

I don't know how long my vision was black. All I know is when the world finally stopped spinning, I wanted to hurl so bad. I didn't dare open my eyes. I felt all tingly and weird. I heard a groan next to me. I opened my eye and was blinded by the sun. But wait, it was evening. It looked like it was midday. Where am I? I think and try to move. I felt even weirder. I didn't feel like myself. I pushed my blonde hair out of my face. I froze. Wait, I didn't have blonde hair. I realize and look at myself. I almost screamed. I wobbly stood up and looked at myself. But it wasn't myself. I was taller and fitter and I was wearing some sort of light blue tunic sort of thing and had a sword on my hip. I saw the world in more detail than ever before. Beside me was another person with his face in the ground. He had short red hair and tiny points on his ears. Wait, why did he look familiar? And why did his name come to mind with a dozens of memories. Luke. I gripped my head as it spun with all the new information and my information. The brown haired figure groaned and sat up slowly. I gasped. It was Luke. The Luke from my book. He was just like I imagined him, light brown hair and piercing blue eyes. He looked at me and jumped back. Who are you? And where is Riley? He asks in a light and groggy voice. I looked at him. I'm Riley doofus! Wait, Jake?! I ask and my voice sounds higher and older. Riley? He asks in surprise. He looks at himself and screams like a little girl. Pipe down doofus! Something might hear us! I hiss at him. He shuts up but still looks around. Where are we? And why am I so... weird? He asks. I don't know but I know who you are. I tell him. He looks at me. Who? He asks. Luke, from my story. Somehow, you're him... and... wait that means... I almost screamed. I saw a nearby pool of water and checked my reflection. Two blue eyes stared back at me. Heather. Somehow I was Heather. I let out a tiny scream. Jake... Luke... I don't know what to refer to him anymore, walked over to me and put a hand on my shoulder. Riley, what's going on? Why are we your book characters? And—woah. He says and looks at something. I look where he was and see what he saw. Wow. It was Shannon's Falls. It was even more beautiful up close. The tiny droplets of water fell in sheets down into the deep blue pool. Meadows and cliffs surrounded it and it almost seemed like a tiny piece of paradise. Shannon's Falls. I say softly. Wait, wasn't the place in your book we wanted to go to? He asks. Yeah. I say. But that can't be right. You made that up and you made these characters up yet—. Yet we are them. I finish. So somehow we are in your book as your characters? He says. It's crazy but yea. I

Made you, me, and Ryan a character in this book and your in yours and im in mine. Suddenly an insane but incredible thought came to mind. I ran past Jake. Riley... Heather... wait! He yells but I dont stop. Something told me to head east and take a right next to the oak tree. I did and wondered why I knew exactly where I was going. I ran faster than I ever had before. And longer. I remembered I made Heather an incredible athlete unlike my actual self. I ran faster and made a sharp turn and had to raise my arm to protect my face as I pushed through the foliage. I skidded to a stop and looked at the makeshift camp. Sleeping bags and packs surrounded a small fire where a figure sat on a stump tending the fire. My heart stopped. The man looked up. The eyes that stared back at me looked like the ones I used to look up to. The ones that told me everything would be ok. The ones that held a secret intelligence of their own. Ryan's eyes.