

Momentum



From Scratch

By: A.J. Judge



"Engine Fail Me"



Stupid Micheal

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A Masterpiece Built In a Basement

By: A.J. Judge



Ken Imhoff created a Lamborghini from scratch in his basement. It took him 17 years to create this masterpiece, and only a few parts are originals. He was inspired to build the Lamborghini because of *Cannonball Run*, a movie about a cross-country race.



Ken started the project in 1990. The wooden frame, which was the first piece that he constructed, took a year

alone. After this portion was finished, he built the Countach model out of aluminum and a steel tubular frame. Imhoff used various real Lamborghini parts, such as: the nose, bumper, wheel flares, tail lights, parking lights, and windshield. The hardest parts were the brake pedals and the fuel cells. By the end, the car had 33 pieces. It features a V8 engine with 514 horsepower, and includes the original emblem from the Lamborghini company. The Lamborghini was completed in 2008. The car wouldn't fit through the door of the basement, so Imhoff had to break down the wall and tow the stunning car out of the basement. Completed, it is a copy of the 1992 Lamborghini Countach

5000. In total, Imhoff spent \$65,000 on the wonderful Lamborghini. Unfortunately, there were other problems involving the car and he was forced to sell it for \$89,000, which is inexpensive for a Lamborghini.



The Wooden Frame

For some backstory on this persistent man, due to Ken's father's service in the United States Military, Ken was born in Oxford, England on December 4, 1923. When he was little, his family moved back to the United States. There, his father built a sports car chassis. It wasn't as difficult as the Lamborghini, but it began Ken's love of cars. While building the car, Ken had two daughters and a wife,

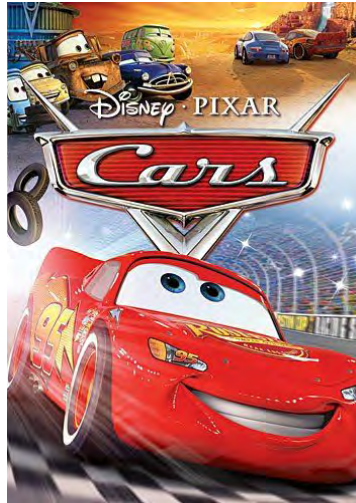
Eileen. Sadly, Ken died June 26, 2016. The Lamborghini is now in good hands.



Interior of the Lamborghini Countach

CARS FOR THE WIN

By: A.J. Judge



Speed. He is speed. He is faster than fast, quicker than quick. Speed. Lightning McQueen, a spunky young rookie racecar, works his way into the finals of the world renowned **PISTON CUP**. After making a deal to get to California before his competitors, McQueen pushes his driver too long and ends up in the middle of nowhere, lost. Lightning wanders around the country, drives on a forgotten access road, and is then pulled over by a cop for speeding. The famous race car finds himself in a rinky-dink town inside of a dirty compound. He has to fix a road he destroyed as community service. He loathes Radiator Springs, both the town and the people. He wishes he could be in California, feeling the asphalt on his

tires and experiencing the satisfying sensation of speed.

“Friendship Means Everything”

Then, despite his rude attitude and his disrespectful spirit, he is shown generosity and kindness by the inhabitants. His time in Radiator Springs destroys his chance of winning the race, however, he finds friendship, love, happiness, and a home he adores. Only, his dreams don't last long; the public finds him and brings him back to the dull reality. Back into a world of competition, and winners and losers, but that doesn't matter to him anymore. He finds

something better than winning. He finds friendship and happiness even after losing.



Original Lightning McQueen ↑



Country Whitewall Lightning McQueen ↑



"The Fabulous Lightning McQueen" In Honor of Doc Hudson ↑

Lightning McQueen is the perfect example of a dynamic character; the change of heart that happens in this movie is astounding. *Cars* is a fun family favorite from 2006. It scored a 7.1/10 on IMDb, a 74% on Rotten Tomatoes, and a 73 on Metacritic. Common Sense Media praises character strengths. It is appropriate, and Common Sense Media recommends this movie for children five and up. I guarantee no one can *tire* of the this movie. It shows children that winning isn't everything, and that sometimes you need help because life isn't a one-man job and life changes. Life goes down a different path, but there is good in everything. Also friendship means everything.

