

**JOURNEY TO INLANDIA:
A QUEST FOR KNOWLEDGE**

A Collection of Short Stories

by
The 4th and 5th Grade GATE Students
of Mrs. Julianna Cruz
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Riverside, CA

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Journey To Inlandia **by Dylan Barrier**

CHAPTER 1 THE BIG TEST

“RRRRing ring” went my alarm clock. Tired as could be I got out of bed and got ready for school, taking my sweet time as always. But then I remembered our class had a test on Riverside history which I know nothing about, so I threw on a shirt, grabbed my back pack, and dashed out the door to school. When I got there I figured that I would have enough time to go study at the school library but before I got to Mrs. Read, the bell rang. So I walked to my line but when I got there everyone was bragging about how they stayed up the night before studying for the test, but me, well maybe I should put it in this form just in case Mrs. Cruz reads this “I stayed up all-night long playing

_____.”
So when we got to class Mrs. Cruz gave us our test, and by recess we were all done. I felt pretty good about myself, but when I got back to class Mrs. Cruz looked at me with a horrible look in her eye. Finally she said, “Dylan Barrier you have 3 days to finish and redo the test and there better be A BIG, BIG, IMPROVEMENT.”

When I got home I tried studying but I kept getting side tracked. After 4 hours of studying I finally found everything I needed except Mathew Gage.

Later that day my friend Joseph came over and asked “Can you come ride your bike to the canal with me”

“Sure.” I said.

So I ran in my room, threw on some zorrises and took off on my bike to the Gage canal. When we got there, we were walking and caught up with some friends. After awhile we started running but it was right then that I slipped, hit my head on a rock, and fell in the canal, I could see everyone, but I couldn't move. So I tried yelling, but no one could hear me--I couldn't hear me. After awhile I finally passed out. I couldn't feel any more pain either. When I woke up, I only saw hundreds and hundreds of orange groves. So I walked to town but everyone was looking at me. So I looked at myself and saw that I was wearing skinny jeans and a baggy hand-me-down t-shirt, but when I saw everyone else they were wearing suits and skirts. I figured that I should go to the gage canal, but when I got there it was just being built.

CHAPTER 2 GAGE CANAL

I saw about 32 Chinese workers when I got there. So I went and asked the nearest worker what year it was and he said, "Why it is 1885 young one, why do you need to know?" After that, I was freaking out. But then I remembered that it was the year before they finished the gage canal. So I went to go see the progress that they had made on the gage canal and they were almost done. I went and found Mr. Gage to ask him everything I could, but the only thing he told me was this, "Well, the reason that I'm building the canal is because it will lead water to all the groves of oranges." But after that, he told me to leave because apparently he already told everyone what he was doing. So I left hoping to get more information from somewhere.

CHAPTER 3 THE BIG IDEAS

The next day, I saw Mr. Gage again, but every time I tried to talk to him he couldn't hear me and that gave me an idea. I grabbed a mega phone from one of the workers and yelled.

"Mr. Gage, can you give me some information on the gage canal, please?" he tried saying something about "I already told you..." but I blocked him of his thought and repeated myself. After a while, he finally told me what I wanted to know.

"Well, mainly it's for the orange groves, but I am also hoping that it will be for drinking water, and for people to bath in to stay clean. Besides, whoever owns water out here owns life itself."

"Well don't you see how easy that was?" I said. "Why couldn't you have just told me that before?"

Then he went on talking about how he thought he had already told everyone and that he hated the publicity. So then I told him how I got there (to his time) and that I needed to get back (but didn't know how) and this is what he said, "Well, if you got here by drowning in the canal you're either dead or you need to drown again to go back the way you came here."

I liked the second idea better than the first, but by the time I would be able to get back to my year it would take too long. So I figured since one part of the test that started this journey had to do with writing a report on our favorite famous person from Riverside's history, I kept on gathering information like how they built stuff, or what they did back then. I was also interested in how they went through life without as much technology as we have

in modern days. After awhile, I gathered enough information to write a long, good, clean story and this is how it went.

CHAPTER 4 THE REPORT

My report is on the life and times of Mathew Gage in 1885. During my research, I found out that back then they didn't have as much technology as we do in our modern day. They even had to use bath tubs over a burning fire to get hot water. I also learned that they didn't have underground (indoor) plumbing like today. They had to go out to the pump or well and get water to use inside. And to use the toilet—well, that was outside too—just a hole in the ground with a wooden outhouse if you were lucky. This is where Mathew Gage came in. He was the reason the gage canal was built. It was built to water the orange groves and provide Riverside's people with drinking water. I had some good information. Now all I had to do was get back to my time to turn in my report.

CHAPTER 5 GETTING BACK

It had already been 11 months that I had been watching the gage canal get finished. Since I had to wait an entire year in that time before I could get back home, I knew I only had 1 more month to go. So I tried having as much fun as possible. That night I went to a party at Mr. Gage's house and it wasn't like today with people parting like crazy, but it was nice it. There were a whole bunch of people dancing to classical music. After awhile I got bored though and decided to go for a walk. I walked to the gage canal to see the progress and it looked

perfect—almost done. I'd be able to go back home soon. I was starting to like this place and its food, but I also couldn't wait to get home--I mean I really missed my mom and friends.

CHAPTER 6 IT'S FINISHED

The gage canal was finished and I was all ready to leave. But then I remembered about the paper that I had written (while waiting to come back to my time) and that it was a part of the test. So I ran to Mr. Gage's house and picked it up. When I got back to the canal, I was just in time to see the people let the water in. It was awesome, because it was like a giant water slide and everyone else liked it too. Mathew Gage was getting interviewed by some reporter, so I went to go see what all the fuss was about. But people were just asking him a bunch of questions.

"How was the experience of making the canal?"

"Did anyone get hurt during the time of making the canal?"

After awhile I got tired of waiting, so I turned around about to leave, but at that moment Mr. Gage pointed me out to the reporters.

"This young mind over here is the reason we finished the gage canal so quickly." Then everyone started asking me about the canal.

After everyone left, Mr. Gage and I hurried to the canal. We said our goodbyes, I thanked him for helping me with my research, and then I jumped in the canal. This time I couldn't see anything, but in about 2 seconds I got back to my time. The next thing I saw was a lot of people standing over me. It was about 2 hours before they let me go, but when

they did the first thing I did was run home and give my mom a big bear hug. I was so happy to be home.

CHAPTER 7 IT'S ALL OVER

The next day, I was feeling really grateful to be living in modern times. I took a nice warm shower, ate a good breakfast, and was out the door running to school (not my usual slow poke pace) because I was ready to take the test. When I got to school, everyone was talking about how much they had learned, but I knew I had learned more—first hand—right from the source. I did my best on the test and I felt good. Right when I handed in my test, the bell rang and I went to recess. When I got back, Mrs. Cruz smiled and said,
“Dylan you got an A.”

Journey to Inlandia By Sally Bravo

It started with a place. That place was called Inlandia. Inlandia was in my room. In my room there was a box and once you got into that box you'd be in a whole new world. This world was called Inlandia. Inlandia is a world with video-games, bookstores, and food because that's what I like and mostly think about. After school me and my friends would go somewhere in the time machine box at Inlandia.

One ordinary day at school my teacher, Mrs. Wilderlord had an astonishing announcement, "Class, you'll be working on a report on Jenson-Alvarado ranch for the next few days, Thank You," and with that there was a lot of chitter-chatter.

"We'll be going there today then," I whispered to my friends: Ely and Toby. At home I shouted to my friends, "Let's go to Jenson-Alvarado Ranch!"

After we got into our **#1 Time Machine** box we spun around and were in Inlandia. Then, the box disappeared. Another box across the street was labeled **#2 Time Machine**.

"Before we leave can we just get a little to eat?" pleaded Toby.

A little to the left of the time machine box there's an ice cream parlor. (Toby can simply not go unless he gets a bite or two and my allowance is going down.)

I sighed, "Why me?! Why me?!" I whispered loudly, "only one," I replied warningly and gave him some of my allowance.

When he came back his ice-cream fell on the street, so I had to give him some more money!

After that super irritating distraction we finally, got in the **#2 Time Machine**.

“Goggles on!” I asked.

“Sir, yes sir!” they replied and we were off. Puchhipacupa, puchhipacupa! It was our Time Machine!!! It ran out of gas!

“In order to get gas we need to be traveling in outer space and get something called: yamagadu. Not only that but it’d take a month or so!” I screamed.

“Why don’t you think about it,” suggested Ely.

“What’ll that do?!” I yelled. Then I got it, “Ohhh, so you want me to think about it and gas for our machine will come? O.k.,” I calmly thought I didn’t want Inlandia to be a blob of goey gas so I thought of a wishing store. At the wishing store I wished for a gas station and there we got gas for our machine.

Chapter 2

Finally, we were at Jenson-Alvarado Rancho from **#2 Time Machine**. Boy! What an afternoon! I brought paper and a pencil to write notes too. Our **#2 Time Machine** had gone back to 1849 at 5:49 (dark) right in a conversation of Cornelius Jenson and Louis Roboudox.

“You said you’d like some of my land? Well, you can have it for \$50.” said Louis.

“Thank you,” replied Cornelius thankfully and they each went home.

Toby hopped out of the box, “Let’s camp out!” he said. I found a place where no one would find our tent and made a tent out of rags and blankets (I got those from home too). The next day I realized something had gone wrong. My time

watch said it was 1854. When I told my friends I than knew they knew more about this place than me because they nearly squeaked when they said, “Well, haven’t you ever studied about Jenson-Alvarado Ranch? In the books all it says is ‘Louis gives his land to Jenson. In 1854 Jenson married a 16 year old lady named Seniorita Mercedes.’ That means we have to go to 1854 because there’s no information in between the years!!!”

I calmed them down and we went inside the Jenson’s house. Jenson had gone crazy!!! He was yelling out of his mind of getting married to this wonderful lady. We were going to be his kids by fading and becoming them like magic but, since they didn’t have any yet we were ghosts and had to wait. At the wedding that afternoon I took notes of how the people spoke and how Jenson kissed Mercedes. That late night after waking up in the morning it was just pleasant but then, Mercedes had a baby and as the baby came out, Toby started to fade and just how I explained Toby became the baby and as he was fading I started to yell, “Wait a minute I started Inlandia so, I should be becoming the baby!” but by then Toby was long gone. Ely knew I was mad so he tried to help, “maybe-,” started Ely.

“QUIET!!!” I yelled. I didn’t know what to do but, be furious.

Chapter 3

As the days and years went by Ely and I started to become children like Toby, first her then me. Now, we were finally in the family. Three years later Jenson built a brick house for the family. To my surprise it was the first brick house ever in Riverside County. I noted all this. When the family

planted stuff, at break time I'd note what we did. My list of what we planted goes like this:

- Grapes
- Made orchard with:
- Oranges, olives and other fruit trees
- Opened wine store
- Raised sheep and horses
- Went to the bathroom outside
- Had a bowl to "go in" (at night)
- Jenson's well respected
- Everyone wore long sleeves even on a hot, sunny day

"Boy!" I said one night looking at my notes, "I think we could go home now, after all I have lots of notes." I grabbed a potion from the box and sprinkled half on Ely and half on Toby and they disappeared back safe at home. As for me I had to go in the **#2 Time Machine**. In the **#2 Time Machine** I saw something. I was reading my... REPORT! This was my future! I saw my teacher stamp in red **A+ GOOD JOB!** I smiled.

When I got home with that education, I wrote like the wind. Thirty minutes later I was done. I took five minutes to glorify my finished report. It was a full page! As if there were an audience I read my finished report. It went like this:

My report is on Jenson-Alvarado Ranch. I learned a lot of history. I even have notes.

I learned that Mr. Jenson had a wine store. He also had a whole orchard of orange and olive trees. He also had a lot of other fruit trees. He raised sheep

and horses and used to have to go to the bathroom outside. At night when going to bed, the family had separate bowls to “go” in and they’d empty it every once in a while. In my notes I also read that Mr. Jenson was very well respected. Another weird thing I learned too was back in Jenson’s time it was rather inappropriate to show your: arms, legs, feet, hands and other body parts even if it were a very hot day.

So, now you know Jenson-Alvarado Rancho’s history.

I took another five minutes to glorify it and just how the future told me, I got a stamp in red saying on my report: A+ GOOD JOB!

I smiled. “BOYS AND GIRLS!” bellowed Mrs. Wilderlord, “I’m very disappointed! There is only one person who got an **A+** and her name is Sally. Everyone except Sally will redo there report and Sally will help. Sally!”

I shyly and slightly answered, “Well, you may have a trip to Jenson-Alvarado Rancho and take notes and stuff like I did, for let’s say about five bucks each. Oh, and you get to stay for two days or so and it’s like a field trip.”

“I’m not so sure about this,” said Ely.

“Don’t worry,” I assured him.

Once again there was more chit-chat and I over-heard someone say, “I don’t even have 1 dollar! I don’t get no allowance or anything!” and another say, “Like if she can do that! Ha!” I clapped 3 times for everyone’s attention then I shouted, “If you don’t believe me go ahead! Just get another B- or F- or whatever! Fine with me!

Less chit-chat! Although if you do wish to participate get in this line!" and I made my hand strait in front of me. Every student came up to me. I smiled an evil smile. Some of the kids (mostly the 2x my size ones anyway) eyed me, but I just smiled my evil smile bigger and bigger and always thought to myself *I think this is the best day of my life or wait 'till mom here's this!*

I felt like a champ. So there you go! That's the way I ended that! It was just too glorious to be real, but it happened and everyone got an A+ Good Job stamp (in red). After that until 6th grade at least (I was in 4th grade) I was the coolest one in all my classes. I wasn't the gross kind of "cool" though. Not the "Ohhhh Hi!" kind of person. I mean the "Hey" and them replying "hey aren't you that kid? Man that's a cool story!"

**Journey to Inlandia:
Life in the Fast Lane with Sippy
By Rachael Brown**

One sunny Saturday morning I had just gotten up and walked into the family room to turn on the T.V. I was excited to see a swim meet going on at Poly High School on T.V. Apparently, I was too late because two minutes after I turned on the T.V., it turned to a commercial. I decided to turn off the T.V. When I went into my mom's and dad's room to brush my teeth, I saw my mom getting her jogging clothes on. I knew she was going on a jog, so I asked if I could come with her. We ran down Victoria Avenue on our way to Poly High School to see the meet. Along the way we found a pomegranate. It had fallen from one of the beautiful trees along Victoria Avenue. Even though it's a messy fruit, we broke it open and ate a few seeds. While I was closing my eyes to enjoy the delicious pomegranate seeds, I suddenly felt wet and soggy.

When I opened my eyes I realized that I was swimming at the Poly pool. I was in one of their swim meets. The girl in the lane next to me was so fast I knew it was Sippy Woodhead. But, how could it be? I must have traveled back in time. The feeling of being in the pool with Sippy was amazing. She made swimming look so easy. I ended up getting second place in the race and Sippy got first, although I wasn't swimming to win. I was swimming to have fun. When we shook hands she said she liked my suit. She thought it was so beautiful and modern looking. She also invited me to go for ice cream after the meet.

After the meet, I joined Sippy and her sister, Nancy. We climbed into the very back of her mom's station wagon. We didn't even have to wear seat belts. We talked about the 1980 Olympics coming up. Sippy held many world records and really wanted to go to the 1980 Olympics in Moscow, Russia. President Jimmy Carter was planning to boycott the Olympics. That meant that the United States athletes would not be able to go and compete in the games. The president felt that the U.S. should protest Russia's involvement in the war against Afghanistan. Sippy said if she didn't get to go this time she would have to wait four more years to try again. She would be 20 years old then. If she did try again, it would be harder to get a gold medal. We decided to talk about ice cream instead of the Olympics because we were on our way to Farrell's. Farrell's is an ice cream shop with different ice cream creations. One creation is called a "pig trough" because it has lots of scoops of ice cream served in a long dish. If you finish it all, the people who work there turn on a siren and make a big announcement.

We drove down Dufferin Avenue through the orange groves to get to Farrell's by the Tyler Mall. We call this "The Galleria" now. As we drove through the orange groves I noticed a lot more groves and less houses than we have today. Riverside was once a very rich city because of the citrus industry. People moved to this area because the soil was just right to grow fruits like oranges, grapefruits, tangerines, and lemons. They shipped these fruits all over the country and made a lot of money. We also drove along the Gage canal as we drove through the orange groves. This canal carries water to all the groves. It was built in the

early 1900's. It was very successful in irrigating many acres of fruit trees inexpensively and made the citrus industry big in Riverside. Sippy's mom told us some more history about the citrus industry in Riverside. A lady named Eliza Tibbetts got a gift of two Brazilian navel orange trees from her friend at the United States Department of Agriculture in Washington, DC in 1873. The trees grew really well in Riverside and the news of the beautiful citrus fruit in Southern California spread. Soon people from the east moved west to California. The invention of refrigerated train cars and watering systems like the Gage canal made Riverside one of the richest (per person) cities in the United States in 1895. Sippy told me that Poly High School's colors are the same colors as an orange. Since Poly High School is the oldest high school in Riverside, they probably chose orange and green because the navel orange is a big part of Riverside history. This was all getting interesting, but I was starting to want my ice cream.

It seemed like forever, but after miles of orange groves, we finally got there. While we waited I had fun listening to the piano and looking at the old fashioned candy in the candy shop. When we got our table, I noticed little barrels of dill pickles on the table. That doesn't sound good with ice cream! Sippy ordered a pig trough and I ordered a chocolate sundae. Sippy finished all of her ice cream and got a ribbon. She gave the ribbon to me because she already had enough ribbons and medals from swimming. Just before we were getting ready to leave, I was listening to the music with my eyes closed and suddenly I felt wet and soggy again.

I opened my eyes and I was in my bathtub. I needed to get ready for my friend's birthday party. I was excited because it was at the March Air Field Museum. I knew that my grandpa worked on the base many years ago before it closed down in 1994. I was still confused about my adventures with Sippy. So, I got dressed quickly and got on the computer to learn more about Sippy. I was excited about the party, but I was still confused about what just happened. I turned on the computer and Googled Sippy Woodhead. I discovered that she is an adult now. She won a silver medal in the 1984 Olympics but didn't compete in any Olympics after that. She lives with her husband, Chris Brennan, in Manhattan Beach, California. They have boy/girl twins who are two years younger than my brother, Carlton, and I. She is still very active but doesn't compete in swimming any more. I also learned that she went to USC (University of Southern California) and also coached swimming there. Somehow I went back in time. I was amazed by how fast Sippy swam. I thought I was a good swimmer until I swam next to her!

While I was on the computer I also decided to look up March Field Museum before the party. I learned that March Field was started just before World War I. It became an official air force base in 1931. It was a very important military base involved in many wars. It closed down in 1994, and now it is called March Air Reserve Base. The museum has many old airplanes and helicopters used in many wars. I was beginning to get excited about my next adventure. Maybe I will meet Amelia Earhart!

**Journey to Inlandia:
Learning about Riverside with the Miller Boys
By Carlton Brown**

Reggie Miller and Frank Miller helped 9 year old Carlton Brown find out how the Mission Inn was built. Some parts of it were made for weddings, and some parts for a hotel. It also had a small restaurant. Over the years it has grown. People now think of The Mission Inn as a final destination. This is how it all happened.

One afternoon Carlton was shooting hoops at Riverside City College (RCC) when Reggie Miller walked in and said, "Hey Carlton, I'll play you one on one!" Reggie started out with a three pointer that went right through the net. After a few minutes it was the end. He beat Carlton by 2 points. Then they both shook hands and Carlton asked "Reggie, can you have lunch with me at The Mission Inn?" "Sure!" Reggie said. So they went to The Mission Inn.

They went in Reggie's car. It was a red convertible with black rims and a little spoiler. Once they sat down, they had lunch in The Mission Inn restaurant starting with chicken kebobs and ending with steak cheese-burgers. For dessert they both had a brownie. Next Reggie toured with Carlton at The Mission Inn. The first thing that Reggie read was that The Mission Inn was built in 1867 and started as a 12 room adobe boarding house. Then all of the sudden they ran into Frank Miller. "He must be a time traveler." Carlton whispered.

"Are you a time traveler?" asked Reggie. "Yes, I'm a time traveler, shhh," Said Frank. "Frank Miller, are you the founder of The Mission Inn?" Reggie asked. "Indeed I am. Do you want to join

me for a lovely lunch?" Frank asked. "No thanks. We already had brunch, but can Reggie and I have some water with you?" Carlton asked. "Sure, but let's sit on the patio." Frank said. By the time they were there Carlton asked about a citrus tree near them. Frank said, "It's one of the oldest navel orange trees in this country." Reggie said that he went to Poly High School and their colors, orange and green, represent the colors of an orange. Poly High School was the first high school in Riverside so they chose colors to represent an important aspect in Riverside—the citrus industry.

"Earlier Reggie and I were at RCC shooting hoops." Carlton said. Reggie added, "Frank, you probably already know, but Poly High School was located there before RCC was there." "Which brings me to," Frank said, "tell us about your days at Poly, Reggie." "Well, I played basketball there for four years. I graduated in 1983. Also, I liked my cooking class. It was cool because we got to throw spaghetti against the wall to see if it was ready." Reggie explained. "Hey, my mom went to Poly and has the same story. She was on the varsity swim team and she graduated in 1980!" Carlton exclaimed. "I think she was my cooking partner," said Reggie. "I enjoyed my days at Poly, but college was great also." "Then tell us, Reggie, about those great times," said Frank.

So Reggie told Frank and Carlton about his basketball career. He talked about UCLA and about his 19 seasons with the Indiana Pacers. He had, and possibly still has, the record for how many 3-point shots made. He made 2,560 of them and 4,141 assists, and 25,279 points total. He was a five time NBA All-Star during the years 1990, 1995, 1998, and 2000. "Also, I had a couple of Olympic

gold medals,” said Reggie. “Now I make my living as a TNT analyst and broadcaster. I also have a company called “Boom Baby Productions,” he said. Then he told Carlton it was his turn.

“I guess it’s my turn,” Carlton said. “I have been playing basketball since I just turned 4 years old.” “I go to Victoria Elementary School, but since we don’t have a basketball team, I play with the National Junior Basketball league, which is also called NJB,” said Carlton. This year my team is the Bruins, and so far we are 7-0 (number 1 in our division). My sister also plays on the team and is pretty good,” said Carlton. “Hey, I have a sister who played basketball,” said Reggie. “I bet her name is Cheryl. She’s one of the best female basketball players ever!” Carlton said. “I also heard that you have an older brother, Darrell, who played for the Angels in the 1980s. He was a catcher and an outfielder.” “Wow! You have a very athletic family.” Frank said. “My goal is to go to a great college on a basketball scholarship and play on the Boston Celtics. No offense, Reggie,” Carlton said.

“So Frank, tell us some history before our day,” said Reggie. “Well, I was born in the mid 1800s,” said Frank. Then he told more about The Mission Inn. When he was in his twenties he bought his father’s boarding-house business. At first he made a 12 room guest house, which he opened in 1876. He kept adding on to the guest house until it looked like a California mission. It then became a hotel. Frank said that he also helped create the Sherman Institute. This is now called Sherman Indian High School. “Hey, that’s kind of by my house,” said Carlton. “Tell us more, Frank,” said Reggie. “I also helped get the US war

department to approve building an air field at Alessandro Field,” Frank said. “Is that where March Field is?” Carlton asked. “Indeed,” replied Frank. “My grandfather worked there when it was still an Air Force Base,” Carlton exclaimed. “I heard it closed down,” said Frank sadly. “Yea, but there is a cool airplane museum there now,” said Carlton. At that moment Carlton and Reggie said that they’d had too much water and excused themselves and went to the restroom. On the way to the restroom Carlton saw a huge chair of wood and leather made for a big man named Taft. “He weighed over 350 pounds!” Someone blurted out. Apparently President Taft visited The Mission Inn in 1909 and had a special chair made for the big President Taft.

When Carlton and Reggie returned to the table, Frank had vanished. There were orange slices for them. “Dude, that was weird.” Reggie said. “Lets’ go shoot hoops.” Carlton said. But first, Reggie suggested that they warm up with jogging around the block. After that they went to the library steps to stretch. From there Reggie pointed to a colorful and beautiful Chinese pavilion. Reggie explained that many Chinese immigrants lived in Riverside in the 1880s. They worked on the railroads and in the orange groves. By the 1920s most of the Chinese people left Riverside because of racial discrimination. Reggie said that his ancestors were discriminated against also. Carlton explained that his people-the Jewish people-had also experienced discrimination. “Back to the pavilion...” Carlton said. “Oh yea,” Reggie said. Then he explained that it is a memorial pavilion put up in 1986-1987 by Dr. Robert Poe, a physics professor at the University of California, Riverside (UCR) and David Chang, a restaurant owner in

town. A donation from Taiwan's government also helped with it. The marble lions on each side were put up in memory of Dr. Poe for all of his contributions to Riverside.

"Let's get a snack—chocolate?" asked Reggie. "Sure!" Carlton replied. After their snack, they both headed home. Carlton said, "Well, it was fun. Let's do this again tomorrow—8 AM at my house." After a long day Carlton was walking home and thinking, "Hey, Reggie has a car." He turned around and there was Reggie and his car waiting for him. "Hop in Carlton! It'll be a fun ride." Reggie said, "O.K." Carlton replied. When Carlton told Reggie that his car was cool Reggie said, "I wish that Riverside International Raceway still existed." He told Carlton that it was fun going there as a kid, but it closed down in 1989 and was replaced by the Moreno Valley Mall.

The next morning Reggie was waiting at 8 AM in front of Carlton's home. "I knew you were going to be here!" Carlton said excitedly. "That's what friends are for," replied Reggie. "Bye Mom, bye Dad!" Carlton yelled. "Bye, bye!" they replied. "Reggie, let's go the Denny's instead of The Mission Inn to get some breakfast," Carlton said. "O.K. How about it!!" Reggie agreed.

Journey to Inlandia: A Quest for Knowledge by Aitzin Cornejo-Reynoso

“Hey, wake up.” Tonalli whispered, hoping that the teacher would not hear her.

“Sorry.” I groaned. “It’s kind of hard to listen about Matthew Gage for 30 minutes straight.”

“It is, the only interesting information that you missed is that nobody knows who else dug the Gage Canal.” Tonalli responded.

“Wait, why did it take her so long to explain that?” I asked.

“She didn’t take that long. You were only asleep for five minutes!” Tonalli said sarcastically.

“Aitzin, Tonalli, come see me after class!! You two are in some big trouble for talking!” The teacher yelled. We both turned our heads to look at each other. We had the meanest teacher in the entire seventh grade!!!

“Do you think she will forget?” I asked Tonalli.

“I doubt it, she never forgets!” Tonalli whimpered. “I heard that this one time a kid tried to sneak away, she caught him and he had to miss recess for a whole month!!” Tonalli was scared, I could tell by the way that she wrote. Her arm was shaking and her face was pale.

“It will be O.K. trust me, she can’t do anything that bad.” I WAS WRONG!! She made us do 50 push-ups, 100 jumping-jacks, and 75 crunches just for talking. I wonder what will happen if we had punched a kid in class!!!

When I got home my mom was already home and making some sandwiches. “What the heck?” I inquired. “Mom isn’t supposed to be home right now, why is she home?” I asked my brother Pacal.

My mom, Maria was already walking towards us. "Hola, Mamash. Hola, Pacal. Como te fue en la escuela?" My mother asked.

"Bien, y como te fue en el trabajo?" Pacal asked her.

"Bien, vamos a la Gage Canal, that's why I'm home so early!"

"Awkward" I thought. "Isn't that what we learned about in class today when I fell asleep on my desk?"

"Does anybody know who else built the Gage Canal?" I asked. "I'm sure there has to be somebody else who helped build it—he couldn't have done it all by himself."

"Ummmmm" my mother was puzzled. "Pues, yo no se, nina." She kept on thinking about it on our walk to the Gage Canal.

We sat under the biggest tree we could find to have our picnic. "Mom, can you pass the soda, mom?"

"Oh, sorry I was zoned out" My mom responded slowly. "What did you want again, the cheese right?"

"No the soda, what are you thinking about? Is it still that Gage thing-a-ma-bobber that I told you about, because if it is, you can just forget about it" I mentioned.

"O.K., sorry let's eat." My mom shook her head as she said that.

We were back from the Gage Canal. Before we went to bed I crept up to my brother in the dark. "AAAAAAAAAAAAAh!" he screamed, but I stopped him.

"Shhhhh shut-up!" I whispered. "Did you hear something under the ground while we were having our picnic?"

“Yeah, but I didn’t say anything because I thought you guys were going to be like, “What are you crazy?” Pacal cried in a low voice.

“No, I heard it too, I want to go back in the morning with Emily and Tonalli!” I gasped.

“WE have school tomorrow, but Tonali is kind of funny.” Pacal remembered.

“We don’t have school and Tonalli is VERY funny and very cool and she is my best friend. It’s a lot of fun to have her over , too.”

“O.K. , okay I’ll go and I’m going to see if Tonalli can make me laugh!!!” My brother laughed.

When I woke up the next morning, I went directly to the phone in my pajamas, but my brother stopped me right as I was about to grab it.”I already called them both and they are going to meet us on the corner of Washington and Indiana. Emily lives up the street, Tonalli lives down Bradley, and ends up on Washington somehow. For us, it’s just like going to Tia Ana’s except we’re going to stop there.”

“Holy cow, how did you do it that fast?!” I asked

“It didn’t take that long, plus I was up at 7:30 duh”

“Wow, wait what time is it?” I asked shocked.

“Bout 8:00, I told them that we would be there at 9:00 with some shovels to dig” My brother replied.

“Alright.” I confidently said. ”I’m going to get some breakfast.” I doubt I’ll be done by 9:00; I am such a slow eater. After I had some toast with honey and some eggs, I asked my dad for the garage keys.

“Why?” he asked “What are you guys going to do?” My dad would be so mad if he found out we were going to the Gage Canal without his permission. I started to panic.

“Ummm, we need our bikes, were going to meet Tonalli and Emily at the G-

“Oh yeah.” my dad remembered. “Pacal told me about that, alright here you go.” He handed me the keys with his soapy hands. I went outside and the day was perfect for digging. It had rained 2 days ago, so the ground was moist but not too moist; it was not too hot either. I skipped to the garage door and tried to put the key in but it would not budge.

“Dad the key won’t go into the key ho... never mind “ I yelled. I got Pacal’s bike out first, then mine and all the shovels that I could find. We only had 2, so I had to call Emily to see if she could bring some.

“I’ll see if my dad will let me bring them; if I can’t I’ll call Tonalli, to see if she can bring some, O.K?”

“O.K., so I’ll see you in about 15 minutes. Ummm, I forgot what I was going to tell you... oh yeah I’ll bring some snacks. Bye!”

Pacal and I had to ride out bike for what felt like hours, but was only about 10 minutes. My legs were hurting because I had had a soccer game the day before. Once we got there we had to wait about 5 minutes until Emily came. Then Tonalli came about a minute later.

