

WORLDS COLLIDE



BY THE FANS and FOR THE FANS

 SCHOLASTIC



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**TALES FROM AN
AWESOMESAUCE PARTY**

BY THE FANS and FOR THE FANS

SCHOLASTIC INC.

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ambercobra69	chimaerahawk25	hawkgriffin229	purplellama199
amberdusk29	citadelhistory8	hawkphoenix123	rabbitpanda17
analyzingpsyched2	cobradragon606	heraimp3	rabbithunderstorm8
analyzingwizard7	coindusk1	heroinerabbit4	rabbitturquoise42
angelmermaid209	composingtempest13	horseathena56	raccoonwave4
aquawolf504	crazyllama23	icecool15	rainelf13
artemishunting119	darkpanther22	iceheatwave22	ravenelf21
artemismoonlight94	darksoul33	icewarrior10	sapphiremist20
artisticwords12	dawnblizzard8	infiltratingdolphins	scarletartemis16
artred190	dogbear547	infiltratingelf2	secretagent99
astonishingdrama8	dogfog107	inkforest13	silvercat309
athenaartemis260	dragonchasing402	latedeciphering1	silverdragon307
athenabookish32	dragonhydra124	lavendermusic40	skiingevil2
athenaisis84	dragonmist80	lightningthief5	spiritedchallenger12
athenaphoenix643	dragonninja44	lionheart373	spyunicorn1
athenatwilight91	dragonwarrior29	lokimidwinter3	technologycatching15
athenawriting2	dragonwolf310	lynxbizzard65	tidesong9
awesomemusician19	dragonwolf3791	masterdragon17	tigerclaws217
baseballfootball165	duskdragon98	medusaset4	tigermermaid18
bashfulbookish6	eaglesilver87	merlinhawk14	travelairport20
bearanalyzing151	elffairy107	midnightartemis54	unicornpegasus150
bearbear7386	epichawk42	midnightdragon274	volcanolynx9
blackdragon1671	fairyemerald31	midnightspy8	wolfamber666
blacknight182	fierywhite9	misthawk32	wolfbrain69
blackwolf2720	firesoul13	nebulaathena7	wolfeagle195
blizzardbear130	fishy66	opalwolf30	wolffairy406
blueartistic61	flashphoenix9	osirisphoenix39	wolfpurple183
bookfairy45	freyahouse2	pegasusquest15	wolfstorm1237
bookworm695	frostsparrow15	penguinfairy82	yellowwolf128
brownwolf123	gigglylibrary5	phoenixfire225	zeusp Poseidon129
catchingcat166	goodunicorn3	pinkpuppy1315	
catcobra544	griffinartemis84	platinumdragon650	
catdragon2259	growlingwerewolf66	platinumlion15	

To the fans



This book is created from your efforts, and it was such a thrill to work on. So many of you submitted your amazing writing, but because of the limitations of the story, not everyone's pieces have made it into the final book.

That doesn't mean they weren't great.

Some of our favorite submissions were the ones that involved fan-made characters, or plot lines that didn't quite fit into the story that was developing. We often found ourselves emailing these to each other excitedly.

Keep writing and reading. The Worlds Collide fans are a talented bunch, and we can't wait to see what you come up with next.

Sincerely,
The editors



1

THE CAHILLS' NEIGHBORS WERE ACCUSTOMED TO A LITTLE strangeness. There were the helicopters. And the periodic explosions, of course. The mansion had even burned down once or twice. But tonight, anybody who lived within five miles of the old Cahill estate was in for a bit of a nasty surprise.

It was a warm evening in Attleboro, perfect for opening a window to catch the summer breeze. The air was filled with the sounds of partying: loud music and people talking, laughing, and screaming. And . . . a wolf howl?

The Cahills' neighbors all kept their windows shut tonight.

An incredible, impossible celebration was already underway at the Cahill Command Center. The mansion hadn't been this crowded since the days of Grace Cahill's famous holiday parties. And *this* invite list included attendees from three different worlds, from all across time.

The party was a little chaotic, to say the least.

