make her feel better.

She frowned again, not believing him for a second. One of his eyes was swollen and his nose looked like it was broken.

"Maybe I should go in this time," she said.

They were parked across the street from Dumbbell's Garage, the place where Rain Man's brother did business. Ken swallowed hard but shook his head.

"No, it's too dangerous. But don't worry, I've got a plan this time."

She looked over at him and raised her eyebrows.

"A plan? Really?"

He gave her a dirty look.

"Okay then, let's hear it," Keiko said.

"Is your boyfriend too hopped up on painkiller's to answer the phone?" Ken asked.

Keiko hadn't been expecting him to involve Brian, but she shook her head.

"No, he'll answer if it's me calling."

He nodded.

"Good. Here's what you're going to do then."

A few minutes later, after he told her his plan, Ken got out of the car. He walked across the street, doing his best to block out the pounding headache and the

constant pain in his nose. He entered the garage and saw that it was more of a bar than a place to fix cars. There was a table set up where several shady looking men were playing poker. There were also two men engaged in a rather serious game of darts.

Ken saw an empty liquor bottle nearby and he picked it up. He raised it high above his head and then slammed it down onto the concrete floor. It shattered loudly and everyone turned and looked at him. These were hardened men, fixing him with hardened stares, but he stood up tall.

“I need some information and one of you punks is going to give it to me,” Ken said loudly.

One of the men playing darts let out a quick laugh. He was on the pudgy side and looked to be losing his hair in a hurry. He wore a leather jacket that had frill on it.

“It would be unwise to interrupt my game of darts,” the man said.

Ken noticed an open cabinet nearby. On the top shelf was a set of darts. He walked over to it and grabbed one of the darts. Even though he was all the way across the room from the dart board he turned and launched it as hard as he could. It sailed through the air like a missile, just barely missing the man in the frilly jacket. It shot past him and then struck the dart board. Several of the men in the room whistled and another let out a yell. At first Ken wasn't sure why, but a moment later he saw that he had thrown a perfect bullseye.

“I don't believe it,” the man in the jacket said.

“Well believe it,” Ken said. “I'm kind of a big deal.”

The man approached the board and pulled the dart back out. He then turned and started walking towards Ken.

“This your shop?” Ken asked.

“The name's Denny, but most people call me Dumbbell.”

Ken scoffed, doing his best to act confident.

“Well Dumbbell, I need some information.”

The man was standing right in front of him now. He held the dart out.

“I tell you what little man, I don’t know who the hell you are or what the hell you want to know, but if you throw another bullseye I’ll give you the information you’re after.”

Ken hesitated for a moment. He had never played darts before in his whole life, it had just been dumb luck that he had even hit the board. Finally he took the dart. Dumbbell stepped out of his way. This time Ken aimed for several long moments. He took a deep breath and then launched the dart across the room. It sailed horribly off target, nowhere near the dart board. The dart struck a man in the side of the neck. He cried out and clutched at it. Ken cringed but quickly recovered as Dumbbell whirled on him.

“You see?” Ken shouted. “I’m done messing around!”

Dumbbell took a threatening step forward, clenching and unclenching his fists.

“You’re not the only tough guy in town, so don’t think you’re going to intimidate me,” Ken said. “I run in bigger, badder circles than you and I’ve got the scars to prove it.”

The man laughed and pointed towards Ken’s battered face.

“Looks more like you got your butt kicked to me.”

“This doesn’t have to get unpleasant. Just tell me where I can find your brother and I’ll leave.”

Again Dumbbell laughed.

“You’re looking for my brother? You come barging into my shop, throw a dart into one of my guys, and then expect me to just flip on my family? On my blood?”

The man was right in his face now. Ken felt his resolve faltering but he did his best to look defiant.

“That’s right Denny. So where can I find him?”

Dumbbell shook his head slowly.

“You’re something else.”