“Hi!” Emily panted. “How long have you guys been waiting here?” She inquired.

“Not too long.” I responded. “So, did either of you bring the shovels?”

“Yeah, Em did.” Tonalli gasped. “I couldn’t find mine so Emily had to convince her dad to let her use theirs! So is everybody here, let’s go!!?”

It was the longest ride of my 13 year old life!! We had to ride for about 45 minutes before we could even see the canal. We stopped in the same exact spot that my family had the picnic yesterday and I heard the same noises again.

“Do you hear that? Do you!?! It’s the cawing of birds and the rustle of wind in trees. Pacal heard it yesterday, too.”

“Yeah, let’s get digging.” Emily suggested. The dirt was hard and filled with roots.

“This is such tough work!” Tonalli mentioned. Everybody thought so, but nobody said anything because we were all so very eager to see what was down there, underneath the dirt.

All of us were sweating like stuck pigs. Emily was disgusted.

“I’ve never sweated this much in my life!” She claimed. About 30 minutes later we broke an opening to what we later called Inlandia! We were all amazed at the sight.

“Wooooow” whispered Emily. “This is so beautiful. I’ve never seen anything so pretty!”

Just then a bird flew up as high as it could without brushing the surface. It flew past us very fast and startled all of us, we fell in but it was going to be a long time before we hit the bottom.

“Aaaaaaaah!” we all hollered. “We’re going to die!!!”

“I’m too young to die” Emily cried.

“Oh, come on we’re not going to die!” But the strange thing that happened is that we didn’t die. The ground was super bouncy! “BOING... BOING.. BOING.. BOING.” We bounced very high,

then lower, then lower, and then super low-- our whole body did not leave the ground.

"Wait, I can't see... where are my glasses. Help me!" Tonalli whimpered. As soon as she got her glasses on she proved Emily wrong "See we didn't die!"

We all looked around and all the trees were heavy with unknown fruits. The grass was as green and beautiful as the grass at Camp Nou, there were colorful birds flying around as big as hawks and as fast and agile as Peregrine Falcons. The flowers in Inlandia were just as pretty or even prettier than the Hibiscus, but smelled like the Dogwood flower.

Pacal quickly took out his phone and called my mother "Mom go to the place where we had our picnic yesterday, there will be an opening about 3 ft. wide, look down."

"Why, I will but why?" My mom asked "Did you guys find a treasure chest filled with gold or something?"

"Now we didn't find anything of that nature, but we found an underground world. It's like a magical place filled with trees and flowers. But we called you to see if you could pick up our bikes and the shovels, so that they won't get stolen." Pacal requested.

"All, right dad will have to drive me there in his Westie so we can get the bikes and shovels, nothing else right?" Inquired my mother. "We'll be there in about 15 minutes. Bye!"

Pacal hung up his cell phone. "Mom will be here in about 15 minutes to pick up the stuff that we left up there."

"Once your other comes can we go to that forest over there to your left?" Tonalli asked all of us. We turned our heads towards the forest. It was

the most beautiful forest I had ever seen in my life. There were snail- vines full of giant purple flowers and trees that looked like Red Maples in the fall. We spent 5 minutes looking at that, then we spent the rest of the time looking up at the sky waiting for my mother to come.

“Your mother is here!” Tonalli shouted. We all looked up and it was very hard to tell but my mother was standing by the opening with her jaw dropped and her mouth wide open.

“How did you kids get down there, are you okay!!!!” My mother asked.

“No were all fine. We fell through that opening that you are standing by ‘cause we got startled by a big red and black bird.” Emily explained. “Wait what is that

next to you Pacal? It’s a note, read it!”

“It says ‘ Make friends with the animals here if you want to get back up, go into the forest if you want to meet something unexpected, Watch out for the white and blue maple tree! Tell your mother that you will be back up in 3 days and 2 nights and that you will be back with a special treasure.” Pacal whispered. Just then that same bird that made us fall in took the note and flew it up to my mother.

“Okay have fun and be careful!!!”

“Wait mom can you toss down the Barcelona backpack it has the snacks?”

My mother tossed the backpack and we caught it. The backpack was full of cobwebs and spiders. After we dusted that off we got out the sandwiches Emily asked “Who made these sandwiches?” I told her that my dad had made them and she replied “Dang he makes them better than he makes those burritos!” After we finished our lunch break and then we went into the forest As we all walked into the

forest we walked for about 10 minutes and saw purple trees black flowers and red vines wrapped around trees but the most amazing thing that we saw was a..man.

“Hello young ones, I see you have found the Forest of Flopani” he informed us “You are in the year of 1885, do you know what was built that year?”

“No” Pacal answered.

“No” Tonalli Told the man.

“Yes” I stuttered.

“No” Emily responded

“What only one knows what was built this marvelous year. Then what was it?”

“The Gage Canal, made to irrigate the orange groves and named after Matthew Gage. May I ask who you are, sir?”

“why I an Matthew Gage alive ad in person!”He claimed. I was shocked. I wanted to see if it was really Matthew Gage so I was planning to ask him a Question and then once I got back home I could look it up online.

“So if you really are Matthew Gage then you could answer this question. Who dug the Gage Canal?”

“That information I can’t tell you unless you bring me back a twig from the white and blue maple tree, and then figure out a way to juice the leaf so that I can drink it!” Gage said in a stern voice “ I will be here the rest of the time that you children are here. And let me warn you, if a single leaf drops and hits the ground the next time Barcelona and Real Madrid play Barcelona will loose 5-0 and your favorite player will get hurt.”

That convinced me to get that twig and get it fast! "Umm do you have any idea where this tree is?" I asked Gage.

"Over there 10 miles away in the Forgotten Forest. If you touch this maple sap you will die \$ years younger than you would have. The forest is filled with venus fly traps so don't touch them." Matthew said. We all stared at him as if he were a platypus or something! "Go along now, I want the twig in 80 hours which will be at least 3:00 pm three days from now."

We all started jogging towards the Forgotten forest if it was ten miles away and we needed to get there and back in 3 days we at least needed to jog! After about 20 minutes of jogging we stopped and ate the apples and plums I had picked. But, every time I took out an apple, a new one would erase it! Then I found some cherries and water, I guess we had endless food and water, cool! Once we were finished with our snack we started walking, then jogging then running the walking then jogging then running and you get the patter. "Wow" Pacal said "Look how far we've gotten!" All of us turned our heads but none of us stopped running." We must have moved about 1 mile in 30 minutes, so if we keep this pace up, we can get there in 5 hours flat."

"Great" Emily said "It's going to take about 5 hours to get there but it's going to take 1 hour or even maybe 2 to find the tree! But then what do we do about the sap and the Venus Fly- Traps, what if someone gets hurt by a Venus Fly trap and can't continue the journey?"

"Then we will have to carry or drag them all the way back, but don't worry, nobody will get hurt. If they do it's their choice if they want to get dragged out or, not. But if I get hurt you guys can drag me

on those palm fronds over there and then you guys can feed me!” Tonalli laughed “Just kidding!”

“That’s right we are not going to drag you, you know how long that would take.” Pacal uttered.

“That is soooooooooo mean ts not even funny!”

“Just kidding!!!” Pacal laughed because Tonalli will chase you.

I turned to look at Emily and she looked at me but we both shrugged and started running to catch up.” Wait!” Emily said “I’m a slow runner! Aitzin, slow down!” So I waited until Emily caught. Then we ran together towards the forest. Pacal and Tonalli were way ahead of us, so we sprinted ‘til we finally caught up with them. Now we were already half there and it had only taken us about 2 hours and 30 mins. We stopped for another break and we accidentally fell asleep, all of us! When we woke up Matthew Gage was standing in front of us!

“Woow!” Tonalli yelled “When did you get here?!?” She scared us all awake. First Pacal, Emily next, and then Pacal had to shake me awake.

“Since you have been asleep for 4 hours, I decided to move you where you would have been 2 hours ago, so technically I gave you a head start, a halfway head start.” We looked towards the place where we had started and we were definitely farther than we were when we fell asleep.

“Thank you, Mr. Gage!”

“Call me Matthew.”

“Alright we better get on to our journey now, who wants to carry the backpack?” Pacal asked. “Nobody wants to carry the backpack.”

“Just pick somebody, but not me!”

I told him.

“Fine Emily is carrying the backpack and you are carrying it for 5 hours. Ha!” Matthew Gage was

watching all of us and he decided to go back. So, then he did but he went back on a ginormous bird!

“I wonder if we can make one like us, too, maybe that’s what the cherries are for? Pacal asked

“Emily get out the cherries.” I demanded. We set about 15 cherries on the ground and all of a sudden huge birds like the one that Matthew Gage was riding circles us. They made sounds that sounded like” MORE, MORE” So we put down about 10 more cherries and 5 of the big birds came to us.

“Perfect!”Tonalli screamed “One of the can guide us!”

“But they do not know where and how fast we want to get there.”

“Yes we do, Matthew Gage has informed us. He knew you would figure out the cherry trick.” The biggest bird said in a deep voice “ I will be your lead bird to thee White and Blue Tree. Bulgus, you are assigned to Emily. Zebulon, you are assigned to Tonalli. Barcelona you are flying Aitzin. Meccanica, you are flying with Pacal.I am Pacal The Great lead bird for 5 years. Hop on to your assigned bird and we will fly you to the Forgotten Forest.” The huge birds started flying and they wet super, super fast. “Woow!” I screamed. My bird was going about 110 miles per hour!

All of the birds took a sharp turn to go the other direction. Emily and Pacal threw up (almost!) and Tonalli and I nearly fell off!!!

We had flown for about 45 minutes at low speeds of 30 mph and it was getting dark already so we had to fly down and go to sleep. When we woke up in the morning we all had breakfast. The birds had water and cherries, while we had apples,

water and the left over sandwiches. We took off again, but this time we were ready for the impact of speed.

“It will be about 3 hours until we reach the Forgotten Forest and about 4 ½ hours until we have to drop you off. We will have to drop you off about 5 minutes short of the tree because of the Venus Fly-Traps that guard the tree.”

“Oh, that will be O.K. but I didn’t know that the Venus Fly-Traps guarded the tree?” I replied.

“Oh yes, I have been told that that is the only tree left.” Barcelona said.

“Is that why Matthew Gage wants the tree twig? So that he can plant it?” I asked.

“No, remember he wants to drink the pulp.” Barcelona reminded me.

“Oh yeah, anyway that will be fine, you guys have helped us soooooo much. If it weren’t for you we would have been halfway here!”

“Why thank you!” Barcelona laughed “When we get to the tree we will be waiting for you as far as we can go into the forest.”

“Thank you!” Emily remarked “We will never forget you, Barcelona, Pacal the Great, Meccanica and Zebulon.”

We were having so much fun telling jokes we didn’t realize that we had actually passed the tree until Tonalli looked back and saw the very top of the tree. The tree’s leaves were white and big with blue outline, and veins. Pacal the Great looked back and turned super and I mean super sharp!! Tonalli and Pacal barfed (they have very sensitive stomachs.) and Emily and I slipped. It was the scariest thing that had ever happened to me. I was dangling for about 15 seconds until Barcelona and Bulgus picked us back up onto their backs but it felt like 15

minutes. Emily didn't have to dangle as long but I'm sure it felt long, too. We were already heading towards the tree and we were heading towards the tree fast. When we got to the tree we flew down to the soft green grass.

"We will wait for you here, when you are done and you have the twig we have brought you a leather pouch so that you don't have to worry about a leaf touching the ground or the sap touching you." Zebulon requested "If you want us to of course."

"Oh, yes of course we do Zebulon, you guys are super funny, nice and considerate." Tonalli gasped " We'll see you in about 30 minutes if everything goes well and if it doesn't well then you can't come into the forest sooo, never mind."

"Maybe, we can go into the forest if one of you is really hurt, you can whistle super loud so that we can hear you from out here and then one of us will go in." Pacal the great added.

"Okay that will be fine alright guys let get into the forest and find that tree!" We already knew basically where the tree was because of our accidental flight over it.

We had been walking in the forest when we heard a scream from behind us. It was Emily who had been looking up at the sky and hadn't been looking at where we were going so she started wandering and walked straight into a 6 foot tall venus fly trap that was sprawled on the ground.

"Aaaaahhh!" Emily screamed. Her leg was bleeding badly and the teeth marks were very deep. We all whistled except for Emily. We heard wings beating and then Bulgus came and we put Emily on his back to take her back to the other birds.

“Here is the pouch!” Bulgus panted and then took off. Pacal put the pouch in his pocket and we started walking again. Once we really started to look at the ground we noticed that it was green, not with grass, but with huge Venus flytraps. Now we had to carefully walk over them or else we could not continue the journey. About ten minutes later we finally saw the white bark and ran towards it (still being careful of where we stepped). We got to the trunk of the tree and looked up. The closest twig must have been 50 feet high.

“Barcelona!!!!” I screamed. “Can you fly me up to get that twig?” But he was already at my side.

“Sure, I can. Do you have the pouch that we gave you to put the twig inside?” Barcelona inquired.

“No, but Pacal gave it to me. Now I do.” Barcelona lowered himself so that I could get on his back and we flew up to the twig. Barcelona got as close as he could without getting caught in all the branches, but I still couldn’t reach the twig.

“I’m sorry. I cannot get any closer to the trunk without getting tangled in the branches. We will have to go get a smaller bird. I will go get Zebulon to fly you.” Barca lowered me down to the ground and told Zebulon what he needed to do. Zebulon nodded his head and flew me up to the twig.

I was able to get a hand on the twig so I knew I didn’t need a smaller bird, but as I pulled the twig off I got three drops of sap on my palm. I reached for the pouch but there was nothing there. I looked around trying to find it and I saw it on the top of a weird red tree. Zebulon flew me down and I got water to wash it off. I rubbed my hand on the grass just to give it an extra cleaning.

Tonalli and Pacal came running out of the forest, but on the last stride Pacal got bitten on his calf by a Venus flytrap. He cried out in pain and Meccanica ran water over his leg and examined the wound. Seeing that it was broken Meccanica put Pacal on his back and started flying back to Matthew Gage. Pacal needed immediate medical treatment but the mission could not be abandoned.

Finally Zebulon was ready for flight. I had the pouch and the final step was ready to be taken.

Once we got to the forest of Flopanin we gathered some rocks to mash the twigs into a paste. Tonalli and I worked diligently and carefully until we had the colorful drink ready.

We poured the drink into an empty water bottle that we cleaned out and gave it to Matthew Gage.

“Thank you. We were very strong and courageous. You have been to only ones out of four groups to accomplish this task. I must be truthful with you now, because you deserve to know why I gave you such a difficult task. You see, I know that the canal is very important and the people who live in Riverside need it. It is being dug by the Cahuilla Indians at this very moment. Their work needs to be honored and I believe you four children are the right ones to take care of the canal. Your work has shown me that you can to the job. From now on Aitzin, Tonalli, Pacal, and Emily are Canal Keepers.” And he walked into the forest.

“Oh yeah,” He called back “Your brother and Emily are already at your house.”

We looked around and realized that there were only 3 birds and 2 human beings. We got flown up and taken back home. We gave the rest of the cherries to the birds as a reward and they took off. I am now telling my mom this story!

Inlandia Universe – Another Riverside Story
By Mikey Fesunoff

Wed. January 20, 2010 Downtown, Mission Inn

With all this rainy weather, we had to find shelter. The rotunda stairs were too slippery going down, so we decided to go in through the front desk.

“I think we should just get a tour of the catacombs.” Declares Demitri.

“Okay, I think one of my friends was here today.” Walt responds. After meeting Walt’s other friend, they start the tour.

February, 1906. Mission Inn Garden

Peter and Chen were looking for shade. Despite it being winter, it was an unseasonably warm day in Riverside. They sit down under an orange tree in the garden. Chen’s father, being Mr. Miller’s private Chinese gardener, they were given full access to the garden. “Didn’t your father want us to help with the orchids?” Peter asks.

Wed. January 20, 2010 Catacombs, Mission Inn

“I can’t believe we got lost from the tour” Walt says. “At least we brought flashlights from the store.” Demitri replied. They walked, lost, through the corridors. Occasionally, they could see water dripping down from the street above and forming puddles on the floor where they walked. It almost seemed like they were in a dark, stuffy, maze.

February, 1906. Mission Inn

With the heat bearing down on them, they walked down to the storage cellar below the kitchen, where Chen’s father also worked. After he left, the boys

decided to explore the large room. They found bottles of wine, crates of rice and flour, barrels of grapes, casks of water, and baskets of fruit and other food. But Peter found something different. "Huh, what's this?" They were curious. It looked like a passage.

Wed., January 20, 2010 Catacombs, Mission Inn

After what seemed like an hour of walking, they stopped to rest. They could very faintly hear the street, and a restaurant serving customers above their head, but besides that and the dripping, it was quiet. They then heard something like a rumble, then a crack, and then a roar...Suddenly, the section of wall behind them fell, and opened the door to a giant stone room.

"Whoa!" they both exclaimed as they got up, amazed.

February, 1906, Mission inn

"Chen, time for Peter to go home." Mr. Liang called from the dining room.

"Meet me at the Inn tomorrow. I'll bring things for the adventure!" Peter told Chen.

Peter, excited, gets home to ready supplies for the "Adventure." Reluctant to go to bed, he sits by the window, eagerly waiting for tomorrow.

Wed. January 20, 2010, Underground complex, Mission Inn

After fully exploring the room, they find a secret door that leads them to Mt. Rubidoux. "Come on, let's get out of here before it starts raining and the gates close at sundown."

February . 1906. Catacombs. Mission Inn

After meeting up and unpacking, Peter and Chen start their journey into the Crevasse. About 30 yards in, the tunnel becomes more of a hallway, and just after that they find a large room. It had pianos in it. They were all different and unique in many ways. Then, all of the pianos started playing! Peter and Chen screamed so loud that they broke the inter-time world record. It is estimated that it could be heard all the way to 2011. And then they ran.

Meanwhile.....

"I thought I just heard something." A man at the front desk says.

"Odd, me too." Says the hotel worker.

Thursday. January 21, 2010. Mission Inn

The next day, Demitri and Walt were talking.

"Should we go back?" Walt asks.

"Next time, let's bring friends. That is, if we do go."

Demitri tried to answer. They had time to think about it since, well, it was STILL raining. A few minutes passed.

Walt whispered, "Did you hear something? Sounds like a piano...."

IU Hub 5452 . years 0102 and 6091. Month still unknown. ∞ day around the moon. For museum of natural history. turn right.

Then the next thing they knew, it was all dark.

"Welcome boys, to the inter-universal hub 'Inlandia'. Your transport is just over here." Says the conductor. They were still out of it, probably thinking they were dreaming. After getting through the explanation "class", they understood what was

going on more. But Chen still partially thought he was dreaming.

The explanation began like this:

IU Hubs, or Inter-Universal hubs, are gateways of the space-time continuum. Their purpose is opening the path to everything created. Since time repeats itself over and over, every universe grows. Time example: every combination of happenings and time are repeated down to hours, days, weeks, seconds, years, and happen over and over and over, to no point of stopping, since combinations grow forever.

Then it continued, but that would be too long to put down on paper.

Meanwhile, Walt and Demitri had received their explanations as well. Most other people would say “I shouldn’t have eaten that last night!” or others say “Am I in heaven?” and some just faint, so all things considered, they did well. “Okay, first let’s check out the map.” Walt began. First off was teleport 1- Mt. Rubidoux. But as they walked through the portal, they had magically (which now would be normal) been teleported into a plane, not Mt. Rubidoux. Then a crewman proceeded to push them off the plane, just over their goal destination.

Peter and Chen, still mesmerized by all of this, were assigned travel to the years after them to learn about the future. The system of travel in “Inlandia” was as simple as they could make it, which is easier to use if you spent the extra hour at the explanation section. They were given a set of supplies for anything they would be doing. And this time, Peter *wasn’t* excited for adventure.

IU Zone 5452 “Inlandia”. For Barber shop quartet classes. exit at University and Market. and look for the yellow building.

By now, Walt absolutely hates skydiving. Demitri, as well, can't blame him. Their mission is to explore the caverns they had found and verify that the connection between the Mission Inn and Mt. Rubidoux is real. Then they will be accepted at IU rangers and be sent on numerous other missions around the “Inlandian Empire”. The exploring and documenting will take at least 4 hours, so they're in for it.

Throughout the 20th and 21st centuries, people have been picked to be IU Rangers. IU Rangers are responsible for keeping records of, documenting and examining all the known universes' histories. Reasons why different people are picked and how they are picked is not known. These four boys with their curious natures and love of history are suspected to have been picked because of just that. After their first missions were finished, they were fully recruited a IU Rangers.

Saving Inlandia and Mt. Rubidoux

By Adam Foster

One day I was walking around the dog park next to Mt. Rubidoux, and found this mysterious key. "I'll save this." I said. Suddenly, a bulldog glared at me. He started barking loudly. I knew what I must do. The bulldog ran up to me and started biting me. "Ouchy!" I said. I didn't feel very tough just then. I smacked the bulldog and then kicked it. Then it literally vanished! Now, at that moment, something very strange happened. I started feeling stronger! The feeling came and went every second! I felt weaker and weaker; then stronger and weaker again. "So, now I have the power to transform into strong and weak!" I said. "But wait! How did I transform?" I wondered.

During the course of this weird day, I figured out how to use my powers. I hold my breath for 3 seconds to become stronger and breathe for 2 seconds to become weak. As I was walking around Mt. Rubidoux, I saw a beautiful view, but I had a funny feeling. "This probably means something." I said to myself. Suddenly, I felt a surge and gained one fourth of my power! "Yes!" "Wait, it can't be from the view because I use my power to fight. So right now I must have to FIGHT!!!!" I said in terror. Then 5 Rottweilers appeared. "Now I must fight the dogs—what is it with dogs!?" The dogs tackled me, but I got them off and tackled them. I pounced on them with all my might. That made them whimper and run away with their tails between their legs.

Suddenly, I started flying! "Whoa!" I said. This was really fun for me. "I'm super man!" I yelled. I was flying and saw a big empty spot. "That

is Chinatown and it was built in the 1885's but how come it is not there?" I wondered. Then I saw a cave. I slowly went down and I decided to go in. When I looked inside, all I saw was pitch black darkness. So I started feeling around and found a hole. "A key hole!" I shouted. I stuck the key that I had found (at the dog park) in the hole and a cave door opened. "I knew this key was important!" Sorry but I left out one very important part. When I went through the door, there was the big flash. I found myself in the time that Frank Miller was alive! Once I noticed this I said, "This is phoney boloney! This is not meant to be! This day is totally invalid for Pete's sake! I can't do this!"

After that episode, I saw Frank Miller at the top of Mt. Rubidoux. Other people were working with him. They even put up bells for liberty and a nice cross. I flew up in the sky so no one would see me. I still couldn't believe we were in 1907! Then I flew down. I went exactly in front of his face and he didn't see me. "Hello!!!" I yelled and he didn't hear me."Noooooo!!!!!!!!!" I screamed in terror.

Unfortunately he did not hear me either. I knew something was very wrong. This guy couldn't be the real Frank Miller. I knew I had to do something—and fast. So, I climbed on his back and pulled his hair. A mask came off! I gave him a dirty look. "You're going to pay for this by fighting!" I said. I turned on my flying powers and went up in the air. I dodged every move until the master ninja (the one who was dressed up as Frank Miller) kicked me. "Ouchy again!" I said. Then I got mad, and went by a tree. So when he came flying to get me, he hit the tree instead of me.

After that, I was trying to think of how to fix all this (putting my hand on my head and my finger

on my chin) and strangely my face started moving. "I'm levitating my face!" I said extatically (because my face was moving). "Yea! Now I get to levitate." I said excitedly. After the levitation realization, I saw the real Frank Miller at the Mission Inn. "Oh no! I bet the cross and liberty bell is a bomb!" I thought to myself. Then I flew out of the Mission Inn. "I'm going to impress someone with my powers of levitation." I said. Then something went wrong, and I accidently levitated a book into someone's face. He fell down.

"What happened?" he asked.

"Wait who are you?" I asked.

"Well...I'm Mathew Gage." he replied.

"You...you...you're Mathew Gage?!" I yelled.

"Yes." he said.

By the way, it was just then that I noticed I'd flown to his street, and we were standing on the corner of Mullberry and 14th.

"Mathew can you do me one favor? Can you help me on the quest to save Indlandia?" I said.

"Y...n...yes." he said reluctantly.

I was so happy. Meeting Mathew Gage, and changing history—it was just like this was meant to be (of course I didn't realize it until after the episode).

Then we were off changing books. I knew he could handle helping me because Mathew was popular back then.

"Okay let's talk to Frank." I said.

"Wait who's Frank?" Mathew asked.

"Okay we need to fix this now because the past is already getting mixed up!

Just don't worry, and don't talk to him unless he asks you anything." I commanded.

Then we went to the Mission Inn. I talked to Frank Miller.

“People are taking over Mt.Rubidoux!” I said.

“These calls are getting weirder and weirder.” Frank said.

“No, look.” I said.

He looked. “Oh, your right. That is a beautiful view!” Frank answered.

“No! Over there.” I said as I was pointing.

“Oh, my! That’s a nightmare! Fix it kid and I’ll reward you.” Frank said.

“Okay first, this is awkward, and second I don’t want your money. All I want is your appreciation and this to be fixed!” I told him. Then he waved good-bye. He is so weird! Now I need to think of a way to fix this problem.

“Tick—Tock—Tick—Tock” said the clock.

“Okay let’s just try to take everything out that is bad.” I said. Then I gained my power, started to fly, and turned on my levitation.

“This is amazing!” Mathew said.

“Ya, I know.” I said. The next thing we knew something bad happened. We had to fight. We fought people in a riot. They were throwing their torches at Mt.Rubidoux! We couldn’t let them burn it down. So, we started fighting. Just then, something magical happened. Mathew Gage got a super power. His super power was... orange lasers that came out of his hands—and just in time. He helped me fight and we got rid of the evil guys that were trying to burn down the cross.

“Okay, now back to fixing history! What can we do?” I asked.

“Mabye we can get shovels and dig and see if there’s anything important.”

“But where will we get the shovels?” I wondered.

“Oh I know! We can go back to the Mission Inn and ask if they have any shovels there!” Mathew Gage said. I thought that was a good idea. So, we flew to the Mission Inn. When we saw a custodian, we asked, “Excuse me, but do you have any shovels here?”

“You guys lucked out there’s only two left.” the custodian said.

That was too close. Then we flew back to Mt. Rubidoux. We went to a spot covered with plants.

“This is as hard as a rock!” Mathew said. He hit something strange with his shovel. “What is this strange thing?” he asked.

He found a cell phone that had about two and a half hours of battery left on it.

“This might help us, I’ll explain what it is later.” I said. I knew he wouldn’t understand what a cell phone was. So I just put it in my pocket, and we were off to the next spot. This spot wasn’t hard at all.

“That is weird. We only dug four inches and were sinking!” Mathew said. It turned out to be quick sand!

“Help!!Help!!” Mathew and I yelled.

Then Frank Miller appeared—out of thin air!

“Oh, you two. How did this happen?” he asked rudely.

“No time to talk just help us!” I yelled.

“Okay there you’re free to go.” Frank said.

That was too close again. He was looking at us like we were crazy.

“What are you guys up to?” Frank persisted.

“Okay, if you must know, we are on a mission to save Inlandia and Mt. Rubidoux. These evil guys are trying to burn it down! I’m afraid they’ll succeed if we don’t hurry and find the map that leads us to the answer.” I said while digging frantically. Frank just shook his head.

“I’ve got a hotel to run. I hope you boys can fix this mess!” Then he vanished. We continued digging around the end.

“This looks like it’s hard but it really isn’t!” Mathew said.

We dug about two feet down, and found an old map.

“This could really help us!” Mathew exclaimed.

“Oh golly, this is bad! It says there is a bomb at my house and it explodes in five minutes!” Mathew said.

So, I started to fly and I flew as fast as I could. Before two minutes had passed, we were in Mathew’s house and we saw the bomb. I turned on my levitation powers and pointed at the bomb. I was acting like I was going to throw it and it flew across the sky, and exploded in the air.

“Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!” Mathew said.

“Oh it was nothing.” I said. “Now let’s finish our mission!”

Then we checked the map again. There was a secret bell ringer close to the bell. We flew to that exact spot and we dug. We got it, and rang the bell and everyone at the Mission Inn came out (even Frank Miller and his family).

“What’s going on?” Frank asked.

“Frank, listen. The evil guys we told you about are trying to take over Mt. Rubidoux and we need help to beat them. So who is with me?” I said. No one believed me. They all thought I was crazy!

“Wait! Who is that standing next to you?” a woman asked.

“I am Mathew Gage.” he said.

“Well, do you believe him?” she asked.

“Nnn...yyy...yes I do.” he said.

“Well don’t do anything bad!” she said back.

I felt like I had just made a fool of myself.

Then we returned the shovels.

“What should we do now?” I mumbled.

“Look at this plaque!” Mathew said.

“Wow it says, The Mission Inn is made to represent Frank Miller. He also runs Mt. Rubidoux which is also good work.” I read.

“Hmm, a plaque to honor.” Mathew said with amazement.

Then I saw a little handle. I pulled it, and it opened a crack. I pulled it again and it was a quarter open. Then Mathew joined in. Together, we pulled harder, and it opened. It was an entrance to a secret room. It was like a janitor’s room.

“Now we’re back in business!” I said. “Let’s get funky!”

We got the shovels and went out of that entrance. We saw a janitor.

“How’s business?” he asked us

“Good we got to go.” I said.

Then we rushed out. We checked the map and it showed that there was a secret resource at the back of the room. So, we dug six feet.

“Wow! This is really a long tunnel!” Mathew said.

Then we found it. It wasn't anything special to look at. It was just a cube that sucks up things (kind of like a sponge). So, we flew into the bad guy's territory, and we found their home.

"Take this!" I yelled. Then they were sucked up into the sponge. Now everything changed.

"Mathew, we found the right history! It says on this plaque that Mt. Rubidoux is to enjoy not to destroy. I guess this means goodbye." With that, Mathew Gage started fading away. I could see him smiling at me. "Thanks for helping me save Inlandia and Mt. Rubidoux." I said.

Then I wanted to go home. But this still wasn't over yet, I still had to prove to Frank Miller that we weren't crazy. So, I went back to the main entrance of the Mission Inn.

"Adam Foster." I told the man at the front desk.

"Sorry, you're not on the list." he said.

"But I saved Inlandia! And The Mission Inn is for everyone to enjoy!" I shouted. "Too bad little boy—not without a parent. Now go home."

Not the ending I wanted, but at least I saved Inlandia and Mt. Rubidoux—our history is preserved.

Journey to Inlandia: A Quest for Knowledge by Gabriella Harrison

It was a Sunday morning at Sherman Indian high school. A Pow Wow was going on. They usually happen in April. A Pow Wow is a get together. I just go once a year because my aunt is a teacher at Sherman. I get food and soda and watch the Indian dances. Sometimes we go to the cemetery to take time for those who have passed away. My favorite part of the Pow Wow is the dancing. This year I get to dance. It takes great technique to conquer the skills to do the dances correctly.