For one thing, the DJ was a cat. Saladin, an Egyptian Mau,

sat behind a gleaming laptop that was cranking out Jonah Wizard's greatest hits. A small pile of red snapper had been left for the cat. Hopefully it would last the whole party.

Dan Cahill watched as Saladin blinked contentedly from the empty DJ booth, occasionally *mrrping* along to the music. This seemed like the best plan for everyone. After leaving several claw marks on Ian Kabra's expensive jacket, a deal had been struck. Saladin got his private corner, and nobody else got hurt.

Dan felt a tap on his shoulder. It was Meilin—one of the Greencloaks who were visiting from Erdas. Her spirit animal, a panda named Jhi, ambled up beside her and then flopped down, looking something like a lumpy black-and-white floor mat.

"Sorry," Meilin said. "I'm a little confused. The cat is playing the music?"

"It's a playlist," said Dan. "Don't worry about it. You should go dance. That guy looks like he's been wanting to ask you all night." Dan pointed to Rollan, another visitor from Erdas. He was pretty sure he'd seen the guy casting glances at Meilin since the party began.

Meilin blushed slightly, before covering it up with a frown. "Forget it . . .," she mumbled. The girl stalked off, practically dragging her panda along with her.

Rollan approached from the dance floor with Dak in tow. Dak had arrived with the Hystorians, though he wasn't one himself. He, his friend Sera, and a young Hystorian named Riq—who Dan had seen roaming the party in an ancient Greek toga—had apparently traveled all through time, fixing historical breaks that no one knew existed. They even claimed

to have brought some friends with them from the past. A man who looked suspiciously like Christopher Columbus was wandering around, grabbing food right off people's plates. Dan saw Ian Kabra raise his eyebrows at Columbus as he passed by. If it was a costume, it was a good one.

"Don't mind Meilin," Rollan said. "Word on the street is that you're some kind of ninja. I think she was hoping you'd ask her to a duel to the death."

"Tempting," said Dan. "But my sister, Amy, already hid my ninja suit from me after I broke a vase this morning. She thinks because she's the head of the family, she can do stuff like that."

"A stick-in-the-mud, huh? That's too bad," Rollan said with a smile. "You see, my new friend Dak here and I *also* heard that you like pranks."

"I love pranks!" Dak chimed in. "Almost as much as history. Which is just a bit more than cheese. If you've got a plan, we want in."

Dan decided he liked Dak and Rollan. He glanced over at the punch bowl, where Amy was standing guard with three other girls.

"We'll need a distraction," he said.



Amy watched her brother, Dan, conspiring with two other kids near the DJ booth.

Oh no, she thought. I know that look. One prankster is enough, let alone three.

Beside her, Sinead and a girl named Sera were talking in

a geek-speak so technical that it was beginning to sound like a different language. Sinead was fascinated by Sera's time-traveling device, the Infinity Ring, not to mention all the other technology the Hystorians had. In Sera she'd found a kindred spirit—someone who could finally keep up with her scientific brilliance.

That was okay. Amy was pretty sure she'd made a new best friend of her own: Abeke. Abeke was bright and sweet, good at riddles and puzzles, and—best of all—she had a gorgeous leopard as her constant companion. Amy was more than a little jealous that the Greencloaks of Erdas had spirit animals, though Abeke herself seemed completely amazed by modern technology—especially the laser light show that Sinead had rigged up for the dance floor.

"My brother is up to something," said Amy, sipping her punch. "It's making me nervous."

Abeke followed her gaze. "If Rollan is involved, everyone should be nervous."

Suddenly a giant dog rushed by Amy, nearly knocking her over on its way to the dance floor. Only when it howled did Amy realize it wasn't a dog. It was Briggan the Wolf, another of the spirit animals from Erdas. Briggan's human partner, a blond boy, appeared a moment later.

"Sorry about that," he said. "Briggan gets a little nervous at parties. Some guy named Hamilton tried to have a staring contest with him earlier, eye to eye. Not a smart idea."

"Amy," said Abeke. "This is my friend, Conor. He's . . . he was the first of the group to be kind to me after I left the Conquerors. He's probably the nicest person in the Greencloaks."

Conor's face deflated. He looked a little guilty. "I should tell you . . .," he said. "Rollan and those two other guys, Dan and Dak, are planning a prank. I was the distraction."

