*\**Quetzalcoatl*\**

I was walking with my best friend, Josh, when he suddenly stopped. “Sara!” he cried. “I finally remember!”

“Hmm?” I asked, crouching down to study a dark purple pansy.

“The thing I was going to ask you at lunch yesterday.” He said.

“You just *barely* remembered?” I teased. He glared at me good-naturally. “All right. What was it?” I laughed.

“So I was wondering…” He started. Suddenly, he collapsed. I saw a flash of fear and pain on his face, but then there was only peace. As for me, I was scared out of my mind.

“Josh! Josh, please, *please,* wake up!!!” I screamed.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~ JOSH ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

My eyes flew open. I could hear Sarah, but where was she? I rolled over and realized that I was floating. Sara was below me, kneeling next to my body. That’s right, I *wasn’t in my body.* It’s like I was some kind of ghost. But if I was a ghost… then I would be dead. No. I had to live. I looked down and saw that I was still breathing, so I knew I couldn’t be dead. I heaved a sigh of relief.

I looked up and saw a ghost dragon in the distance. I recognized it as the same one that had caused me to collapse by hurdling through my chest just a minute before. I figured that he would be able to help me as much as anyone- at least he could tell me what was going on. I yelled out to the dragon “Hey! Wait up!” Needless to say, I am such an idiot sometimes. Luckily, the dragon did stop, and didn’t look too hungry or angry. Even so, I approached cautiously. I could feel his strong gaze on me, and I felt like he already knew what I wanted to say, so I stayed silent. I felt the need to touch his forehead, so, being the idiot I am, I followed the urge.

My hand moved closer and laid itself on the dragon’s hard, shiny scales. They felt cool and smooth beneath my palm and fingers. My mind became flooded with thoughts, but they weren’t mine; they were his. Years of knowledge were transferred to my mind. Suddenly I understood. I understood what I had to do to get back, and I knew I could do it. Although I did not understand what it meant at the time, I knew that her son was alive.

I opened my eyes and took my hand off of the dragon. I bowed and said “Thank you, \**Quetzalcoatl*.” I have no idea where that name came from, but it felt right, and the old dragon dipped his head in return. In a flash, he disappeared. I turned to look back at Sara and saw my body being loaded into an ambulance, about to be taken to the local hospital.

\* Pronounced (Ketsaul-coattle). Means *Feathered Serpent*

*Orem, Utah. Orem, Utah.*  I didn’t actually know where that was, but the name echoed in my mind over and over. That was where I was told I had to go. Suddenly, a wave of nausea swept over me. I tried to sit down but found I couldn’t. What was happening? The feeling passed, and I looked around. I was standing in front of a large brown building with lots of windows. A flag waved on top. I saw a sign that said that it was the Ben Lomond Hotel. I smiled to myself. I had just teleported to the very place I needed to be.

I walked into the hotel, and immediately saw 2 other ghosts. “Yep”, I thought to myself, “This is it.” I knew that the person I needed to talk to was on the 11th floor, so I simply floated through the next 10 ceilings. I heard wailing from room 1106. I peeked into the room and saw the lady I was looking for.

She was on her back, sobbing into a pillow. For the first time, I had a trace of doubt. Not even knowing it was possible, I suddenly sneezed. The lady was suddenly in the air. For the first time, I got a look at her face. She only had a few matted clumps of hair left, her eyes were bloodshot and puffy, there were cuts and bruises all over her face, and her left ear was bleeding. She flew toward me and grasped my neck in her bloodied, 4-fingered hands.

“How dare you!?!” She screamed into my face. “How dare you kill my son? YOU WILL PAY! YOUR LIFE FOR HIS!!!” She cackled and squeezed harder. I could feel myself blacking out, but I had to get a few precious words out. “Your son… alive. Alive”, I gasped. Then everything went black.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~SARA~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

I still hadn’t slept. I had only eaten one apple slice. Why? Because Josh was still in the hospital. The doctors all said that he was probably fine, that I had nothing to worry about, but I knew better. And yet I had to believe. I loved Josh; he was my best friend. I had to be by his side if… no. *When* he woke up. I knew he would. He *had* to! Suddenly the electrocardiogram tracing, or EKG, stopped its steady beat and held out one long *beeeeeeeeeeeep.* “No!” I yelled. ”Josh, No! NO!!!”I cried. I looked once more at his face. His eyes were closed, but I knew they were bright blue. His hair was sandy blond and he now looked both serious and peaceful. My eyes traveled to his neck, where I saw bruises that looked like handprints, but each print only had four fingers. I gasped. “She…no.” I moaned. She had said she would get revenge, but I never thought it would be this soon.

THE END