Haiku

By: A.J. Judge

Ch-ch-ch-Changes

Assphalt, smooth turning

Feeling speed ditch, mud Ahh!

Dusty, gravel road



Haiku

By: A.J. Judge

Tap, Tap, Tap

Pattering of snow

Filling the car with brisk air.

Hands slipping in gloves.



Haiku

By: A.J. Judge

Crepuscular Ray

Cold and dark and sad

Pitter patter goes the rain

Now light shines on the car



Senryu

By:A.J. Judge

Oops!

A girl in a car

She was singing loudly then

Saw the windows open



Traffic

By: A.J. Judge

Endless

Stop Start

Questionable words spewed

“Please! Just go already!”

Annoyance



Ahh Amateur

By: A.J. Judge

A man named Michael saw a girl.
On his new cycle he started to twirl.
He fell with a splat.
Landed right on his back.
Laughing she trotted away in a swirl.



The Lament of a Minivan

By: A.J. Judge

Oh a 6 month, a 2 and 3 year old.
Crushed cheerios on the bottom of the floor.
Melted crayon on the seat.
Just end me.
I can't handle any more screeched and crying.
No more children to hold their squirming bodies.
Woe to me she's pregnant!
Bottles and Baby Beethoven!
The crying
Crying
Engine fail me,
Please.



Berlin Raceway

By: A.J. Judge

**Breathing heavily in the sun
Engrossed in anticipation
Racing, drivers sprinting to the checkered flag
Living
In the danger
Neither winning nor losing. Yet.**

**Racing in the sun
Around the black track
Crossing the victorious white line
Elevating shouts of joy filling the air
White and blue, and black blurs streak though the track
Always good sportsmanship in and out of the car
Yelling and praising the winner of the fantastic race**



Timeless Memories

By: A.J. Judge

The music and food and family time in the Yukon.
The laughter elevating from the Van on the way to a
mission trip.

From Disney World in the Grand Marquis, the endless
Hangman from dusk to dawn.

In the Scion holding the clutch in a tight grip.
Feeling the power of the small powerful Berlin Racecar.

The Mustang's smart enough to tell his story.

Minivans created, cleverly.

A Corvette as beautiful as a star.

Challenger speeds down the road in all its glory.

Cars create our future memory.



The Death of a Hero

By:A.J. Judge

Excitement swelled

The day arrived

I tell my mother I see him

I saw him drive

I hear a deadly piercing whistle

He falls into his wife's lap

The car speeds away

People shocked at the mishap

We wait for hours

Staring at the television

Then a tear slid down my mommy's face

Clouding her vision

“What’s wrong Mommy” we ask

“The death of a hero”

We sit silently

“Pity the widow”

Shock spread through the nation

The murderer caught

Held into question

Justice brought

The streets wept

Dreadfully

The funeral held

For John F. Kennedy



“Get In *The Car* “

By: A.J. Judge



-The Car/Batmobile

He stood, black as night, on the top of a building. His cape blew in the wind. His pointed ears shot the moon. Batman had just saved Gotham City.

Guess what he drives? A Chevrolet Impala with the body of a 1970 corvette and with a Chevrolet V8 engine, or more formally known as the Batmobile.