"*Traitor!*" a voice called out from somewhere.

"Wha-what was your prank?" Amy asked.

From beside her, Amy heard Sera and Sinead pause from their conversation long enough to gasp.

"Um, Amy," Sera said. "Your Aunt Beatrice is turning . . . green."

Amy looked over at the snack table, where the punch had mysteriously turned an unpleasant shade of pink. Aunt Beatrice stood at the table with an empty cup in her hand, beside the other adults.

She looked like she was going to be sick.

Nope. She *was* sick: all over Olvan, the leader of the Greencloaks, who had been sipping coffee and minding his own business.

At first, the whole room became silent. Even the music seemed to go quiet. Then people started to laugh. It began with Meilin snickering, and then the Holts, and Ian, and Riq. Even Columbus was letting out loud guffaws between mouthfuls of stolen pizza. Amy swore she heard Saladin *mrrp* approvingly.

Her eyes found Dan off in a corner, where he, Dak, and Rollan were practically howling with laughter.

"DAN!" Amy shouted, cutting the room into silence once again.

"Uh-oh," said Dan, looking faint. "We're in trouble."

Amy stormed up to her brother. "*What* do you think you're *doing*? This isn't—"

A sudden loud crash shook the Command Center, rattling the whole room.

“What was that?” Dak asked, after he’d caught his balance. “It felt like someone took a siege engine to your castle.”

The security monitors switched on, and the siren began.

“Intruders . . .,” Amy whispered. “Someone’s inside the estate!”



2

AMY'S HEART SANK. THE WORST PART WAS THAT SHE'D BEEN having *fun*. She'd actually been mingling. And smiling. Like, at the same time!

"Well, isn't this just *peachy*," Ian said, sidling over. "Though I will say that the sirens are a vast improvement over Jonah's music."

"Quiet," Amy hissed as the Cahills, Greencloaks, and Hystorians gathered around her. "Sinead, can you activate the emergency system remotely?"

"I think it's too late for that," Sera said grimly.

The door to the Great Hall flew open and J. Rutherford Pierce strode into the room, flanked by Zerif, Drina, and Tilda. Behind them, Amy could see a legion of Piercers, Time Wardens, and Conquerors surrounded by Bile-infected animals.

A chill went down every spine in the room as the guests held their breath, eyes wide with horror. Animals shrieked, squawked, and hooted.

How did they get inside? Amy wondered. There must be a mole. A traitor in our midst.

Pierce gave his most charming smile as he stepped forward. "I see you're having quite the bash!"

"It looks like a wonderful party," Zerif said with a smirk, evidently pleased with himself. "It's a shame we have to do this now."

"Do what?" Abeke asked as Uraza snarled next to her.

Pierce knelt down and rolled a small, mechanical ball into the center of the floor. Before anyone had time to react, it beeped and exploded, filling the room with a thick, impenetrable fog.

"Split up," Pierce barked. "Grab the Infinity Ring and whatever talismans the Greencloaks have on them."

Dan's first instinct was to run, something he'd learned after years of near-death experiences. Running meant survival. But that wouldn't work this time. There were too many people in the Command Center, people he couldn't leave behind. His guests, his friends, his *family*.

They needed a plan.

"Dak," Dan whispered. "Can you distract Pierce and those guys for a minute? Like recite boring history mumbo jumbo?" Dak looked a little offended, but Dan didn't have time to worry about that. He looked around for a weapon. He had a whole room filled with some super-sweet stuff like ninja stars. But Amy kept it locked and only she had the key.

"I don't think that's going to work," Dak said. "They're here to steal the most powerful items in three universes."

"Oh no, the talismans!" said a Greencloak.

“Forget the talismans. What about the Infinity Ring?” said a surly-looking Hystorian.

Dan tried to catch Amy’s eye, but her face was obscured by a plume of the fast-moving smoke. Next to him, Briggan growled fiercely as the fog weaved around him like a misty gray cloak.



