Timmy stared at the picture. It was an interesting picture for sure. While he stared, a man sat next to him. “Hi,”

“Hello, what’s your name?”

“My name is Mr. Eddy,”

“Hello Mr. Eddy, I am Timmy,”

“Timmy, you want to see something cool?”

“Sure,” Mr. Eddy brought out a book with a sparrow on it. He brought out a regular looking pen. He opened it. Its pages looked old but moved as if they were young. No matter how far he had opened the pages they appeared as if in the middle of the book.

“Where are we, yes…this book is called a Paracon” said Mr. Eddy, and he wrote in the book. He wrote his name. The words stayed for a while then a picture formed of himself waving hello to himself and Timmy. He held the pen out for Timmy. “Write something,”

Mr. Eddy has a big mustache, wrote Timmy. Mr. Eddy giggled. A picture of Mr. Eddy formed on the page, and he was still waving. When the picture disappeared this time, A big mustache grew on Mr. Eddy’s actual face.

“Woah cool,” said Timmy. He stroked his fingers through Mr. Eddy’s mustache. Mr. Eddy tapped his knee with his cane. The mustache vanished.

“This is for you to keep Timmy,” Timmy smiled. He held the book close to his chest.

“Timothy Roland,” Timmy and his mom walked to the area where you got your blood withdrawn. “Sit down please,” said the Lady.

“Mommy can you hold this,” she held the book but, couldn’t remember where it came from.

“Now Timmy make a fist like this,” said the Nurse, “Yes, now open and close it,” She began slapping her front two fingers on his vein.

“What’s the purpose of all of this asked Timmy.”

“To get your vein to show up,” when he was done with the procedure, he noticed that Mr. Eddy had gone.