

Hello, my name is Crew Sawyer. I live in the town of Blankville, where nothing – is everything. In Blankville, there are two first names; and two last names. Usually Bob and Sarah are the first names, and Johnson and Smith are the last; nothing unique. Of course you are probably wondering, *"If there are only two names, then why is he named Crew Sawyer?"* well, that is a good question. You see, I come from a long line of unique people. My great-great-great-great grandparents wanted to give their kids a different life. They changed their last name to Sawyer, and did not go with the traditional "Bob" or "Sarah" for first names.

My mom was named by her side of the family; they went with the familiar "Sarah". But my dad's side went with Gerrard. Not the coolest of names, but at least it wasn't "Bob". My brother's name is Corbon and my sister's name is Brooklyn. All around the block, are white houses with black trim and dead grass. One day we decided to paint our house blue with yellow trim (now we really stand out, not to mention our new, green grass).

One day I was going for a walk in the woods behind our house, but I stumbled upon something. It looked like some kind of path, so I followed it. I was getting tired after about an hour and needed something to drink. I did not think there was a lake anywhere near there, or anywhere in our town, so I turned around and started back towards my house. I saw something shiny in the distance to my left, and I figured why not check it out.

You know what I found? The old shop owned by Mr. Wood, it was his shiny sign that attracted me. *"That's weird, Mr. Wood's shop is across the street from my house"*, I thought. I had always been suspicious about him because he is the only other person in all of Blankville to have a different last name, besides us. Plus all he sold in his shop was magic supplies.

I walked towards *Wood's Wondrous Magic Supplies* to ask if he had any water. The door was open, so I walked in. "Mr. Wood?" I yelled. No response. I peeked into his office, and what I saw was something – interesting. It was like I was at the ocean; well I imagine it was like the ocean; considering Blankville doesn't even have a lake or river. The light, which was quickly following the setting sun, shined off the ripples in the water and onto my face.

It was a pond. It was water. I walked around the store looking for a cup, and found a bottle of water. I snatched it out of the cooler and left two bucks on the counter near the register. I sucked down the bottle, but I had only taken two dollars with me; and I don't steal. So figured Mr. Wood wouldn't mind if I filled the bottle with the water from his "magical pond".

I cracked open his office door once again. I bent down and stuck the bottle horizontally half-way into the water. I was looking around admiring his items waiting for the bottle to fill. Suddenly, I heard footsteps. Was it Mr. Wood? Or was it someone else?

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I listened closer and heard the crunching of leaves which meant whoever it was; they had not made it into the store yet. I hid the bottle behind my back, swiftly stepped out of Mr. Wood's office, and quietly closed the door.

I saw moments later, old Mr. Wood. "What do you think you're doing, young man?" he asked in a surprisingly calm tone. "I desperately needed water and – and saw your store and – and I was really – really very – very thirsty, sir," I replied nervously, "I didn't steal it though. I left two bucks on your counter, sir." "Bucks?" he said, puzzled. "I mean – dollars, sir." "Quit calling me 'sir', it's Crew." I thought for a second. "Wait, your name is Crew? You're the only other person I know named Crew", I said, kind of excited.

"Well, you should be heading home. The sun is setting and your parents may worry about you", Mr. Wood said. "I told them I would be out a while, but I guess you're right. Thanks – Crew." I smiled at him, and he smiled back. I never knew Mr. Wood was more than just a grumpy old man.

On my way home, I got a little thirsty and took out my water bottle from Mr. Wood's shop. "What the heck?" I said. I held the bottle up to the darkened night sky and the moon light glistened off the bottle. My suspicion proved true. The half of the bottle I stuck into the pond; was gold.

The next morning, I examined the bottle. To make sure it wasn't a hoax. It proved real; I had real gold in my possession. I had it test it again.

This time I didn't feel like walking far. So, I just walked across the street. I opened the door and walked in. Mr. Wood greeted me at the register. "Hey Crew", I said, smiling. "Crew? Who are you talking to, sonny?" he snapped back. "You said your name was Crew, yesterday. Then you told me to go home so my parents didn't worry about me," I said, questioning him. "I have no idea what you are talking about," he replied. And with that, I was out of there.

"What was different, why did he not remember?" I thought. That was it, I went through the woods. Somehow it was different; I had to go back that way. Last time it took forever. I needed a way to get there faster. I had to go to Corbon, my older brother.

I waltzed into Corbon's room and, "Get out," he said. "Look, I have a plan to make us rich," I explained. "Keep talking," he said. "Ok, I was walking through our woods when I found a path. I followed the path, got thirsty. So, I stopped at Wood's place –""Hold on. I thought you said you were in the woods," Corbon said. "I was – look, I need to borrow your motorcycle," I said. "No, if you need it; I can drive."

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We took Corbon's bike down the path; we took it all the way to the end. No store, no Mr. Wood, and no gold-making pond. "What are we looking for, Crew?" Corbon said like I had gone crazy. "I know it was there," I said. "Well, it was a nice ride; minus the part when you were there." "Look." I showed him my bottle. "You probably just spray painted it." He took off on his bike, leaving me behind. I began my walk home.

And, there it was. *Wood's Wondrous Magic Supplies*, off to my left. I slowly walked up to the door, frightened that Mr. Wood wouldn't remember yesterday's occurrence. The door was cracked open. I pushed it softly, and it let out a loud screech. I stepped inside, and headed towards the office.

