

“Achoo!” sneezed Alcott, spooking the zebra with no stripes. The zebra took off south down the road with the wagon.

“Stop the wagon!” yelled Stanel, pointing to the north.

“Right,” assured Alcott pulling out his Uzi, and pointed it at the zebra.

“Not that way, you bloke!” cried Stanel while helping Alcott pull the trigger. The bullet skimmed down the top part of the mane between the ears giving the zebra an inside-out Mohawk. “Now look what you’ve done!” he screamed, kicking a red oak and getting his foot stuck in its soft wood. The tree flickered and disappeared with a soft pop.

“Don’t just stand there!” said Alcott just standing there. “We have to catch it!”

“Right,” said Stanel, running south while facing the north.

“On the plus side,” explained Alcott, “we are making great time on getting to the North 4-est.”

Stanel and Alcott ran in a southwest direction until the trail turned to a more west-southwest direction. It was nearing sunset when they reached the southmost part of The Road to the Big Rock. They were between The Insideout Mountains and The Lost Castle That No One Can Find. In the middle of the road was an old man with grey hair and a long white beard who had a golf club for a walking staff and wore a white fluffy bathrobe.

“Beware!” said the old man.

“Great,” complained Stanel. “Can’t I go just one day without some old guy predicting my death?!”

“Beware of what?” asked Alcott (who was close to becoming an old man and had some respect for his elders [which were few]).

“There is A Dark Cloud gathering in the north,” answered the old man.

“That’s great,” said Stanel sarcastically. “But we need to find our runaway zebra with no stripes which now has a grazed, inside-out

Mohawk—which, by the way, was pulling a wagon filled with items of great importance to me.”

“If someone found this wagon slash zebra, would you give them a free ride somewhere?” asked the old man in a way that made Stanel really consider the question.

“Well, I guess I would if they asked.”

“Does it look something like this?” asked the old man reaching into his back pocket and pulling out the zebra with no stripes and the wagon still attached to it.

“Yes!” exclaimed Stanel, shaking his head in an all-around direction. “Give it back!” He tried to grab it, but the old man held it over his head just out of reach of the desperate Stanel. “Where did you find it?”

“What about my free ride?”

“Fine, I’ll give you your