I looked at all the food. It was hard to choose which booth to go to first. I walked over to the fry bread stand. Fry bread is an Indian bread. It is made from flour and water. I like mine with honey and sometimes with sugar. I asked the man for three pieces of fry bread. "Are you sure?" he said to me. "Why wouldn't I be? I love fry bread!" "Just be careful you are eating too much." "Oh don't worry. I'll be careful."

As I ate my fry bread I began to feel dizzy and drowsy. "Gabby come on!!!! You need to get ready for the dance." Yelled my aunt Dana. I got dressed. "Boom!!! Boom!!! Boom!!!" the drums went. I suddenly collapsed. I felt like I was going through a vortex to a different dimension.

I felt like I was going to Inlandia. Inlandia is a magical place where you pick a different place to go and in no time you're there. My friend Rachael went to Inlandia and traveled to China Town. After spinning and spinning like a tornado, I was in Inlandia at last. I pressed the button that read, World War II 1941.

I appeared in a different place. I looked around and next to me was Merrill Sandoval. He was a code talker in World War II, 1941. He was born April 18, 1925. He went to Sherman Indian High School to finish his high school education there. He was the head code talker. He sometimes reported the messages to the Marines. He served with the 2nd and 5th marine division. He died in St. Joseph's hospital in Pheonix, Arizona after an illness. My aunt taught me this stuff because she knew he went to her school.

He was talking to a man in a different language so I could not understand what he was saying. He was talking in a code. The military made up a code so no one could understand them if it was something important. As he shot his gun I jumped. He turned his head and saw me. "Are you Japanese?" he asked. "No" I answered. "Follow me and you will be safe." We ran into the jungle. We sat down on a rough rock. "I know you. You're a code talker in World War II." I told him. "Yes indeed," Merrill said. "Boosh!!!" A plane crashed into the dirt. I got too close and caught on fire! I quickly stopped, dropped, and rolled! I looked burnt and weak. So he carried me through the jungle until I could walk. I said, "Let's stop and take a break." He handed me his rifle and said, "Here, use this for protection." "Can I ask you a question?" "Sure," he said. "Did you enlist to go to the military?" "Yes" he said. "I actually wanted to go." "Oh, and one more thing, do you have any family members that are in the military?" "Yes my brother Sameul is, just like me." I need to get to the Pow Wow to finish the dance. All of a sudden a man popped up behind us and shot his gun, but he missed by a hair. We ran as fast as we could. We hid in a bush until the man

came by Merrill shot his gun and killed him! I felt so sad. War is so harsh. As hard as it was, I had to put that behind me and get back to the Pow Wow.

“Can you help me get back to the Pow Wow because I don’t know how?” “Let’s see what I can do.” he replied. He shot me with his rainbow time travel gun. I had no idea he had one all that time. Why hadn’t he used it to escape the war? I wondered. Just then, I started to fade away but I turned back to normal color in just a few seconds. “It did not work!” I said in a mad voice. All of a sudden Rachael showed up in front of the plane that caught me on fire. “What are you doing here?” I asked her. “I wanted to see what World War II was like.” “Well you don’t want to know!” I told her. “I will mail some notes on what it was like.” Rachael and I were about to move, but just that moment a plane crashed on top of us. We started to fade away, but then we turned back to normal color. “What is going on?” I asked. We thought harder then I realized you just have to picture in your mind what you want to happen and then it happens. I pictured Rachael and I at the Pow Wow dancing. A few minutes later we showed up at the Pow Wow. But, the strange thing is, I showed up with a rifle in my hand!

The Pow Wow ended and I headed to school. They said they were going to have a history contest. I already knew what I was going to do mine on. The next day, I finished my paper it went like this: *My report is on the Code Talkers in World War II. One of them was Merrill Sandivol. He was born April 18, 1925. He died in St. Joseph’s hospital in Pheonix, Arizona. He served in the Marines with the 2nd and 5th division. He was enlisted to go to World War II. Enlisted means he wanted to go. His daughter traveled with him. I researched him*

because he went to Sherman Indian High School—right here in Riverside, California. I also learned he was a Navajo. I really learned a lot on my trip to Inlandia. I even won the history contest and went to district! I did well at the district, but one on China Town beat me. Someday, this is going to be a heck of a story.

Journey to Inlandia: A Quest for Knowledge

Andrew Hunt

Chapter 1

It all started on a regular day. I was talking to my friends and it was almost time to go. When the bell rang, I went to my mom to go home. On the way I was thinking of the decorated oranges in town so I asked "Mom can we go to see the oranges?" and my mom said "Let's go to the Casa Blanca Library, there is one there." "Ok" I said.

When we got there, I studied the orange and I thought there was something odd about it. So, we went home. I was thinking about it for the rest of the day. I couldn't stop thinking. The next day our teacher told us to do a story on Riverside. After school I visited the library again and studied the orange once more and this time harder, looking at the names and stuff. I touched it and I felt something flow through me and I concentrated but nothing happened. So I went home. On the way my mom asked "Are you ok?" I said "Kind of but a little tired." I was lying though. On the way I was thinking of Frank Miller for my story and I told my mom "I will do my story on Frank Miller." and my mom said "that's a great idea Andrew." and we went home to see my dad and my dog.

The next day, I asked mom if we could get something to eat. she said "Ok." so we went to Farmer Boys then went home. At home we tried to think of what to write but I was thinking of what happened to me at the library. As I thought, my

mind started to wonder off. Then my mom snapped me out of it.

The next day, I wrote most of my story but why did I think I did not write enough? I asked my mom to help me on thinking of more so I went to the library again but when we got there, I stood at least 3 feet away but I was sucked in it. I did not know where I was But then...

I found myself with a powerful sword in front of me and I saw a dragon named Abaddon! I thought I had the power to summon something." A fire horse?" I thought. Then I saw Frank Miller dead in a cage. I guessed I also had the power to bring him back to life so I had to defeat Abaddon. Then I thought what my mom was thinking and the fight was on. I got on my fire horse and as Abaddon charged at me with a fire arm and I slashed him as he tried and I slashed him as much as I could. Then he was back to his feet. I got back on my fire horse and did the same thing 2 more times until he fell through the floor.

Then he was in human form and he could teleport so it was harder to hit him. It felt like we fought forever. It was at least 1 hour of fighting.

When I finished him off I ripped his wings off and said, "You were just too easy Abaddon." Then I went to Frank Miller and I revived him. He said "Thank you so much. I tried to escape but Abaddon killed me." I said "That's really mean." Then he asked "What do you know about me Andrew?" and I said "I think you built the Misson Inn?" "Yes" he said.

“I started it in 1876 and it 12 rooms and was made from adobe. I tried to make some of it look like the 21 California Missions. I kept adding on to it as the years went by. On my travels to Europe and Asia I collected furniture

And other things for the Inn. I have a collection of 800 bells.” They are all over the Inn!” I said, “Wow that is quite a collection!”

He took me back in time to see what the Mission Inn was like in the early 1900’s.

Chapter 3

When I saw the Mission Inn in the 1900’s I was shocked it was nothing like I expected it to look.

It was smaller and did not look decorated.

He took me inside and everyone was staring at me probably because of my clothes. Frank Miller then said to me, “Did you know that some of the presidents came here?”

“Wow!” I said.

Then he told me, “Do you know of William Howard Taft?”

“Yes”, I said.

“William has a chair in the lobby that is bigger than me!”

“Darn! That is big!” I said.

“It is Andrew”, He said.

We then went on with the tour.

When we got to the dinner area we came across a lot of bells and he led me to one and said, “This is one of my favorite bells.”

“Cool”, I said.

Then we walked on with the tour.” We have a few more places to go”, said Frank. “OK”, I said. So we went on. Everytime we came across something Frank would talk about it and then we found something really cool and it was a really big bell with writing on it and on a plaque it said that it was from 1247 a.d. “Wow”, I said. “That’s cool”. “It is.” Frank said. We went on with the tour. We went through so many things so many and when we went up the stair case we saw something amazing. It was so cool it was a hall of pilots fro the first pilots to the ost present pilots of that time. We saw a plaque of them and a picture of them it was so cool some were from World War 2 and ane was the first pilot ever. We came across a pilot who was from World War 2 then Frank Miller said “You know a few hours ago we became spirits”. “Ohhh”, I said “and if you stay for 1 day you will be a spirit forever but if you find the bell you can be turned back to human and sucked out of the orange and no one will know what happened” said Frank.

When we came back to the hall of pilots we went to a secret stair case out side then I said, “That was so cool, I have never known so much

about you and Riverside” “Have you Andrew” Frank said. I was getting tired fro all the tours and the bells and pilots and the people and the decorations. I can't go out because I will become a spirit so I had to stay at the Inn.

Then huge showed me to a place where I can sleep so I did go to sleep for the night .

The Next day Frank came to me so we would continue on with the tour and it was kind of boring because we saw the same stuff over again and I asked, “When will we go to the catacomb” “Soon Andrew” Frank said. I rolled my eyes then we went on.” OK”I said. Then we went on through everything from pictures of famous people to plaques. We saw every single thing in that place except for the catacombs and the middle floor and we saw more bells. Maybe as much as the dinner area.

We saw a lot of people looking at the bells and they were pretty bells. Some had writings and some had drawings;they were really beautiful. I could stay in there forever but I couldn't so we went on even more. Then we sat down on a bench next to the stairway as people walked by, we looked at each person going by. When it looked clear we went down the stairs. We went back to the decorations and bells and more things we already saw. Then he told me that we are going to the catacombs soon just 1 more hour.

As we were walking along the hallways he told me about a special gold bell that was hidden in the catacombs. "If we can find it it will have special powers to bring us back into humans." I said, "Ok but when are we going to the catacombs?" "Pretty soon, in about 15 minutes." Frank responded. "Ok." I answered back to him. We went to the entrance. We went right by it because we turned into spirits earlier. We went to the first room and looked in. We saw nothing of use just boxes with clothes and some cloth. We walked into the second room and found some books and more cloth over it. So we went on and on until we kept finding nothing of use like books, cloth, clothes, and tools so we were on the 15th room until we found something of use. It was 20 bells in boxes. Then Frank said, "I will put these in the Inn later."

We kept looking at rooms and every room after that had a bell or two. "Wow this is a lot of bells." I said "Yeah it is" he answered. We came to one room and as we opened it a skeleton came out. "Ahhhhhhhh!" I screamed. We ran from it and people thought they heard a whistle but they just went on. We ran away but then the skeleton fell down and his eyes and instead of bright red they turned black. We went by 5 more rooms and in the 5th to last room we found the gold bell and it was so beautiful and then Frank said, "If you ring the bell 5 times it will turn us back to humans. Then I saw the dock I only had 2 minutes until I was a spirit forever so I rang the bell 5 times and all of a sudden I was out of the orange and that night I heard a voice say, "You are a good boy Andrew." and I smiled.

Journey to Inlandia: A Quest For Knowledge

By Adam Jensen

“Ring, ring!” the alarm clock rang. “Ahh, it’s time to get up for school”, I moaned. I realized there was a big test today about Riverside. So when I got to school, I went to the library to talk to Mrs. Read. But when I got there Mrs. Read wasn’t there, so I went to my classroom. I went straight to my desk and sat down.

Suddenly the intercom came on and a voice said, “Mrs. Cruz, please call the front office. Mrs. Cruz, please call the front office.” Then I knew it was the perfect time to ditch school... When I left school, I went home to my backyard. There I dug up an old laptop.

I turned it on and then a white beam of bright light flashed. All of a sudden I was in an arena and a voice announced, “Who is this lucky contestant?”

I spun around to see a robot floating in mid-air. “Uh, Adam Jensen”, I replied.

“Well Adam, today is your lucky day. You have won a trip on our virtual tour of historic Inlandia.”

Oh, boy, I thought. Here I ditched school thinking I’d have fun digging in the dirt and not learning anything. Now here I was going on some virtual tour of history, my least favorite subject. “Hold on,” I told the robot. I can’t go anywhere. I’m supposed to be at school. I’m just running a little late today.”

“Do not try to lie to me Adam Jensen. We machines have a built in lie detector”, the robot responded.

“But Mrs. Cruz is expecting me at school. I can’t . . .” I protested.

“Mrs. Cruz knows exactly where you are,” interrupted the robot. “She is the one who recommended you as a contestant. She said you were very smart but appeared distracted during her history lessons.”

“History is boring!” I shouted.

“Yes, Mrs. Cruz thought this might be your response that is exactly why you were selected. After our little tour, you will never think of history as boring again.”

When the robot finished speaking, he turned and pointed to the computer. Images of several characters had suddenly appeared on the screen.

“First, you must select your character,” the robot told me.

“Character?” I asked.

“Yes, you see in this tour you will not just be a spectator but a participant in history. The character you select will determine your adventure on our tour.”

I looked at the screen on the laptop. There were three characters to choose from. One was a girl named Eliza. She was wearing her hair up and a long dress. I could tell from her clothes that she had probably lived over one hundred years ago. The second character was a young Hispanic boy about eleven years old (my age). By his appearance, he was probably some kind of migrant farm worker. His name was Tomas. My third choice was also a boy. His name was Jimmy. He looked like he was about fourteen. Jimmy was wearing black pants and a blazer.

“I’ll be Jimmy,” I told the robot. Jimmy had red hair and blue eyes just like me. His accessories also included a bicycle and a flashlight.

“Excellent choice!” exclaimed the robot. “I thought you would choose him.”

“Now touch the screen to choose your character and you will become Jimmy for the day. Oh, and I almost forgot . . . my name is Ed, and I will be following your journey on my laptop. If you should get into trouble just hum ‘Take Me out to the Ballgame’.”

I started to protest, “But I don’t know . . .”

“You will,” Ed interrupted. “Now touch the screen.”

The very second I reached out and touched Jimmy’s image, I felt myself falling into the computer screen.

Just as suddenly, I stopped falling. I was lying on a bed. No, actually, I was lying in a bed, under the covers. Jimmy’s bed! My bed for the day.

I looked around the room. There was a boy with dark just sitting up in the next bed and reaching for his glasses on the night stand. He looked about thirteen. I figured he must be Jimmy’s brother and I wondered what his name was.

“Jimmy, Billy, get down here and eat, a woman’s voice called from the kitchen. “Your breakfast is getting cold.”

Well, one problem solved I thought, my brother’s name must be Billy. Dang, my brother, huh? I’d been here less than five minutes and I was already starting to think of myself as Jimmy.

Billy jumped up. “Come on, Jimmy. We’ll be late for school.”

School! Oh great, I thought, I ditched school so I could go to school. This adventure wasn’t

starting out to be all that great. I wondered what school I went to. How could I ask without appearing 'out there'?

"School sucks!" I ventured. "Even a school with a cool name like ours."

"Yeah," Billy replied. "I'm sure glad they changed the name from the 'Boys' High School' to 'Polytechnic High School'."

It had worked! "Me, too!" I responded.

I was suddenly excited about going to school and scrambled to get ready. Polytechnic High School. Poly High. That's where my sister Angelica went to school. I'd been there plenty of times. I also knew that several famous athletes had graduated from Poly High. I wondered what year it was. I'd probably have to wait until I got to school to find out.

During breakfast, I tried to stay quiet so I wouldn't say anything that would be uncharacteristic of Jimmy. When my Mom asked, I said I had a sore throat. At first I thought she was going to make me stay home. But since I didn't have a fever, she seemed okay to let me go.

As we left the house, I asked Billy. "Won't we be riding our bikes?" Our house was just off Terracina Drive and that meant Poly was several miles from here.

I was surprised with his response. "Are you kidding? Mom won't let us ride our bikes to school. She thinks we'll kill ourselves riding speeding down the hills, or get ourselves suspended. Then Dad would be on us forever. Besides, it's not that far."

Anticipating a very long walk (regardless of what Billy said), my mind began to wander . . .

If it was somewhere around 1980, I might get the chance to meet two famous athletes I knew

of that had attended Polytechnic High School about that time. One of them was Cynthia ("Sippy") Woodhead, the famous Olympic swimmer. She had one the Silver Metal in the 1984 Olympic Games for the 200m Freestyle, just two years after graduating from Poly. Or maybe I would run into Reggie Miller; that would be even better. He was a famous NBA player with the Indiana Pacers for almost twenty years before he became a commentator. He had graduated in 1983. Or if it was before 1980, maybe his older brother Darrell Miller, the former MLB player would be a student. Maybe going to school wouldn't be so bad after all.

I looked up as a car passed. It looked like a car from the early forty's. It didn't look brand new but it didn't look that old either. Well, maybe it could still be okay. If it was the early 1960's, Bobby Bonds would be attending Polytechnic High School. Everyone knew who Bobby Bonds was. He played MLB for the San Francisco Giants. Heck, there was even a park here in Riverside named for him.

"So, do you think any famous athletes have ever graduated from our school?" I asked Billy.

"Of course," he looked at me in a strange way. "Rex Mays graduated back in 1930 or '31. Why do you think Mom was so ecstatic when he won the National Sprint Car Championship two years in a row? That was only about five or six years ago. She loves auto racing the way Dad loves baseball."

I had learned more in those few sentences about what year it was. Fortunately, I actually knew who Rex Mays was. My mom was a big race fan. Her parents had taken her as a kid, and my grandpa's parents used to take him. I think we might even have a picture of Rex Mays taken at

Gilmore Stadium in about 1940. I knew he had won the Championship back in 1940 and 1941. So that must mean, it was somewhere between 1945 and 1947. Over sixty years ago!

When we reached the end of Terracina Drive, I looked up. Across the street where Riverside Community College should have been, I saw a new sign saying 'Polytechnic High School'. What was going on? It looked like RCC except it looked newer and with not so many parking lots or buildings, but, according to the sign, this was the Jimmy and Billy went to.

I started to panic. I had no idea where anything was in this school. I couldn't go here! There was no way I could make it pretend to be Jimmy all day, that much was for sure.

I turned to Billy, "Let's just ditch school today." I told him. This meant that I had now officially ditched school twice in one day. I wondered what the penalty for that was.

His face lit up like Christmas tree. "For real? Right on! Let's do it."

One thing I knew for sure. Being the older brother had serious advantages. It looked like he really looked up to me. At home, I was the younger brother. My brother was just about the same amount older than me at home, as I was older than Billy here. How ironic.

"Where should we go?" Billy wanted to know.

Now was my chance to say what always wanted my brother to say to me, "You decide. We'll do whatever you want today." Besides, what choice did I have? Riverside had obviously changed a great deal, and I was sure to get lost otherwise. "But first, let's go home and get our bikes."

“For real?” This was apparently one of Billy’s favorite sayings. “Right on!”

We snuck into the garage, stashed our book bags, grabbed our bikes, and we were off.

The first place my brother took us to Mt. Rubidoux. We road our bikes down the mountain a couple of times, then got off and began exploring on foot. We checked out the Peace tower and Friendship bridge that had been dedicated in honor of Frank Miller in 1925. Then we sat on ‘Loring Rock’ and ate the lunches our mom had made for us including, of course, Washington oranges.

After that we rode our bikes to the canal and hung out until time for school to get out. “Is this the canal founded by Matthew Gage?” I asked Billy. It was one of the things I remembered fro Mrs. Cruz history lesson.

“I think so,” replied Billy. “We better hurry home. You’ll be late for work. Dad’s the manager and he’ll skin you alive. The owners, Fox West Coast Theaters, are very adamant about their employees being on time.”

As we hurried home on our bikes, my mind again began to wander. Was it possible my dad was the manager of the Riverside’s newly renovated Fox Theater? No way! That would be too cool. It had just reopened this month, January 15, 2010 to be exact. I remembered from another of Mrs. Cruz’ lessons that the Fox Theater had the first public screening of ‘Gone WithThe Wind’ back on September 9, 1939. I wondered if my Dad had been manager then.

When we arrived back home, we snuck our bikes back into the garage, picked up our backpacks and headed up the front walkway. As soon as we entered the living room we saw our dad

all ready for work. He was listening to a baseball game on the radio. It was the seventh inning stretch and 'Take Me Out To The Ball Game' was being sung. My dad was singing along. I almost started to hum along when I realized Ed would think I was in trouble. There was no way I wanted leave just yet. I was looking forward to going to work.

"Hurry up and grab a snack and change into your blazer," my mother told me. "You can get a ride with Dad. And don't forget your flashlight."

As I was putting on my blazer for work I noticed the insignia above the pocket. It said Golden State Theater. On the way to work my dad kept telling how lucky I was that the owners, Fox West Coast Theaters, allowed him to hire me, his son, as an usher in there Golden State Theater. It wasn't as glamorous as their Fox Theater just a half of a block down, but it was good job, and I should be grateful for it. I was so disappointed, but at least I'd get to see a free movie.

The theater was located at 3745 7th Street. Halfway between the Mission Inn and the Fox Theater. When we got there, my dad took me into his office. His door said R. B. Hathaway, manager. I just stared at it. "Looks good, doesn't it?" my father said to me. "And here is your new name tag."

I looked down at the name tag as he pinned it above the insignia on my blazer. It read:

JAMES E. HATHAWAY
Usher

My eyes just about popped out of my head. James. E. Hathaway was my grandfather. The same grandfather that had lived with us until he died on February 3, 2004.

All of sudden things began to spin and I felt as if I were falling. Suddenly I was back in my

backyard and Ed was applauding. "Congratulations, Adam, you have passed your test on the history of Riverside. And as an added bonus, there will be no punishment for ditching school today either. Is there anything you'd like to say to Mrs. Cruz?" and he pointed to the screen on the laptop.

On the computer screen was Mrs. Cruz. She smiled and said, "Good afternoon, Adam." "Did you have an interesting trip?"

I felt my face turn red. "I'm sorry for cutting out on your test today."

"That's alright, Adam, as long as you learned something about the history of Riverside. Did you learn anything today that made the history of Riverside more interesting for you?"

"Yes, I did!" I exclaimed.

"What did you learn?" she asked.

"I learned that my family was also part of the history of Riverside. So, in a way, so am I. I would have paid a lot more attention if I'd have realized it was about our family, too."

"What are you going to do with what you've learned?" Mrs. Cruz inquired.

"I am going inside and tell my mom about my day at school and about my day not at school. And then I have a hundred questions for her about my grandpa and his brothers and my grandparents. Now that I've met them I want to know more. And I want to know about other things like . . . when was RCC Polytechnic High School? And when was it moved? And how come Grandpa never told me his dad was the manager of a movie theater right downtown and he was an usher there? And, oh, so many more things."

"So, does this mean history isn't quite as boring anymore?" asked Mrs. Cruz.

“Boring! Heck no,” I replied. “Thank you, Mrs. Cruz.”

“You’re welcome, Adam.” Suddenly the computer screen went dark and Ed disappeared. I decided I should take the laptop in the house with me when I told my mom about my day. I was sure I’d need it as proof I was telling the truth. But then again when she found out about all of the new things I’d learned about Grandpa, how could she not believe me?

Journey to Inlandia: A Quest for Knowledge by Cindy Lara

Wake up, Wake up” my alarm rang. I climbed out of bed and I tripped on my carpet. “Ma, me tropese en la carpeta!”(Mom I tripped on the carpet) I told my mom. “Oh no, bas a tener un mal dia.(Oh no, your going to have a bad day)” My mom said. “Oh, great I’m going to have a bad day.” Anyway I went outside and I walked to school. I was walking on the corner of the street and that’s when I met my friends.

“Hi, Lizett. Hi, Alondra, so what school are you guys going to?” I asked them. “I’m going to Mathew Gage Middle School.” Alondra answered. “Me too!” said Lizett. “Are you guys serious, because I’m going there there too.” I told them. That was so cool. Anyway we walked to school. We were almost there and we started talking again and I said, “I can’t believe we’re in 7th grade. And today is our first day.” “So what periods do you guys have?” “A girl named Mayra asked us. “Lets say it at the same time, so we all know what periods we have.” Lizett said. “1st period.” I said. “Math,” We all yelled. “2nd period.” Alondra said. “History.” We all said. We kept on talking about our periods. Then we got to our last period and I said, “What’s your last period you guys?” “P.E.” We said at the same time. We got at school. “RING RING” The first bell rang, to go to first period. So we went together to Math, and then we went to L.A, and then we went History. Well you get the point we went to the next, and the next. Then we went to our last period, P.E. We were at the locker rooms. We were changing into our P.E. shirts and shorts. I was putting my shirt on and while I did that I asked Lizett, “So what

P.E activity are we going to play with our P.E teacher, Mrs. Pluimer?" "We are going to play soccer!" answered Lizett. So I leaned on my locker to get my shirt and I fell in. "BOOM" That's all you heard so Lizett asked Alondra, "Did you hear that loud sound?" "Yes I did hear that loud sound." answered Lizett. "Cindy did you hear that?" Lizett and Alondra said that at the same time, and after they asked me that all you heard was silence. "Were did Cindy go?" Alondra asked Lizett. "I'm not sure but why don't we find her?" answered Lizett. "Good idea!" said Lizett. So they both walked around and yelling my name. "I'm down here, look inside my locker. I guess I fell in here." I shouted. So they heard me and followed my voice. Then they heard me again say, "Hey you guys jump in my locker." I told them so they jumped in my locker and they met me there. "How did you get in here?" They both said it at the same time without planning it. "I don't know but I was getting my shirt and I kind of leaned on my locker and that's why I'm here or maybe I was supposed to fall in my locker." I responded. Then we saw flickering lights and we walked forward it because it caught our attention. It was a door, we opened it and we fell in. We were falling like if we were falling from a three-story building. Then we landed; we were lying on the floor. Then we heard a loud voice say, "What do need? Speak now." It was Matthew Gage. We wondered were he was. We twirled and turned, but no sign of him. Then the lights turned on. We saw a tall figure standing there. The figure was the shape of a man. "I'm Matthew Gage. And what do kids need?" Matthew Gage exclaimed. "First I'm not sure why we're here! Second we aren't kids we are 7th graders. My instinct says that I want to lean

more about you. I really don't know you that much and today is my first day at school so I was wondering why the school was named Matthew Gage Middle School." I said to him. "Well you know I'm dead, but I can fly and I can take you the past in the important dates of my life." He told me. He handed me his hand to hold it so we take off. I held his hand and we flew off. "Please take notes you will need this information," said Mr. Gage. "This is the year 1844 in Ireland. It is a special day, because this the day of my birth. Did you take notes about this?"

"Yes I did. I wrote: 1844 in Ireland Matthew Gage was born. "My paper had said.

"Okay, next period of time. Let's go to the time I came to Riverside. Okay the year is 1870."Mr.Gage said.

"I'm going to tell you a lot of information so you should take notes. I soon got interested in farming that I even bought farmland. The land I bought was kind of dry, so it needs water. I had a dream of a canal; bring water to all of Riverside. So I build a waterway that became known as the Gage Canal." exclaimed Mr. Gage.

"Make sure you wrote some of that information down, because here comes more information. I made plans with a farmer to trade land for water. Okay now I what to know what you wrote for your notes."

I wrote: In 1870 Matthew G. came to Riverside. Matthew G. got interested in farming. The land he bought was pretty dry. So, Matthew G. had a dream to bring water to all of Riverside." I read of my paper.

“Okay good, Let’s go to another time period. Lets go to time of when the Gage Canal. The year is 1886.”Mr.Gage said.

“Remember to take notes. Are you ready?”

“In 1886 the canal was finished. After the Gage Canal was finished, everyone started planting, walnut, apricot, orange, lemon and lime trees. They also planted more different plants. Not every plant grew well. Little by little people learned what will grow. They also learned how to take care of their crops. So that’s more information. I hope you wrote about that.”Mr. Gage said.

“Mr. Gage, can I read you what I wrote?” I asked him.

“Yes, you can.” He replied.

“1886 is the year when Mr. Gage finished the Gage Canal. Everyone started planting nuts, oranges and more different kind of plants. In a while they learned what plants will and will not die.” I read of my paper.

“Good I think all that information will help you.” Matthew told me.

“Let me tell you some information about the school, Matthew Gage Middle School. Well they named the school after me, because I was one of the persons who brought water to Riverside.” Mr. Gage said.

“Oh yea I forgot to tell you about my death. I died on the year 1916. Okay read me your notes.” Matthew said.” I read my paper and it said,” *IN 1870 MATTHEW GAGE CAME TO RIVERSIDE.HE GOT INTERESTED IN FARMING. THEN HE BOUGHT LAND. THE LAND HE BOUGHT WAS PREEY DRY. SO MATTHEW GAGE HAD A DREAM TO BRING TO ALL OF RIVERSIDE. 1886 IS THE YEAR WHEN MATTHEW GAGE*

FINISHED THE GAGE CANAL? EVERYONE STARTED PLANTING; NUTS ORANGES AND EVEN MORE DIFFERENT PLANTS. IN A WHILE THEY LEARD WHICH PLANTS WOULD LIVE AND WHICH PLANTS WOULD DIE. MATTHEW GAGE DIED IN THE YEAR 1916." I stated.

"Cindy your mission is to go back to Riverside and deliver the information you got from me to your classmates .Now the way to go back to Riverside is to think about what is the main idea of this adventure and touch it to go back." Matthew Gage said. After Mr. Gage and I talked I thought about well why did I come to meet Matthew Gage, and I realized that I came to learn about Matthew Gage. So Mr. Gage is the most important. So I touched his hand and "BOOM" I was back at Riverside with my friends Alondra and Lizett with a surprised face.

The next day I went to History and we had to do an assay about one person that is important to Riverside.

"Mrs. Cruz does it have to be non-fiction?" I asked.

"No it doesn't, you just have to have real facts about that person." answered Mrs. Cruz.

"Mrs. Cruz if I get finished with the story can I read it out loud to the classmates?" I asked

"No way you're going to finish with the story in time." Mrs. Cruz said.

"Oh, you never know. It's possible." I said with a weird voice.

"If you finish you can." Mrs. Cruz told me. So I started writing with all the facts that Matthew Gage told me yesterday .I finished in time. I showed Mrs. Cruz and she said it was okay that I could read my paper to the class. After I read my

paper to the class I knew that completed the mission of Matthew Gage. I knew that I was supposed to spread facts about Mr. Gage.

Journey to Inlandia: A Quest for Knowledge by Hazel Lee

One day I had nothing to do so I rode my bike over to china town in Riverside. I rode past the orange trees down the hill past MT. Rubidoux and suddenly I saw a big fire."What in the world!" I yelled. I got off my bike and ran to one of the family's standing there. "What happened? I asked them.

Weeping, they said "The town somehow caught on fire!" they cried. The next day, I rode my bike back over to the burnt town and took a sad sigh then went back home. The next day I rode past the orange trees and thought I saw Eliza Tibbits! I stopped and turned around but I saw nothing was there. So I decided to ride my bike over to my friend's house. By the time I got there it was 11:00. I told her about china town and how I thought I saw Eliza Tibbits. She said I was just hallucinating.