Meilin turned her head from side to side, scanning the darkness for Rollan, but she couldn’t find him through the smoke. However, it didn’t seem to stop the intruders, who had put on special goggles that allowed them to see. They had spread out and were surrounding the partygoers. Even in the smoke, Meilin could see the greed on their faces. If they managed to steal the talismans—or the Infinity Ring—it’d be all over.

Amy had dropped to the ground and was now crawling toward a window. She unlatched it and pushed with all her considerable might, but it wouldn’t open. Someone must’ve sealed them from the outside.

A hand reached out, and Abeke pulled Amy to her feet. They stood, back to back, in attack mode, daring their enemies to move any closer. All around them, Cahills, Hystorians, and Greencloaks were gearing up for a fight. Through the smoke, she could see the partygoers overturning snack tables and shoving them together to form a barrier.

Across the room, Rollan fingered the Granite Ram talisman that he had hanging around his neck. If the enemy got it . . . well, he didn’t even want to think about that.

The tall man in the suit, the one called Pierce, was walking

toward Sera. "Give it to me," he growled. "Then we'll be able to fix the worst breaks of all . . . the days all you children were born."

Apparently, Briggan didn't appreciate Pierce's tone, because he leaped toward Pierce with a snarl, biting him in places that were not supposed to be bitten. But that wasn't enough to stop the other intruders, who seemed to be moments away from launching a deadly strike.

"I believe you owe me a talisman," Drina sneered, striding toward Abeke. The Greencloak's hands flew up to the ornament around her neck. There was no time to hide it, and without her bow, there was no way to defend herself. Something heavy landed on her shoulder, and she felt claws on her skin. *Essix*. Relief flooded through Abeke as she quickly removed the Slate Elephant talisman and placed it over *Essix's* neck. She'd keep it safe for her.



"Amy!" Dan shouted once he finally found his sister. "What are we going to do?"

"Sinead's calling for backup. We just need to hold them off for a few more minutes."

Four enormous men in dark suits were lumbering toward Dan. They didn't have a few more minutes. The Cahills, Greencloaks, and Hystorians were trapped. It was all over.

For the millionth time, Dan wished that he had a spirit animal. Just then he saw a falcon swoop by. Without pausing to think, Dan pointed to the chandelier hanging from the ceiling. The bird understood. As the men closed in, the

chandelier dropped with a satisfying *CRASH!* The four men under it were knocked out. “Go, Essix!” Dan whooped.

All around the room, the partygoers were doing their best to fend off the intruders. Two Time Wardens were looming over Meilin, but Hamilton was prepared. He punched one of them in the head and kicked the other.

A few feet away, Amy leaped high into the air and kicked a Conqueror squarely in the face. Rollan karate-chopped a Piercer and tackled a Time Warden. Zerif launched at Sinead, who twisted to avoid a savage kick to her abdomen. She pirouetted, her red hair flying, and came around with a well-executed punch to the face.

“Taste my cheese,” said Dak, flinging a piece of Brie into Tilda’s face. To his surprise, it didn’t just glob onto the lens of her smoke goggles. There was a sizzle, followed by a shower of sparks as Tilda brought her hands to her eyes. “I can’t see!” she gasped, clearly terrified.

That’s it! Dak realized. *Cheese destroys the goggles!* Although Dak hated to waste his favorite food, his battle cry rang threw the Cahill estate: “Throw the cheese!!!!”

Within moments, the room erupted into a frenzy of flying dairy products. Everywhere, Piercers, Conquerors, and Time Wardens were stumbling blindly, disoriented in the smoke. Pizzas sailed through the air, followed by ice cream and milk shakes, all of which covered the attackers with a thick, cheesy, gooey slime.

Amy grabbed Sera and led her to a corner of the room. She knelt down and began running her fingers along the floor. Before long, she found the tile she was looking for and pried it up. Sera understood, and handed Amy the Infinity Ring,

although it was clear she was uncomfortable being separated from it. Amy slipped the Ring in the small opening and pushed the tile back into place.

The tide had turned and now their enemies were evacuating the Command Center. Yet not everyone was ready to retreat. A group of Conquerors still surrounded Abeke. As one reached for his sword, Abeke spun in a circle with a microphone stand and sent them all flying.

"Nice job!" Conor called, giving her a big grin that looked almost wolfish.

