Welcome to the MAD HOUSE

By Too?!
Copyright
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A Message To The Children
This book is especially dedicated to the children in Princess Margaret Hospital, and we wish you the very best and that you get well very soon. We also wish that you and your families have the best of luck in the future.

Thankyou to all you helped with this book:

- Benjamin Skinner
- Anthony Jones
- Morgan Wade
- Lucas Jones
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- Zac Cave
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Chapter 1
The spotlights of the Hilltop Detention Centre roam its courtyard. The moonlight danced on the surrounding hills on the outskirts of Sydney, Australia. The new police cadet stood on the rooftop of the detention centre, staring in awe at the view of the dancing city lights. A small gust of wind ruffled his greasy, black hair, and Dylan had to hold onto his police cap to keep it from blowing over his face. Getting this job as a cadet wasn’t too hard, given that the warden of the detention centre was his cousin. However when the rest of the force at the centre found this out, they developed a sense of subtle anger towards him, and Dylan got bullied by them all a lot due to this.

The radio in his front pocket crackled.

“Oi Dylan! Go clean the toilets!”

Laughter followed by more crackling, and the radio turned off.

“Well I may as well get started,” Dylan sighed disappointedly, “While they’re all partying in the staff room.”

The saddened cadet walked through the roof access door, down the stairs, and into an empty corridor towards the staff toilets. Unfortunately for him, this journey meant he had to pass through the main detention block. Dylan hated this. The inmates would always stare at him, and it felt like they were looking right into his soul.

Dylan stepped into the cell block, and immediately hundreds of pairs of eyes gazed at him. The cadet slowly walked through the block. Interestingly, many of the inmates in this area were very short in size. Although still perfectly formed, they were just a lot shorter than average. One of these miniature people however was much unlike the rest. He was a Mexican, covered with tattoos, his head was completely shaved, and had an enormous moustache. Among the rest of the inmates, he looked quite fascinating, yet intimidating. Dylan couldn’t take anymore, and he walked as fast as he could towards the staff toilet.

Meanwhile in the staff room, the atmosphere was entirely different. The retirement party of a well-known member of the force seemed as a reasonable enough excuse for everyone else to wind-down. Apart from Dylan, only two other members of the force weren’t there. The warden of the detention centre himself, sitting in his office finishing off his paperwork for the afternoon and a security.

Dylan arrived at the staff toilet, grabbed his cleaning materials from under the sink, and started cleaning with a look of disappointment on his face. He hated how the rest of the force made him do these jobs. He was the laughing stock of
the force. This was just a detention centre for the inmates and illegal people, but it felt like a jail for him.

Dylan came back from his wondering thoughts as he accidentally plunged his hand into the toilet water. He looked at it in disgust, stood up, and washed his hands thoroughly. The cadet hated when he got dirty, especially when it was toilet water. He was always neat from his black hair, to his neatly composed uniform.

“Better get back to cleaning,” Dylan thought, disappointed and disgusted.

What Dylan didn't know however, was that a greater plot was unfolding.
Chapter 2

“One, two, push.”

And suddenly there was an escape from holding cell 2A. The miniature human, covered in the butter from head to toe from all of the sandwiches collected in the last two years looked back. If all went well, he would never see all of the other hundred odd miniature humans in one place ever again. The three-foot club they called themselves who been like brothers to each other, had been collected from all around Australia simply because they had no passport. That’s what the government claimed anyway. But Duran Bell had always suspected they were here for other reasons and he passed these reasons on. Reasons that would end bad for all miniature humans. Bell, the smallest of the lot, was a Mexican, a passionate anarchist and the leader of the three-foot club. He had brainwashed every single miniature human that had entered this detention centre and now that almost every single miniature human there was was now in this very place, he had decided on a plan that would ensure miniature human domination of Australia, and eventually the world. Bell had even thought of who would be the Prime Minister of Australia and how he would return to his native Mexico.

“Has it worked?” asked a curious miniature human.

“Shut up and get ready for what you have been assigned to do,” answered Bell.

He didn’t want any stuff ups today because today was his day. Every miniature human had a role to play and they were to stop at nothing to achieve their goal.

The escapee ran down to corridor to get the key.

‘It should be easy,’ Bell thought. ‘Especially if the other guards are as engaged as they were last time for a retirement party.’