"Your prob'ly right" I said

Later that afternoon, my mom called and told me we had to do some errands. While I was riding past the orange trees I went slowly to see if there was any body there. Nobody was there so I just kept riding home. When I got home my mom said we had to go to the library. My mom checked out some kids books for her first grade class room. I checked out a book about the Wong family. After that we went to the toy store to buy some stuffed animals (also for her classroom). By the time we were all done with the errands it was 5:00. We went to pick up my sister from her slumber party. Then we went back home and waited for my dad to get home. When he got home it was 5:30. We ate

dinner and went to bed. That night I was thinking about George Wong, and when China town was built. In the morning after breakfast, I took my library book over to the burnt town. I looked over and saw one remaining piece of wood they forgot to pick up. The piece seemed to be glowing like a light bulb. I looked through it and when I removed the piece of glass I was somehow back in the time when China town was being built.

“Hello, may help you?” asked a strange man.

“I..I...I was just looking” I stuttered.

“Ok” said the strange man. I looked in my hands and saw the piece of glass was gone and the book. I jumped and shouted what in the world! What happen to...

“Mam, I’m going to have to ask you to go now. Were trying to build something here” said the man.

“Oh, ya sorry” I said confused about what just happened. I began walking away when I remembered about my house. I soon started running. I ran to my house and saw it was gone. I began running past the orange trees when I saw Eliza Tibbits. I stopped and turned around I walked over to one of the orange trees where I had seen her.

“Hello?” asked.

“How are you?”she replied

“Ok,..I guess. I’m going through a lot right now.” I answered.

“I know.” she said.

“How?” I asked.

“I saw you were running to your house. Is it gone?”She asked curiously.

“Yes” I answered. She then handed me something big and flat.

“Here’s your book back she said.

“Oh thank you so much” I said.

“There is so much information in there.” she said.

“Really? I haven’t gotten that far yet.” I replied.

“I saw you riding your bike past here and you saw me. So I got nervous and I hid.”

“I knew I saw you and I wasn’t hallucinating!” I said with glee. “Wait, if you’re here then how did I see you in my present time?” I asked her.

“I went to the future, which is your present, and when you went to the past, which is my present, I went with you which is why we are both here. Then when we got here I noticed you were holding the book and I wanted to read it.” She answered

“That makes sense now. So what happened to my house?” I asked.

“Oh, your house doesn’t exist yet. It’s really strange isn’t it?” She asked.

“Hmmm that is very strange.

AAAAHHHHH! Where am I going to live?!” I screamed.

“You can live with me for awhile until we figure out a solution to where you’re going to live, and were you’re going to get it together and get things straight.” she said happily.

“Are you sure it’s going to be ok with you? You’re actually willing to let a complete stranger live in your house?” I asked.

“What’s your name again?” She asked me

“Hazel Lee” I said proudly as though I had just one a prize on a radio.

“There, now you’re not a complete stranger.” She said with a little laugh at the end of her sentence.

“Oh I guess you’re right. Ha ha cool .When I get home I will say I know Eliza Tibbits.” I told her.

“Ya then everyone will be confused.” she laughed.

“Then I will say that I stayed at your house because mine didn’t exist. Ha ha ha” I said “We should probably start heading over to my house now.” She said.

“Oh ya, I almost forgot.’ I told her. As we kept on walking I accidently ran into a tall man.

“Oh I’m so sorry” I said loudly but not loud enough to the point where I was yelling. I looked up and saw Mr. Wong.

“Mr. Wong is that you? I am so sorry I ran into you like that” I said.

“Oh that’s quite all right young miss.” he replied joyfully as though nothing had just happened.

“Are you sure? I didn’t hurt you or anything did I? I asked nervously.

“Don’t worry about it. You’re too little to hurt a fellow like me.”

“Again, I am really sorry about that.” I said relieved.

“No damage was done. Carry on.” He said.

“Wow!” I said. That was so cool yet frightening.” I exclaimed to her.

“Ya tell me about it.” She said.”One time I ran into one of his children. I didn’t even see the little guy. I was just kinda’ walking when I felt something hit my leg.” She exclaimed.

“Was he ok?” I asked.

“Oh ya, he was fine just really scared.” She said while we kept on walking on the dirt rode. When we got to her haouse it was around 5:00. She made some pasta for dinner. We ate and then we soon fell asleep. In the morning when we were both awake, She started to show me around the town. She showed me everything so if I didn’t know were I was I could look around and find my way to her house. In the morning In the morning I found some paper and a pencil in a jore in the corner of the room by a pile of wood. For breakfast we ate some left over noodles. She put the noodles in a big pot over the fire to heat them up. after we ate, she whent to the library while I whent to learn some information about the new china town built in riverside. First I read my library book and learned that china town was built in 1885! I also learned from the book that it took 15 years to build china town Also China town 2,500 workers to build it. I started walkikng to china. When I got there I relized that it was all done being built. I smiled at the town when I aksadently ran int George Wong again.

“Oh I am so sorry!” I shouted.

“That’s okay. Wait just a second. Are you the young one that ran into me yesterday?” he asked.

“Oh, Ummm, ya. Kinda funny how we keep seeing each other like that. Hahaha.” I said nervously. I looked down at my notes and started to wonder why they actually built china town. Than as if he had read my mind he said

“People can now live were we have created” in a happy voice.

“make sure nothing ever happens to china town” I said reashuring.

“Oh I won't. Don't worry about anything.” he said. He then invited me on a trip through the town. I was delighted to go so I said yes. He showed me through the whole town and all of the different things in there. He also showed me these cool lightes that hung from wires that went from building to building. After I saw the town and I was looking at my notes and the book in my hand. I realized I was standing in the exact same place when I was transported here. Then all of a sudden I was back at home holding my notes in one hand and the book in the other hand. I looked around the room and read over my notes here what they said.

- *china town was built in 1885

- *It took 15 years to build china town and it took 2,500 workers to build it.

- *the Chinese pioneers arrived in the 1870's

- *lightes were hung from building to building

- *China town was built for people to live

I ran outside to show my neighbor all my notes.

“How did you get them all?” she asked.

“It's a long story,” I replied.

Journey to Inlandia: A Quest for Knowledge

By Hayley Manges

Introduction to Inlandia

Though Riverside is a relatively unknown town, it holds such great history and artifacts, such as: the Gage Canal, the Mission Inn, Mt. Rubidoux, Jensen Alvarado Ranch, and more. Back in the 1800s and early 1900s, Riverside was covered with hundreds of thousands of orange trees and many orange packing stations. In fact, my father did some research and found out that my backyard used to be one of those orange packing stations. Orange pickers would get oranges from the orange trees and gave the fresh and clean oranges to the orange packers. The orange packers would put the oranges into wooden crates and would send them to different parts of the state or country. In my story, I dig in my backyard and find an old crate that has “a blast for the past”.

Chapter 1: Bad Doggy!

“Ruff! Ruff! Ruff!” went a sound from outside.

“The neighbor’s dog must have gotten into our yard again. I sure hope it doesn’t have that slobbery, old bone again.” said Mom. I looked out the window to see a dog gone mad, running around my backyard. Oh, and by the way, it had that same bone.

“Hayley!” shouted Mom, “Run outside and make sure it doesn’t bury it’s bone in our yard!”

I got on my shoes and dragged myself outside, but it was, unfortunately, too late. The little devil dog was "marking its territory" on my lawn.

"Bad dog! Bad dog!" exclaimed Mr. Smith.

"I'm so sorry." he said, "My wife and I were about to go on vacation when our dog ran out of the car with its bone. Not to sound impolite, but can you find its bone and pick up...you know...its leavings?"

"Okay." I mumbled, upset.

The next day I got up bright and early, ate breakfast, brushed my teeth, watched the news on television, grabbed a gardening shovel, and went out the back door.

"How am I supposed to find the stupid dog's bone if I didn't see where it buried it?" I said to myself. I would have to go digging in random spots to try to find the bone. What a mess!

About halfway across the yard, I turned my head up to look for a spot to dig. I forgot why I even had my head down, and stepped into a big pile of... well...you know what. I was disgusted! Immediately I hopped on one foot to the hose and rinsed off my foot.

"I guess I'll start digging next to the rose bush." I sighed.

I dug a two foot deep hole, but only found some colored rocks from the foundation of the house. Next, I tried digging under my magnolia tree, but only found damp seed pods. Then, I tried digging next to the shed, but only found some pieces of rusty scrap metal. By the end of the day, my yard was covered with two foot holes everywhere.

"This has to be it." I hoped, as I walked toward the corner of my backyard where my old brick wall and Lincoln Avenue meet.

“I probably won’t find it, I probably won’t find it, I probably won’t find it...” I mumbled to myself.

“I probably won’t find it, I...hey!” I exclaimed as I reached for the bone. “I found it!”

Right then and there, I realized that digging was actually really fun and exciting. Even when I found the weird rocks, I was excited. Finding the past that makes up the future was something I had an interest in. I was so happy with what I did that I just kept on digging in the bone’s hole.

Chapter 2: The Crate

I kept on digging until my hole was six feet deep.

“Dad will probably be extremely upset at me,” I said as I just kept on digging. “Everyone will probably be upset at me, but I don’t...” I stopped. I climbed into my hole and felt the moist dirt at the bottom. I swirled my hand around feeling the nice, shady coolness that felt better than the stifling hot sun.

“I think I’ll hit the hay before this mound gets any bigger.” I said to myself. I felt the ground of the hole one last time, but in this case, it’s just the beginning.

“Hey, wait a second!” I called. I grabbed my shovel and dug around the object. The object felt old and slimy and moldy. I had no idea what the mysterious object was. It wasn’t a pipe or an irrigation device!

I pulled it up from the hole and identified it. I got the hose and carefully sprayed it at the object. The object seemed to look like a wooden box. Probably a crate, but to what? I picked it up and

looked inside, with my face looking completely speechless. Before I searched inside, I tried to read what the crate said."H...LE W.T. C..E was all I could make out. I then looked in the crate, but it didn't make sense. I ran to the shed to get some gardening gloves, ran back to the hole, and took the stuff out of the crate. Inside the crate was the most awful, rotten fruit smell ever. Inside, there were small, black, wrinkled, squishy little spheres, a golden locket, and one perfectly ripe, big, juicy orange.

"Huh?" I thought as my brain was wandering for explanations.

"W..why is there a prefect, ripe orange in here?" I nervously questioned myself. The orange looked so tempting and delicious, as if it were shouting, "I dare you, Hayley, to eat me!"

"No!" I shouted to the sky. The moment after I did that, the sky started getting darker and the trees started swaying from a draft of cold air.

"There must be a storm coming." I guessed as I grabbed the crate and items and ran back inside. When I got back inside, I put the crate on the top of my dresser and didn't mention a single word about it to my parents. I put the orange in my mini refrigerator, the locket in my jewelry box, and shut the door to my room . Hopefully no one suspects anything that's going on around here. That night, there was a thunder storm and a power outage. We were all shocked because the news said nothing about rain or a storm.

"Where were you all day?" My sister asked me before we went to bed.

"Riding my bike down Arlington Avenue."

“Boom!!” went a flash of lightning. At the same time I saw a whole shadow of a woman at the window. I fainted and fell on the floor.

“Hayley!” shouted my family.

“Are you okay?” they asked.

“She probably passed out from all her exercise.” suggested my sister. I got up off the floor.

“Yeah...the exercise.” I explained, though I was lying.

Later that night in bed, I was thinking about the orange ,the lady in the window, and the locket. How could an orange stay fresh like that? Who in the world was that lady? Who did the locket belong to? I looked back at what was in the crate. The black, squishy thing had pink and green spots of mold on them so I threw them out. The juicy, plump orange was still a mystery to me. Why would it be in there? The locket was made of gold and was closed tightly. I got out of bed and picked up the locket. I tried forcing it open, but it didn't budge. I tried to use my finger nails to try to wedge it open, but it didn't even move. Finally, I got a pair of sharp scissors and shoved it into the bottom of it. Inside were two pictures of a woman and a man. Both pictures were in black and white, but the woman's picture was stained by water. I started freaking out and was about to faint again. I slowly reached for my chair to balance myself.

“That's the last straw!” I exclaimed in my thoughts as I grabbed the locket, the orange, and the crate. I grabbed my jacket, and with bare feet, ran outside with the items. I flipped up my hood and stared at the hole. Lightning then struck it.

Frightened, I ran to the hole's edge.

“What have I done!” I screamed into the night.

“I might as well be punished since this whole situation is torture!”

The Orange: Chapter 3

I looked at the crate to try to decide what to do.

“Before I am punished, I want to see what the orange tastes like.”

I thought I was crazy until I grabbed the orange, ripped the skin off, and took a great big bite into the ripe, plump, juicy orange. I could taste the most wonderful and delicious flavor of orange I had ever tasted. The fresh juice passing over my tongue, the fantastic flavor of orange making me feel better, the most perfect orange I had ever tasted. One minute later, I started to feel dizzy all around and started to have the worst stomach pain I had ever felt. I felt so bad that I thought I would just die then and there, but instead the most unexpected thing in my life happened. I passed out for about an hour and woke up to the most interesting time of my life.

“Are you awake? Are you okay?” Asked a voice. I slowly woke up.

“Where am I? Who are you?” I asked the strange man.

“Why, I am of course Mr. Matthew Gage, the builder of the new canal to irrigate the local orange trees and deliver water to peoples’ groves.” explained the man.

“Who must you be?” He asked me.

“I...I...I’m Hayley.” I answered back.

“Funny,” he said, “I don’t know anyone named Hayley. Is that even a name?”

“It’s more of a two-thousand’s name.” I answered.

“Why dear...you must be more than 100 years ahead of our time! I mean look at your clothes! They’re so odd!” he exclaimed and broke into laughter.

“I think I’ll go.” I tried to tell him. I looked on the ground to try to see where the crate was. Orange trees were everywhere in sight. To my left was an eight foot tall wood station that was about the same width of a grand piano. Stacked next to it were hundreds of crates filled with oranges. How I found my crate was that it was bigger with more oranges in it. It also, of course, had the locket at the bottom. Matthew Gage then came over to me.

“Sorry about what I said about you.” he said, “Why don’t you follow me to my canal.” he motioned to me. I picked up the crate and slowly followed him. I looked at my crate and then at the other crates.

“Oh!” I realized. The crate belonged to the orange industry. That means the black stuff must have been oranges, and the ripe orange was supposed to bring me back to the past. The only question is, why did it take me back to the past?

Chapter 4: The Locket

So that I didn’t lose the locket, I took it out of the crate and put it around my neck. I tried running in the same direction that Matthew Gage asked me to follow, but I couldn’t find him.

“Well that’s just great.” I sarcastically said, “I’m lost in Riverside and probably standing under my own house and...”

“Stop.” teased Mr. Gage, leaning against an orange tree out of nowhere.

“Everyone including I have emotional problems. Don’t like to talk about it though.”

“Okay.” I uncertainly said with a quiet tone.

After we got to the canal I asked Matthew some questions about the era and what was happening in Riverside at the time. The year was 1885, the year before Matthew’s canal was finished. At the time, many people had moved to Riverside to enhance their lives and look for bigger and better opportunities. Many people grew different types of plants such as oranges, lemons, limes, apricots, walnuts, grapes, and much more produce. Many people also either built their house or helped to build it. An example of this could be Cathrine Bettner, who built her own house and planted her own grove. Her house is now known as the Heritage House, which is located near the corner of Magnolia Avenue and Adams Street. Matthew Gage was a jeweler who moved to Riverside and opened a downtown store in the late 1700s. He decided to become a farmer, so he bought an area of land to farm on. The only problem was that people needed water to farm and Matthew wanted everyone in Riverside to have water for their groves, so he built what is now called the Gage Canal. That is what he told me about Riverside and himself.

“So do you have any more questions to ask me about Riverside, myself, or anything else?” Mr. Gage asked me in a gentle, happy way. I could tell that he was relaxed because he was getting to share the way he felt about Riverside and his canal with another person; he felt just like when you

accomplish something big and want to share it with your friends and family.

“Well, I guess I have one more question for you.” I slowly said as I looked back down at the locket. I took it off.

“Do you know anyone who owns this locket or knows who it belongs to?” I asked as I handed him the locket.

“Why,” he deeply said, “anyone can have a locket that looks like this.”

“Can you open it up and look at the picture?” I simply asked him.

“If you wish.” he answered.

“Why didn’t that dummy open it before?” I thought.

When Matthew Gage tried to open the locket, it didn’t work for him either, so he tried a whole bunch of different ways to open it other than using a single pair of shears. First, he threw it on the ground and started stepping on it. Next, he pulled out a pocket knife and tried to wedge it in between the two pieces of metal. Then, he pulled out some matches to try to burn off the outside. Lastly, he just gave up because nothing was working. I was only able to open it because it was frail and broken at the time. Now, it’s impossible to even wedge it open. I grabbed the locket from him and identified it more closely. The locket had five pieces of metal sticking out of it. I touched one of them and felt it go down a bit. Each piece had a letter on them, but they looked different. Here are the letters, A, W, R, O, and N.

“Hey, Matthew!” I called even though he was sitting right next to me.

“What!” he called back to me.

“Can you help me figure out the combination to the locket since you are more intelligent than I am?” I asked him as I again gave him back the locket. He looked at the locket using reasoning skills.

“Well, the letter “O” around here at the beginning of a word will probably be orange, and there usually isn’t a “W” in a combination, so we at least have “O and W”.”

“Water Orange? Willing Orange? Wash Orange?” guessed Matthew Gage.

“Wait...Washington Orange!” he exclaimed.

“Didn’t you say that there was an “N” on here?”

“Yeah, there is.” I answered. On the locket, he pressed the letters “W,N,& O” in order to stand for the words Washington Navel Orange.”. The lock then came off.

Chapter 5: Off to Eliza’s

Matthew Gage looked at the two pictures of the man and the woman.

“Gee, these are pictures of Luther and Eliza.” he said.

“Tibbets?” I asked trying to complete their names.

“Yes,” he surprisingly said, “This probably belongs to Eliza. Where did you get this?” he questioned me.

“In a wooden crate.” I answered back.
“How odd...” he said as he cringed, “you should take it over to her.”

“Where does she live?” I quickly asked him.

“Just go straight down Central Avenue and you’ll find her house.”

“Thanks!” I shouted back to Matthew Gage.

“Most pleasant people would say, “thank you”, but you’re welcome!” He shouted back to me.

I ran down Victoria Avenue, and turned onto Central Avenue. I tried running up Central Avenue, but I couldn’t find her or her orange trees. I tried running down Central, but it went too far. By the end of the day, my clothes were messed up, I was tired, and I had lost hope.

“I’ll never find Eliza Tibbets.” I quietly said to myself. I leaned against a tall orange tree that had oranges that looked just like the oranges in the crate. Since the oranges in the crate were probably Washington Navel oranges, the tree must have been a Washington Navel orange tree.

“Wait,…” I realized as I stood up, “if there is a Washington Navel orange tree here, then…” I stopped again and turned around. Behind me was a wooden house with special designs and many orange trees in front. I walked closer to the house. As I stepped onto the front porch, the door swung open with no one in the doorway and I got slapped straight onto the grass. Fortunately, I wasn’t hurt at all.

“I have to go in, even if I get hurt.” I said to myself as I got up off the grass. I slowly walked up to the door hoping to not get crushed by it. I ran past the doorway and unknowingly, ran into the parlor. Being unable to stop, I ran straight into a hard wooden chair.

“Man! That hurts!” I exclaimed as I held my foot on the tile floor.

“Hayley!” Shouted an old woman sitting in the room, “I was expecting you, but not this way. Why don’t you get up before you bleed all over the floor.”

“Eliza?” I asked, “Is that you?”

“It sure is, young lady. May I please have my locket?” She added.

“Sure.” I happily said, “How do you know my name or what happened for the last few days?”

“I know your name and your situation because I was the one who made the orange ripe. I was the one who appeared, if you saw me, in the window.”

“Why were you in my window when I looked out of it?” I angrily asked.

“I wanted to make sure you realized that you needed to eat the orange. All that weird stuff you saw, I did.” she admitted. I looked at her and smiled.

“You know what, Hayley? For delivering my locket to me, I will let you have two wishes of anything you want. Just tell me when you’re ready.” She said with the biggest grin I had ever seen.

“Since most people dislike me, and I really liked the orange, I would like people to like me and to have a Washington Navel orange please.” I said to her.

“Are you sure you want one of my oranges? It isn’t magic though. I’m going to give you one anyways to get back to the future.”

“Okay, then I would like all the holes in my yard filled up.” I said to her.

“Done!” She yelled.

“When you leave, bring the crate with you and give it to a Riverside museum. Let me give you dinner, set up your guest room, and send you over to Lincoln Avenue in the morning. You’ll know where to go.”

“Thank you so much!” I said to Eliza Tibbets.

The next day, I had breakfast and walked over to Lincoln Avenue with the crate and orange and stood in what used to be my backyard. I peeled off a piece of the skin and took as big of a bite as I could, but before I could enjoy it, I woke up at six in the morning which was a school day.

Chapter 6: Such a Great Morning!

I looked at the crate on my dresser. Before I could even pull the covers down, everyone in my family crowded the doorway and told me to have a great morning.

“Thanks! You too!” I told them back. I looked out of my window to see no holes. Things really did change!

I got on my clothes, brushed my hair, grabbed my backpack, and picked up the crate. I didn’t eat breakfast because I was already full. On my way out the door, I showed my parents and my sister the crate I found after I found the bone. I didn’t tell them anything else about the crate, because I didn’t want them to start calling me mental. My dad let me take the day off of school to take the crate to the museum. Already my day was going awesome.

At the museum at Citrus Park, I put the crate up on the front desk. The man sitting there put on some gloves and carefully identified the crate.

“Wait a second,” he said, surprised, “this is a Washington Navel orange crate! We have been searching for one of these for years!” he shouted loudly. A woman walked over to the front desk.

“Here is one thousand dollars for giving us the crate.” she quickly said as she ran over to the

other guy. Shocked holding a thousand dollars, I walked outside to my dad's car thinking, "Though I got a thousand dollars today, the best part of these past few days were learning about what made Riverside the way it is today, and being able to realize how to solve my own problems. Caring and respecting other people is more meaningful and seemed to make me happier than being greedy and rich." I stopped right there. Since I had been having such a great day, the one thing that would make my day better would be to give someone else a good day, therefore, making both of our days great. I turned around and ran back into the museum.

"What are you doing?" The man and the woman nervously asked me.

"Both of you guys can each have half of the thousand." I said as I saw them smile at each other and then at me. I ran back to Dad's car.

"How did it all go?" He asked me.

"It went perfectly." I answered.

"I'm so proud of you." he told me.

"Thanks, Dad." I happily responded. On the way back home, we went past the orange trees. Looking ahead, my eye caught glimpse of something moving next to the orange trees.

"Is that Eliza Tibbets?" I asked in my head as my eyes got bigger.

"It is!" Eliza Tibbets was waving and smiling at me. I smiled and waved back. My day had certainly been the best one that month. Remember, care and respect and happiness is what the true meaning of life is, rather than wealth. Though this Inland ia Adventure may be over, for everyone else, it's just the beginning for me.

Journey to Inlandia: Quest for Knowledge

By: Tessa McCormick

It was a hot Saturday with nothing to do except to just stay inside and pretend you're on a nice sunny beach in the Bahamas. Then I remembered that I was supposed to walk with Susan up to the top of Mt. Rubidoux. First, I put on a whole bottle of sunscreen then I got proper shoes, snack and a hat. Then I trotted off into the beating hot sun. Finally I made it. "Hey Susan" I said in a panting way. So we hiked and so on until we got to the top to take a short nap.

But when we woke up everything was different except the mountain. We walked around in astonishment. We looked at the cross and it was wooden. There was a plaque to honor Henry E. Huntington. We walked down and down until we saw the Peace Tower and Friendship Bridge. It looked a little more like it was just built. And guess who was just sitting around reading a book... Frank Miller.

We walked over slowly and kind of excited. He looked up and said "Hello, who are you?" "I'm Tessa and this is my friend Susan." Suddenly, Frank Miller gave us a mission: to find information to save Mt. Rubidoux from collapsing. "OK we'll do it!" we said. So we set off to find information.

We went back up to the wooden cross and looked for an information flag. "Found it right on top!!" Susan said. But how to get it? *BAM!* We could fly. So we flew up and grabbed the rustic looking flag and read the information: The cross had been lit for the very first time on Easter Eve, 1916. So with that we flew down to the bridge and tower and gave the flag to Frank Miller.

Then we saw a flag on the bridge. We walked up the stairs and grabbed it. It said: Frank Miller's friends and neighbors all built the Peace Tower and Friendship Bridge. We walked back and gave the flag to Frank Miller.

"I'm hungry," Susan said. "I packed some snacks," I said. "Here's some crackers," I said. "Mmmm...", said Susan, "thanks." *Rumble, rumble, crack.* "Woo, what was that?" we said. "We better hurry and get the information fast." So we went all over the place looking for information flags.

We walked all the way down. We looked for transportation. Then we saw a Tally-Ho, a horse drawn carriage. We hopped on. "Where would you like to go?" The Tally-Ho Driver asked. "We need to go to the Mission Inn, please" "Ok, hee-ah." We were off. In five minutes we were there.

We hopped off and went inside. There were tons of paintings. On one of the paintings there was an information flag. We walked over and pulled it off. It said: The mission inn was built in 1902. "So if there was one there ought to be more," I said. So we went on and on through the inn. We went into the lobby and found a big chair. It had an information flag. We stepped over and grabbed it. It said: This is President Taft's chair. "Wow that's big." I muttered quietly.

It was getting late so we got a room. When we got in the room there was an information flag. It said: Theodore Roosevelt stayed here in 1903. After that we went to bed. In the morning we found another flag in the lobby. It said: Richard Nixon got married in the lobby. We gave the room keys over and set off. We went back up to where Frank Miller was, but he was not there.

We went up to the cross. We saw Frank Miller and a man talking. We walked over. "Who are you?" we said. "I'm Fred M. Reed" he said. "Here are the flags," we said. "Thank you," Frank Miller said. "Fred is going to help you," Frank Miller said gleefully. "What do you do?" I asked. "I'm a tree warden," Fred said. "What's that?" I asked curiously. "A tree warden is a type of protector of plants," Fred answered.

So we went down searching. We went and saw some cannons. They looked like the ones near the Mission Inn. We saw a flag. It said: These cannons were made in 1779 and 1814, they were placed here at Ft. Chittenden in 1915. We just went on. Fred told us about Datura, the loco weed. When you eat it you go loco, hence the name. We went past some. I wanted to try some. "Oooeaooe loco," I said crazily. We went on.

We got back on the Tally-Ho. "We would like to go to the Mission Inn." "Ok." Yet again it took five minutes. There was an information flag. It said: This is the most unique hotel in America.

"Yes it is the most unique hotel!" Fred exclaimed. We went inside.

There was a big case with treasures. It had a flag. It said: These are Frank Miller's treasures from many places. We sat down but accidentally fell asleep. When we woke up we were back in 2010.

We had to go back to the past to finish our mission. We went to my house to get gear and money. We got ropes, vanish powder, sword pens and lasers. We both got big backpacks. Then we went back to the Inn and took a nap to go back.

“Yes we’re back” Susan said. “Where’s Fred,” I said. “I’m over h.ere”

Fred was looking at the paintings. Then we went up Mt. Rubidoux. *Rumble, Rumble, bang.* Just then three bandits came. We knew what we had to do. “Sword pens,” I said. The sword shot out. This was a challenge. We fought and fought. Then we fought so hard they got scared and ran away, and took one flag. We had to find more flags and the one they took. We had to hurry and fast.

Then we saw a boulder with a flag next to it. It said: This plaque is honoring Charles M. Loring. “One down three to go,” Fred said. Next we went walking around looking. “Let’s eat, I’m starving.” So we went to the Inn for food. There was an information flag. It said: Frank Miller’s sister, Alice Richardson was in charge of the food. We all got the cheapest thing, a sandwich. “Mmmmm...,” we all said. “Two down and two more to go,” we said. We went back up the mountain and found a flag it said: The sticky Monkey flower has orange buff flowers. “Sweet.” Three down one more to go. *Rumble, rumble, ramble, crumble, bumble.* “We’re running out of time,” we said.

We gave the flags to Frank. “You need one more,” Frank said. “But where could it be? We looked all around!” I exclaimed. “Find it in your heart.” “Ok, lets go.” Then the three bandits said, “find it.” So we thought and looked everywhere. Then, the big boulder came to my heart. We ran to it as fast as we could.

When we got there we looked all around. “The rope! Use the rope to pull so we can look under it,” I cried. “Heave-ho” we chanted. But it just would not budge. So we tried the laser. *Zzzzzz, crack, kerplunk.* The boulder cracked open. And

there was a gold information flag just lying there in the crumbled pieces. We picked it up. It said: Trust your heart on Mt. Rubidoux.

Rumble, rumble. This time the rumbling didn't stop. We raced to the bridge. We placed the flags in the exact order, but the gold one didn't have a spot. "Follow your heart," I whispered. So I placed it in the middle of the bridge. *Flash.* All of a sudden the rumbling stopped. "Yes! We saved Mt. Rubidoux!" we all cheered. But I wanted to do one more thing before we left. I wanted to see how many of us could sit it the "Big" chair.

After that Susan and I took a nap and went back to 2010. "That was awesome," we said. Then my mom said, "Do you want to look at famous Riverside people?" "Yeah, but that's a whole different story!"

Journey to Inlandia: A Quest for Knowledge by Stephanie Miranda

One summer day Stephanie was disappointed because her cousin didn't take her to Disneyland. Her cousin didn't take her because she had to do her report with her two best friends, Ana and Janet. They were doing it on Matthew Gage. They went to the Casa Blanca library. The librarian was a magical person her name was Mrs. Cruz. They checked out three books about him. They had to build a time machine. Janet suggested "How about we go back in time and tell Mrs. Cruz to bring us back in three hours?" "Why" said Ana "So we can learn, why else?" So they built their time machine and asked Mrs. Cruz and she said she'd love too. The three girls parents said yes, and they took 3 books about him and they also took a pencil and a paper. To make the time machine they need crystals and the crystals they need are in Inlandia that is 500 miles away. Ana's mom took the three girls. Janet was so thirsty because it was 1,000 miles there and back when Janet got home she drank 5 cups of water then she took a shower because she was all sweaty. Ana went to Stephanie's house to finish their time machine. The three girls yes. They tried it on their junk.

