

Davey to the rescue

Suspense!

Action!



By MiLA Kulvekoski

10 more minutes... Davey Headinson hated detention, but if hadn't earned himself a detention he would have never seen the boy. He stared out the classroom window at the boy climbing into the dumpster. Huh? This needed investigating. He raced outside a few minutes later to see what the boy had stashed inside. It was ... a mask?!

He hid it in his backpack and ran home. He went straight to his room but his 7 year old sister Amanda followed him asking, "Hey, what's in your backpack?"

"Uh... extra homework." Davey responded, quickly closing the door on his nosey sister.

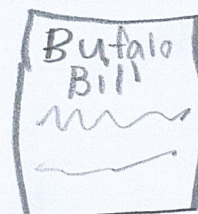
He unzipped his backpack, pulled out the mask and put it up to his face. It fit him perfectly! Davey suddenly felt a surge of energy and rose off the ground!

"Whoa!" Davey cried.

He took off the mask and gently floated back to the ground. "I'm dreaming." he concluded.

But when he put the mask on again the same thing happened!

He raced to Amanda's bedroom.



"What do you want?" Amanda snapped when he opened the door.

Davey pulled out the mask and told her what happened.

"Cool!" She cried "We need to go tell Mrs. Robinson."

Mrs Robinson lived next door with her pug Pookie. She was their babysitter growing up and basically like a Grandma to the kids. They would go over every day after school when their mom was working and she would tell them a ton of stories about magic, dragons, fairies, and distant lands. They knew she would believe them and they couldn't think of anyone who would be more excited about a magic mask!

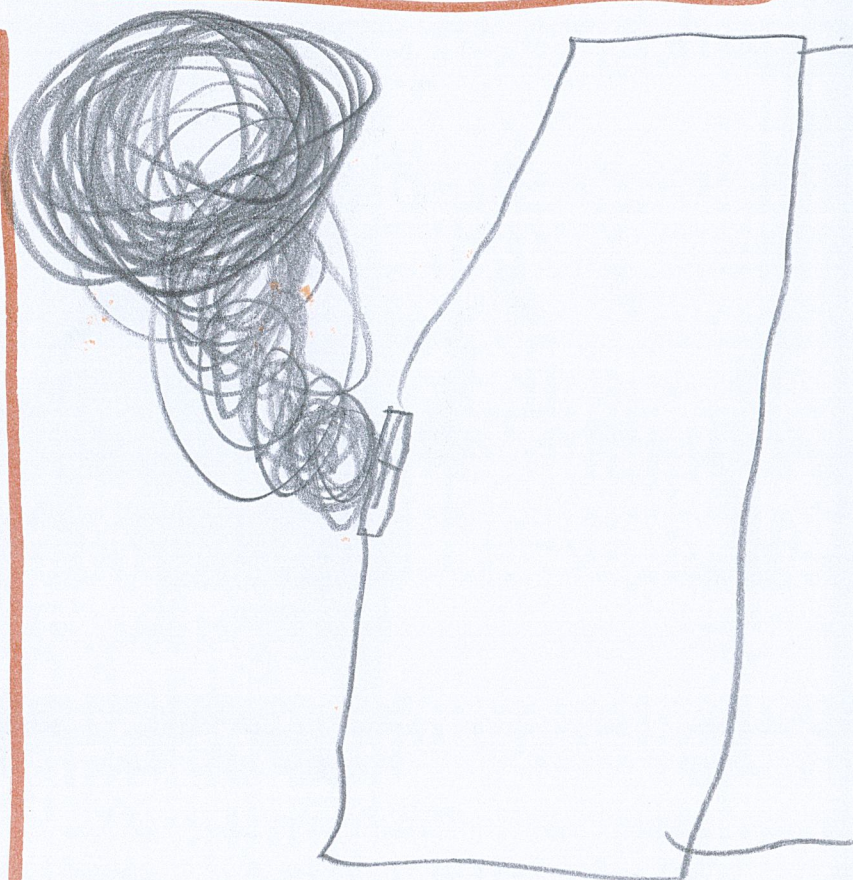
As they walked up the path they heard the British Baking Show on T.V. at full volume. Mrs Robinson was from England and loved her cooking shows. Her cookies were amazing. Maybe she had some they could sample...!

They pounded on the door.

"MRS ROBINSON!!" they screamed "Are you home?!" No answer...

They went around the back of the house and saw smoke rising out of the kitchen window!

"That is not good." said Amanda



Davey rushed through the back door and into the kitchen. He began to cough from the smoke.

"MRS. ROBINSON!!!" he yelled. He turned off the oven but as he opened the door flames burst out. Amanda turned off the TV. "MRS. ROBINSON! Are you home?" She yelled.

Amanda! Fire!

He was getting scared.

"Help" he heard faintly.

He followed her voice to the bottom of the stairs. Amanda raced past him kneeling by their babysitter's side.



"Mrs Robinson! Are you ok? There is a fire. We need to get you out!" Amanda cried as she tried to help their neighbor up.

"I think my ankle is broken. I fell down the stairs!" She said. The smoke was getting very thick.

Davey knew they were running out of time. But they could not move her without help. He took out the mask.

"Mrs Robinson. I need you to put this mask on. It will make you float so you don't have to walk on your bad ankle." Davey yelled over the roaring fire.

She pulled the mask over her head and her feet left the ground.

"My word children! What is going on?!" she said.

"There isnt time to explain! We have to get out of the house." Amanda said as they pushed her floating body towards the front door.



"Pookie! He is still inside!" Mrs Robinson remembered "Help him please. He is old!"

Davey looked at the burning house. "Do you know where he is?" he asked.

"He was upstairs sleeping on the bed!" she said "Here" she took off the mask and handed it to him "go through the window!". She was pointing to the second story bedroom window.

Davey pulled the mask on and felt his feet leave the ground. But he didn't fly... He just hovered.

What now?!

Amanda suddenly gasped "I know! Use the drain pipe!"

Hand over hand Davey pulled himself up to the bedroom window.

"Pookie!!!! Here boy" cried Davey. He heard a whimper coming from underneath the bed.

Davey took off the mask and walked over to the bed .



"ARF!!!" Davey picked up Pookie and put on the mask.

He pulled himself along the wall to the window and pushed out into the yard. He took the mask off and floated to the ground with Pookie safe in his arms.

"POOKIE!!!!!!!!!!!" yelled Mrs. Robinson.

Pookie raced over to Mrs. Robinson and licked and licked her.

"DAVEY! AMANDA" Davey's mom raced over to them. "I called 911." She told Mrs. Robinson.

"The fire department is on the way." Sure enough, one minute later firemen were spraying water all over the house.



A police car pulled up and a uniformed police officer stepped out. Davey told him everything.

"You are a hero!" said the policeman.

"A superhero!" corrected Mrs Robinson holding Pookie in her arms.

Davey demonstrated how to use the mask to the officer. Of course, before they gave the mask to the police Amanda wanted to try for herself.

Good ol' Amanda thought Davey

The next day was a normal day. Boring compared to yesterday! Davey stared out the window in detention. Even being a celebrity didn't get him excused from detention. He thought about the boy. Who was he? Why did he put the mask in the dumpster? A question he never answered.

The mask meanwhile was in a glass display case for all to see in a museum. Where it came from and how it got its magical powers remains a mystery.