The meeting room had changed from a plain walled cell to a hall where music played and coloured ribbons filled the space. Guards were dancing everywhere to cheesy pop music and were so absorbed by the atmosphere that none of them noticed a small figure running from table to table, hidden from view by the long table cloths. The miniature human knew his target, and was making a beeline straight for him. The young man leaned against the wall in the corner, nodding his head with the music and trying to look like he fitted in but looked like an outcast even more than he already was. Slowly inching forward, going painfully slow, the miniature human reached for the keys on the belt. Very slowly, without trying to raise any suspicion, he unhooked the keys and slowly brang
them down without making them rattle. And then he slowly crept back, amongst
the table cloths, back to his mates, stuck in cell 2A.

*  

“Quickly, unlock the door,” hissed Bell in his Mexican accent.

*Click.*

At that moment, a hundred high-pitched *hurrays* simultaneously erupted.

“Quiet, they might hear us,” whispered Bell thoroughly annoyed at how they
could easily blow this opportunity.

He went through the door first and was promptly followed by the rest of the
group. Indians, Mexicans, even Irish came out from that cell.

“Now listen. You know how to make a racket. You know how to cause trouble
and you all know how to make a mess. Go and show me how good you really
are.”

Cheering at the small victory speech, they all dispersed into the dark, carving
out a path of destruction. Nothing was spared. Posters, empty cells, the few
furniture scattered around the place was destroyed. Glass smashed, wood
splintered, fabric ripped.

*Bang, crash.*

Some miniature humans even grabbed the four legs of a table and brandished
like weapons. Others used toothbrushes that they had sharpened against the wall
beforehand.

A lone security guard watched the CCTV. Life was boring as a security guard
who just watched the empty corridors all day. Then something caught his eye on
the top left screen.

*What is that... ’ he asked himself but he quickly realised what it was.

The door behind him was blasted down. Seven very determined miniature
humans stood where the door should be. The guard went for his gun but two
probes went through the skin in his arm. An electric shock went through his
whole body. He fell to the ground with a thud, still convulsing from the current
flowing through his body.

Bell turned around a corner and then held his hand up ordering his entourage to
stop. He knew the layout of this centre because one miniature human had snuck
off during exercise time and managed to get blueprints. Without making a
sound, he motioned forward with his hands and two miniature humans ran
forward with the key. Standing on the shoulders of one, the door was quickly
locked. Another miniature human came then came forward holding a screwdriver he had found while raiding a toolkit. Silently, the screws in the door handle came out, and soon, there was no door handle.

* 

Warden Melissa Cross sat in his office doing the paperwork that every detention centre required someone to do. The case she was doing at the moment was about a miniature human who had come in earlier that week.

‘These miniature humans have enough numbers to start a riot,’ she joked as he ran his fingers through his greying hair.

As she signed the paper using her ostrich feathered pen, but she heard a sound on the other side of the door.
Chapter 3
Dylan walked out of the toilets, more miserable and foul smelling then when he went in. But as soon as the door slammed shut, he knew something was wrong. Very wrong. There was broken glass all over the floor, cracks in the concrete walls and some rather obscene scrawl that said ‘HACK DA HACKS!’ Dylan shook his head and began reaching for his radio.

“Guys,” said Dylan, “I don’t care what rank you are, or how drunk you are, I am not cleaning that graffiti off the wall.”

Dylan slid the radio back into his pocket. He started down the hall towards the door into what the officers insisted he call, the People Who Actually Work Here Room, but was really the staff room. However what he saw instead of a door was an empty office, with chairs and tables smashed and thrown all over the place. Dylan came to two possible conclusions, either this was some very messed up party game, or… a high pitched squeal from the ceiling that made Dylan snap his head upwards. A diminutive figure was swinging from the chandelier, and was swinging towards him. The miniature human threw himself towards Dylan. Dylan hastily reached for his baton but clumsily dropped it. The figure dropped closer and closer, Dylan raised his hands in defence.

BANG!