Stephanie said "How about we try it out in the cemetery, in front where Matthew Gage died?" Janet and Stephanie were going to meet Ana at the park. Ana had two backpacks two waters, three notebooks, two waters four pencils and one blanket in her backpack. Stephanie and Janet were laughing. Janet said "Ana, we're going back in time at a cemetery, we're not camping there." "I no that" said Ana "Then why do you have it?" said

Stephanie “Just incase of an emergency” Ana said. That night Stephanie, Ana, and Janet kissed goodbye to their parents and then went to the Olivewood cemetery. They were waiting for Mrs. Cruz for three hours. Then they saw one person talking on the phone and it was Ana’s aunt visiting Ana’s grandpa who died five months ago. Ana ran up to her and said, “Auntie can I borrow your cell phone real quick?” “Sure” Ana calls the Casa Blanca Library and says, “Is Mrs. Cruz still working?” “Yes,” answered the machine “May I please talk to her?” “Yes.” “Well give her the phone!” “Somebody is in a grumpy mood isn’t she?” “No, I just need to talk to her about something very important, please.” “Well, okay, hold on, Juliana Cruz! Please come up to the office!” “Hello” said Mrs. Cruz “Hi, Mrs. Cruz it’s me Ana the girl that is doing her report on Matthew Gage” “Oh I remember you, how can I help you?” “Umm remember were going back in time and you said that you would love to help?” “Oh I remember that so where are you guys at?” “Were are at the Olivewood cemetery” “Right, just turn around.” They turned around and saw Mrs. Cruz standing there. “How did you get here so fast?” “I am a wizard, duh” So Mrs. Cruz did a spell on them and in five seconds they were gone. Ana dropped the phone. They were in the 1800’s. Janet regrets doing this. Stephanie, Janet, and Ana found two girls named Cindy and Alondra. Stephanie asked them “Have you guys seen a guy?” “Yes” said Alondra “But what kind of guy?” “His name is Matthew Gage.” “Oh him, we just saw him, he went to the ice-cream shop.” “Thank you.” “No problem.” “Wait” said Stephanie. “Aren’t you Alondra Vega and aren’t you Cindy Lara? “Yes how do you know?” “ My teacher Mr. River was showing

us a yearbook from the 1800's." "Oh well I'll see you guys later." "Okay."

On the last day they finally found him. "Hello sir, my name is Ana this is Stephanie and this is Janet." "What lovely little fans you are." "Yes well, we actually need to do a report about you." "What school do you guys go to?" "We go to Victoria Elementary School." "Oh that's nice my little niece went there." "I'm hungry," said Janet "Do you guys want to get some Ice-cream?" said Matthew Gage "Sure" said Stephanie. So they went to another ice-cream shop to go buy their ice cream and Matthew Gage said that he had to go with his son. The three girls were disappointed because they didn't even know anything about him. They were going to get below basic, and if they got below basic they would get grounded. There was no way back, so Janet slept in a park with soil as her blanket and so did Stephanie, but Ana had her nice cozy blanket with her nice fluffy pillow. At midnight Stephanie woke up because her back hurt she started thinking that she needed a way back home. She said that she would talk with them in the morning. She went to Ana's backpack to see if she had water, of course she did. When Janet woke up Stephanie and Janet were talking about Ana's 11th birthday. Stephanie said "We need to get back before Saturday so we only have three more days and then it's her birthday party." "How about we call Ana's mom and tell her we will be back tomorrow?" said Janet. "Janet there's only one problem" said Stephanie. "What?" "They don't even exist, the only person that exist is Mrs. Cruz." "They don't" "No were still in the 1800's" "Oh yeah" "Let's just go to sleep." They went to sleep and Janet had a nightmare it was that they will NEVER get back home, and that

thy will be in there forever. It was 7:00am in the morning and a little boy that looked like a five year old boy started to scream, "Mommy I want a cinnamon roll!" That woke Stephanie, Ana, and Janet up. They found a lady and said, "Do you have a phone?" "Yes" "May we borrow it?" "Yes" So they called the library and they said to call Mrs. Cruz. They called her and she said in five minutes they will get out of the time machine. But, ten minutes passed and they called again. Mrs. Cruz said, "Oh yeah I forgot!" Then they got back to the park and ran home and saw their parents and gave them big hugs.

When Stephanie got home she was still sad because her cousin didn't come back from Disneyland and then she remembered that her cousin was staying there until Sunday morning. Janet called Stephanie and invited her to the store for them to buy Ana's 11th birthday party supplies. When they got to the store Stephanie got a lot of supplies that the total was more than \$100.00. The money was Janet's allowance money that she has been saving for five months. She barely got \$100.00. Stephanie only had \$50 dollars because she gets money and she shops right away.

On Friday, the day before the party, Janet kept Ana away from Stephanie's house because the party took place at Stephanie's house. Janet took Ana to the mall that Friday and shopped there. At 8:00pm they were waiting for Janet's mom. On Saturday morning, Ana's Dad took her to breakfast. Around 3:00 everyone started setting up for the party. It was to start at 6:30. They turned the lights off, and when Ana got there they all yelled, HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!! Ana looked like she was about to cry.

It was time to open the presents, she got \$100.00. When everybody left, they all wrote down their report for Monday morning. Ana started sorting out her clothes for Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. When Ana got home she thanked her parents, but they said, "You shouldn't thank us, you should thank Stephanie and Janet." "Why?" "Because they planned everything, and we didn't even pay a cent. Janet saved her allowance money for YOUR party." She called them and thanked them for everything.

Today was the day their project was due. Ana spoke first and said to the class, "Did you guys know Matthew Gage had a dream about a canal to bring water to everybody in Riverside?" Next Janet said, "He left 20 acres for farmers to use for farming." Stephanie added, "In 1870 Matthew Gage was settled in Riverside and was a Canadian jeweler, and he opened a shop downtown." Then Ana said, "He also bought farmland," Janet also added, "He made a waterway that is now called the Gage canal." Stephanie told everyone, "Matthew Gage Middle School is named after a very nice and important person who cared so much about others that he bought water to Riverside," That day the girls went home and destroyed their time machine. They all bought pizza and ate it at the park. The next day their report cards came in the mail and Stephanie, Ana, and Janet all got A+'s and P's. Their parents were happy and proud of their girls. To celebrate they had a sleepover at Stephanie's house. The girls were proud that they had learned so much on their Journey to Inlandia.

Levi's Journey to Inlandia by Levi Murtaugh

“Ring Ringgg!” I was the first one out of class. I ran to my friend’s car with him, but barely beat him.” Is it okay if we go to the library?” His mom said.” Yeah it’s okay.” I said excitedly.

When we got there, I started examining the large, decorated orange they had there. It was transparent and reflected all the light that came in contact with it. I thought I saw a leprechaun inside it but I wasn’t so sure. Then I touched the stem of it. Everything started spinning around and found myself in the orange! But then I saw myself looking right at me! I tried knocking but I couldn’t hear myself. Finally I gave up and took a nap.

I was pointing at a creature. It was blue, had a lethal tail, had wings and deadly fangs. It looked like a jaguar with that stuff added. Okay, so I was pointing at the thing whatever it was, was laughing! I noticed I was tickling him. Then I took out 2 pieces of scrap metal and a light bulb. 3 seconds later I had a laser sword in my hand. I immediately slashed the creature and it was reduced to dust.

When I woke up, I saw people staring at me. I noticed they were Japanese. I also noticed they were crying.” What’s a matter?” I asked.” The Americans are shooting at us!” one of them said.” I’ll get them.” I commented. I got up and ran. Then I saw them. Big muscular, men with Tommy guns. They started shooting at me. I immediately jumped in the air and started spinning in midair. I was spinning so fast I was staying in the air and all the bullets were bouncing off of me. After what seemed like hours, they were finally gone. I saw that they had reduced to dust like the creature in my dream. I

figured out they were aliens." Are you the Harada family?" I asked. "Yes we are." said one of the girls. "The Americans won't let us own any property." whined a little boy named Sumi. "A law says people from Japan may not own property." said the older brother.

"We are going to court to argue against this law in 2 days." Mrs. Harada said. "I...I'll think about it." I stammered. "Okay." she said cheerfully. I did not want to go to court with them, I thought to myself. "Okay I'll go" I said automatically. "Yeah!" the Harada's said together.

"Let's get you a place to sleep and some food to eat." Mrs. Harada said. "Okay." I muttered. We scampered off to a tiny house.

"Do you like sushi?" Mrs. Harada asked, chopping up vegetables. "Yeah, I do like sushi." I said. "Sorry for how small the portions are, the Americans are not giving us much much money for our jobs." Mrs. Harada said setting down a bowl of homemade sushi in front of me. "That's okay, it's delicious." I said, muffled by 3 pieces of sushi that I had stuffed in my mouth.

The next day, I woke up on a bed of theirs. When I got up, my back was aching badly. Then Sumi burst into the room. "Why are you not out of bed?" he asked. "I was sleeping!" I exclaimed. "Well, it's already 7:30 and we already ate breakfast." "Oh" I said. I got dressed and went to have breakfast which consisted of ricecakes and fruit. When I went outside, Sumi pulled me over to their well. I started pulling up buckets of water without ever knowing how to do it. Then I went with him to feed the chickens.

When we were finished, we went over to the side of the house and drank some of the water we

had got from the well." Now we can take a brake." Sumi said. Then we went inside to have lunch. When we were done Sumi and I talked about what we like to do." I like playing with tops." Sumi said." Me to." I responded.

When Mrs. Harada told us to come in, we went to sit down at a table for dinner." We are fighting the law tomorrow, look nice." she said merrily. "Good night." Mr. Harada said. When I went to bed, the mattress was very hard, but I didn't care because the Haradas were very nice to me so I went to bed.

I was in a suit yelling at the judge in court. The Harada's were sitting down and crying. Then I heard voices. I saw guards coming toward us. I pointed at them and they started laughing. Then I jumped up and kicked both of them in the stomach at the same time.

"Stop shaking me!" I yelled at Sumi." Put on something nice." he said, throwing a suit at me. I got into the suit and ran out the door. Everybody was dressed properly." Let's go." Mrs. Harada yelled, "We don't want to be late." We ran to their car, with was dusty, battered, and old.

Mr. Harada turned on the car which sputtered and started moving. In what seemed like hours, we finally got to our destination. The courthouse was big and white. When we got inside, I saw people sitting in chairs and a big boxed area for us to sit in. Suddenly I felt anger burn in my stomach. I jumped out of the boxed area and ran toward the security guards. They started yelling and they started shooting at me. I jumped up, did a backflip, and kicked them in the stomach. I noticed right away I was a person who could tell the future in these dreams.

Then the judge got up and chased me outside.

“Quatula!” he yelled. He started transforming before my eyes. He grew four legs, then, turned blue. Then a lethal tail grew along with deadly fangs. Soon he was standing up with 6 legs and 4 arms. Then he yelled like a stangled animal...

“Welcome to Inlandia, my boy.” said the creature in a raspy voice, as creatures fell from the sky, very simialiar looking to him.” My brothers names are Amia, Bia, Zbia, Abaddai, Cion, Jbeus, Biscuit, Cookie, Zbeus, Zamba, Tzon, Tion, Gannon...

“Ouch!” I said as Gannon accidently fell on me from the sky.

Mame, Mommy my mom, Daddy my dad, Data, Mata, Tom, J erry, Ted, George, Gama, Bob, Sam, Seth, and Bill. And my name is Zeus.

Then they jumped at me. I put my hands in my pockets and found what I was looking for. Two pieces of metal and a lightbulb. In 3 seconds I had a laser sword. I took them 1 by 1 .First Bill, then Data, then Biscuit, then Zeus. Back and forth I slashed until I finally met up with Mommy, Daddy, and Zeus.

“You killed all of our sons except Zeus. You will pay for this human!” said Mommy and Daddy in their angered raspy voices. Then they jumped at me. I ducked, dodged, slashed and jabbed but they were much more harder to vaporize then there sons.

“We’re from the Zaibantribe in council of elders, you can’t get us!” they would taunt, doing backflips or splits to dodge my slashes and stabs. Or “We’ll get you sooner or later!” they would

cackle, jabbing at me with amazing speed and agility. Then finally, after what seemed like hours of battling, I remembered I could tickle them!" Goodbye Zaibians." I said calmly, pointing at them. They noticed what I was doing 3 seconds too late. They started laughing; hard. I went up to them, still pointing at them and thrust the sword into them, once each. They vaporized right on the spot that they were standing.

"This might be useful" I said, picking up the dust they had vaporized into. I had forgotten about Zeus. As I was picking the dust up, he managed to tackle me onto the floor. "Surrender or die." Zeus snarled in my ear. My laser sword was out of reach. "Come here sword." I thought in my head but nothing happened. So I kicked Zeus in the stomach.. He flew off me. I was saved!! I got up and ran toward the sword and grabbed it. I didn't feel so good so I did a backflip. Zeus was one second off. When he landed, he expected to tackle me. Instead he tackled the blade of my sword. He too vaporized into dust. It looked like his parent's expect it was sparkly so I picked that dust up to.

I got back up and ran to the Harada's car where they were waiting. "Where were you?" Mrs. Harada asked in a worried voice. "I don't have time to tell you" I said.

When we got home, I told them what happened and showed them the dust.

"That's the Ancient Dust of the Zaibians!" she gasped.

"If you throw it on yourself, you will become a shapeshifter forever. "Cool." I said, pouring the dust that Zeus had vaporized into onto me. I felt myself fall down and then everything went blank.

I woke up. I was on a soft, comfortable bed with Sumi looking over me.

“Mom, the lion’s awake!” he yelled. That’s not a lion, it’s the stranger.” she responded to him.” Hey Sumi my name is Levi. I wheezed.” “Mom, his name is Levi” he shouted to his mom.” Oh”she said.

I picked up my hand(or I thought so) and saw it was a big lion paw.I thought of being a human and it worked! I felt a flowing sensation though my body and looked like my normal self.

“Mom, he’s back to normal!” Sumi yelled. I got to my feet thinking of being a monkey. I felt the flowing sensation again and there was a pop my back and a squish on my head and I became a monkey. I galloped outside to get some water from the well. I pulled the water up and jumped to the bucket. But I fell 1 inch to short. I managed to hang onto the left wall before I hit the ground. I climbed and climbed for what seemed like hours. Finally, I could see the bottom. I jumped down and turned into a hawk moth. Then I saw a secret door that was hidden, but not very well. I pulled the handle and the door unlocked but then another door appeared behind it so I unlocked that one and it swung open where another door appeared behind it. For what seemed like hours, a harder and more difficult locked door appeared behind the one in front of it. I had to change myself back to human form to unlock the doors quicker.

On the 7,964th door the torture finally ended. I gazed up in astonishment. I was staring up at myself!” How do I get out?”I asked myself. Then I saw it. A bazooka was leaning against the wall in the orange. But I turned back and ran back as a jaguar. When I got to the bottom of the well I turned into an eagle but I couldn’t fly up the well because

my wingspan was too big so I turned into a bluejay and flew up the well. When I got on the ground, children gathered around me to pull my feathers, I changed into myself. I heard one of them mutter, "I dislike shapeshifters." I didn't pay attention to them and walked toward the Harada's house. "Did you win against the court?" I gasped.

"Yes, of course Levi." she answered sweetly. "We are going to get you a house." I said hurriedly. "Don't do that, it's too nice of you." She said. "You were nice to me, so I'm being nice to you. "Thank you but how are you going to get the money?" she asked.

"I'm going to get the money from my bank account and tell the guy that owns that property to give it to you for 6,000 dollars." "That's a good price though!" she exclaimed.

"That's O.K.," I replied. Then I got up from where I was sitting and ran out the door to the bank. When I got there I asked for \$10,000 from Levi Murtaugh's account. Miraculously he gave me \$10,000 from my account! Then I ran to the Hirada's house and showed Mrs. Hirada the \$10,000.

"Thank you Levi!" Mrs. Hirada cried when she saw the money. We saw a house for sale for \$9,500 on Lemon Street so they bought the house. Its address was 3356 Lemon Street. When they moved in with their furniture and \$500 more dollars in their bank account we said goodbye to each other and they went to their new house and I went to the well. Then I turned into a Blue Jay and flew down to the bottom of the well. When I got to the bottom I turned back into myself and unlocked and opened the 7,964 doors into the orange. This time there was a timer and clock instead of a bazooka. There was also a hammer on top of the

timer. I ran over to that spot and read the note. It stated,

“Dear reader,

To get out of this orange you must pick up the hammer and tap on the glass of the orange 10 times. Sorry about the bazooka, someone already used it. You have 5 minutes.

Signed,

Committee of Inlandia

p.s. Watch out for Garnags

Then a Garnag attacked me. They were tiny, green, slimey and with long hooked talons. About 20 Garnags had attached to me when I finally turned myself into a lion. I roared and shook my long flowing mane. At least 300 Garnags had settled onto me when I managed to shake off 250 of them. Turning into an eagle I took the hammer in my talons and hit the glass 5 times. But then the Garnags built a tower and pulled me down from the air so I turned into a whale and crushed all of the Garnags. Then I swatted the hammer two times with my tail toward the glass. 7 times down, 3 times to go. The Garnags hooked onto me and their nasty claws so I turned back into a human. I tickled them off of me and grabbed the hammer. I noticed I only had 20 more seconds so I picked up the hammer and tapped the glass three more times with my hammer and I was outside the orange watching the scene inside the orange. “Ready to go?” I heard a voice say. I laughed.

Journey to Inlandia: A Quest for Knowledge
By Ari Palacio

CHAPTER 1

PEOPLE APPEARING IN MY ROOM

One morning, I woke up from my warm bed and saw a bright light

“Am I dreaming or is this real?” I asked myself.

Slowly, a man appeared from the light. The man was dressed in blue jeans, and a brown shirt. He had messed up black sneakers and black hair. I asked him,

“Who are you sir?”

The man looked at me stunned.

“Why I am...” he was interrupted.

Another man appeared in an even brighter light. He was wearing pretty much the same thing as the first man.

“Ok, how many people are going to appear in my room?” I thought to myself.

“He is Caesar Chavez, and I am Tomas Rivera. We have come to ask you if you want to learn about the past for your class report. We are going to take you to *Inlandia* and you will have to live the life of Caesar and me to see how life is in the past. Also, we want you to learn about the time of slavery.”

“Wait, wait. You want me to believe that I am able to go to the past? Also, how did you know that I had a class report?”

I was as stunned as to think they were stalking me. I have been waiting for a moment to see if they were going to answer. Three minutes later, they finally answered to my question.

CHAPTER 2 THE FINAL ANSWER(S)

“Well, we didn’t want you to know but, we are always seeing you in class by way of that painting on the wall. We also travel through time (all the time). How do you think we got here?”

“I think you got here by me dreaming you here and this is all a dream.”

“No. This is not a dream. This is real. So what is your answer? Stay here and get an F on your report, or get an A on your report by coming to *Inlandia* with us. It is your choice.”

I had a decision to make. Either to fail or get at least one A on my report card. If I got another F on my report card, I would already be in heaven—well, you know what I mean.

“Wait a minute. I can go to a better place.”

I started to walk away and say, (better place), over and over. I heard a voice. I stopped and turned around.

“This is a once in a lifetime chance.”

“What about my second life?”

“You won’t have a second life if you don’t come with us. We didn’t know you wanted to die so badly.”

We were all just standing looking at each other. (Who knew that I wanted to die so much anyway?)

“Ok, I’ll come with you to *Inlandia*. (Even if I have to die for it.)”

CHAPTER 3 (THE FALSE DECISION)

We were going to the school and yes, they were gone when I got to school. Two hours later, it was lunch time. After six hours of school, I was finished. The next day, we had to finish the report and I

haven't even started yet. So we had to go to *Inlandia* today. So the guys and I went to my room.

"So, where is the time machine?"

"Oh. There isn't any time machine. *Inlandia* is in your room."

"But how do you get to *Inlandia*?"

"Exactly how you made us come here."

"I didn't make you come here. You came here yourself."

"Well, you imagined us here, but we still time travel."

I was just looking at them. I couldn't realize how they got here without a time machine. I tried making a time machine, but all it turned out to be was a microwave oven. Maybe they got here by thinking or as I call it... TIME TRAVELING!

"Exactly!" Tomas said.

"So you're saying that I just had to think?"

"No. You said it just right now."

"Now, when you think about going to *Inlandia*, you will turn into Caesar.

CHAPTER 4 (THE PARADOX)

So I thought of *Inlandia* and once I opened my eyes, there was it was. I was Caesar Chavez. I was in a field. I didn't know what to do. I had a rake in my hand. Everybody was raking in the field. So I started to rake. I wondered why a lot of people were raking and not getting any rest. I remembered what Caesar said,

"Also in the times of slavery."

I thought that I would end up like that. All tired and nothing to eat or drink for days. This was the times of slavery—at least that's how the workers in

the fields were treated. Luckily, I studied a lot about Caesar Chavez. He kept on working for the farm workers to be treated better. So I did the same. After days, I wasn't able to change things. So I went back to my world and it was still in the times of slavery that Caesar had talked about. I looked see-through because I wasn't born yet. Since I didn't fix things in those times, I wasn't born. The bad times for farm workers were still going on.

I went back to the past and tried again to fix things.

Now I know that there is a paradox every time I do something wrong in the past. So he didn't just keep working for farm worker's rights and freedom. He had to do something to set him and the others free.

At this time, I didn't know where Tomas was. So I didn't know what to do. If I do something wrong too many times, I might never be born. I don't remember what he did. Maybe he just didn't work at all. I know one thing. When you work, you burn calories and the food in your stomach has the only calories to burn. So if you don't work, you don't burn calories. Well, not working got me beaten and thrown in jail. While I sat there in jail, I saw the damage I had caused in my time and guess what? I saw my mom and dad in slavery. I went over to them, but they couldn't hear me.

I had to go back to the past and finally fix all of this bad stuff that I created. So I went to the back and said in a loud voice, "They can beat us and hurt us. They can force us to work for days without food but now it stops. We will no longer work for the man. We will get meals when it is time for it. We will now fight for freedom and be treated the way we

are supposed to be treated. Now we will fight for all and unite as one!”

Even though they threw me in jail (again), it was worth it because the war began. The men and women teamed up to fight against the people who enslaved them and sold them. All over the world, there were loyalists who went against slavery and it started to build. Soon there were states populated with them.

So I went back to my time and everything was right. Two lights showed up again and Tomas made me go into his life when he was a kid.

CHAPTER 5
("TOMAS AND THE LIBRARY LADY")
(NAMED AFTER "TOMAS AND THE LIBRARY
LADY", THE BOOK.)

Somehow, I became Tomas Rivera. He loved to read, so I started to read a lot. I wasn't having fun, but for once in my life, I enjoyed a book. So I went to the library. On the way there, I saw a fight. I tried to ignore it but one of the men started to bleed a lot. So I tried to break it up, but I got pushed out of the way.

So I just kept walking. I got to the library and saw the librarian. She was nice and kind. I didn't talk to her because I was shy. I walked home to my house and read even more books I got from the library. I went back to my time and there wasn't much more books in the world or at least good books. I went back in time again because there was another paradox.

I did the same thing as the other time, but I checked out even more books and read all of them. I also wrote two books and tried to get them published.

I hoped that they would pass to be good books. I left the books with the people who publish them without knowing if they would be real books someday and returned to my time. There were still not many good books.

So I talked to the library lady and made her my friend. I discussed my stories with her and she published them. I was so happy. Anyways, I went back to my time again to see if I did everything right.

“You have done well. You have lived the lives of both Caesar and I, and you have completed your tasks. If you didn’t do one more thing right, you would have never been born.”

When I heard that, I thought that I was just lucky. I didn’t think that I was really alive. But at least I am alive now. So now I have to work on my report.

I was writing it and I was doing it from my heart. I wrote about how hard it was to live in the times of slavery. Even though I could have died, I still wrote about it. I wrote about how the two men appeared in my room and turned out to be Tomas Rivera and Caesar Chavez.

When I was in class, I was the last one to show my report. I said, “My fellow students, I am saying this because it is all true. When Caesar Chavez was a farm worker he was treated like a slave, and he was working so hard until he got tired of it. He started to protest in the fields that he was at. He got tired of working for the man. He never let go of his dream to be free. Also, I learned about Tomas Rivera. He made friends with a library lady to at least have a friend. Later after that he met Caesar Chavez. They were both heroes of our time and if they didn’t do all of those things, we would

probably be working in the fields for days without food or sleep. So they decided to end this all or at least some of it. The point is when you want to stand up for what is right, you make a difference. Thank you all. Now if you all want to go to Inlandia, you will have to talk to Caesar and Tomas.”

Then, the two showed up in another bright light.

“Guys, you have got to lay off the lights.”

Mansi's Journey to China Town **by Mansi Patel**

One cold morning when I woke up I went to my mom in the living room and saw the Wong family. I got so surprised and said, "When did you come here people". They said "Mansi we have to complete our mission to rebuild China Town". I said, "why do you want to rebuild China Town", because a evil woman named Gabby destroyed it every time we rebuild it. I said "can I help you complete your mission and can I bring three of my friends, named Stephanie, Mariah, and Sydney, they always wanted to see China Town and wanted to see the Wong family The Wong family said "yes". Ok let me call them. My friends are going to meet us where China Town got destroyed. We will go there at 3:00 p.m. It was 3:00 I got dressed up so did the Wong family. I said "are you ready". We got in the car" stop," said Mr. Wong, I have magical powers that can make the car fly, but don't tell this to any one." We flew down were China Town got destroyed, I saw my friends waiting they said" we are so exited to get China Town back and to see the Wong family". "Ok let's get this started" Mansi said. First we got to capture the evil woman named Gabby who wants to destroy China Town, whenever we rebuild it. "So can you use your power Mr. Wong" Mansi said." "No not on humans."

I said "Why can't you use magical powers on humans?" "That's our law in using magic." Mr. Wong said, "O.k. Let's capture the evil woman named Gabby by doing karate or working as a team," I said. "A team? Good idea!" said Mr. Wong, "but what are we going to name our team?" Mansi answered, "How about The *Wong way*?" "o.k. Let's

get this started,” said Mariah. “Get in the car everybody!!!” said Mansi. “Everybody was so excited to work as a team and having a team name.” Mansi said, “There she is sleeping on the road like a lazy pig.” “Oh I have a idea” Mansi and Stephanie. “Let’s jump on the evil woman’s tummy she is fat.” Everybody got on Gabby’s tummy and started jumping and then she woke up and started fighting us. Then her friends came and started fighting me I fainted. Mr.Wong went to the hollow orange tree and touched it he got more powers for me to survive. Then when he tried to use his powers on me then Gabby used powers on Mr. Wong and he fainted to. There was only Stephanie, Mariah, Sydney, and the Wong family left to save us. They went to the hollow orange tree and got powers and came back and put the powers on us and we were alive. Then we went back in the flying car and went to Mansi’s house. We saw a video about China Town when I saw it, my prediction was wrong. Then the evil fatty named Gabby came back and said “George Wong.” Gabby got powers from the orange tree and started fighting us. I got scared that I will faint again. Then I just went inside the car with my friends and I accidentally left Mr. Wong and his family fighting the evil fatty Gabby. I went back and got Mr. Wong and his family. Then they were on board. Then we went to my house because it was nighttime. I was wondering what was Gabby doing. So I sneaked out of the house when everybody was asleep. Then I went to the orange tree got my powers and tried flying, But I couldn’t fly. Then Mariah saw me when she went to get her sleeping bag. She said, “What are you doing?” “I’m wondering what Gabby was doing” Mansi said. Mariah said “Can I come with you? But I said “You

will have to teach me how to fly.” “Okay” Mariah said. When Mariah taught me how to fly we went to Gabby’s house and she was eating dried pink worms it was gross man. I called her a lazy pig. Then she got up and said, “Hey how did you come in my castle?” I said, “I was wondering about you.” Then she called her knights and told them to throw orange balloons at us. I told her it is supposed to be water balloons with water not with orange juice. Then the knights started throwing the orange juice balloons at us. Then Mariah and I started throwing milk with poison Ivy in the balloons. Then when we threw the balloons and they died. Then the evil Gabby came to us and said that she was a ghost. Then she told me, “ Go to Inlandia to find the fortune of China Town.” She told me “She’s only telling me because she’s a ghost.” So Mariah and I went to the library at Riverside. Our librarian was Mrs. Cruz she was our teacher I said “Hi!” She said “What are you doing here ?” Mansi said “we are looking for a book about China Town with Mariah”. Okay girls come here but which China Town?” “The China Town in Riverside” Mariah said. Then Mrs. Cruz gave us a book about China Town. I told Mrs. Cruz if she got a job here for summer “Oh” I said. Then Mariah and me went to the computers and started typing in China Town and Mariah started reading about China Town. Mariah and I got tired that Mrs. Cruz gave us red punch. After we saw how to make China Town plus Mrs. Cruz told us about Inlandia to go build China Town. “I told you that Inlandia is a place where everybody goes and gets powers and can follow their dreams.” Mariah said “Oh.” Mariah and I went to Inlandia by making a shiny gold portal that had 5 seats but, I forgot that Mariah and we were the only people. So I had to

call Stephanie and Sydney to sit in the portal and we only needed one more person so we told Mrs. Cruz if she wanted to come and she said "Yes." I said "Lets get this party started" Then everybody got on the seats put on their seat belts and we pressed Riverside China Town past. Then the portal took us to China Town. Then we saw an old lady and I told her "How did China Town get destroyed, But she didn't answer my question because she was Chinese." I told Mrs. Cruz if she knew how to talk Chinese but she said "No." So the old woman wrote us a note that said "Go to that river by the rainbow rocks, and you will see a old purple glittery turtle that talks." So we went to the river and saw the turtle. Then the turtle told us "China Town was destroyed by a huge fire." "What!!" we yelled to the turtle. "I never knew that." Mansi said. We thanked the turtle. Then we went back to the portal and couldn't believe that China Town was destroyed by a fire. "I miss Gabby" said Mansi. "Why?" said Stephanie. "Because she said that she destroyed China Town and that's not true." "I want to go say sorry," said Mariah. We have to build China Town in ten days or else the portal will go away because when I made it, it said that. "Oh" everybody went. So we went back to the library to dump of Mrs. Cruz and we thanked her for coming. After my friends and I went back to my house for dinner. We had noodles Yom with chopsticks. I didn't know how to use it so Mrs. Wong taught me how to use. It took about 30 minutes eating it the Wong family ate quickly man. Then we went to sleep in our sleeping bags. We saw a movie about China Town it was AWESOME. Then we went to sleep then I had a dream that in real life I saw a China Town also had a dream that Inlandia became

a place in our state became Inlandia is a place that people can follow their dreams by meeting any places that got away, crushed down, or burnt up in Riverside and move. So my dream began with to a beach that was pretty and then it started to rain. So my parents said "We have to go home." Then we started walking by the parking lot and reddish blackish crab pinched me, it started to talk I got amazed because my parents couldn't hear the only me. The crab said "Can I take you to Inlandia tomorrow I said, "Can I take my friends?" He said "Yes, but only three friends." "Okay because I only have three best friends." Then me the crab and my three best friends Stephanie, Sydney, and Mariah went to a secret airport that nobody knew and the crab said go by yourself because I can't come and don't say anymore questions said the crab.