He reached into his jacket and pulled out a massive silver pistol. Ken swallowed hard as the man slowly raised it and rested it against his chest.

“But like I said, it’s unwise to interrupt me when I’m playing darts.”

Another of the men had walked up behind Ken. He grabbed him and dragged him backwards, deeper into the shop. Ken kicked his legs, trying to wriggle free. The man slammed him down in a chair but before Ken could jump up Dumbbell placed the gun against his head.

“I hope you enjoyed your short life, tough guy,” Dumbbell said.

“And I hope you enjoy explaining my death to the group of angry guys outside,” Ken shot back.

“Oh yeah? You got friends out there?” Dumbbell asked.

Ken smiled, doing his best to appear threatening.

“Something like that.”

Dumbbell hesitated for a moment, then moved the gun away from Ken’s head.

“Hey Mick, go look outside and see if anyone’s there,” Dumbbell said.

A skinny biker with a curly mop of gray hair got up from the poker table and walked over to the window at the front of the shop. He stood there for a while, looking up and down the street. Dumbbell let out a long, frustrated sigh.

“Anything?” he called out.

Finally Mick turned back around. He shrugged.

“I don’t see nothin’.”

Ken wasn’t surprised to see that Mick didn’t have any teeth.

“Oh well, nice try tough guy,” Dumbbell said.

He again placed the gun against Ken’s head. Ken’s heart started to pound and sweat was running down his face.

“Hold up, just hold up a second. We can talk about this.”

Dumbbell shook his head slowly.

“Nope. Like I said, you shouldn’t have messed with my dart game.”

He paused and pointed over towards the dart board.

“You see that guy over there?”

He was pointing towards a strange looking young man. He wore tattered clothes and his face had grease on it.

“His name is Aldous but we call him the Cheat. He’s the best dart player around and for once I was beating him. But my back’s been turned and now you

can just about bet anything that Aldous has changed the score,” Dumbbell paused and turned towards the young man. “How much you winning by over there Aldous?”

The young man studied the small chalk board where they kept score for a moment before responding.

“I’m up by eight hundred and thirty seven points.”

Dumbbell returned his attention to Ken.

“You see? If I remembered the old score it’d be alright, but I don’t. And now I’m gonna lose to the Cheat again, all because of you.”

“A stupid dart game isn’t the only thing you’re about to lose. Check outside again, there are some people that aren’t going to be too happy to see that you’ve mistreated me in here.”

“Ha. You think I’m that stupid?”

Ken smiled and nodded.

“Yeah, I do.”

The two of them stared at each other. Dumbbell’s finger squeezed the trigger slowly, but after a moment he released it.

“Mick! Go check again!”

Ken exhaled, glad to still be alive. He watched as Mick again took his time looking up and down the street.

“Nope, still nuthin’ out there. Oh, wait a minute, a car’s comin’. Whoa. Lots of cars are comin’.”

Another man got up from the poker table and went over to the window. Out of the corner of his eye, Ken saw that Aldous was changing the score to the dart game again, adding more points to his already outrageous total.

“Well? Who is it out there? Cops?” Dumbbell yelled.

After studying the growing group of people outside Mick turned around.

“Uh, I think it’s the BSU football team.”

“What?”

Dumbbell stood up. He grabbed Ken roughly by the shirt and dragged him to the front of the shop. Once there they looked out. Ken smiled as he saw all of

them. Brian Thompson, Keiko's boyfriend, was there, along with over twenty of the other players. They were all getting out of their vehicles and gathering on the sidewalk on the far side of the street.

"I do a lot of business on the campus," Ken said. "These guys owe me a whole host of favors and they'll charge in here at any moment."

The men in the garage were muttering to each other as they sized up the football players.

"If you want to wait a few more minutes I can have the volleyball team here too. They're tougher than you think they are," Ken said.

Dumbbell looked nervous. He was gripping his pistol tightly.

"What are we gonna do Dumbbell?" Mick asked.