The miniature figure went flying into the wall, splitting in half from the force of the blow. There was a second bang, followed by a third. The door to the Warden’s office flew open, Melissa came sprinting out, a shotgun in both hands. Three miniature humans were giving chase, shivs in their hands. Dylan picked up his baton and went to help, but Melissa waved him off. The first miniature human leaped at her, but didn’t get far before Melissa fired her shotgun, taking aim at the chest. The second turned to run but Melissa shot him before a step was taken. The third took a more direct approach. He threw the shiv at Melissa, making her dive out of the way. The miniature human threw himself onto Melissa, punching her in the face. But the Warden just dropped the shotgun, grabbed the miniature human and dropped kicked him through the window of the door. Dylan watched in awe, having witnessed the speed and accuracy of Melissa and her shotgun. Dylan walked towards the Warden, who was busy loading her shotgun.

“You saved my life, thank you Melissa.” Dylan said.

Melissa snapped his head towards him, grabbing him and throwing him against the wall.

“Never call me that,” she growled. “I’m Warden Cross around here, not, Melissa.”
Dylan pushed her off, waving his arm around.

“Look around,” Dylan shouted “This place is a mess, your highly qualified officers, are nowhere to be seen, you cantankerous old fool!”

Melissa took a step back, offended by the truth in the statement. Her officers were professionals, yet they were now in a room that was presumably overrun.

“What are they?” asked Dylan.

“They call themselves the Mini’s,” said Melissa. “They’re all really small, yet there perhaps the most violence and dangerous inmates at this facility.”

Melissa snapped the barrel of the shotgun and pointed it towards the door.

“Come on, let’s head for Cell Block 2A, I heard some commotion coming from there earlier today.”

Dylan and Melissa walked out, then turned towards the cell blocks.

“Blast,” swore Melissa. “Only one shell left in the chamber.”

Suddenly, Melissa tripped, the shotgun flying from her hand, sliding into the darkness. There was a sound of metal on metal and a scrape.

“Of all the places I could have dropped it,” said Melissa, “it had to be right next to the ventilation duct.”

Tears came to Melissa’s eyes and her hands started shaking.

Dylan shrugged, then stopped and started shoving Melissa.

“What?” said Melissa, her voice shaking. Dylan pointed towards the floor before the door.

“Why are there feathers on the floor, and blood?” he said.

Melissa smiled, “Well, I guess we’ll just have to find out.”

And with that she pushed the heavy steel door open.
Chapter 4
The door looked incredibly heavy. A normal push wouldn’t have done anything, but the work of two strong policemen did the trick. But what they saw was astonishing, but horrific at the same time.

“Oh… my… God…,” Melissa said, so astonished she was hardly able to spit it out.

“Wait, wait, wait what?” Dylan said slowly walking forwards.

What they saw was a fight of furry proportion. There would have had to be at least ten. This was the first sight of what was to come. They had been shown. There was a ring of miniature people around furry, beautiful, and magnificent… ostriches. They seem to be fighting inside the ring of the little people. No, they were being forced.

The miniature humans were throwing weapons into the middle.

“This must be stopped!” yelled Dylan and started running.

“No, stop there’s too many!!” screamed Melissa as Dylan ran towards the crowd.

Melissa pulled her handgun out and aimed a shot at the roof. Everything stopped for a few seconds. Everyone looked at Melissa. The air was still and quiet. Then all of a sudden an ostrich dropped the over-sized gun it had been wielding in its wings. As soon as the gun hit the floor, it exploded. Everyone ducked and scattered. All but one ostrich flew through a door on the opposite side of the flames of the explosion. The one that stayed behind stood there majestically with his scarf flapping in the explosion’s shockwave. It was as if time had stopped and he just stood there.

His feathers shimmered in the light from the explosion, there was a tiny hat on top of his head which was perfectly balanced. He had a small jacket where his wings were going through the sleeves of the jacket. There was a glimmer in his eyes. Then time started to go back to normal and he gave a shove to the miniature human trying to grab him. He started to walk over to the two who were standing in awe but Dylan noticed that there was a name tag on the ostrich’s jacket. It said Dr. Oswald J. Parkinson.

Dr. Oswald signalled for the duo to walk through a corridor that was lighted very brightly. But as they got to the door, Melissa said, “just let me get the keys out.”
As soon as she said that, Oswald looked up at her and shook his head as if to say there were no keys. Melissa looked down at her belt and saw an empty section where the keys should be.

