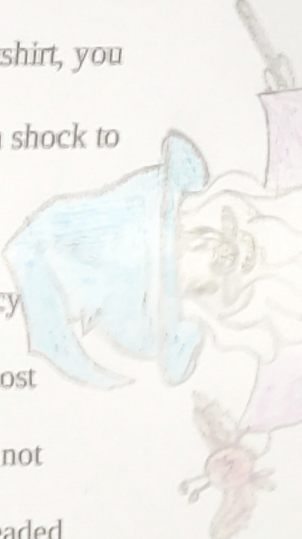


The remnants of the downpour earlier that day trickle down from the sky. Some people are wearing shorts and a t-shirt, clearly the locals, and others are wearing pants and a sweatshirt, you guessed it, the tourists. There was an error in installing the Irish summer so it comes as a shock to two girls who come from New England. But, right now, it doesn't matter, they are on a mission...to survive. Earlier during their trip the girls were lucky enough to escape Quincy Adams' arrest and the capturing of their grade but to save them they must travel to the most haunted places in Europe. Their grade is being held at the prison of Azkaban. If they do not accomplish all the tasks given they will have no-credit in KB's AP art class, the most dreaded thing of their existence...oh and yeah, almost forgot, obviously never seeing their friends again. The girls are wearing jeans, long sleeved turtlenecks and air force ones, matching, as per usual. They're running as fast as they can to get to their first destination...Castle Ward, to kill 10 grumpkins and snarks. Shivers trickle down their spines and their hands are shaking. This is the most important thing they'll do in their lives. Misty fog is roaming the environment and the tip of the castle comes into view. The girls look at each other and take a deep breath.





"Here we go, real swift" one of them says.

The grass is muddy. RIP the air force ones. As they get closer they hear the growls and voices of the beasts. When they come into view, their hearts stop. They're running towards them, swords and shields in hand.

"Grab the knife, I'll grab the rocks"

They quickly gather their weapons and start firing them at the beasts. KILLED. One of them falls to the ground from the powerful force of the pebble. Surprisingly, within minutes all of them are dead.



“Wow that was impress-”

They are cut off by another voice.

“RUN!” the girl yells.

They are out of ammo and technically they already killed 10 of them, they're not going to risk their lives for something they don't need to do. They start sprinting, their cross country skills start kicking in. The grumpkin chasing them behind, getting closer by the second. Luckily their car awaits them at the corner of the street. The town starts showing and the grumpkin slows down. It shouldn't be seen outside of its territory. It lets out a cry at the girls, a “you'll only escape me this time” type cry. Laughing at the beast's response their car appears, an old, rundown, antique, ancient volvo, what the girls call the Republican, although a very fundamental part of their lives. It is definitely not suited for an intense mission of running away from bad guys but it does have some special powers.

“Please, please, please work” Ursula pleads as she turns the car on, it takes a couple seconds but it ends up working. Luna snorts.

“Honestly, you could have picked ANY car to drive, MEANT for this mission, and you don't” she mocks

“It can hear you you know, apologize to it right now” Ursula sternly says

“I don't apologize to Republicans” Luna replies.

She rolls her eyes as they roll down the street, at 10mph.

Luna, proving her point, looks at Ursula.

“It'll work, just wait”.

Then the wheels start to slowly lift off the ground. The car wobbles from side to side as Ursula is struggling to control the steering wheel. It gets into control and the whole car is at least a couple feet off the ground now. Then it gets higher and higher until they are a little bit above the buildings. You guessed it, probably, the old, rundown, antique, ancient volvo is also...a flying car. Flying through the skies toward their next destination, Cornwall, they turn on the radio, "You are the dancing queennnnn, young and sweet, only seventeeeeeen....ooooo you can dance you can jiveeee".

Many, many, many hours later, Ursula and Luna are still singing, even after 5 hours of One Direction and 5 hours of Mamma Mia. They do not notice that the car is slowly making free fall towards the ground. A farmhouse gets closer and closer. Finally Ursula and Luna notice this and instantly start screaming.

"URSULA STEER, STEER!"

"I CAN'T ITS NOT WORKING"

"WELL OF COURSE ITS NOT WORKING, YOUR HANDS AREN'T ON THE WHEEL"

"OH".

It's too late, the car rams into the house, nothing fatal towards Ursula and Luna but the car, well RIP the Republican.

"Where are we?" Luna asks trying to stabilize herself from the impact

"Hello? Who's there? A manly voice asks

"ROSS!" they shout

"Um, yes, I am Ross PolDARK, who are you?"