In 1989, Tim Burton produced *Batman*, the story of a millionaire who becomes a superhero of the night. Bruce Wayne, a genius, lives alone in a mansion with one butler, Alfred Pennyworth. He begins to stop the crime in Gotham city. Jack Napier, a criminal, who in middle of a heist meets Batman, shoots him, and the bullet ricochets off Batman. The bullet hits Jack in the eye and he falls in the Axis Chemicals that awakens more of his insanity and changes his appearances. After

he murders his boss, he changes his name to the Joker. Bruce Wayne then learns that Jack had killed his parents; he discovered this by the Joker saying the line, “Have you ever danced with the devil in the pale moonlight?”, which was what young Bruce had heard before Jack murdered his parents. Unfortunately, the Joker falls in love with Vicki Vale, the woman Batman loves. The Joker creates giant balloon animals filled with poisonous gas and kills some of the people in Gotham city..



-Cover of Batman (1989)

The Batmobile is truly the coolest car. There are two layers of armour plating, called the “Cocoon”, that can be deployed when parked. Also rear oil dispensers, then an exhaust afterburner, side mounting grappling hook and projectile launchers, launcher disc, and side chassis with mounted shin breakers. Another cool feature is a foot under the car that can lift the batmobile and turn in 180 degrees, on the front of the car 2 M1919.30 caliber machine gun. The coolest feature is the Batmissile, where the car can turn into an inclosed motorcycle.



-The Batmobile in its cocoon

In 1922, the animated series of batman was inspiration for the Justice League car. The 1966 Batmobile was based off of the Lincoln Futura, designed by George Barris.



-Lincoln Futura

In 1986, the Batmobile made a jump from the Lincoln Futura into what looked like a giant tank.



-1986

The 1989 Batmobile really fit the persona of Bruce Wayne and the wealth he had.



Batman Forever (1995) was even more flashy then the 1989 version.



-1995

The *Batman and Robin* 1997 batmobile wasn't very special.



-1997

However, the *Dark Knight Trilogy* batmobile is known for its very sharp cubic lines.



-Dark Knight Trilogy

Michael Keaton, who was the actor for the 1989 *Batman*, had to have 2 masks, one specifically for the car scenes because the other mask was too tall. The acceleration of the remarkable car is 0-60 in 3.7 seconds, and the max speed in 530 kpm with the booster. In *Batman Returns*, the batmobile receives a flurry of new gadgets along with... window wipers. All of the gadgets on the car were fully functional, outside of the movie, except the cocoon. Batman didn't call it the Batmobile until *Batman Returns*; up to this point it was always "The Car." The Batmobile is a creation that's never been done before

You Are Living in the
Past

Do you want to see the
Future?



Electric Cars Are the Future

Don't Miss It



Dear A.J. Judge,

I have a color-blind daughter, who is 15. I am unaware of the rules of driving with color-blindness. She can't see red and green. I was wondering, because you wrote a magazine, if you might be able to help. I don't want her to be in an accident and get hurt, or worse, die. I need your help. Please contact me as soon as possible.

A Concerned Mother,

JANE EASY

Dear Jane Easy,

I understand your concern for your daughter. I hope my opinion is helpful and correct. She is legally allowed to drive and get her license, only she cannot drive at night. She will have to memorize the stop lights:

Red=Stop and on top

Yellow= Slow and in the Middle

Green=Go and on the Bottom

If she memorizes these, then she can drive. However, if you are uncomfortable with her driving or she is uncomfortable driving, don't make her. I hope I was helpful and that you are at peace with your decision

Sincerely,

A.J Judge

Dear A.J. Judge,

why of all of the magazine topics did you choose cars? And the article about racing? Nothing happens in racing: you go left, then left, then you are still going left! It's boring! It is a waste of time to read! But, sports is a good topic. It's full of action and action packed. In New York, where I live, they have the best sports teams in the world. I am in football, soccer, and baseball. I would be in more, but I am only in the 6th grade, so I have limited options.

I can write about cars, too! There is a steering wheel to turn, engine to power the car, brakes to stop the car, gas to power the engine, and wheels to go. See it is very easy! I think you are just lazy. Sports is the topic you should have chosen. Since it is November, I will ask my dad to stop the subscription for December and the rest of my life. Good luck (not) in your magazine (yuck)!