Then we went and the plane landed us to Inlandia. Then we went to Inlandia we saw China Town. We saw a video how to rebuild China Town. So we tried to built and we did built it with bricks. It looked pretty. Then we did all the work and Mariah said said "She got tired" So we went to the golden spoon to get yogurt with toppings. Mariah got strawberry yogurt with caramel topping with chocolate, Sydney got coffee yogurt with cinnamon bread, Stephanie got vanilla with gummy bears, and I got chocolate and vanilla yogurt with whipped cream , rainbow sprinkles, and chocolate chips. When that was done me my went to have a nap so went to a hotel and went to sleep for 1 hour. Then Mariah screamed and said "We forgot about China Town to build the entrance sign" "Oh yeah" everybody said so we went to China Town and we did the entrance sign that said Riverside China Town George Wong. After when my dream was

everything in my dream came alive so China Town got rebuild I got excited to tell everyone, But tomorrow was George Wong's birthday so I wanted that as a surprise, so when George Wong woke up I told him I have a big birthday gift for you and it's China Town. I rebuild it one for you and everyone are starting to stay there. He got happy that he said "Thank You" Mansi thank your friends and you helped me a lot. After on the news it says our team Wong Way on the news and it said it has became a street by China Town. So everybody celebrated George Wong's birthday. Then they had to go stay at China Town so they went and said "Goodbye" to everybody when they left I felt said but I kept on having dreams of Inlandia and the secret area.

Journey to Inlandia: A Quest for Knowledge

Jacob Porter

It was a dark night, kind of scary. I was working the night shift as the guard to the entrance of the Mission Inn catacombs. I wanted the job because I like eerie things and the adrenaline pumping in my veins as I hear noises and squeaks that turn out to be exactly the opposite of what I think they are. My name is Jason Sierra. You know like the Sierra Nevadas. I have been wondering what exactly is down farther into the catacombs. Today was the day I had been waiting for. Ever since I had started working here 20 years ago I had been waiting for this day. Why specifically this day you might ask, well today is the day that my boss, Frank Miller, told me not to go down farther into the catacombs. As ignorant as I was from birth, I did exactly what he told me not to do. So I walked and walked down into the catacombs. That's when I realized something really bad had happened. I had gotten lost in the dark tunnels. What was even worse though, was that I had gotten lost at a place that was forked off. There were four different tunnels that I could have taken.

I had decided to pull out my pocket compass and I chose the one that was closest to facing north. The one I had chosen was the one to the far right. I walked into the tunnel; it led to a dead end. I wanted to turn back, but the opening had disappeared. I was frantically running around the dark room until I lost my breath and passed out on the hard ground. When I awoke, there was a red glow. I heard a growl. "What is your business getting into Inlandia, eh?" The voice said.

"What's Inlandia" I asked.

“Another word you can call it is the underworld.” The voice said to me very enthusiastically.

“How will I get out?” I asked very frantically.

“You have to go into Inlandia and pass three tests.” He said.

At the time the opening had opened back up. I ran right back up to my boss.

“Frank!!! Frank!!!! I need you right now!!!!” I screamed.

“What is it Jason?” He barked.

“No time to talk, just follow me!” I barked back.

“Come with me it’s down into the catacombs.” I screeched.

“What’s in the catacombs?” Frank asked.

“It’s a doorway to some place called Inlandia.” I said.

“I know what Inlandia is. That’s why I told you not to go down there on this very date!!!” Frank screamed.

“If you would have told me why not to go down there then I would not have gone down there anyway!” I yelped.

“Inlandia is a total secret all together! No one except me, you, and the guard for the stairs knows anything about Inlandia!!!” Frank screamed.

“What do you mean the guard for the stairs knows about Inlandia?”

“He knows because he is Inlandia. Sort of. He is the only one who holds the key to Inlandia. Although it’s a key, it’s not the kind of key you would think of when you think of keys. If you were to go into Inlandia and test your skills, it would take a lot longer than it needs to be. If you go to the stair

guard, all you have to do is to learn something important about Riverside history." He lectured.

"That's easy." I said.

"It may not be as easy as you think."

Warned Frank.

"How will it not be as easy as it sounds?" I asked worryingly.

"There is not always an answer for everything, Jason." He said.

"Maybe not everything, but a lot. Now let's stop talking and go!!!!" I said.

"Be patient. You cannot rush every single thing in the world." He barked.

And so we walked and walked and walked up from the catacombs and to the guard of the stairs. He looked about the same as everyone else except something was different about him. He was a bald man lacking eyelashes and eyebrows, was very pale and had bright red lips.

"Hello?" I asked the man. He didn't respond.

"He cannot hear you. He is deaf. His species doesn't use words or sounds. They use gestures." Frank explained.

After that conversation about the man Frank walked up to the man and moved both of his hands in this motion: up, right, down, left, forward, and back up.

"What did you just say to him?" I asked.

"I said, we need to get into Inlandia." Frank said.

"Why doesn't he respond to the hand motions?" I asked

After that, we walked, once again down into the catacombs.

But this time when we got there, the man was there. We told him to let us in but then what he

said back to us in hand motions was, “You need to learn something important about Riverside before you can get in.”

“I just had an idea!!! No time to talk! We have to run! We have to go to my old elementary school!!!” I yelled. We ran as fast as we could, which wasn’t very fast. We finally got there.

“Mrs.Cruz!!! Mrs.Cruz!!! I need my report from 5th grade!!!” I Yelled

“Who are you?” Mrs.Cruz asked.

“It’s me! Jason Sierra!” I said.

“Oh, Jason. I remember now. Why do you need it so badly?” she asked.

“It’s kind of a secret.” I said.

“Well, here you are!” She said after sorting through a giant stack of papers.

I took it and read through it and it said: The history of Riverside has many different historic places. One of my favorites is the Mission Inn. The Mission Inn was built in 1902 by Frank Miller <My boss now> as a cottage that used to be used as a motel. That is my report on the Mission Inn.

That’s when I had the idea of how to get into Inlandia. My job is to guard one of the most historic places in Riverside, California!!!

“Thank you Mrs. Cruz!!!” I said.

“You’re welcome!” She said.

So we ran as fast as we could back to the Mission Inn and ran to the guard and told Frank to tell him, “Something historic about Riverside is this: the catacombs were not always just tunnels, but were pathways to carry heat to places like the courthouse. With the knowledge of that we can get into Inlandia. After frank told that to the staircase guard he said something that I will always hate.

Inlandia, his home, was recently frozen by the iceman who lived there. In the process of that, he practically super-glued the door shut.

Even though I didn't get into Inlandia, I still realized that I had a historic job that I would keep for the rest of my life. Unfortunately, I died two days after the Inlandia incident.

Naaaaaa. I'm just kidding. I'm not dead. If I was dead, I wouldn't be telling this story right?..
Right!!!!

Riverside Inlandia Story **by Katherine Saenz**

When I arrived to California from Ohio, the first place that I visited was the Mission Inn in Riverside. As I was walking around the area, my eyes caught the site of the Chinese Pavilion across the street. It was exciting to see because I had never seen a Chinese memorial. Can you believe this memorial was dedicated to the Chinese settlers who came to Riverside in the late 19th and early 20th centuries? I had no idea that Asians lived in this community. Many immigrants came to work in the citrus groves and as many as 3000 workers lived here while they picked fruit.

That Friday night, I was so exhausted from my adventure that I passed out. I began dreaming of buildings with Chinese words on them. I was so confused. I did not know where I was. Then a jolly man came over and said, "Are you lost little one?"

"Yeah, I don't know where I am." I answered.

He asked me, "What's your name?"

I said, "My name is Katherine. Can you tell me where I am?"

He chuckled, "You are in Riverside, Chinatown,"

I asked him, "Are you the famous Mr. Wong from Riverside?"

He said, "Yes I am George Wong."

He suddenly grabbed my arm and led me into a horse drawn carriage. I slowly went in and Mr. Wong was by my side.

He told the driver of the carriage, "4515 Chinatown St."

I asked him, "Where are you taking me?"

He said, "You'll see."

In the carriage, there was a calendar that was hanging on the shade saying September 22, 1930. I said to myself, "I thought that the year was 2009. I must be dreaming."

As the carriage slowed down, I looked out the window and saw a beautiful cottage. Mr. Wong helped me out of the carriage. A lady said, "Hi Georgey back again?"

"Yes" he said. "I have brought a guest. Her name is Katherine and she has no idea where she is."

She said, "Sweetie you are in Chinatown."

I grinned slightly, "I heard."

They both laughed and Mr. Wong asked, "have you ever heard of Chinatown?"

I said, "Yeah, Chinatown is near Mount Rubidoux, right?"

Mrs. Wong said, "You are right, see those beautiful mountains?" I was amazed.

Mr. Wong interrupted and said, "Actually, this is the second Chinatown." Mr. Wong knew a lot about the Chinese history in Riverside.

He said, "The first Chinatown was in downtown Riverside located on 9th street. This Chinatown had many restaurants and laundries."

He looked sad. "The local residents did not like Chinese folk and the first Chinatown was destroyed by a fire under suspicious circumstances. How I wish I could have seen the first Chinatown. A second Chinatown was built right here in the shadows of Mount Rubidoux in 1885."

Mr. Wong went on to explain, "Did you know that there were 400 residents in this Chinatown. Most of these people had my last name, Wong."

Many of them were from Gom-Bem, a village in southern China. In fact, this Chinatown was also known as Little Gon-Bem.”

He paused for a moment and said, “all of this talk of Chinatown reminds me of my hometown in Kwangtung Province in China. I was born in 1900. My father and I arrived in Riverside in 1914. How I miss the good foods from China.”

Mrs. Wong interrupted, “we own our own bakery. Would you like to come?”

I said with dreamy eyes, “sure.”

Mr. and Mrs. Wong helped me into the carriage and he directed the driver to take us to 2919 Harbart Drive. There were lots of great Chinese pastries in this bakery. My favorite was the almond cookie.

After eating some of these desserts, they led me into a room full of pictures of Chinatown. They warned me about the future saying, “do not come back to this area in the future. For it will be destroyed.”

I asked curiously, “why?”

Mr. Wong predicted, “Many men will be going to use heavy equipment and destroy this area. They will be breaking their promise that they made to me about not destroying this land and the artifacts from Chinatown.” How was he able to predict the future? I thought.

Sadly, he said, “Katherine I am afraid that I will have to take you back home. Remember what I said about the future of this Chinatown.”

They took me into the carriage and I arrived in the same location where I had originally met Mr. Wong.

I woke up and I realized that this story about Mr. Wong was just a dream; or was it? I wanted to

do research about Riverside and Chinatown. I soon came to realize that the dream of both Chinatowns was actually true. I also learned that Mr. Wong was the last member of the second Chinatown. He never married and was well known in Riverside. Three years after Mr. Wong died in 1974, many of the buildings in his community were torn down. In 1984, a small portion of this vacant area was excavated and found to have artifacts such as coins and pottery from the old Chinatown. I also learned that in 2009, some people wanted to use this historic land and convert it into a medical building.

Upon learning this information, I decided to write a petition to Judge Judy of Riverside to stop the construction workers from destroying this land. In this letter I wrote: "This land was once a Chinatown. It was very important because Chinese workers helped build the Riverside citrus industry. This is a historic landmark. Please solve this problem."

The next day, Judge Judy had received my letter and she decided to put a stop to any construction work on this site. She declared, "There will be no further work in this area until all the artifacts can be saved and placed into a museum."

I was so happy that I was able to save one of Riverside's historic landmarks. For now, the old Chinatown is safe. That night, I had another dream about Mr. Wong. He said: "Katherine thank you for saving my community."

He gave me a thumbs up and he waved good-bye as he faded in the sunlight.

Journey To Inlandia Quest For Knowledge

Matthew Saenz

I was once a very ignorant boy who didn't think Riverside was very important to California history. One day after school, I told my mother, "Why can't we live in Los Angeles, the home of many sports teams and the heart of California!" I complained.

"How dare you Matthew, Riverside is very important to California! You should be ashamed of yourself! You will go to your room until you are able to find how Riverside is important to California!" I stomped off. I did not look for any stuff on Riverside history because I was convinced there was nothing important about Riverside history. I went to bed in a foul mood. I slept soundly until a loud voice said, "Yo, Matthew wake up!"

I woke up and I nearly fainted, it was one of my favorite athletes of all time, Reggie Miller!" "Hi Mr. Miller." I stuttered.

"Please, call me Reggie. Now, your mother told me that you thought Riverside was not very important to California, so we are going to find out how and why the Mission Inn was built." Reggie told me.

"Okay, Reggie." I told him.

Reggie and I walked out of my bedroom to the front lawn of my house when I found the coolest, most interesting car, a basketball!" "Hop in." said Reggie as he started the car.

When I went in the basketball-car, I sat on a basketball seat, it even had the license plate say "Basketball". "This so cool!" I exclaimed.

"I know." said Reggie.

"To the Mission Inn!" Reggie yelled.

He put the car into drive and in % minutes we arrived at our destination.

“Ah, nothing like being home again in Riverside.”said Reggie.

WHAT!! You lived in Riverside.”

Yes I did.I went to Matthew Gage middle school,Poly high school,UCLA,and finally I went to play professional basketball with th Indiana Pacers.”

At that very moment, my whole view of Riverside had changed completely.”Um... Matthew?”Reggie asked me.

I jolted out of my daydream.”Okay,I am ready.”I told him.”

“Alright let’s get this show on the road!”Reggie said.We entered the Misson Inn ans it looked amazing.”Where should we look first?”I ask Reggie.”Let’s go to the front desk,we should probably find answers there.”

But before we even got there a guard made us go through a metal detector,which of course we didn’t.”Total waste of time.”I grumbled to myself.

When we got to the front desk,a person who claims she was Reggie Miller’s number one fan nearly fainted.Another woman took her place and asked Reggie,”How may I help you Mr.Miller?”

“We need to know how and why the Mission Inn was built.”said Reggie.

“Oh!I am sorry but we don’t have that information on that topic.”she said.

Are you sure?”Reggie questioned.

“Yes I am sure,but you could ask the nutcracker...oh no,I sid to much!she exclaimed.

“Alright,where can I find this nutcracker?”Reggie asked.

"The nutcracker is right next to you." She said laughing out loud

"Thankyou."said Reggie.

Reggie and I walked to the nutcracker.We asked in unison,"Hullo?"

"What do you want?"said the nutcracker in a very funny impression of an English accent.

"The woman at the front desk said you know how and why the Mission Inn was formed." I told him.

"Yes,I do know how and why the Mission Inn was built."the nutcracker said.

"Then tell us!!"I shouted at him.

"But sadly,I have short-term memory loss,sorry."

"Man!"I yelled.

"See ya!"replied the nutcracker and it "walked"away.

"Great."I grumbled.

"Alright,where should we look next.Reggie asked.

"Hmmm...I know,why don't we go to the person who made the Mission Inn."I told Reggie.

"You mean Mr.Frank Miller?asked Reggie.

"Yep."I replied.

"Okay,let's use the time machine in car."

"Let's go!"I replied.

We left the Mission Inn and got into the car.Reggie pushed the "time machine" button and we zoomed to the year 1867 the year when the first boarders moved into the then Mission Inn,the Glenwood Cottage.When we safely landed,we realized we had landed far away from the Mission Inn."KABOOM!!"The houses fell down,leading a way to the Mission Inn!We ran to the Mission Inn

and politely knocked the door."Welcome to Glenwood Cottage,how may I help you?"

"Hello sir,my name is Matthew and this is my friend Reggie,you wouldn't happen to be Frank Miller would you?"I said.

"No,no,my name is C.C Miller,I am Frank's father."

"Okay Mr.Miller,can we see Frank?"I asked him.

"Sure,he is talking to the first guests here at the fantastic Glenwood Cottage."C.C told me.

"Thankyou."I told him.

We walked in and we saw a man and a woman enjoying oranges."Hello,can I see Frank Miller?"I asked them.

"Sure,he went off to make sure our beds were ready."They answered.

"Where are the bedrooms?"Reggie asked

"Go straight,then turn right."they told us.

"Thanks."I replied.

We followed their instructions and sure enough,we reached the bedrooms."Uh,hello are you here Frank?"I asked.

When he didn't respond,we knew,or thought something was very wrong."What happened Reggie!?"I asked anxiously.

I don't know Matthew."he answered.

We ran outside and we could here C.C Miller still outside,boasting about Glenwood Cottage.We continued running and shouting his name for three consecutive hours.We walked back empty-handed,so we asked C.C Miller,"Sir,do you know where your son Frank is?"

"No I don't know where he is.How dare he leave his post at the-

“Fantastic Glenwood Cottage.” Reggie and I said in unison.

“Well, if you find him, tell him to wash the dishes, it is starting to smell, BAD.”

We raced back to the guests and asked hopefully, “Have you seen Frank. Miller?”

“Yes, I have seen Frank, he was washing the dishes, and then he went back to the bedroom to clean it, it must have been really dusty.”

“Thank you sir.” Reggie told him.

“You are very welcome.” the man told us.

“Let’s go back to the bedroom and take a closer look.” I told Reggie

“Just what I was thinking.” said Reggie.

We went to the bedroom and searched the room, it wasn’t that hard considering the fact that he was right there. “Hello, how may I help you?” Said Frank.

“Can you tell us how and why this place was built?” I asked him.

“Sorry, I don’t know. All I know is that my father received this land as part of his payment for building the Gage Canal and he built his own house on this land, sorry.”

“Well thank you for your information.” Reggie replied.

We left the house feeling upset and very discouraged. “Alright, Matthew, where should we go next to try to find some answers.” Reggie asked.

“Let’s go to the time that the Miller family sold the Mission Inn.” I told him.

“You mean the 1950’s?” Reggie asked.

“Yep.” I said

Peggie set the time machine for the 1950’s and we arrived at our destination at light speed. Once we got out of the car, we saw a family

chattering. We approached the family and asked them, "Are you the Miller family." I asked them.

"Yes we are." they replied.

"Okay, can you tell us how and why the Mission Inn was built?" I asked them.

"No, but we do know how and why the Mission Inn was expanded." they said.

"Alright, how and why was the Mission Inn expanded?" I asked.

"Okay, our ancestor, Frank Miller expanded the Mission by using many different types of agriculture. He created the Mission Inn to resemble Mission San Juan Capistrano. He also created a Spanish wing after visiting Spain. Plus, he created the "Court of Orient" complete with a goldfish pond, a pagoda, a giant statue of Buddha. The reason why he wanted to expand the Mission Inn was because he began collecting historical objects from around the world. He also had a very big collection of bells. Although many people thought that the Mission Inn was an actual Mission was wrong." they told us.

"Thank you for your very valuable information." Reggie told them.

Reggie and I departed and went to the car. When we got in the car, the gas tank was at "E". Man, how are we going to get to our time! My mother is going to kill me!

We raced into the town going door to door, asking for gas, but with no luck. "I guess we will have to get a job and save up for the gas that we need." I said jokingly to Reggie.

"Hey, that is a great idea." Reggie said.

"Okay, let's get a job at the Mission Inn to try to save up for the gas." I told him.

So we got employed at the Mission Inn. After hours of hard work as a janitor, we finally had enough money to buy some gas. We bought the gas and I cheered. When we got back to the car, we set the time machine to "2010" and we started the engine and in an instant, we arrived in our own time period, thankfully. But then, I went into panic mode because I thought that we forgot all that information, but luckily, Reggie wrote it all down. But there was one last problem, the whole world was an orange!" Oh brother." I said. We set it to "2010" once again and when everything was the same color as the day I left, I jumped out of the car and ran to my house with Reggie at my heels. When we got to my house, I was shocked to see a whole party welcoming my return!! After the celebration was over, it was time for the famous Reggie Miller to depart." Alright, Matthew, it is time for me to leave and to return to sports broadcasting. Always remember Matthew, you may or may not think Riverside is very important, but if you don't, always think of me, okay, can you do that for me?" Reggie asked me.

"Of course." I told him.

"Okay then Matthew, remember what I said!" as he jumped into the car.

Sadly, that was the last time I would ever see Reggie Miller... but then, some mechanism in the time machine broke and we were whisked to 1876, again. The only choice we had was to complete the events, as if it never happened. After we completed the day's events, I found myself being tucked into bed by my mother." Did you find anything important about Riverside history." she asked eagerly.

"Oh yeah, it was really awesome." I told her.

She kissed me goodnight. Once I was completely sure that she was gone I whispered, "Reggie, are you there?"

"Yep, I am here, do you want to come with me to sportscast the Cavaliers versus the Lakers?" he asked me curiously.

"Yes, I would love to go to see my favorite team live." I said.

"So I will take it as you want to go." Reggie said laughing.

It took me a few seconds to register what he was laughing about, and then I told him laughing, "You should take it as of course!!"

We clambered back into his car and went into the night laughing our heads off.

Journey to Inlandia: A Quest for Knowledge

By Megan Sandoval

“Riinnnggg!” I was at Gage Middle School, and it was lunch time. I met my friends and started eating lunch with them and then I saw an orange which was the orangest orange I have ever seen.

“Wow” I said loudly.

“What?” Sydney asked.

“Look at this orange it looks amazing!” I said. “Want half?” I asked.

“Sure I’d love half.” Sydney replied.

Sydney and I took a bite and instantly we both looked at each other’s clothes. We were both dressed in old beautiful dresses with buttons all the way down the dress. Everywhere we looked everyone was dressed like us. We knew no one around us. We looked at the school sign it read “INLANDIA MIDDLE SCHOOL.”

“Sydney what’s going on?” I asked

“I have no idea” Sydney answered. I searched through my pockets for my cell phone and found nothing but a pad and pencil.

“What am I suppose to do with this?” I questioned.

“I don’t know write a note to someone” Sydney said.

There was a crumbled paper in my other pocket. It had an address on it that read on the corner of Mulberry and 14th street.

“Sydney lets go there.” Sydney and I left school and found no cars but carriages. We hopped in and asked the driver to take us to the address. When we got there we were in for a big surprise. We found out that it was Matthew Gage’s House.

“You’re Matthew Gage,” I stuttered.

“Yes, I am. How may I help you?” Matthew asked.

“You are in the year 1921,” he said.

“Oh No!” Sydney and I yelled.

Matthew Gage then said, “Why you must be Sydney Turett and Megan Sandoval.”

“How’d you know we aren’t from this time?” I asked him.

“Even when I’m not, there I am. Come with me; I want to show you something.” Matthew said. We hopped on the carriage and I sat next to him and Sydney next to me. He took us around the orchards. “Have you girls seen anything more beautiful?” Matthew asked.

“No” we replied.

“Mr. Gage what does the Gage Canal do?” I asked

“That you will have to find out on your own girls,” he said softly. Matthew Gage then disappeared into thin air.

“Oh great what are we supposed to do now” I asked Sydney.

“I guess drive the horses around and try to find information,” Sydney guessed.

“Well first we got to find information on the Gage Canal,” I told Sydney.

“But where are we going to information on that?” Sydney asked me.

“I have no idea yet” I answered.

“How about if we go to school and see if they have anything on why Matthew Gage built the Gage Canal, but neither of us knows how to ride,” Sydney replied.

“I can ride without the carriage but we have to return the carriage?” I told Sydney.

“Ok but how are we going to get the carriage back to the house?” Sydney asked.

“I have Ideas.” I answered.

Sydney looked at me and frantically said, “Oh No.”

“Oh yes,” I said excitedly.

“Let’s go!” I shouted excitedly

“OMG someone help me!” Sydney shrieked.

“The horses don’t respond to me driving them, well. I don’t know why I added.

Meanwhile, I turned the carriage around the corner on one wheel. As I turned around the corner I almost hit a lady and her dog.

The woman turned out to be Jane Gage (Matthew Gage’s wife).

“Ahhhh!” Jane yelled.

“Sorry first time driving.” I told her as I stopped the carriage.

“I can see.” She said sarcastically.

She hopped on and said, “I am driving.” I agreed and scooted over.

“My husband told me about you. I didn’t think you would turn up but I was wrong.”

She took us back to her house and she didn’t have any extra horses.

“Here is some money go buy yourself two horses. I must go now.” Jane told us.

“Sydney, where are we going to get horses?” I asked.

“I have no clue.” She answered.

So we started looking around. Then we looked up and found a sign that said “Livery”. Sydney and I walked over there and asked to see the horses.

“Can I help you?” a man asked.

“One minute, what should you look for in horses?” I asked.

“I don’t know. I know nothing about them.” Sydney told me.

“Um... what color do you want?” I questioned.

“I want a white horse.” Sydney replied.

“I want a bluish, grayish horse.” I told her.

“Here you are girls.” He said well giving us the horses.

“What about the saddles and stuff?” Sid and I asked.

“Oh, sorry don’t have any, but your able to ride bare back on these ones.” He replied.

How do we get on?” Sydney asked.

“*Sorry horses I gave you away to the worst owners ever.*” He thought. “Step on the gate and put your leg around him.” He stated.

“Ok Sid, lets go” I said

Sid and I started going when Sid fell off and yelled, “Ouch!”

“What you do?” I asked

“Turn around” she yelled

“Lol. Hey do you where the school is?” I asked

“No” Sydney Replied

Sydney and I looked around everywhere but didn’t find anything around us.

“Sydney how are we going to find our way back?” I asked her.

“Do you remember where the orchards are?” Sydney wondered

“Yea why?” I questioned

“So we can retrace our steps and find where Victoria is and then find what will be

Horace.”

“Hey that’s the best idea you had yet Sid.”

“Thank you very much.” Sydney replied confidently.

Sydney and I took off down the road when Sydney said, “This is a very bumpy Ride.”

“You’re going to have to get used to it.” I told her.

Sydney and I got to the Orchards and found the palm trees sticking out. We went toward them and went down the street a bit and found Horace. We then went inside the school and found our classes after school we went to the Library and searched for the Librarian. We found a desk that had a little Plaque that read, “MRS. GAGE”

“Mrs. Gage; that is extremely weird” I said.

“May I help you girls?” A voice spoke softly.

“Are you Anna Gage?” Sydney asked.

“Yes. You came to learn about the Gage Canal was built in December 1885 and finished in January 1885. Twenty people worked on it. It was built so Irrigation water would be available for the orchards and vineyards of Riverside.”

“Thank you Mrs. Gage.”

Me and Sydney went back to the lockers and found our bags. I found my lunch and found an orange inside and split half with her once we took a bite we were back at the school sitting with our friends and eating lunch.

Journey to Inlandia: A Quest for Knowledge

Marie Simmons

It was a Saturday. It was a boring, simple, rainy Saturday. I was so bored that I didn't even feel like annoying my sisters, and that was rare. But I did give one of them, Betsy, a powerful Marie Chop.

"Ow!" she cried in pain.

"Hola." I said.

POW! She pinched me.

"Stop! Maddy!" I screamed. "Who said you could write my story?"

"The Tooth fairy." Maddy said bluntly.

"Hand them over!" I yelled.

"Hand what over?" she said acting clueless.

"First, my Eliza Tibbets poster. Second, the paper. Third, the pencil. Fourth, the water gun you are about to shoot at me." I told her.

"Fine." she said handing me all the things I asked her for.

Now I will tell you what really happened...

It was a really nice day when I asked my sister, Betsy, "Who was Eliza Tibbets, really?" Now mind you, I was only seven at the time. "Oh, Betsy? I know she isn't the Tooth fairy or King Kong." I told her.

"How do you know that?" she asked.

"Betsy, I hate to break it to you, but King Kong is a MALE GORILLA."

"Oh well, anyway Eliza Tibbets was a famous farmer who grew two navel trees. One of them died in 1921. She was a nice lady, too."

"Hey, didn't she have a husband named Luther Tibbets?" I asked.

“Yeah, she did. Luther wasn’t very keen on the project and forbid Eliza from watering them. But Eliza still watered them with used dish water.” she said.

“Hmm, I get it. I bet Luther felt really sorry for the trees.” I said.

“Hey! That was really mean, Marie! Luther did not feel sorry for them!”

“Want to find out?”

“Huh?”

“Let’s hit the books.”

“Oh my gosh, you’ve been watching 80’s shows again, haven’t you?” she asked.

I grabbed her by the shirt and hauled her over to our mini-library. “Eliza Tibbets, Eliza Tibbets, Eliza Tibbets,” I said as I looked upon the shelves. “Ah! Here it is No. Wait. This is about Betsy Ross.”

“Marie, we don’t have a book about Betsy Ross. Furthermore, why did you put handcuffs on me?” Betsy asked.

“Oh, that.” Well. I didn’t know what to say. I was lost. I was confused. Mostly because that was the cat on my head. “Wahh!” “Meow.” “Gaaaaaah.” “Meow.” “Maddy!” We yelled together. Maddy was the only one in the family who was evil enough to put a cat on your head at your valued time.

“Yah?” said a voice with a German accent.

“I know you have that book about Eliza Tibbets.” I told her.

“Me no know of this Eliza Tibbets.”

“Maddy! I didn’t know that you were flunking Spanish!” I said.

“Shut up! Me no flunk Spanish! Anyways why do you need my Eliza Tibbets books? You won’t return it, so I will just tell you all I know about

Eliza Tibbets. I believe she was a famous farmer who grew the two navel trees that became the parents of all the navel trees in America to this day.” she told me.

“Wow, and I thought three children was a killer.” I commented.

“Oh believe me, they are.” said a familiar voice.

“Mom!” said all three killer kids.

“Mommmy! Maddy won’t let me borrow her Eliza Tibbets book.” I complained.

“That’s because I have to read it for my homework and you won’t just borrow it. You will steal it!” she hissed back at me. In the corner of my eye I could see mom silently sneaking away.

“Mom! Eliza Tibbets was a famous farmer, right?” I asked.

“Uh, y-yeah. Heh. She answered.

“Whats the matter?” I asked.

“N-No. Nothings wrong. It’s justwell how do you even know of Eliza Tibbets?” mom asked.

“Betsy and Maddy sometimes bring Eliza Tibbets in a conversation, so I was just wondering who she was.” I told her. Then I suddenly got the feeling someone was suspiciously staring at me. I turned around very slowly and saw the cat eyeing me. “Um..” Then they walked away. Then I remembered I had a water gun in my hand for some reason. They were probably wondering if I’d shoot them with it. That or, they were just staring at me.

“Okay! Let’s take a review of what we know! One, Eliza Tibbets was a famous farmer. Two, she had a husband named Luther Tibbets. Three, she also grew two navel trees. Four, Those navel trees became the parents of all the navel trees in

America to this day. Five on of them died in 1921. Six, Luther didn't really like the idea. Seven, he forbade Eliza from watering them. Eight, Eliza watered them with used dishwater. And finally, my back feels like it just gave out." I said.

"Marie, we didn't know that your back feels like it just gave out." Betsy commented.

"Too bad. You do now." I hissed.

"Okay, guys. I think Marie has enough information." Mom said.

"Yeah, I do Thanks you guys. Hey let's go to bed." I said.

"Yeah." said Maddy.

"But you know that was pretty fun." I said.

"Yeah, it was." agreed Betsy.

"Mm-hmm," agreed Maddy.

"It was," agreed Mom.

"Hey why don't we write a story about today?" I asked.

"Yeah, that would be cool." said Betsy. "Oh, and I know what to call it, Journey to Inlandia, A Quest for Knowledge."