I peeked inside the office, no sign of Mr. Wood. The afternoon sunlight flickered through the trees, to the window, onto the pond, and right into my eyes. Just at that moment, I thought I saw a person, a young man, it was me.

Was I seeing this right? I did have sun in my eyes. That is impossible, right? “Hey, kid!” I yelled. The figure bolted out the door. As he left I saw multiple shiny things, they were all different sizes. Why would a kid my age need all those magic supplies, or whatever it was he had. I took off after him.

I was running behind him down the path, and now that I got a better look at him, he was me, but in better shape. How did I figure that out? Well, after about five minutes of running, he was out of my sight. I slowed to a stop. I was so thirsty. I had filled my half-golden water bottle with fresh water. I took it out of my back pocket; there it was: half-golden, but no water. Great, how did I not notice that it had busted and soaked my pants?

I made my way back to the shop to check out the pond again, and bought a water. Did this pond really turn things, regular thing, to gold? I had to test it. I had to sacrifice something. I decided to bring a whole bag of stuff tomorrow. I ran up and down my street to practice running fast, just in case someone saw me, like I saw that guy today.

I got a bag to put some stuff in for the trip tomorrow. I got my old pair of shoes, some old toys, and a few other things I didn’t use anymore. My plan was to go to Mr. Wood’s store, turn all my stuff to gold, sell the golden things, and I would become rich.

I had a great night sleep and woke up very early the next morning. I still decided to wait for the sun to go up before I went on my journey. I had a bagel for breakfast, told my sister I was going to be rich, and I was on my way.

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So the store did not appear, like yesterday when Corbon drove me down here. Little did I know, my sister followed me, “Brooklyn! Why did you follow me?” I said. “You said that you

were going to be rich. I like money. I put the two together,” she replied. “I can’t become rich if you are here.” “Well, why not?” she asked. “I just can’t.” “Fine. If I leave, I get half the profits,” she said, like an agent to a sports star. “Five percent.” “Fifty percent.” “Twenty percent.” “Fifty. Final offer.” “Fine,” I said, ending the argument. She left and headed back to the house.

I waited until she was out of sight, and – There it was *Wood’s Wondrous Magic Supplies* appeared again. I walked up to the door and stepped in. Going towards the office, I saw the sun get brighter through the window. I walked into the office.

Too bad I left my camera at home, the pond was beautiful today. I walked to the other side of the pond, laid my bag down, and started the gold-making. The only thing was, I couldn’t touch the water. My plan was going well, I had “goldened” three shoes, some building blocks, and one of those toy monkeys with the cymbals that everybody seems to have.

Then all of the sudden, I heard footsteps, after a loud screech of the door. A kid peaked his head inside the door while I was dipping my monkey. I picked up my golden things and bolted. He ran after me, but after five minutes I had lost him. I made it home after a thirty minute run. I got home, snuck upstairs to my room and dropped my stuff onto my bed.

I sat down on my bed. “Wait a second, when I went in the store yesterday I saw someone’s shoes sitting by the pond. I dipped them in, but who did they belong to?” I said to myself. “Yesterday, the person I saw was standing on the opposite side of the pond I was on. Today, I was over there. Yesterday, the person ran and was much faster than me. Today, I ran and was much faster than him. What if every time I go the store, it shows me the next day I am there?” This was crazy. “Were those my future shoes at the pond? Where did I go – without my shoes?”

I wanted to start selling and making some dough. I needed salesperson to help, so I figured since I am splitting the profits with Brooklyn I hired her; that way I didn’t have to pay her. We started across the street, next to Mr. Wood’s place. We went door-to-door, asking only \$100 for solid gold; I’d say that was a good deal.

We sold all four shoes, but not the monkey; people said it freaked them out. I was enjoying my money. I had gotten \$400 already, I did split it with Brooklyn; so \$200. I just decided to keep the monkey for myself.

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I slept well again that night, knowing I had a big business brewing. It was the same morning routine. Ate cereal, said, “Hey, Brooklyn; I am going to be rich. Well, we are going to be rich.” And I was on my way.

Another long walk in the woods was under way. I was just walking, carrying a big bag of useless things and heard something in the trees. Then, a big thunk. Something had fallen out of the tree, and I was fairly certain that it wasn’t a gigantic squirrel. I walked over to the crime scene. It was Mr. Wood.

I ran back home to get help. I got my mom and she let me take her on Corbon’s motorcycle! I was riding in the wind, enjoying this ride as much as I could because I knew that I would not be riding again anytime soon.

We got to the crime scene and we walked over to examine the body. “Mom, what is this?” I asked, pointing to a switch on Mr. Wood’s neck. “Is this a robot?” I said. “I think so, honey. What is going on here?” “It’s a long story.”

I explained to my mom about the pond, she was disappointed that I would take advantage of Mr. Wood. I told her about when I walked to the store across the street and everything was completely different. She thought that was just flat-out weird. She told me to return all the money I had gotten and apologize to the customers. My business had already died – one day, four shoes, and one freaky monkey later.

Turns out the entire thing had been set up by my great-great-great-great grandparents so many years ago, they sure did want they wanted; made life a little different.

All has resumed in Blankville. Nothing is back upon me and my boring summer vacation, but for one day or two I saw a glimmer of something other than nothing in the boring life of Crew Sawyer.