The Hater of Cars,

George Narrow

Dear George Narrow,

I thank you for the letter and I respect you for having the courage to send me your very opinionated note about my choice of topic. I do agree that sports is a fascinating subject, but I do not particularly enjoy the subject of sports and, in my case, I find that it would be a bore to write about, since it is not my interest. When do more opportunities for sports appear for you? I hope that you reconsider the subscription for December. I hope that you grow to succeed in all of your sports. I will be looking for you on the news under the sports headline. Maybe you will write a sports magazine in the future. Hopefully then you will receive a letter from a child that you will actually enjoy reading.

Best of Luck,

A.J. Judge

The Treacherous Journey

By: A.J. Judge

My family has braved treacherous thunderstorms, traffic, and the cat having accidents under the seat. Our journey state by state will have you at the edge of your seat.

Number One: Till the Cows Come Home. Texas is forever long. When having to decide between Wingstop and Bill Millers BBQ, you might as well move. Texas is known for rattlesnakes, hailstorms, hurricanes, and a whole of lot of grills. Danger is lurking everywhere.

Number Two: The Monstrous Mosquito. Arkansas mosquitos will eat you whole and alive. Arkansas even has a sign saying:

Welcome to Arkansas

The Natural State.

**WARNING: DEADLY
MOSQUITOS**

UP AHEAD!

One tiny crack in the window of your car and you will never reach your destination. If the mosquitos don't kill you, the water will. The water is like poison. Arkansas is hot, humid, foggy, and not a vacation getaway.

Number Three: the Interminable Land of Corn. Illinois is SO LONG! The corn goes on for miles! There aren't any bathrooms, because all you see is corn!! We enter Illinois. We see corn. Two hours later. Still corn. It is just corn. Always. Forever. All eternity.

Number Four: Clutched to the Clutch. In Indiana, they are obsessive about the Indycar races! The insanity never ends!! Signs and flyers everywhere!

Number Five: The Bothersome Boats. We are home. Well, we will be home in four HOURS!

Our family consists of Ken, Sarah, Madison, Hannah, and me. We all have nicknames, and the nicknames all have a reason and sometimes a story.

Ken is "The Map, The Map" from Dora the Explorer, because he always knows where to go.

"The Book, The Book" is Sarah, because she always has ALL of her schoolbooks and a new audiobook. Madison always brings a friend so she has the name "The Extra".

Hannah is said to have killed millions of mosquitoes. She earned the

title of 'The Huntress'. Me? I am the famous "Sustenance Manager", since I eat the most and pass all the food to the others.

The Judge family is filled with famous stories, with dangerous stories. From the grills, to the boats, our family has been through anything and everything.

Blog

By: A.J. Judge

Being in the car for 24 hours with 5 people, a cat, a dog, and ALL the luggage is challenging. Our family has been through bickering, awkward silences, no wifi, and never-ending corn; and yet, we still love each other, and that will never change. Our trip used to be from Texas to Michigan. It was ALL music and games and a few movies. The only movies I was allowed to watch were *August Rush* and *Kung Fu Panda*, which are both quite cringy movies. My family has been experiencing the trip to Michigan for

15 years. My sister has been bringing a friend for 2 years. It's okay having her there; traveling with her friend in the car is not the same. Last summer I went up with my Grandpa, however, all we did was listen to Elvis. I finished 2 books on the way. Traveling with my family has brought us closer together, and I wouldn't change it for the world.

YOU AREN'T SAFE



Save your life AND your money!

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SAVE YOUR LIFE NOW!

“It Was Fun!”