**The Mystery of Chinatown: When Chinatown
Fights for Its Life
By Alexandra Steppe**

One day, I wanted to know about Chinatown. So I started doing research about Chinatown and then I grabbed so many books about Chinatown. I read so many pages of books that I fell asleep during my study about Chinatown. When I woke up, it was Super Town filled with superheroes and villains. People all over town can run and fly like the wind.

Two hours later, I lost my power so I touched the giant hollow orange. The next day came and I heard a scream. It was a lady screaming because her cat was stuck in a tree. So I flew over to the tree to rescue the cat and return it to the lady. After that, I heard someone yelling, "Help!", so I ran like the wind. It was a man that could not reach his water hose behind the bushes. At least that was my imagination. I still wanted to know about Chinatown, so I looked it up and it said it was destroyed by a fire in 1893. After that, they had rebuilt with stores, workshops, and living quarters of men.

Then I went to my backyard to pick some oranges from my orange tree. While I was picking oranges, I stepped on two bricks and a time portal appeared. I was thinking of how it works, so I stepped inside of it and I pressed Chinatown past. In 10 seconds, everything swirled around me; I was confused where I was. So I asked some people and they said, "You are in Riverside by Chinatown". Yes, I was in Chinatown's past.

I went walking around Chinatown looking at everything. I stayed there in the past for fifteen

minutes and I went into the time portal to go back home. I was back in my backyard. My mom called me into the house for some yummy good lunch. After yesterday, I kept on thinking about Chinatown. So I decided one more time to sneak out of the house, stepped on the two bricks to open the time portal. When I went inside, I just appeared in Chinatown. I looked around and found only old men in Chinatown, no women or children.

I took a look at my research book about Chinatown. I said that many Americans were unhappy with the Chinese. They thought that the Chinese took their jobs away. Many rules and laws were passed to stop the Chinese people from coming to America. The Chinese last store was closed in 1938. Then I closed my book and began my search for the destroyers of Chinatown. But I got tired and I had to take a nap. Once I lay down, I was in a deep, deep sleep. I was in a desert with an animal, with red and black wings and legs, and a black tail. I was trapped by a rock and that very hungry animal, was just ten feet away from me. I saw many pieces of metal, so I started to cut through the rock. I ran for two miles trying to get away from that animal, but it was still right on my tail. So, once it was in front of me I killed it with my lightning sword. Then, suddenly it turned into dust. Then, I said "I warned you" right then I woke up; once again, I said it's time to find the destroyers now! I decided to do part of my research by staying in Chinatown for ten minutes before the fire, but first I needed to eat some lunch. It took me ten minutes to eat it. Then I went to the time portal to go back to Chinatown past. I needed to solve my big question. Who started the fire and why? I took a look at my book, I couldn't find any answer. So I

went to Chinatown and I waited and waited for almost twenty-four hours. Still nothing had happened, and then I thought my mom probably is worried about me. So, I went back home and snuck in through my window. I said to myself, "That was really sneaky and scary!" So now I can sleep in my own bed again. So from now on I will sneak out of my window at 4:00 a.m. and I will come home at 5:00 p.m. Also I come home and eat dinner right away. Now it is time to go to bed and fall in a deep sleep! I was asleep for quite a long time, just like about 10 or 11 hours. When I woke up, I jumped out of bed and got dressed to leave for Chinatown.

So from now on I had to set my alarm clock to wake me up at 6:00 a.m. I visited Chinatown by using my time portal in my backyard. I went door to door asking if they were in Chinatown during the fire. But most of them said "no" and they arrived right after the fire. So I went back in time a little further on like 1 day ago. "Whomever would set Chinatown on fire, I would catch that person", I said. That's when I had to stay inside of Chinatown for my 2nd time. But still no one had shown up. So I tried another strategy. But I still needed to think of a plan. So now I need to wait 4 or 5 hours. But now I'm going to take a long walk through to get the right plan. While I was thinking I wrote my best plans on my note pad that I packed up. My note pad stated,

Note pad: "My plan is to do the same strategy but in a different way."

I will continue writing my plan on my note pad, but for now I will put it away. While I was writing my note I kept on walking around in Riverside. But right after that it was 5:00 p.m., so I

ran to the time portal. I had gotten home and I snuck up through my window. My mom called me to go to the table where I ate my delicious dinner.

“Whoa, now that was close!” I said in my room. I then got on my desk and started writing my notes about Chinatown. When I was finished, I jumped into bed and it was about 11:30 p.m. Hopefully my mom did not see me on my desk since my door was open. I saw my mom pass by and she did not bother me. So I grabbed a midnight snack and went to bed again. When I woke up, I just remembered that today is Monday and it is a school day, which means I will have homework to do. I got ready and ran to my school that I go to.

“My run to school was tiring.” I said to my friends. “Why did you run here? Did you try to catch up to the bus?” I told them “No, I did not catch up to the bus. That’s why I ran all the way to school!”

“Well, we got to go to class”, they said.

“Well, I got to go too”, I said. I waved goodbye to my friends since we are in different classrooms. “See you later!” they said.

After 8 hours of class, my teacher, Mrs. Cruz said something unexpected.

“Class, class!” Mrs. Cruz said.

“Yes, yes!” we all said.

“You children have to do a 5 page story about Chinatown. So you better start packing up so you won’t miss the bus.” Mrs. Cruz said to the class.

“Yes, Mrs. Cruz!” we all said. We all went home and I did most of my homework. But I needed to do more research about Chinatown.

So then I went to Chinatown with my note pad with lots of pages and a pencil. Once I got there I was so excited about getting my assignment done. I thought it would be easy but it was hard.

“Oh no there is a fire in here!” many people yelled.

“Then the fire was here. Goody! Now I can take notes about Chinatown.” I said to myself.

But wait right now it is January 26, 1893 at 6:30 p.m.

“I need to go inside there.” I mumbled quietly. So then I went inside and saw a man. It was an American man.

“So if that was an American, we Americans killed Chinatown. “Oh no! I still have to do my assignment from my teacher Mrs. Cruz!” I said out loud. I went home and climbed through my big window.

“I better start on my big assignment!” I said to myself.

“Kids come and get your dinner. Come here fast before it gets cold, kids!” my mom said loudly.

“Ok mom! We all said. So we all rushed down and ate our dinner. After that I said thank you mom and I ran to my room. Luckily I finished my assignment in thirty minutes. When I finished, I put it in my backpack. After that I went to sleep for a few hours. Once I woke up, I just realized it is 6:30 a.m. So I thought and thought about what to do right now.

“Oh, I know what to do now.” I said to myself. So I got ready for school. It is 7:00 in the morning.

“Oh no! I’m going to be late for the bus.” I yelled. So I ran out the door and got into the bus. Once I got to school, I ran into the classroom.

Since class already started 5 to 10 minutes ago, I came up and started reading my story. When I finished reading my story, my teacher Mrs. Cruz, gave me an A+ for my great story. So, once I came home after school, I yelled to my mom and dad, "I got an A+ on my story!"

"For your great job, you deserve a hot fudge sundae!" said my mom and dad.

"Hurray!!! I love getting good grades!" I yelled.

"Yes honey, we know." My mom and dad said calmly. I ate my hot fudge sundae happily.

"Oh and guess what? My story was all about the on and off journey to Chinatown." I mumbled.

"What honey?" said my mom.

"Nothing mom. Nothing at all."

Andrew's Quest for Knowledge **By Andrew Stetkevich**

One day I was in the library and I ate a juicy orange. The next thing I knew, I was in a magical library. I went to the bookkeeper Mrs. Read. I told her that I was on a quest for knowledge journey. I was wondering what knowledge I needed to gain. She suggested that I start by reading some books. Of course she would say that, she's the librarian. So I tried to go back in time to start my journey. When I escaped, I found a passage through the old catacombs (under the Mission Inn) to get to the teleportation station. I used the teleporter to go back in time, but it didn't work. I was trying to figure out what happened, but I was back in the library. I asked for some research books and all of a sudden, I went inside a book! I couldn't find any research now because I was trapped in a book, and I've been trapped in this book for 10 days now and I don't know what to do.

The next day, Carlton read out of the book I was trapped in and they saw me in the book. He told the teacher about this incident but when she came I had vanished out of the book. When Carlton came into the book, it somehow freed me. I decided this book must be important. So, I decided to keep it (with both Carlton and my teacher inside).

This time I had the book and the orange, so I went back to the magical path through the catacombs to get to the teleporter. The teleporter took me to the wrong place this time because I got locked up in another book. This time, I went into the 1800's when the book was made. I felt bad for myself because right when I was in the book Adam was reading it and he drooled on me! I'm going to

get back at Adam for that. But, the good thing about Adam drooling on me is that because he saw me, I was free from the book—that's how it works—if someone sees me, I can get out of the book.

I told my parents all about what happened, but they couldn't believe it. I told them how I went through a book and a teleporter. They said it might all just be a dream! Then I was thinking it actually might be a dream, but the more I thought about it I knew it wasn't a dream.

The next day I was wondering how to go back in time, I was hoping I could go without using a teleporter. Then I realized I had no other option. I needed to go back in time to find information or else we would fail our quest. I knew I could only have one more shot through the teleporter.

I had tried to find everything I needed to learn to complete this quest for knowledge. This time I took a totally different path through the catacombs to get to the teleporter. When I finally arrived at the teleporter, I tried it, and nothing happened. Not a sound—nothing. Feeling a little afraid, I tried again and this time I had made it. I was so successful. Now it was time for knowledge! But what was I supposed to learn? Well, I found out soon enough. There, on the wall in front of me, was a note that looked like an orange crate label. It read, "Today you will learn about Eliza Tibbets and the navel orange trees." And right there on a bench, were some research books about it. I read that in 1870, Eliza wanted to grow fruit. She said she liked the orange navel trees the best. She liked them because they were the trees that lived the longest. There's still one tree that is still alive here in Riverside, and it's over 130 years now.

“Wow, that’s amazing!” I said to myself. It has lived from 1878 to 2010! Next, I read about Eliza’s history.

Eliza Tibbets won her first orange navel tree competition in New Orleans. Her husband, Luther Tibbets, was not excited about the orange navel trees. Even though he wasn’t excited about the orange navel trees he still helped her care for them. Eliza liked growing the orange trees in Riverside because of the weather and climate. The trees grew strong when Eliza took care of them, but everything changed after she died.

The trees were moved after Eliza died in 1898. Now they are on the corner of Arlington and Magnolia Avenues. Taking over the care of the trees was the cities way of taking care of the people in Riverside. No one wanted to see her trees die. Even Teddy Roosevelt was a big help by replanting the trees.

When she died they called the oranges golden fruit. The plants had very little fruit but they managed to survive. The other tree was placed by the Mission Inn. That tree is still surviving too.

I thought everything I learned was great then I took a lunch break. I tried to find friends at lunch and I did. I met this kid named Levi and he was also finding knowledge for his journey. He was doing his project on Eliza Tibbets too. We ate lunch to discuss all our research. We shared an orange and we both went down our own paths. I dropped my pencil and bent over to pick it up--then everyone was gone.

I tried to figure out what was going on. I looked at the clock and it was 12:00 am. I went to flick on the lights and everything was new. I looked at the calendar and the year was 2010. I thought

this was bad, and it was, because I didn't have enough research for my report! I also can't use the teleporter again because that was my final chance. I looked to see how many days I had left to turn in my project and I only had 2 days left! I realized I was doomed until someone found me.

Adam found me and said, "I can get you home." We took a magic bus to get back to the teleporter, but it didn't work because I had used it three times already. We were doomed until I could get home. I looked at the map to find a way of walking, but it said it would take a whole week. I realized I could learn some more about Eliza Tibbets if I pressed the "past" button instead of the "future." Plus, this would give me more time to figure out how to get home.

So then I clicked the "past" button, but it took me all the way back into the 1500s with people trying to steal gold! That was too far! This time Adam pressed the "present" button and we got to where we needed to be. We went right where I left off. We then learned more about Eliza Tibbets.

Theodore Roosevelt helped Eliza a lot with the orange trees. She made seedless orange trees. She made it work and the orange industry grew and became a big part of Riverside's history. Lots of people enjoyed them. When we were working, a fire alarm rang and everything went out of hand. The next thing I saw was people fighting at us and it sounded like we were in a war.

Then we had to fight against people because they wanted to take over our land. All of Riverside was at risk. I was exhausted after fighting so hard. Finally, I was able to hide somewhere and I fell asleep right in the middle of the war. I ended up being in a weird place. It turns out, we lost the

war and nobody survived but me. They took me to a place that has walls ten feet high and with no doors. I was wondering how I got into this and then I saw a window that was broken. I tried to escape. I escaped out of the window, but then they caught me and the war began again. I faced tons of people day and night. It was like a stadium and I couldn't get out. People were watching the whole thing. It was like they were watching a sporting event. Eventually, the stadium grew less and less crowded with people. Finally, day 10 and the war match was almost over. I ended up winning the war and we won the place back. I was so proud of myself until my report started to blow away, but I hung on to it. On my way to the teleporter I realized I was hungry. I hadn't eaten for days. So, as I was looking for something to eat, I was thinking there must be a way to get back to my time turn in my project. I remembered that when Adam pressed the opposite button we went to the correct time. So, I gave it a try. I just hoped that I wouldn't end up in the wrong place.

After a bumpy, dizzying ride, I finally landed in my own time, and at the right place. I walked out of the catacombs, and into the bright sunlight. There, in front of the Mission Inn was one of Eliza's orange trees. I was still so hungry I carefully picked an orange and ate it on the way home. The next day, I went to class. I was so excited.

I turned in my papers first thing. Boy, what a relief that was. Later, Mrs. Cruz had graded all of our papers. She told me to go to the front of the class and read my paper. "You did the best job out of all these reports, Andrew." she said. I got an A+ on my report. Nine weeks later, school was out and we got our grades. I looked at my report card and

almost cried! I got an F in everything! I knew there was a mistake because the teacher had already told me my grades. The next day I got different results. There was some kind of mix-up. I got excellent grades. Then I told my parents the *whole* story and they were proud of me. This time, they didn't even try to tell me I was dreaming.

Journey to Inlandia: A Quest for a Knowledge Lizett Torres

“Hey why did you pinch me!” I said.

“Well, because you were falling asleep and Vince, Eric and me want to go to the bathroom.” Aitzin responded. Then I decided to get out of the car and go with Aitzin to the bathroom because it was a long ride to the airport. My mom asked us if we wanted some snacks and we yelled, “Yes please and some drinks with them please!”

“Ok, do you want sprite?” She answered.

“Ok.” we screamed.

When we all got in the car we put on some music. We finally got to the airport and got in the airplane. After some hours we landed in L.A. and we got ready to get in the car and drive to Riverside. About less than half way we got off the freeway and went into the gas station. I asked my mom, “Could we eat at the buffet. It’s because I am hungry and my legs are going to sleep?”

“Ok, but you guys better finish your food.”

“But lets go now!” I replied.

An hour later we were all full and were ready to leave. We were back on the freeway and there was a crash. So the cars were very slow wich meant that there was a lot of traffic. A few hours later we were in Riverside. The next morning I heard a voice say, “Lizett, Lizett breakfast is ready.”

“Ok I’ll be right down in a minute.” I

responded. I ran down stairs and mom, Vince, Eric and Aitzin were waiting for me in the kitchen table. My mom asked us if we wanted to go biking and we said, “Sure, we would like to.” When we were finished we ran up to change in the proper

clothes. Outside the house we got on the bikes and started up hill. Suddenly there was a mountain that looked like a volcano. We were so curious that Eric and Vince said, "Let's go check it out."

"Well ok." Then when we got there and Aitzin screamed. "Aah help me the brakes don't work. I am going to crash and I am going to fall in!"

"Boom!" Aitzin's bike hit a rock and she flew off of it and barely grabbed on to the edge. She was standing with one foot on a rock so I grabbed her hand and Vince grabbed me by shoulder and Eric grabbed me by the other shoulder. Suddenly the rock broke and she pulled us in. The layer of the volcano's top was very thin. We broke the top and went down. While we were falling we stuck together and didn't get too far from each other. "hey this is so cool." Vince said.

"Yes, it is." Eric shouted. Aitzin and me didn't think it was cool.

"Aah!" Aitzin screamed.

"Are you ok?" I said.

When we reached the bottom at a distance we could see something glowing. It was very bright and far away. Vince decided that we could jog all the way. As we followed him Eric stepped on a rock and a wall that looked like a whole lot of rocks opened. Forward ahead there was a sign saying, "Welcome to Inlandia." When we stepped in the door shut right behind us. My foot got stuck in between two rocks close to the door but luckily it was more ahead of it. Next we started walking straight ahead. "Finally we are here," said Aitzin with a lot of air out.

"Wow!" gasped Vince. "This is so cool!" Suddenly this wall of paper fell off in front of the houses. The houses and everything else was like

the exact same way as Riverside. Instead there were giants and the houses were huge.

For a moment we thought that we were little migits."Oh no I'm a migit,It can't be I'm to young to die!" Yelled Aitzin.

"Oh don't exaggerate. I think THEY are giants."

"Hi we are the greatly giants and we are twins this is mary and I am Dary." They said.

"Ha-Hi this is Vince,Eric, Aitzin and I am Lizett." I responded.

"Do you know who were the first people buried in the Evergeen Memorial Historic Cemetary?" I asked.

"Well no but I know who knows." He whispered.

"Look go to the magic library I Ana street and find Mrs. Read. There you will find books and facts about it."We started looking for a map. Finally we found it and we went down Van Buren and Washington.When we got there,there was one question we had to answer. What is your best subject writing,reading or Cst.

We chose reading and a door opened out of nowhere.Then we went in and found Mrs.Read in front on her desk."Hi Mrs. Read do you have some books about the Evergeen Memorial Historic Cemetary?"I asked.

"Yes we do. You could check on the realistic shelf at the cornor of the right."She whispered.

"Ok thank you." I added.We walked as fast as we could but without running in the library.At the shelf we looked for the book everywhere and found it in the bottom shelf at the very corner.Eric picked it up and turned to the table of contents.He read that the first people buried in the Memorial Cemetary

were William Foster Wilson, Maymee Wilson, James Clayton Wilson, Joe Avery, Hugh Wilson, Miller Francis Wilson, John Harvey Wilson with Elise Wilson, Sarah Elizabeth Wilson, William Harvey Wilson. Now we had to find Frank Miller so he could show us the way out.

“Bye Mrs. Read, thank you.” I told her.

“Bye and be carefull. Don’t get hurt!” She replied. We started walking out the door. Outside the door on the top of a hill we could see a body but we couldn’t see it’s face. As we raced toward the hill we stopped for a moment to rest on a bench. We were all thirsty and we saw this water fountain and touched the water with our fingers to check if it was cold. The water was hot and we had to wait for a few more minutes.

In the afternoon we could still see the body and we thought it was Frank Miller waiting to tell us something. “I’m so tired but we have to keep going until we get there.” Aitzin and the others complained. Now that we were on the hill it was Frank Miller that was waiting for a long time for us. “Hi I am Frank Miller and who are you?” He responded.

“This is Aitzin, Eric, Vince and I am Lizett.” I said.

“Well come my friends and follow me.” He answered. When we were following him we saw a steep drop that we were heading to.

“Ummm, sir are we going to that steep drop because I think it is the end of the road!” I cried.

“Yes we are but don’t worry just stick with me.” When I turned around I saw a man that looked like Frank Miller. “Don’t follow him he is my evil twin trust me!” He exclaimed.

“Hahaha! Do you think they are going to trust you?” He stated.

“What should we do?” She asked.

“Aah!!” I was holding really tight to a branch hanging from the wall.” Are you ok!” Frank Miller pushed them all and Aitzin, Vince, and Eric took me with them. When I got pushed I held on to Eric’s legs, he grabbed on to Vince’s legs, Vince grabbed on to Aitzin’s legs and she grabbed on to the branch.” Don’t let go Lizett!” Aitzin screamed.

“Why in the world would I let go right now!!” I cried.

“I don’t know but just keep holding on. Oh no the branch is breaking!” All of a sudden the real Frank Miller grabbed her hand but his twin brother pushed him and made him let go of us.” Aah! Boom!” When we looked down we were on a bird’s nest and at a distance we could see a hawk coming toward us.

“Ummm I think this is a hawk’s nest!!” Vince revealed.

“I think you are right.” We all replied. We started down the piece of string that was hanging beside it. As we were going down the hawk got closer and closer. We were all rushing down and at the end of the rope we jumped down. It was very dark and we all took out our phone to light up a little bit. Frank Miller was in front of us and told us that he wanted us to find the Evergreen Memorial Cemetery. He gave us a map and the red dot was where the grave yard was. While we were looking at the map and we turned around Frank Miller wasn’t there any more. Suddenly very far away was a purple light getting farther and farther. Eric put the map in his pocket to keep it safe.” Come on you guys.” I gasped.

“We are coming!” Eric told me. We started running toward it but it was too fast. Luckily it was

bright because the trees were a little separate from each other. As we followed the map we saw a castle but it looked creepy. Inside the castle was a city that looked like Riverside except everything was small and real life. I thought it was how Frank Miller's evil twin controlled us. So I told Eric to go out the door and see if I can control him. He went outside and at the same time a boy was waiting outside like Eric and when Eric layed down on the grass th figer did too, so I was right. "Hey Eric!" I said.

"What!" He yelled.

"It works it does exactly what you do." I shouted "Ok then what am I doing." He replied.

"You are running around the light pole." I responded. So he trusted me and we were all amazed. We took the cardboard with the city to the park but we knew we had to keep going and find the cementary. We were a few blocks away from the cemetery. When a not fell down and landed on the sidewalk. When I read the note it said. "Help the people rest in peace and have a wonderful cemetery." It was a lot of work because there was a lot of work and there was only four of us. Finally we were there no afence but there was a lot of trash everywhere, the gates were broken, the flowers were dead and kids were playing ball. first we restored the gates an it took us about 1hr. and told the kids to play somewhere else. Since they didn't listen so we used the little city and moved each one to the park. After that we were going to clean the trash and change the flowers but something weird happened because the trash bags were on the ground empty and when we turned back they were full and the cementary was cleaned plus shiny. It was already 6:00p.m. and we still needed to find

Frank Miller and tell him that the cementary was cleaned up.

It was a long time when we found him in Victoria Elementary school. Now we had to find how to get out of here and back into our land. For that we had to find a golden rock in a dark and spooky cave. The real problem was that it was in this woods but at first you can't see it only if you have creative imagination and believe in magic. We decided to go on a bus but it looked weird and we had no choice then to ride it. At 7:00 we were finally there and plus we had to walk for a few more blocks until our destination. We were there but we couldn't see anything. Until we closed our eyes and wished we could see it. Right when we turned around there was a lot of tall trees in front of us.

"This is awesome!" Aitzin confessed.

"Just keep going and stop messing around.

As we entered the woods there was a lot of weird noises but we just kept walking. It was very dark and I could not see anything. We tied each other with a rope so we would not get lost. While we were walking, the rope got caught on a very sharp branch. We all started screaming. When the rope tore, we split into two groups, assuming each was following the other, Aitzin and Vince were in one group and Eric and I were in the other. Aitzin and Vince found the gold rock, but they were fighting. Meanwhile Eric and I found the rock as well. We opened the rock and the black hole took us home with Aitzin and Vince still fighting.

Journey to Inlandia: A Quest for Knowledge by Sydney Truett

“Beep,beep.” It’s 6:45 and time to get ready for school. As time goes by I wonder what we’ll learn today for social studies,or will we even have it today.

“Students will you please silent read while I talk to Mrs.Truett?” my teacher asked.

We all nodded. Once she closed the door we all started to talk asking what we were doing over Summer vacation.

“I’m going to my grandmas beach house for a week.” Said Zac.

“I’m going to the river and going to ride on my jet ski.”said Haley.

All of a sudden I heard a loud boom.

“What was that?”we all asked at the same time.

“That was a sonic boom.Wait, before you ask any more questions,a sonic boom is made of a plane going to fast through sound.That is what makes a sonic boom.”

All of a sudden a loud gust of wind opened all of the windows in my classroom.

“Sydney.” George Wong.”We have a mission for you.”

“What a mission for me?”

“Yes, a mission for you!”

“By the way how did get there?”

“You’ll see our ride in 5,4,3,2,!”

Crash!

“What was that?”

“That was our ride!”

“What,your ride is a time michene?”I asked.

“Yes and it looks like a car.”

“Why?”

“Sometimes we land in the middle of the street, but on the inside it looks like a time machine.”

“So what is my mission?”

“Your mission is to find out why people made Chinatown, and why they destroyed it.”

“Cool, when are we going to Chinatown?”

“We can go right now if it’s alright with Mrs. Cruz.”

My teacher just nodded.

“It looks like a yes to me!” I said.

Once we got into the time machine the youngest wong started to push hundreds of blue buttons! As we get out of the time machine we heard something creeping up on us we looked around but we didn’t see anything once we calmed down they attacked. What is it you ask...it was nanjas!

“What are they doing?” I asked.

“I don’t know I’ve never seen them before. Hey...hey this is my family and our guest... Sydney.”

“The chosen one?” Asked one of the ninjas.

“No, I mean I don’t think so.” said George.

“Where can I go to find out why people made Chinatown?”

“You can go to the well of dreams.” said the Wong mom.

“Where is this ‘well of dreams’?” I asked.

“It is about past 300 people, go four feet past the fountain and you are there!” said George.

“How many people live here?” I asked.

“About 2,500.”

“Wow, George I don’t want to go by my self will you come with me please?” I asked.

“Sure let’s go.”he replied.

“Well why did people make Chinatown.”

“People built Chinatown because ...I don’t know.That’s weird I don’t usally have to say that.”

“Ohh my gosh where should I go to find why people made Chinatown?”

“Your time isn’t up and there is a library around the steet you can go there.”

“Thank you well!”

“Here is the book about Chinatown!’acording to Jim China town was made because people didn’t want them in downtown Rierside.”

“Wow that’sad!We need to make sure that they don’t get in.”I said.

“U...u...there HERE.Close the gates!”

“We don’t have any gates!”

“Let me talk to them don’t worry!”

“ATTACK!” One of the people said waving their torches in the air.

“Please don’t burn down this wonderful town.”I said.

“Why should we lissen to you?”

“Do you know how much they did for you,they helped us with our citris indrestry.Will you please do the right thing and do the and save this place.”

“I do!”

“I do!”

“I do!”

“I do!”

“Thank you all for doing the right thing and please don’t burn this place .”

“Let’s go guys!” I said.

As we walked a ways found out that the time machine was gone!

“What should we do?” I asked.
“There is always a library.” said Mr.Wong.
“Ohh yea let’s go.”
“Here’s a book about time travel.”
Swosh, swosh! A loud gust of wind flipped to
a page and we both fell into the book.
“Hey that’s my brother when he was a baby.
Wow I guess we need to further in time.” I said.
“Ohh your brother is so weird I mean so
cute! Sorry” said George.
Swosh,swosh.
“Were here... I think.”
“No were not because, my sister is a baby
now! Let’s go forword just a little bit.”
Swosh,swosh goes the wind again.
“Here we are in my living room.”
“Syd.”
“Ya dad.”
“What,s all of the racket?”
“It,s just the Wong family.”
“Don,t they live in Chinatown?”
“Yes.”
“Isn’t it destroyed?”
“I don,t know.Let me go check.”
“Remember, we need to see if Chinatown is
still there!”
“Ohh my gosh it is still here! Thank you so
much Sydney for helping us!”
“No problem. It was so much fun. Hey you
should go back to your house!”
“We’ll only go if you come with us.”
“Okay I’ll go.”
“It’s just how I remember it. The silk sheets.
Again thanks for helping us.”
“No problem.”

“We want to give you something. It was mine when I was a little girl.” said the mother.
“It’s wonderful, thank you.”
That made my Summer.

Journey to Inlandia: A Quest for Knowledge Summer Williams

Hello my name is Summer, and I'm a spy angel trying to earn my wings. In order to earn my wings I must earn more knowledge from places. Wait I'm getting a message... This time I have to go to.....Inlandia!

This is going to take so much work so little time, so little time.

It would take an hour for an angel with no wings to make it there, and I had two hours until they would blow up the satellite....No more television.

So I'm not just doing it for me I'm doing it for the world. I feel good knowing I'm not just helping myself.

I left a message for them saying I'm on my way.

Off I went into the garden and said, "I want to earn knowledge." All of a sudden, I was in Chinatown I wanted to ask the Wongs if the gowns they have are silk. Turns out the year was 2009 and not in the 1800's_1900's. I tried again and it worked! All of a sudden I saw a guy saying he wanted to see the Wongs. I knew to follow. Too bad I didn't know Chinese because once we got there I tried to ask about the gowns but they couldn't understand. I went to Booklandia to learn how to write in Chinese. They wrote back saying, "No they are made of something else." I could have just read it wrong.

I also wanted to go to the Mission Inn to ask Frank Miller what he is famous for. Turns out he was working with Matthew Gage built the canal. Turns

out it was just to transport water over hills and mountains.

I wanted to know why the Tibbets were so famous then. First I had to eat some oranges, so I grabbed one off a tree. Then I saw Eliza Tibbets staring at me crossly because I took one out of a crate she was carrying to Luther Tibbets. I ran behind a tree hoping she wouldn't find me, but while I was backing up..... Boom. I saw the light, too bad all it was, was the sun. Eliza stared at me crossly. I shut my eyes so I couldn't see her cross face. I asked for her apology because I think we got off on the wrong foot, not just because I fell. She agreed. I went to talk to Luther Tibbets. After a minute I asked him why they were so famous then. He knew why I was there so he cut me off before I could finish and said, "We basically inspired this administration." I knew he was correct.

Next, I wanted to see what the history of Jenson Alvarado Ranch was. I went to that time frame. I asked Cornelius Jenson who he bought the rancho from he said Lois Robidoux. That was enough for one day.

Soon after I went to sleep I had a nightmare that Cornelius Jenson had a hook for a hand and a peg for a leg. He was coming to get me!

Once I woke up I was in a jail cell, I got out and ran and noticed I wasn't awake yet, I blinked three more times, and I was an angel again. "I guess I'm awake.", I said. Off I went. There was a mob behind me!! I traveled to the time of Sippy Woodhead. They were so close that they went with me back in time. I started running again, then froze everybody but Sippy and I. I asked who trained him he said, "I don't know." I blinked three times and I noticed that all that time I was asleep in the

classroom. We had a history test tomorrow!
Dingle_ling! That's the bell to go home!!!!

When I went to sleep that night my mom was yelling at me. I went back to Inlandia sad and depressed. I walked all day and all night with quite a long face. Sippy Woodhead asked, "Are you okay?" I said, "If you call it okay when you have a test tomorrow, got yelled at, and this is all a dream."

Sippy and I sat and thought a while. I noticed that all that stuff I learned was in the back of my head. I learned from the past, present, and future of what was Riverside. Sippy and I talked for a minute or so. I said, "Goodbye", with tears in my eyes. We gave each other a hug.

Off I went again. My heart and soul felt empty knowing it was all a dream. I still wanted to learn but I didn't want to know that I'm probably dumber than a fourth grader.