Zerif, who had a swollen mouth and a few broken teeth, was one of the first to flee, with Tilda and Pierce close behind. Pierce's face had long ago lost its fake politician's smile. "This is not over!" he said with a sneer. "We will have our revenge!"

Saladin leaped on his shoulder and with a satisfied *mrrp*, dug his claws into Pierce's neck. Pierce left howling, the other intruders close behind.

There was a long moment of exhausted, stunned silence. Several computer monitors had been broken, and there was food everywhere. The broken chocolate fountain sat on the floor, sitting in what looked like a pool of blood, but was only chocolate sauce. On the bright side, no one seemed to be seriously hurt.

Sera ran to embrace Dak in a bone-crushing hug. The Greencloaks were reunited with the Four Fallen. Dan patted Hamilton on the back, though the older boy shoved him off. "For the last time, Dan. I am NOT your spirit animal!"

The Clues, talismans, and Infinity Ring had been kept out of enemy hands—for now.



3

AS THE GUESTS TOOK STOCK OF THE DAMAGE, AMY LOOKED around at the wreckage of the Command Center, waving smoke away from her face.

The place was a tangled mess. Thousands of dollars' worth of high-tech equipment had been destroyed. Miraculously, the only thing that seemed completely undamaged—without so much as a drink spilled on it—was the sound system.

As Amy inspected the rubble, she heard Dak discover the cheese platter was gone. It had all been used fending off the attack.

“No more cheese?!” wailed Dak. “Those monsters!”

Amy sighed. At least no one was hurt.

“Okay, people!” she shouted. “I know that this may have been slightly traumatizing, but I think it’s time that we all—”

She was cut off by Jonah Wizard, who had just noticed that the DJ booth was still intact.

“ATTENTION, PEEPS,” Jonah blasted over the loud-speaker. Everyone turned to him. “I’m taking over for my

man, my dawg, er, my *feline* Saladin for a sec. Why, you ask? Because . . .” The teen pop idol paused, drawing out the tension. “It’s time for a DANCE OFF!”

The room went wild. The call was like a magnet. Cahills, Greencloaks, and Hystorians made their way through the wreck that was the Command Center to the dance floor.

“Each group will be represented by one dancer,” Jonah continued. “Names were chosen out of a hat. Representing the Greencloaks will be the big bad wolf himself, Briggan!”

Some of the Greencloaks groaned.

“It’s okay!” Conor said, petting Briggan. “You can dance, right?”

Briggan huffed and barked out what was probably meant to be “maybe.”

“Good!” Jonah said. “And my homey Chris Columbus will be busting a move for the Hystorians.”

A man in old-fashioned clothing and a funny hat looked up at the sound of his name. He was broad shouldered, strikingly featured, and had a certain sea saltiness to him.

“Oh, for the love of mincemeat!” Sera called.

“And last, but not least, from the Cahills we have Dan the Man!”

Amy watched as her brother struck an epic pose. Her hands itched for a facepalm. She only barely resisted.

“Now, will all three contestants please step forward?” They did. Except for Columbus, who needed an extra nudge from Dak because he didn’t understand English.

“Okay, homeys!” Jonah said. “The competitors will dance one at a time in turns, and then all together for the final song. The judges—Nellie, Lenori, and Riq—will determine

the winner. Everyone understand the rules?"

"All right!" Dan said.

"*Sí*," said Columbus.

"That means *yes*," Riq translated.

"I know what it means!" Jonah said.

Briggan just stared up at him.

Jonah frowned and then glanced over at Conor. "Did he get that?"

"Yeah," Conor said. "He got it." He smiled.

"Then let the dance battle *begin*!"

Amy sighed. The things she let happen for the sake of diplomacy.



Dan eyed his competitors: Briggan, a wolf, and an old guy that the Hystorians claimed was *the* Christopher Columbus. It would be too easy to underestimate these two—they were dangerous. He needed a plan. Dan searched the room until his eyes landed on Tarik, the Greencloak guardian, standing in the back of the room.

"Perfect," he whispered.

"First up is Briggan!" Jonah shouted.

"Dog Days Are Over" began to blast, filling up the Command Center.