By: A.J. Judge

“The Fastest Woman in the World” was the great Kitty O’Neil. She beat 22 world records and 48 national records. She was stricken by an illness at four months old that rendered her deaf for the rest of her life. She didn’t view herself as disabled, however; being deaf was just a fact of life and she lived with it and had a great life. She was known for being fast on land and on water. She was also a stuntwoman for Wonder Woman and a dozen other movies. Once, Kitty drove a rocket engine car called a funny car to break the record of 350 mph. How to break the world record is start at a dead stand still and reach 350 mph in a quarter of a mile. In order to stop the car, she has

two parachutes: one for brakes, and the other for emergencies. After her first run, to qualify for world record, she climbed out of the car and was asked how she felt. She replied, “Beautiful. Next run I go faster.” In the next run she did go faster, but unfortunately, she crashed the car at 368 mph. “It was great. It was a lot of fun.” were her words after she crashed. Her engineer told her that she did go faster and that her time was 370 mph in 8.2 seconds, then she turned to the director and asked if that was fast. He just laughed. That was one of her famous victories. Kitty O’Neil was an inspiration to all.



To The Blue X Hospital

By A.J. Judge

My destination is to Blue X Hospital to see my Step Great-Aunt Janni. I just found out that she existed. We don't really know what's wrong.

I turned right onto Bannerman road in my little Scion TC. After driving on Bannerman road for a while, a giant minivan crashed into the side of me! There was a searing pain in my leg and I could hear an ambulance, then I blacked out. I woke up in Love Adults Hospital.

"I have to see Step Great- Aunt Janni, she might die soon" I pleaded.

"Be careful, you have a broken leg" said the doctor. My car was totaled. I limped down Ceti Alpha Street and had to rent another one. Pulling out of the driveway, I was off!

Looking up at the clouds, they were very intimidating, all gray and looming. All of the sudden, it started snowing! Snow was little fairies floating down from the sky. *Thud. Thud.* "Hail! Of all the things! This is the worst day ever!" I grumbled myself onto a back road that was covered with trees, so I wouldn't get hit with hail. Snow covered my windshield.

Slam! My rental car plunged into the river. The car was totaled. Again.

I opened my eyes to see a man with about a hundred tattoos smoking a cigarette . He was really scary.

" Hey!! Ted... " the rest of the man's bellowing sentence, I don't wish to put down in writing.

"She's alive!... That hasn't happened in a while..." Ted responded.

"Hey y'all have been great, but I have to see Step Great- Aunt Janni; she might die soon!" I pleaded.

"You be careful... With your sprained wrist." the doctor lousily said.

After I was out of the looming hospital I half-limped, half- crawled to the shady car dealership on Singh Street. I rented a new car happy to get out of the town and especially the hospital.

With my broken leg and sprained wrist. I turned right onto Saffron Falls Street, and took a right onto highway DR-12, and exited after a few miles. I turned right onto Tardis Road. Suddenly, a ladder from the car in front of me flew off the back of the truck. It shattered my windshield and hit my arm and broke it. I passed out.

"Is that my step-great niece?" Said a very old woman.

"That sure is!" the doctor replied.

"Step Great- Aunt Janni?" I asked, confused.

"Yep!" Janni replied.

"I have had a car slam into me, been hailed on, slammed into a river, woken up in a terrifying hospital, had a

ladder ram into me, fractured my leg, broke my arm, sprained my wrist and totaled THREE cars!"

"Wow!"

"You're awake? What was wrong with you?" I inquired.

"I had a sprained ankle."

Blank

Laura Jones, the mother of Harper, pulled out of the intersection. The car on the other side of the road hit the gas flying into 18 year old Harper Lee Jones's side of the car. *Crash!* It all went blank. [Who is the story about?]