Dylan quickly looked around saw there was no escape and hardly anything to hope for.
Chapter 5
As they turned towards the opposite corridor, the miniature humans were getting closer and the heroes could hear them coming. Dylan went around a corner and raced down another corridor running, as if his life depended on it. As he came to yet another door, he peered through the barred window and saw nothing but an empty office room. Dylan quickly gestured to Oswald and Melissa to go into the office. He quietly followed silently, closing the solid oak door behind him. Melissa ran over to turn but was quickly intercepted by Dylan.

“What the…” she started but Dylan put his hand over his mouth as a patrol of the miniature humans passed by, trotting through the hall shining torches through the window.

Dylan releases his hand from his cousin’s mouth as soon as they left but Melissa gasping for air. Oswald knelt in the corner of the office and shut his eyes to try get some rest as Dylan went to check all of the desk drawers. He came back a little while later after finding a water bottle. He went to offer some to Oswald, when Dylan was intercepted by Melissa.

“Why are you taking it to him?” she asked angrily, snatching the bottle from him and promptly gulping the contents of the bottle before throwing the empty bottle into the trash can next to the nearest desk. Dylan stared blankly at Melissa, before smiling back and continuing past her to sit at a desk. Melissa then settled down at the back of the room near the storage cupboard and closed her eyes.

Dylan opened his eyes to see that Melissa had vanished. She was nowhere to be seen. Dylan ran over to Oswald shaking him awake but as he did so, the doorhandle started to rattle and turn. Dylan ran and pushed Oswald into the storage cupboard at the back of the room but the door cringes on its hinges and swings open. The footsteps were getting closer and closer to the storage door.

“Guys?” Melissa shouted.

Dylan let off a sigh of relief and opened the door to see Melissa standing there with crisps and more bottles of water.

“Why were you guys in the cupboard?”

“How were we supposed to know that it was you?”

“I don’t know?”

“I thought you were those little people and you weren’t here so I naturally assumed they had got you!”
Melissa moved towards Dylan and handed him a bottle of water and a packet of crisps.

“Where did you get these from?” Dylan asked.

“From the vending machine on the 2nd floor. I would have got some chocolates as well but I ran out of coins and I left my wallet in my office so this is what I could get.”

“You could have just smashed the glass,” Dylan replied blandly.

“What! But that’s vandalism,” Melissa answered hastily.

Dylan shook his head and moved over to Oswald while pouring some water into a bowl he found on one of the desks. Oswald, who seemed relaxed, drank and ate some of the crisps Melissa had brought.

After they finished Dylan advanced to the door and opened it slowly and peered out, looking left, then right. He gestured the others out and into the dark empty hallway. They continued down the hallway until they came to two large metal doors and a sign next to the doors, read ‘Cafeteria’. Dylan looked towards Melissa and Oswald. Oswald gestured towards the door with his leg, and Melissa, who understand what Oswald was going to do, stood back and loosened her shoulders. Dylan gestured Melissa towards the doors, Melissa backed up and took a running leap at the door. Her right foot smashed the door open, into what appeared, to be hell.
Chapter 6

The doors were flung out as Melissa kicked the door open. There was hellfire and blood everywhere, the inmates were punching and beating each other up. Then they saw Bell. He was sitting there, on a bench staring at the floor in content, savouring the anarchy he had caused. It was then that he noticed the three. He stared at them for a second and laughed.

“Nice of you to join us gentlemen and women. I was beginning to think you died,” Bell said, a calm tone about him.

“Oh please Duran! You bloody immature miniature human sod!” Melissa screamed.

Duran picked up an apple sitting next to him. He looked at it.

“This is the cause of chaos; this is the cause of anarchy. Welcome to the hectic mad-house.”

“What is he on about?” Dylan thought.

Duran rose the apple to his mouth opened his mouth, and chomped a huge chunk of fruit out of his mouth. Then, all the people brawling around the bench stood up and rushed over to the three and attacked.

“What the damn hell??!!” the warden yelled. “Duran don’t make me shoot them!”

Melissa drew her gun, and picked off four or so attackers while Dylan whipped out his baton and started belting the crooks to oblivion. The sound of the bones cracking, and the gun popping spooked poor old Oswald and in the hysteria he ran around pecking and whipping thugs with his beak.


Oswald had mowed down most of the thugs but the two guarding Duran. Melissa pointed his gun at the one on the left side as he was the larger one. They both were. Melissa pulled the trigger but it made an empty clicking sound.

“Empty!” Melissa screamed. “What the! Why now?”