Briggan held his head high. Then he wagged his tail to the beat and his tongue lolled out. Suddenly he bounded into the center of the floor, pulling a quick twist and landing on his back so he spun around in a circle for several seconds. As he started to slow down, Briggan flipped up onto his back feet.

Amidst deafening applause from the crowd, he let his back relax into a curve and his feet dropped out from beneath him. He came around in a smooth backward somersault.

“Amazing!” hooted Jonah. “Fly moves, bro!”

“Good job, Briggan!” Conor said, scratching behind the wolf’s ear after he padded back to him.

“We are so going to lose,” Meilin muttered.

Rollan snorted. “I think second place might be a possibility, though.”

Christopher Columbus was taking the floor. “*Muévase al lado, cachorro*,” the man said.

Jonah began playing an Irish jig.

“Hey!” shouted Dak. “No fair! This isn’t historically accurate to Columbus’s time *or* region.”

But Columbus didn’t seem to need any help. Whether he danced the jig correctly or not, he was rocking it. Suddenly he unsheathed his sword—prompting a gasp from the crowd—and stuck it in the floor. Then he leaped into the air and spun on the hilt of his own sword. Jumping off, his sword still spinning like a top, he landed gracefully and grabbed up the hilt, raising the sword in the air.

“Wow, yo!” Jonah shouted.

“Yo *ho*!” Dak yelled enthusiastically. “What salty dancing! You sailors must get some mighty sea legs!”

“We are totally going to win this!” said Sera.

“Next up is Dan!”

A disco song began to play.

Dan strode onto the stage, dressed in a classic ninja costume, emblazoned with black and red. For a moment, he just stood still, hands folded in a traditional martial arts

stance. Then, with startling suddenness and agility, a blur of brown-and-white fur whirled from his sleeve and landed next to him.

Lumeo! The slim, agile otter was the spirit animal of the Greencloak Tarik. Everyone laughed in surprise.

Lumeo stood on his hind feet and faced Dan. Dan stared back motionlessly as Lumeo began to weave like a dancing cobra, swaying eerily with the music. With amazing accuracy, Dan and Lumeo began to dance some ninja moves in perfect synchronization. The crowd watched, mesmerized, as boy and otter whirled and kicked while coordinating expertly with the music.

The music changed again, and the other two dancers made their way back into the center. Briggan darted around, rolling on the floor and barking. Columbus spun in more circles, but then fell over from dizziness.

As if on cue, Dan performed a flip, leaping over Briggan and Columbus into a midair roll. He landed with a bow. The crowd went nuts.

“Gotta admit, that’s cool,” said Sera.

“Ninja skills,” Dan replied calmly as he strode over to Amy. Lumeo weaved back to Tarik, avoiding the glares and catcalls of the other Greencloaks.

“Nice job, dweeb,” Amy said to Dan.

Dan couldn’t help but grin madly. “This dweeb can dance.”

The judges took a moment to calculate the scores. Finally, Jonah called time.

Riq stood up in his toga and spoke for the group. “My fellow judges and I have thought long and hard about it, but we believe that the winner is . . . Dan Cahill!”

When he heard the results, Dan went berserk. He jumped into the DJ booth. "I am the DANcing king!"

Abeke nudged Amy slyly. "Are you sure your brother is thirteen, and not six?"

Amy laughed. "Sometimes I wonder." She smiled at her new friend and then got an idea.

"Okay, if DJ Saladin would be so kind as to give up the trophy he's sitting in," Jonah said. "We have a winner to present it to!"

"I can keep Saladin in the trophy," Dan said, grinning. "It's safer that way."

Amy moved to Jonah's side and gently took the mic from his hand.

"Everyone, I just wanted to give a BIG thank you to all the Hystorians, Greencloaks, and Cahills for attending. Though our time together was brief, you should all know that something important has happened here tonight, more important even than coming together as allies against a common enemy. Someday we'll meet again, but until that day . . ." Amy paused, taking a cue from Jonah. The room grew quiet. "We'll always be friends."

The room burst into applause. Amy smiled, blushing at her own sentiment.

Now, she thought as the music began again and the dance floor filled with partiers. *How the heck am I ever going to get these people to leave?*