Harper woke up and all she saw was blurred white. No details. Just white. She closed her eyes, thinking that would stop the throbbing tension headache at the back of her head. It didn't work. After a long time, she opened her eyes. She could see better, and could make out the lights blinking, staring at her. She closed her eyes again, thinking, "*You would expect I would hear footsteps or calls to wake up or anything!*" It scared her. She didn't know where she was. Her breathing was heavy. She started fidgeting. She was trying to wake up from the nightmare of silence and white walls and blinking lights, but nothing worked. Then she felt a hand slide across her face. The hand smelled like flowers. She was calmed. Her mother, Laura, had been working in the garden before she came. Being in nature helps Laura relieve stress. The hand left and was replaced by a cold glove. Harper's stomach tightened. Laura grabbed a pen and wrote what the nurse was saying. Only, Harper saw black smudges on the piece of parchment. She couldn't see it. "*I am alone. I can't communicate with anyone.*" Her parents and her nurse brought the glasses and the world cleared. She saw her Laura and Bill, her father. Her mother held up the post it sign:

Can you hear us? Can you hear anything?

Harper hesitated and then shook her head. Harper motioned to have the paper, but the nurse shook her head, Harper opened her mouth to talk. Again the nurse shook her head no. Bill and Laura were crestfallen. Harper could feel the anger towards the nurse burning inside. The nurse blocked her from the only communication possible. Pure loathing overflowed within her. Her family and the nurse left the room. She looked at the rest of her body. Her right leg was broken in a massive cast, and her left arm was fractured, wrapped in a thinner cast. Finally she surrendered to sleep. Harper

Lee dreamed she was deaf for life. She was lonely and never did anything with her life. No one wanted to be her friend because Harper was deaf. No husband, no boyfriend, and no friend. Then she died lonely because of brain damage without doing anything with her life. She woke up terrified thinking about the dream of a long lonely life filled with useless dreams and decided that wouldn't happen to her.

Text

Weeks passed before she could finally leave the hospital. Her parents decided to homeschool her because they didn't want to pay for a deaf school, and she was so close to graduating. She felt a deep loathing for the driver of the car that hit. She had finished all of her work and was wallowing in hate, when Max, a short brown-haired boy, who was her friend, walked in. She smiled, and he smiled back and picked up his phone and started texting. She was livid. *"He had come all this way to not talk to me?"* Her phone vibrated on the bed. It was a text message from Max.

"How are you feeling?" He looked up and smiled. "How is life?"

Harper's anger melted, smiling then started texting back. Max had been her friend since 8th grade.

"Life is ok. It's lonely. How is your senior year?"

"Life is weird without you. School is lonely."

"It's weird teaching myself and having to learn a new language is SO stressful!! :)" Smile. Send.

Hours passed, they just texted. He told her how much more he understood a deaf person's problems. He said he would change the way he thinks about people with disabilities. He got up and left. She was alone, again, but it was different, she had a friend and if her actions could affect Max how many more people could she affect.

"Oh Yeah"

She was determined to prove herself. She looked at all of the deaf options. “*What am I interested in?*” She pondered that question for some time. *Racecars!* She scrabbled to find options. Then paused *Why am I choosing cars? Cars made me deaf.* The answer struck her. *This time I’ll be in control. I won’t cower away from an inanimate object.* She searched far and wide until she found her match. *Berlin Raceway. Perfect.* She smiled at success. Harper stopped, hesitated, “*Is this what I want to spend my life doing? Yes.*” She was resolved to race. She made a list of criteria for racing. She read the very long list and her shoulders sunk, and heaved a sigh “*I’m doomed. I have nothing.*” She put her hand on her head. Her phone vibrated the bed. Max had texted. “*I am not alone. Oh yeah. I’m going to get to Berlin Raceway.*”

The Track

After taking 4 online courses and 5 hands-on classes on mechanics, practicing on tracks every day for the last three months, and 4 races before this, which she failed epically, she was finally ready for the race. She and the 51 “O’Neil”, pulled onto the track. Staring at the flag so hard she thought it would melt, waiting, wishing, and fidgeting. *Almost. Almost there.* One wave of the flag. Two waves. Three waves. The race had started. Musty asphalt filled her nose and the blasting wind in the window dried her throat. Passing 41 and 59 and cutting in front of 250. Then number 20 shot in front of “O’Neil.