Dylan brandished his baton like a sword and brought waste to the right thugs face and then kicked off the neck of the first guy and sprung to the next and continued the process.

“Well, congratulations. You beat me, you have made your way from the, toilets to here, a mere 500 metres.”

Melissa pulled out the wardens’ shotgun, and aimed for the three. BANG! Duran flew back and burst through the doors.
“My god, he stole my gun!” Melissa screamed the two of them ran after the small man.

“How were we not killed?” Dylan exclaimed.

“Probably the recoil,” Melissa said with a smile. “Also the kick and the blast… ooohhh my babys got attitude.”

“Right,” Dylan said. “If we could go to the comms’ tower now that would be great.”

They rushed after Duran. The doors burst open with a mighty thwack as they hit the wall.
Chapter 7

Dylan panted heavily. Somehow we had made it through the mess-hall. Survival was all that mattered now. We had to reach the communication tower. Dylan felt different than before but in a bad way. Oswald walked beside the two but as Dylan turned, his eyes locked with Oswald’s. Dylan felt a deep connection to his new, mute friend. A strange friend, but a fitting one. Dylan turned to the other side and looked straight at his cousin. Her body was rigid and her eyes stared straight ahead unmoving. She seemed to be forcing herself to place one foot in front of another. This must have been harder for her than I realised, watching this place fall to pieces. The adrenaline from the mess-hall fight begins to ware down and I begin to feel slow and sluggish. Dylan head began to throb and he had to lean on the wall for support. Oswald turns around and his beady eyes once again stare into Dylan’s. He moved closer and began to mussel Dylan’s chest. Dylan smiled and he leaned on the Ostrich for support. They took a few steps and Melissa looked over his shoulder now a few yards ahead. He smiled at Dylan, but Dylan noticed that the smile still didn’t reach his eyes. He still saw me as a weakling, someone who couldn’t fend for themselves. As someone who needed to be support by others and not someone who could support someone else. Dylan instantly stopped leaning on the Ostrich and stood up on his own two feet. He then lightly stroked the Ostriches feather. They felt soft in his hands. They walked for a few more minutes. This area of the detention centre seemed untouched by the chaos that seemed to wreak havoc through the halls. It was fascinating just the amount of planning that would have to go into an attack like this, thought Dylan. Then they stopped. A faint sound began echoing through the halls, the faint pitter-patter of hundreds of tiny feet each striking the floor at separate intervals. If Dylan had not just been outside he would have said it was rain.

“Run!” shout Melissa. They sprinted down the hallway. The sound of the feet seemed to surround them, the trio weren’t sure whether to run forward or back. The feet seemed closer. The sound of the rain seemed to cascade in around them. The sound was now a deafening roar is there ears. Dylan had his hands pressed against his ears and was cradling his head between his knees. A smoke seemed to fill the room which burned and stung his eyes. Melissa was still managing to stand but he was leaning on the wall and his eyes were closed tight. Oswald had buried his head under his body that was lying flat in the floor. The pain and torment seemed to last for a lifetime. But eventually died down to a dull throb in the back of Dylan’s head. He eventually opened his eyes. Saw the front of size for 4 shoes. I instantly felt a hand on the back of my neck pulling me up. My eyes were still burning and through the tears I looked down and saw a man with a pistol pointed at my stomach. Dylan in the corner of his eyes sees Melissa reach for his gun but stops as the Dwarf turns to him. He looked around and noticed that Oswald was gone. A great sigh of relief left Dylan, they had a
chance of survival. But he had spoken too soon. Around the corner came Oswald his hate was crooked and his scarf didn’t seem to right on his head. Directly behind him was a group of miniature humans. Pointing their guns at his back. They began to walk towards us. But just as Oswald was next to the main miniature human. He jumped and used his legs to claw him in the face. The sound of ripping curtains echoed down the hallway. The dwarf screamed his hand rising to cover his bleeding face. Suddenly gun shots fired and being grabbed by Marcus we ran. We managed to break free of the miniature humans and we kept sprinting down the hallway. Oswald was next to us as he ran.

“This is it,” Shouted Melissa. “The communication tower.”

There was a large red door at the beginning of the hall. We all ran to door and pushed it over. It opened slightly then it jammed.

“No its over.” Dylan sobbed into his hands.