"Yo Dumbbell, I don't wanna kill these guys," another of the men said. "I've got a big bet on them to win Saturday against Nevada State."

Dumbbell gritted his teeth. He looked at Ken, then back outside, then back at Ken. Mick walked over to them.

"Your brother's an idiot anyways, what does it matter if we tell this guy where he's at?" Mick asked.

After another tense moment Dumbbell released Ken's shirt and lowered the pistol.

"He is an idiot," Dumbbell said.

"And he works for Sloan Scott instead of helping out over here," Mick added.

Dumbbell sighed and turned towards Ken.

"424 Dale Lane. My brother's holed up there, doing some sort of job for Sloan."

Ken nodded and then quickly walked towards the door. He tried to keep himself from running but as soon as he reached the door he broke into a sprint and didn't stop until he was among the football players on the other side of the street.

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Blake perked up as soon as they pulled off the interstate into the bustling city of Olympia. It was nowhere near the size of Seattle, or even nearby Tacoma, but it was a fast growing area that already had hundreds of thousands of residents. Marty was trying to pay attention to the road and look out at the city as he navigated down a main thoroughfare.

“Sloan needs somewhere tall so he can bring his spell down on the city from above,” Blake said.

“It wouldn’t be here though, it’d be further out so he wouldn’t get caught in the blast,” Marty said.

Blake nodded.

“You’re right, circle back around and let’s find a road that loops the outskirts of the city.”

Even though they hadn’t found Sloan yet, Marty’s adrenaline was coursing through him. They weren’t sure when Sloan was going to destroy the city, but he had mentioned midnight in his message. It was a little past eleven now and Marty drove with a sense of urgency.

A few minutes of navigating the unknown roads later, they were on a small street that traveled around the outside of Olympia. It was hard to see much in the darkness but they both looked hard, trying to see any tall buildings that were removed from the rest of the town.

They reached a large hill and Marty had to push down harder on the gas pedal to get the van to climb it. It was steep and for a moment he worried that the van wasn’t going to be able to make it to the top. Finally they crested.

“There!” Blake shouted, pointing forward.

About a mile in the distance was a massive skyscraper. Towards the top were the large glowing letters KCPQ. Marty saw several giant satellites on the side of the building and realized that it was a television station. He looked from the building back to Olympia. It was perfectly located, just far enough away to keep Sloan safe from his own spell but high enough to give him a great vantage point from which to launch it.

“That’s got to be it,” Marty said.

He pressed the gas and the van picked up speed. They came to a road that looked to lead out to the KCPQ building and Marty took the turn too fast, causing the tires to squeal. He kept the van steady and they sped towards their destination. Blake was leaning forward, studying the road ahead.

“Pull off!” he shouted.

Marty slammed on the brakes and steered the van off the road.

“Drive up into the trees,” Blake commanded.

“Why?”

“They have a security checkpoint up ahead. There were a lot of guys there for it being this close to midnight.”

Once he had pulled the van as far into the trees as possible Marty shut it off. They got out and moved through the woods towards the building. When they were close enough they stopped and looked at the perimeter of the building. There was a large fence surrounding the property and several armed men pacing about.

“He’s expecting us,” Marty said.

Blake nodded.

“Of course he is.”

After spending another few minutes getting familiar with the layout of the area they retreated back to the van. Blake walked towards the driver’s door and pulled it open.

“You make your way over the fence and get inside the building,” Blake said.

“What are you going to do?” Marty asked.

“I’ll create a diversion. Don’t wait for me, I might not make it. Get in there and get to the roof. We can’t let Sloan cast that spell.”

Marty stared at him for a long moment. He wanted to say something, but found that there was nothing to be said. Finally he nodded. Blake climbed into the van and started it. He put it in reverse and pulled away, back towards the road. Marty watched for a second and then turned around and ran back into the woods, not knowing if he’d ever see Blake again.

END OF EPISODE 11

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