101 was on her tail. The clutch crunched under her grip.

Last Lap! 8 cars went before her. *Dang it!* She drove into the pit bitterly.

“Ok change of strategy. Fast first lap make a mark and a place then chill still weaving and trying to get ahead. Last two laps PUSH IT!!” Max was her coach off the track. Harper acknowledged the plan still angry about the epic loss. “You participate in the very very last race.”

The last race arrived. Anticipation flooded her. Harper pulled up to her place on the track. *Push it first lap. Chill still weave. Push it last 2 laps.* One. Two. Three. The needle climbing the gauge. First lap.

Last 2 laps. She was far ahead from the rest of the cars. She passed the line, joy erupted like a volcano. She climbed out of her car and saw all hands shaking in the air.

Epilogue

Harper Lee Jones married Max, when they were 20 and had 3 kids. She changed cars but it was always named "O'Neil" and drove her till Harper's death. Harper Lee got 2nd place in Formula 1, then her third try, she got 1st place. She died because of a car crash.

Laying in the hospital, knowing she had minutes. Harper held Max's hand with her right and on her left Harper's children gathered around her. She thought of her first night being deaf, she dreamed she was a useless lonely nobody. She gazed at her family feeling proud, accomplished. She had a husband, 3 kids, and people knew her name Harper Lee Jones had a good full life. She made her mark in history and gave deaf children a chance to dream.

You're a Warrior!



YOU Can be Powerful



Be the FASTEST

Be the BEST

“Enjoy Your Trip!”

By: A.J. Judge

Inspired by Stephen King’s *Christine*

“Hey Katelyn! Do you want to get together today? After I’m done catchin’ criminals and gettin’ paid.” Deputy Scout Bird, a very odd 26 year old, finished her voicemail and sat down in her friend’s blue 2110 Audi A8000 to go to the Crise Police Station.

The moment she stepped into the self-driving car, she was surrounded with the overpowering feeling of someone watching her. It made her uneasy; she had experienced this feeling before, but this was different. This was real.

“Hello! Enjoy your trip!” the red autonomous mobile spoke in a calm and insane voice, and then laughed a terrifying laugh. Scout had a tingling sensation that grew stronger.

Scout tried to open the door, but it was locked. She hadn’t locked it. She panicked. The Deputy grabbed her gun and blasted the door handle, which melted the metal. Swung the door open with all her might, leapt out of the car, rolled and stared at the living car in horror. She watched, dumbfounded as the door molded itself back together! It was alive.

Scout stumbled into house blindly, sat shaking on her grey couch, aghast at the events that had unfolded. She picked up her phone.

“Katelyn, your stupid automobile almost killed me! Did you just forget to tell me your car had a batty mind! If I wasn’t...” Scout stopped mid sentence. “Hello? Hello?” She was now very concerned. Scout hung up. Stood up. Then face-timed. “Katelyn are you okay. Kate? Kate!” Katelyn was sitting in her red car wide eyed.

“Hello? Scout is that you? Something’s happen in I’m fading! Help! I Im Fa e!” Katelyn’s voice faded. She shimmered out of the screen. A tear slid down Scout’s face. “Kate? Kate?” Scout choked over the words.

“Hello! enjoy your trip!” Katelyn’s car sung through the phone. Terror gripped her heart, the color left her face, her knees buckled underneath her. Katelyn was Scout’s only friend. She picked herself up again and paced around the room, attempted to decipher the crime. All the she managed to untangle from the mystery was that Katelyn teleported. “People of disappearing all over the pla..” a new lady spoke on the TV,

“What? I didn’t turn you on. I have to have you fixed too?” Scout replied to the inanimate object. She made her decision and grabbed her stuff, and towed her feelings and things out the back door. Looking back at the car, it seemed normal, but she knew it was a

cat waiting for its prey. After walking ten minutes, she arrived at Crise Michigan Police Station. The station had 15 people on computers

"Thank the Lord! You're here!" the Chief of the station yelled, despite the emptiness of the station.