He heard the sound of rain again.

“Quick,” Melissa yelled. “Push”.

Both Dylan and Melissa pushed on the door, it was slowly giving way. The sound of rain grew louder.

“They’re getting closer.”

The sound of rain stopped. Dylan had to force myself to turn around. Slowly he turned around. About ten metres away they stood. More than a dozen dwarf each pointing a gun at us. There was silence for what felt life hours. Then we heard it a like click on the ground. Oswald had stepped forward. Dylan saw a fierce determination in his eyes that he had never seen before. His hat and scarf fell to the ground revealing his naked feathers.

“No.” Dylan whispered. “Please, don’t Oswald.”
But Dylan knew he couldn’t stop him. His eyes were so full of determination. Oswald took a step forward and then another and then another. Dylan and Melissa both held their breathes. Then he ran. He ran into them. There was a blur of claw and blood and gunshots. 4 of them fell down instantly holding their faces in pain. Then Oswald looked back at us.

And somehow we said in a very feminine voice,

“Do not forget me.”

He had bought us time to squeeze through the door.
Chapter 8

With the not so large in charge knocked out, Dylan rushed for the transceiver by the wall and hurried to put on the headset. Into the microphone he called out “SWAT team attack corp, invade the courtyard and retake the area! Mayday, mayday, we are under attack.”

He repeated this into the microphone and waited for their arrival.

It wasn’t long until he heard the whirring sound of the SWAT helicopters carrying multiple foot soldiers, all armed with riot weapons, they descended into the crowded courtyard. Like an army of ants, the soldiers poured out into the crowded area. The small army of SWAT members and the small army in general both reacted to each other. The miniature men marched towards the riot control corps as they held up their shields, stomping in line against them. Time seemed to slow as they approached closer and closer to each other.

The two armies struck in the centre, fists banging on shields and attempted kicking of the shins. A projectile flies over the shield into the small array of rebels, gas trailing behind causing pain to their faces and burning their eyes. More gas bombs are thrown and the soldiers continue to march, pushing them back. The dwarfish men still stand strong, sneaking under the riot shields and clawing at the legs of the soldiers.

The squad responded by pulling out their tactical tasers and electrocuting the pee-wee prisoners, forcing them out of the crowd. The height challenged creatures start to back off as the shields constantly pushed and shoved. The compactly sized clan were eventually pushed up against the wall. Slowly one by one the members of the three-foot club surrendered until the SWAT team fully contained the army.

Relief swept over Dylan as the uprising was over.
Epilogue
2 weeks after the miniature people incident

It was a cold, cold day in Summer and there was hardly any sun in the sky. There were no children in the street playing, no shops open with costumes bargaining through searching for gifts for the upcoming Christmas holidays and no people being seen doing gardening or outside having a good time with friends. There was no happiness on this day, because it was the day of Oswald’s funeral. Dylan pulled up to the furry friends animal funeral home in his ‘67 Chevy Impala with a Blink 182 Adam’s song blasting on the radio, a song I regularly listen to on sad occasions. Dylan turned the volume on the music down and hopped out the car. He walked forward towards the entrance opening the door and headed towards the counter where quite a large African American lady stood there typing away.

“Hello, I am here for Oswald J. Parkinson’s funeral. Could you please direct me in the direction of his funeral?”

“It’s down the hall to the left,” she said. “I’m sorry for your loss.”

Dylan walked down the hallway with no noise at all except the patter patter of his heartbeat. He still couldn’t believe that Oswald was dead. There were very few people here but one of them, a pretty woman came up to me.

“I’m sorry for your loss,” she said in the sweetest voice.

“I know, I just really miss him.”

“What do you mean him? Oswaldlena was a girl.”

“Oswardlena?”

“Yeah. Didn’t you know that?”

“No I didn’t.”

“I was told to come here today to give you her child which was found alive in the prison cell,” she exclaimed as she handed me a cradle in which the small ostrich was held.

Dylan looked at the small bird and smiled. At least the was still and Oswald in the world.

Suddenly me life felt a lot happier.
Blurb
Its Dylan’s first day on the job, he is sent to clean the toilets – DURING A PRISON RIOT!! The miniature people have taken over. The only hope is a ragtag group of heroes. Dylan Cuirass, Melvin Cross and Dr. Oswald J. Parkinson PHD.