The satellite blew up! A suspicious thing happened... everything that needed a satellite still worked. Turns out that the one that they blew up was a decoy.

I wondered if I'd ever see this place again, this place I call Inlandia.

Before I wake up I want to ask Reggie Miller if he could shoot some hoops with me.

So I went back in time. I saw him hanging out with Matthew. I asked Matthew if I could borrow him for 1 minute. He said, "Sure."

I asked Reggie the magic question. He said "Sure". I let Matthew join us. We had a lot of fun.

I had to wake up even though I thought it would be the last time I'd be able to see Inlandia the imaginary dream of my life.

La...La...La.That's the doorbell.I woke up and ran to answer it.It was the busdriver looking for me.I said,"Wait a minute",she replied"No!"

I told her I have some other means of locomotion, and she said,"Then I can leave",she shut the door,and I had to run to school.

On the test I thought I would get a D-.I started praying to the Lord. I looked in my head for all the information I needed.

It started raining !! got struck by lightning,and the last thing I saw was my paper floating in the air.

I once again was in Inlandia. I saw every piece of my life flash before my eyes.I forgot to mention 1 thing. I have to do a response to literature page on the history of Riverside. I have to talk about what I learned.(At the end I will tell you my grade.

Back on track. Hehmmmm....I thought I would die. All it was,was that I was waking up in Inlandia. I was happy to see their faces. Sippy,or should I say Cynthia ,the Wongs, Matthew Gage, and last but not least.....the Tibbets.

I don't know why but I felt like somebody was watching me.I started backing up and I fell into a bush. Just then,a stranger ducttaped me into a chair and told me he would burn down the portal to earth and I'd be stuck in the humidity of Inlandia forever. I rewound time and instead of backing up I ran forward. I even hired the Wongs as security for Inlandia and everyone in it. I said "Goodbye" .As they all started to cry,I left. I woke up and I was back to life back to reality.

The first person I saw was my teacher, Mrs. Swauvanagle, saying I got an A+ on my test!

I screamed so loud that I thought that the whole school could hear me, even though my cousin screams louder and not even people in the same room can hear her.

I told my teacher some extra information.

Here's the information:

*Reggie Miller was accepted in professional basketball in 1987

*Reggie's last game with Indiana Pacers was on May 19, 2005

*Sippy's real name is Cynthia Sippy is a nickname

*In 1977 she was the fastest American swimmer and the third fastest in the world

*1978-1983 Sippy was the world's fastest swimmer in the world except for in 1982

*Sippy had even more awards but I ran out of paper!

Mrs. Swauvanagle wanted me to write it down and read it to the whole class. I wanted to refuse but I knew I'd get detention so I agreed. I read it in front of my classmates. Two people challenged me. I said, "Yes", and I won the challenge. They couldn't beat my knowledge or my karate skills. No one can. Not even if they tried!

Their crew challenged afterwards. They lost because of Reggie and the Wongs. Reggie taught me fastness, the Wongs taught me all the moves.

I was so proud of my notes on Reggie and Cynthia. Everyone thought I was showing off. Not one person was on my side, but Mrs. Swauvanagle, but she doesn't count. "She's too old", I said. She said "I heard that". She also yelled, "Detention" right into my ear.

I told the class that dreams do come true. My dream was to get an A+ on the test and I did.

But, before I might not wanna' dream about Inlandia anymore, I wanna' dance with the Wongs (doing the Samauri), let Reggie play basketball (against Lebron James and Kobe Bryant). Asked Frank Miller for a room in the Mission Inn, and tell the Tibbets a joke about oranges! I also want to see how to write an orange joke in Chinese.

Hilarious, don't you think? Well I think so.

First stop to ask Frank Miller if he would reserve a place for me in the Mission Inn. He replied saying "Nope".

My dream was getting so old, that I was turning old. I looked 200 years old in my dream. Next stop to tell the Tibbets an orange joke.... turns out it was too hysterical for them, so they kicked me out.

I laughed for a minute or two. It wasn't funny an hour later.....

Next stop to Booknlandia to learn an orange joke in Chinese (Ha, ha, ho, he, haw, he, ho).

I was on the Chinese News that day. They called me the comedian of the 1900's. I giggled. Last stop was to see the Wongs and dance the Samauri. We did it all day and all night. We even had a buffet in my honor! Once I woke up it was the end of the place of my dreams, Inlandia. Farewell..... for now.

Journey to Inlandia: A Quest for Knowledge **By Jacob Yokley**

I always wondered why if all the famous actors were in Hollywood, and the exciting news was in L.A and Vegas--Why were we in Riverside?

Will anything extremely cool ever happen to me? I would always ask myself. Okay, sure I have an autographed baseball from Tommy Lasorda, but I mean something filled with *action*. Playing video games, watching TV, and reading books filled with action and adventure seemed to make me wish something the characters did in the story happened to me. Riverside is a fun town, don't get me wrong. But my imagination is what really creates all the fun, with its cities being attacked by meteors and me saving the people who live there, or me becoming as good a player as Brett Favre or Kobe Bryant. Luckily, that story begins here.

On a typical Saturday morning, I was walking down my street with my dog, Casey. We both seemed to be bored, and that's one of the many things we have in common. We always tend to get bored eventually. Of course, she had to sniff another plant.

"Casey! Come on, this the tenth time!" I complained. She looked at me, and then continued to sniff.

"I'm talking to a dog," I whispered impatiently. I started to tug her leash, but she wouldn't budge.

Something's going on. She never disobeys us like this! Normally one tug brings her our way! I thought. After two minutes, I was getting worried. Now she was licking the plants! Two more minutes

passed. She looked about ready to bite it, so I tugged harder and yelled her name.

“CASEY!” She jumped up suddenly and turned her head left to right, looking completely clueless. I took her home, because I didn’t want to wait three hours again for her to lick a plant. Yes, it’s an exaggeration, but if I hadn’t yelled, that probably would have happened. At dinner, I told everyone what happened.

“She’s always clueless. She barely even learned how to listen to us!” my Dad joked. He’s always against pets. He only likes hunting pets, because he wants them to get rid of the rabbits who are too clever for cages and eat practically a quarter of our yard a day. He loves Casey, just not too much. Anyways, I laughed a little but continued to talk about my afternoon with my dog. Mom thought that maybe something was in the bush, but I turned that one down. I didn’t hear anything other than the few cars that went by and the plant being devoured. Somehow, Mom was thought right, because I didn’t see why Casey stopped. I turned around right after the unsuspected move. It started to rain after dinner, so we let Casey inside. I thought it was weird that the day went from sunny to rainy. I sat next to Casey, monitoring her as I played piano or watched TV to check on her behavior. She just stared at me whenever I looked at her. Her eyes seemed to be filled with sadness and her tongue wasn’t bobbing up and down while she breathed like other dogs. She stared solemnly, like she was trying to tell me something. I patted her back and scratched her head, but she didn’t change her expression. I went to bed at eleven thirty and Casey fell asleep at ten. As I slept I thought about what had happened.

If Casey were to talk to me, what would she say? I thought. *For the first time, I'm actually very worried about her.* I thought about this for a long time, until I finally fell asleep.

"Young man. Young man! Can you hear me! Wake up! Wake up!" When I woke up, I saw a man I've never seen before in my life. He had a medium sized beard and hair that looked just like Abraham Lincoln's.

"W-who are you?" I stammered.

"Why I'm John Wesley North, the founder of"-

"Of what? Yarn? Cheese? Cream Corn?" I asked this question a million times, but instead of getting answers, I saw my room. I looked around. No John North. No founder of cream corn.

"What a weird dream," I said. I went to check on Casey. She was knocked out. She literally looked like she was dead. I smiled.

"Everything is back to normal," I replied. Later that day I tested that "normalness" on a walk with her. She didn't sniff the plant like she did yesterday. She didn't even look at it. We went farther and farther and farther. I was surprised that I ended up hiking all the way to John W. North High School.

Wait. John North?! I thought. The John North in my dreams was real! Now I was really getting freaked out.

That is not irony! What's with all these weird happenings? My mind buzzed these thoughts around like an angry hornet. I called my Mom on my cell phone to pick me up. *Fast.* As we went home I told her everything. I don't think she understood me, because I was talking way to fast. She told me to either slow down, or take a deep

breath before I spoke again. I took a deep breath, but I think it was more of a “stressful breath” than a “yoga breath”. When we were home I told Dad everything I told Mom, but he just said the same thing. I hesitated and frowned.

“Dad, Mom, did I ever say that you two are perfect for each other?” Dad gave me a weird look. I retold him everything again but much slower.

“You’ve never heard of John North High School?” Dad questioned.

“No, not until now!” I remarked. “What’s going on here? There’s too many weird things going on!”

“Just calm down, Jake.” Dad said smoothly. “No one said dreams would come true, and no one said they wouldn’t. It could have been irony. Who knows?”

“Yeah, but”- I started.

“Yeah but, is a rab-butt. Remember?” I didn’t say a thing. Dad was right. His funny little phrase was actually very serious. I walked out of the room and said,

“Thanks Dad. You’re right.” I went into my bedroom and grabbed one of my video games. I tried to take this John North thing off my head by just doing my favorite hobbies. It didn’t take long for me to get bored, so I moved on to watching TV. But I guess I didn’t feel like doing that either. I tried playing computer games, drawing, shooting hoops, reading my favorite books, and sculpting clay, but none of them worked.

Maybe I’m just too uneasy about this situation, I thought. Normally I don’t do this in the middle of a day, but I did it anyway. I took a nap.

“No, no, no. I didn’t invent cream corn!” This voice sounded awfully familiar. I opened my eyes. Sure enough, there was John North.

“I am founder of Northfield, Minnesota, and what I now call, Riverside! Riverside, California.” I looked around and found some more people building over a farm.

“Oh, those are my group of people who came with me on this mission. They are building over an abandoned” - He stopped.

“Not again!” I yelled. “Please tell me sir! Please! Hurry! I don’t want to ask you about what’s happening again! Come on!” I thought the dream was about to end like last time, but instead everything I saw except for me was melting away. Now I was surrounded in pitch black.

“Pinch me hard so I can wake up!” I said sheepishly. Suddenly, I felt a small pain in my arm.

“Ow! Not literally!” My voice seemed to echo every time I spoke. Now I was getting mad. I’m standing in nothing, yelling at an invisible *thing* that takes everything seriously, trying to get answers from someone who always stops his sentences to bug me.

“Who’s there? I need answers now! I’m staying in this dream just to get a simple sentence on what the heck’s happening, and apparently that’s not happening!” A giant white figure faded into my sight. It looked like it had a face, but I couldn’t see it because it was too blurry.

“Be aware of your surroundings tomorrow, and your pet will show you the way...!” It said softly.

“What?” I questioned. It slowly faded away. I was left speechless. Slowly the dream ended, and I woke up. It was good that happened, because I

woke up just in time for dinner. As I ate I told Mom and Dad all about my newest dream.

“Then, a faded face slowly disappeared into the darkness,” I explained. “After that, I woke up.”

“Okay, lay off the sugar,” Dad said. I laughed a little and put my plate away. I was having a weird and great weekend, but tomorrow that weirdness will grow and the greatness will shrink. I had school tomorrow. I knew I was going to work a lot, so I decided to play a lot tonight. Sooner than I thought, I was in bed. Slowly, I drifted off to a deep sleep. I opened my eyes later. Instead of seeing my room, I saw a small black platform under my feet and a red sky filled with dark clouds. I knew I was dreaming so I looked for John North. He wasn’t there. In fact, I was the only one around. I stood still and kept up my balance because I didn’t want to fall off that small platform. I wondered where the road was at and wished there was one so I didn’t have to stress out. As I imagined it, another black platform was in sight, but this one was different. I noticed that the new platform was growing into a bigger one. A road! I walked along it and soon found myself at a city that was torn into ruins. I took a glance at my surroundings, and found a building that wasn’t as damaged as all the others. I entered the building and had to gasp, because the inside looked worse than the whole city! Picture frames were broken in half, tables and desks were turned sideways, and random items were lying down all over the place. I walked out of the building and out of nowhere, a small yellow canary landed on my head. It hopped off and landed on my shoulder. It looked at me and cocked its head like I was the most interesting thing in the world. It hopped off of

there and landed on the ground. It looked at me some more, and then looked at the road ahead.

What is a canary doing next to a human? I thought. The bird fluttered its wings and chirped, as if he were reading my mind.

How is there a canary in a wasteland like this? I thought some more. I then realized what he was doing. He wanted to show me something. He chirped twice and flew down the road. I ran behind him. Soon, I was able to see something huge. As we ran closer, I realized it was a temple! We continued to run toward it and finally, we stopped in front of it. I read the huge sign attached to it. It read, INLANDIA TEMPLE. I walked through the door and I found the most bizarre thing. I saw a room that was larger than the building I just entered. The canary hopped on to my shoulder.

“This is the Inlandia Temple, as you read outside. It was dedicated to the many dreams kids have and the knowledge they wish to gain,” it said boldly. My eyes widened. “YOU CAN TALK!?” I yelled in question.

“Ouch! Remember that I’m sitting right next to your trap! Keep the trap shut, because this bird can only take so much noise!” he demanded. I began to think that I was going crazy. Even if this is a dream, this would never happen to me. I slapped myself over and over again to knock myself out of the dream.

“Great gaspers, lad! Are you quite alright?” he asked.

“AH!” I screamed.

“HEY! What did I say about my ears and your trap?” he said as he pecked my head. “Now look around a little more closely.” I did as he said. I

noticed that there were a million doors all around scattered around the room.

“What would you like to learn, my mouthy friend?” he questioned.

“Well, I would like to know why I was brought here.” I remarked Suddenly, the bird started to grow. His feathers were changing color, his eyes becoming fiercer. He transformed into an eagle.

“Very well. Hop on my back.” He ducked down so I could climb up onto him. H dashed off to one of the doors and entered it. A sudden flash of white engulfed the two of us. When that was over, I saw the bush that Casey tried to bite.

“Do you recognize this plant?” the eagle said.

“Yeah, so?” I replied.

“So, this is where your learning begins. Now listen up!” he commanded. I sat up straight and listened. “This plant is a very special plant. It may not look like much, but it leads t an unknown world filled with the answers to everything that happened in the Inland Empire of California. That world is called Inlandia.” My mind flashed. I remembered how we were just at the Inlandia Temple! “When one of these flowers is bitten off, the Inlandian portal becomes visible. If you jump in, then you will see a remarkable land! A land filled with knowledge about the Inland Empire, but mostly Riverside. In this dream you’re having now, we are at Inlandia.”

“Didn’t you say that it was a *remarkable* land? When I ended up here, everything was a wreck!” I quizzed.

“Well lad, the answer to that is”- he hesitated a little. “Inlandia is collapsing. Before you say something else, let me finish. Since Inlandia is

so close to the Inland Empire, and the Inland Empire is so close to California, then that means that once Inlandia is destroyed, California will begin to go down with it. The only hopes to save it are the kids who come to Inlandia, to fix it. But none have found the secret entrance in more than five thousand years.”

“So that’s why the faded face told me to mind my pet when we go for a walk!” I exclaimed. “And why John North was telling me all this stuff! It was Inlandia!” I was excited that I figured all this “irony” out.

“That’s exactly why!” the bird replied. Suddenly, everything was fading away, and I saw my room. You guessed it. I woke up from the dream. I checked the alarm clock and found out that it was not time for me to get up and get ready to school, (which is six thirty. Right now it was five ‘o clock.) So I decided to go to Inlandia. I quietly got Casey’s leash and wrote a note that said, I will be back at six from a walk. Love, Jake. With that done, I attached Casey’s leash to her collar and snuck out. We went to the plant we saw two days ago and like the face said, she began to act strange. Soon, she started to bite it, and one of the flowers came off. Casey looked at me hanging her tongue out as if she thought I was extremely proud of her for tearing apart a plant. I waited for a few seconds, but nothing happened.

I guess it really was irony, I thought. I started to walk away. *Zzzt! Whoosh!* When I heard that noise, I turned around.

What was that!? I exclaimed in my head. Then, I saw it. A blue portal, shaped like the symbol of Riverside, was coming out of the flower. I picked up a rock and through it in. *Zzzt!* Slowly, I walked

up to it. I reached out my hand to touch it. I held onto Casey's leash real tight as I was sucked into the portal.

After a series of white flashes and dizziness, I opened my eyes to the same world in my dream, except the fact that a whimpering dog was trembling right next to me. I saw the same eagle that was in my dream, too.

"Welcome to Inlandia, lad!" he cheerfully said. "Is this your pet?"

"Yep" I answered.

"Very good, very good. So what did I tell you? Your dreams were true after all!" he said.

"Uh-huh. Anyways, we've got to save Inlandia, right?"

"Oh! You're Right."

"Then take me where I need to go first."

"First we need to see John North. He is the key to your knowledge which will then lead to your power of saving the state and my homeland," he explained. "Hop on lad. Bring the dog, too." I hopped onto his back. I held Casey tight as we were preparing to fly. We flew off and went to the temple. Casey wasn't trembling, but when I looked down, I realized it was because she fainted from the excitement. I couldn't blame her. That's how I fainted too. Finally, we reached the temple. Casey and I woke up at that time because the eagle kept yelling our name really loudly. We entered the temple and there was a moment of silence. I looked at the bird staring at us and flapped my arms like wings.

"No, I'm not going to take you there! *You are!*" he exclaimed impatiently.

“Pardon me?” I asked. The bird pointed his wing at a book sitting on a table. I flipped through the pages.

“This old thing won’t help us! We need to find John North, not take a trip to the library!” I said kind of ruder than I normally would. That’s when another series of white flashes and dizziness occurred. Suddenly, I saw John North and the group of people who came with him to build Riverside over—I couldn’t remember what they were building over. Then I realized that he was going to tell me, but the faded head appeared and he was cut off. I walked up to him.

“Hi.” I said.

“Oh, I recognize you! You’re the kid who disappears a lot! What brings you to Inlandia?” he said in a welcoming voice.

“We need your help to save Inlandia and my state. So help us.” I commanded.

“I’ll need some paper and a pen so I can give these guys the blueprints to Riverside. Once I’m finished, I shall follow in your quest,” he explained.

I hopped onto the eagle and asked him for the closest paper shop. He took me to a printing press which was in “L.A.” and I hopped off right when we got there. I explained to the clerk what was happening, and he said I’d get two free pens and my paper for free since I was, “the Chosen One”. On the way back I asked the eagle if Inlandia had TV’s.

“Yes it does, why?” he asked.

“I think that guy watches too much of it if he called me ‘the Chosen One’.” I replied. When we got back, I gave John North the pen and paper, and

we waited twenty minutes for him to finish his project. After that, we flew off.

“Whew. Glad that’s over!” I said as lay down on the bird’s back.

“You didn’t tell me you had a dog,” John North replied.

“Anyways, when did you build Riverside?” I asked him.

“If you want to know so much, why don’t I just give you facts about myself, including the facts of Riverside?”

“Fine. I might want to tell this info to my teacher anyway.”

“I was born on January fourth, 1815, in Sand Lake, Rensselaer County, New York, and I started teaching when I was fifteen.” I was writing all this stuff down with my new pen and paper. “I then became a licensed lay preacher in 1833, and I studied law in 1845 and 1849. 1849 was also when I moved to Minnesota.” On and on he talked. He told me about how he became second legislature of the Minnesota Territory he was in (1850). He also told me about how he became one of the founders of the Republican Party of Minnesota in 1855(He also founded Northfield, Minnesota in this year and moved there). How he was a part of the Minnesota state Constitutional Convention in 1857 and how he was a delegate to the Chicago Republican Convention in 1860. He told the part of how he found the University of Minnesota, and finally how he moved to Santa Cara in California and built Riverside in 1870.

“Wow.” I said with a yawn.

“What is our next stop?” the eagle asked.

“John W. North High School,” I replied.

“Were leaving Inlandia?” he questioned.

“Trust me,” I said confidently. We zoomed up into the sky, and a portal appeared. I held onto Casey really tight this time, as we soared out. Casey was excited to see our home again. I could tell because she started breathing heavily, wagging her tail, right before she fainted again. We reached our destination, and I entered the school. It was very dark in there, and I kept tripping over my dog’s leash. After more exploring and tripping, we found a red glow. We followed it, and right in front of us was a red portal. I checked the clock. It was six ‘o clock! I had thirty minutes left before school! I walked up to the portal, ready to enter it.

“STOP! BEFORE YOU ENTER THIS PORTAL, YOU NEED TO ENTER A PASS CODE. HERE’S A HINT.” I heard a voice say. “LATE AT NIGHT ON THE SECOND MOON AGO, FOUR DIGITS STARTED SLUMBER WITH A COLON IN THE MIDDLE.” I thought of this over and over again. “The second moon ago” must mean the night after last night. “Late at night” obviously means that this pass code ties in with a late time at night. “Four digits started slumber”, I thought must’ve meant that the code was four numbers and someone or something slept at this time. “With a colon in the middle”, this one tricked me.

It must mean that the code is four digits, with a colon in the middle of the digits. That’s exactly how people tell time! So it was a time late at night. Someone slept at this late time. Twelve ‘o clock, eleven ‘o clock, what could it be? I thought. Wait a minute; I went to bed at eleven thirty “two moons ago”. I got it!

“The code is eleven thirty!” I yelled.

“WHAT WEATHER?”

“Um, it was,” - I couldn’t remember what it was.

“Rainy!” I yelled. Suddenly I remembered how weird I thought it was that the day went from sunny to rainy.

“VERY GOOD. YOU MAY ENTER THE PORTAL NOW. BRING JOHN NORTH. YOU WILL BE IN NEED OF HIS ASSISTANCE.” The voice boomed. John North and I looked at each other and stepped into the portal. We ended up in this weird room painted completely white.

“Welcome.” I heard a voice say. This one sounded just like the loud one outside the portal.

“Who and where are you?” I asked. No answer. “Hello?” I looked all around the place and didn’t see a thing.

Something’s not right here, I thought.

“This young man asked you a question! Why won’t you answer it?” John North quizzed.

“John, just wait! I’m trying to bring you two up.”

“Up?” I asked. Then the room began to shake. It felt like it was an elevator going up.

“Oh, that’s what you meant.” I said. Soon, we saw a different room, filled with color. A tall man with a mustache and a little bit of hair was standing with his hand out.

“Hello!” he said. John shook his hand.

“Greetings sir!” John North replied.

“You two know each other?” I asked.

“Why yes. I’m Doctor Inlandia, the creator of Inlandia.” The man said.

“You see young man; I’m not the real John North. I’m simply a part of Inlandia. I was created with the place. Doctor Inlandia knew everything about the history of the Inland Empire. He used this

knowledge to create everything, including me being the clone of John North, within Inlandia. He released his pet canary there, but some side effects occurred. In your dreams did you see that canary and how it talked and transformed? Those were the side effects.” John explained.

“Now, enough with the talk! Do you want to be a hero?” Doctor Inlandia asked.

“Yeah.” I said nervously.

“Do you want to live in California?” he continued.

“Of course I do!” I answered back.

“Well you have five minutes to do so! Take this Inland crystal and jab it into the book in the temple!” Doctor Inlandia dramatically exclaimed.

“But Doctor, that’s the guide to the doors! Why would you do that?” John North asked.

“That was a guide? How many secrets do you guys keep from me anyway?” I questioned.

“JUST GO!” the Doctor said. We dashed out of the building and hopped onto the eagle.

“Where do we go next?” he asked.

“Inlandia! Go there as fast as you can! We have about three minutes now!”

“Right away!” he replied. We dashed off, Casey drooling as she was knocked out, John and me more scared than ever before! We flew through the portal and dashed out to the temple. I checked my watch.

“We have less than two minutes! Hurry!” I yelled.

“Why does time go bye like this?” the bird mumbled to himself. I noticed that the buildings were beginning to melt. The sky was starting to fade. *BOOM!* We crashed through the temple doors

with thirty seconds left. I took out the crystal and ran to the book. Fifteen seconds left. I ran faster.

Time just has to not be on our side right now, huh? I thought. With five seconds left, I leaped to wards the book. Four seconds... three seconds... two seconds... one second... got it! I barely made it.

“Whew!” I wiped the sweat off my head. I hopped on the eagle and went back to the portal. On the way there, I noticed that Inlandia now had a whole bunch of animals inhabiting it, and the sky was actually normal. Flowers, clean buildings, everything was perfect. Finally, I was home, with twenty minutes before school.

“Thank you John North and goodbye.” I said when we were there.

“Thank *you!* You saved my homeland! The eagle and I will be going to it right now. You are forever in our debt!” John replied. They stepped into the portal, and with that, they were gone.

When I went to school later, I told the class about what I learned about John North, but mostly about his amazing discovery he made called Riverside, California, the land I saved, love, but most importantly, it’s the land I grew up in.

Ysmael R. Villegas
by Mariah Zamora

One day, while on a school field trip, I went to a Smithsonian museum. While walking around, I found a time machine and stepped in it. I tripped and accidentally hit a button. When I stepped out of the time machine, I saw this young man walking. I thought that he looked familiar, like someone I had seen before. Then I called out, "are you Ysmael Villegas?" "Yes I am Ysmael Villegas, who are you?" he replied. "I am your niece but I am from the future. My name is Mariah, and I came here because I was wondering if I could get some information on your life", I replied shyly. "Sure" he said excitedly. "Wow, I have a niece and her name is Mariah" he said. I giggled for a moment.

I was born in Casa Blanca in 1924. I am now in the army, training and will soon be shipped off to Luzon, in the Philippines. I asked, "Did you know that they named a park in your honor? Oh, and I almost forgot to tell you that they also named a middle school after you." He answered shockingly, "No, I did not know that they named a park after me." "But how did they name a middle school after me if I didn't do anything daring or supportive?" he asked. Well you go off to fight in World War II and ended up dying at the age of 21 while protecting our country. You earn a purple heart and a silver star and four honors and three medals of Honor citation. "Well I am really scared because I am 20 years old, just completed my military training and going off to war," he stated. "I will miss you" he said.

"I will miss you too" I said, as I was about to cry. "But, look on the bright side you still have one

more day to live. You also saved four-hundred United States soldiers from death. “You mean to say, I saved them but not myself?” “Yes, that is what I meant to say” I replied scared. But, I don’t want to die, I want to live and be free. “You will die on March 20, 1945,” I said. “That is the day before my 21st birthday. Do you really think I should fight the Philippines?” he asked. “Yes, I think you should fight the war. You go on to become a squad leader. When you get shot, that inspires the men of your squad to angrily attack the foxholes. You later become the first person to be buried at the National Cemetery located in Riverside, California. Your bravery is the reason that Alvord School District names a school after you and the City of Riverside names a community center after you. Many people of Riverside now wish that they had a chance to meet you in person. By now you would be about 80 years old.” I said. “But I would like to see myself alive at the age of 80”, he laughs. “But if you don’t go to the Philippines then there wouldn’t be a middle school and a community center in your name. If you don’t go to the battle then the 400 soldiers you saved would be killed because you didn’t go to the Battle of Luzon in the Philippines” I said. “You really think I should go and try my hardest then just end up dying?” He asked. “Yes, because if you don’t it will change the future.” I said. “But, imagine me in the future with you and my family and your family” he replied. “But imagine my dad not having the job he has right now. Would that be very exciting for my dad?” “No” he said. “Also, there would be one less middle school and one less Community Center” I said. “True, but I want to live to see you turn 21 years old yourself” he said. “Don’t worry you can see me all the time

in heaven” I said. “But, I want to see you in person so I can say, “I am proud of you!” He said excitedly. “But, when you are a ghost I will try and hear you or try to dream of you” I said. “But, I really want to see you in person because you are such a great niece,” he said. “I will go to the army if I can first go to the future with you, please?” he begged. “No, because people might recognize you or ask what you are doing there?” I replied. “Even though you are Ysmael Villegas and I am Mariah Zamora you can’t go no matter what happens because you might be late and not go to the army. Next thing you know you will get kicked out of the army” I said. “Ok, I will go to the army because you told me to,” he said. “Thank you, you are the best uncle in the world” I said. “No, thank you because you inspired me, Ysmael Villegas to stay in the past” he said proudly. “Well tomorrow we can spend your last day together before you go to the army. If you want we can have a picnic by the flowers in the big fields?” I asked. “Sure, we can meet in the afternoon,” he replied. “So at 12 o’clock we should meet by the colorful flowers?” I asked. “Sure, we will have our picnic at 12 o’clock by the flowers” he said. Later that night, when, I fell asleep, I had a nightmare. I saw Ysmael Villegas in the future at my house. My dad no longer had the same job because Ysmael Villegas didn’t go into the army and a community center was never named in his honor. He never went to World War II.

When I woke up, I got dressed and went by the flowers with a blanket and picnic basket full of food. I waited for five minutes and he finally showed up at exactly 12 o’clock and was holding a plate of potato salad. I said “Yum! I love potato salad.” He said, “me too, it is my favorite food in the

world.” We sat there eating and watching cars go by. I asked, “Do you want to play a game?” He replied, “sure, what game is it?” It is called “tag”. What you do is one person is it and then you chase the other person and tag them, so they are “it”. We began to play and it took him thirty minutes just to get me. After a while, I finally tagged him. We rested for a while and it began to get dark. I looked up in the sky and starred at the stars with amazement. There was a star that was very bright. I went to the swings and sat there thinking if my dream was really going to come true. What would happen if Ysmael Villegas didn’t go into the army, how that would affect my whole life? My dad would not be working at the community center and he would then not have a job. There would not be a school named after Ysmael Villegas.

“Tomorrow is my 21st birthday and I have to go to the Philippines and fight for our country. Even though I will go off to war and die, I want you to always remember me,” he said softly. “I will and I will always keep you in my heart, even though you will be gone forever. I will see you in my dreams and I will even try to picture you here. But, when you go you have to remember me too. Even though you are somewhere different and I am down here I hope you have a great life. When you go to heaven try to tell me if there is danger,” I said. “I watch over you, now I must go to the army and fight for our country, goodbye!” “Goodbye uncle Ysmael, I will miss you,” I whispered.

He arrived in the Philippines and started fighting. They all came prepared. Back and forth they both would shoot at each other. Next thing I knew he was dead. Five day later, I would still be crying from his death. Then I decided to go home.

When I got home I looked at the calendar it was still the same day and it was one minute after I left. My mom was sitting on a chair in the living room watching TV. When I was sitting at home, I decided that I needed to go back to the time machine. I fell asleep for awhile then woke up. I decided to sneak out and go to the time machine. When I got there I went inside and pushed the button. When I went back to 1945, I heard people talking about the death of Ysmael Villegas. I felt really bad because if I never made him go to the army he wouldn't be dead. Then I heard a voice and it was Ysmael he said, "It isn't your fault I had to go to the army anyways. I knew that I was going to die and tomorrow am my 21st birthday." When I got home, I told my mom that I learned why Ysmael Villegas is very important. He gave his life to save hundreds of soldiers. He inspired his squad to go on and attack the opponents. He is a hero and I am glad that he is my uncle!