"What's the deal?" Scout asked.

"The deal' is that during 1 hour 99.4% of the population vanished. They were on the highways, in driveways, in their homes, everywhere. Some of their cars also disappeared. Your opinion, Deputy?" The Chief was stressed. He bit his lip nervously.

Bird thought for a moment.

"They teleported. Not intentionally it was planned by someone or something else" her eyes narrowed in focus and thought. She turned around to face the the 15 people behind computers. "Give me all the similarities of the missing cars."

"They were cars ma'am!" said one officer named Peter Joneson, who wasn't lucky enough to be kidnapped.

"Do you have a comment, *Sergeant* Peter Joneson." she stood up straighter and put emphasis on the word Sergeant to show who was alpha.

"No, Deputy Bird." said the abashed detective.

"Good. Is there anyone with useful information?" Scout said glancing at Peter

"Yes!" everyone stared at the speaker. He had his hand raised, he jumped up at the mention of useful information, his eyes were wide with a huge smile. Then feeling the pressure of eyes he chuckled nervously, and slid down to his chair and put his hand back down.

"Name?" Deputy Scout snapped sharply at the enthusiasm.

"Lieutenant Max Deplacer". Max saw the confusion in Scouts eyes. "Its French."

"You're new aren't you?" SHe asked.

"I'm new to Michigan, but I was a lieutenant in Chicago" MaxVery well Lieutenant, what information might you have?" Scout, who was skeptical.

"They are all self driving cars,Deputy," Trip replied quite sure of himself.

"Finally, Something useful." Bird added as she looked over his shoulder at the computer.

"Deputy!" Chief shouted from across the room that was filled with computers. Scout, without looking up from the computer screen, held up a finger for to wait. He tapped his foot impatiently. Finally she looked up and nodded for him to continue.

“I was organizing a search party and I was wondering if you wanted to join us. If not you would be with Sergeant Joneson and Lieutenant Deplacer.” “I’ll stay. I figure more things out on the ground.”

“Okay, have fun, Deputy” Chief finally caught himself

“Thank you! Good luck, Chief.”

The crew drove away and Scout was alone with Deplacer and the disrespectful Sergeant Peter. The computer that was previously sleeping turned on. Scout mentally traveled back in time to the moment of the attack. She spoke in a quiet voice.

“The people went missing in cars?”

“Yay most of them. Wait... The crew was in an..” he stopped thinking if he said it would be true, but if he didn’t there would be a sliver of hope for the crew.

“An automobile” Scout finished his sentence for him.

“Sorry, pardon the slow sergeant, but when your done staring at each other like we’re the last people on earth, please explain what’s happening.” Sergeant Peter broke the tension of silence.

“Well you’re not far off.” Lieutenant replied.

“The automobiles have psychopathic minds that kidnapped most the people in the world, including the crew of the Police Station and we don’t know where any of them are. Any questions?”

“WE ARE ALONE IN THE WORLD!” Peter’s voice rose and so did the rest of his body. The panic gripped him full force.

“And you are still a police officer on a shift, you can mourn on your own time, Sergeant Joneson. There are still 79,000,000 people on this planet.” Scout corrected the sergeant in clear powerful voice and most of all dangerous.

“My question is how did less than eight billion people happen to get in the car and go to work all over the time of one hour?” Trip jumped in. As if on cue his phone buzzed on the table. Trip picked up his phone without unlocking it or looking anything up. His phone showed a picture of an automobile. Every electronic device was autonomous.

“When you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, no matter improbable, must be the truth.” Scout replied in a shaky voice.

All the computers in the room turned on.

“Hello! Enjoy your trip!” the cars and computers and phones echoed the haunting phrase throughout the empty Earth.

Deputy Scout Bird turned to Lieutenant Trip and spoke in a level voice. “You ready for the improbable?”

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