

The Place Between

Finding himself falling, Leon grasped hopelessly at the air. He tumbled, slowly at first and then faster.

Eventually, he landed in a fiery, dry desert. The sand was rose red and as hot as chilli.

Stumbling under the scorching sun, Leon screamed for help. In the distance he saw a long-legged figure. As he approached, he had a grin that was as wide as a diplodocus.

"Are you lost," said the friendly man.

Leon responded in a calm but confused way, "Yes, I've no idea where I am!"

"You are in the Place Between," muttered the man while scratching his head. "It's where the evil Abdul Kazam sends famous people," he continued.

"I'm not famous, why has he sent me here?" questioned Leon with his face scrunched tightly.

The man looked confused. "Perhaps you got into the box? It's the trap we have all fallen into," he grumbled.

"Who else fell into the trap?" questioned an intrigued Leon. This time he sat up with his eyes open.

The man stopped and thought for a second. "All sorts of famous characters like James Bond, Hermione Grainger and Kevin from Home Alone," explained the man anxiously.

"What is your name?" Leon asked, wondering if he was speaking to someone famous.

The man looked disappointed because he thought that everyone knew who he was. "I'm Clark W Grizwald. You might know me from National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation," he replied hopefully.

Leon, now looking nervously, asked, "so, how do we get out of here?"

"To defeat Abdul Kazam's terrible plan, we need to capture his white rabbit. It acts as a sort of key. Once we have the rabbit in both hands, it will unlock the prison of the magic box and transport all of us back to the portal that leads to the real world," replied Clark confidently. He breathed in and adjusted his jacket.

"It feels like an obvious question," responded Leon, "but do you know where we can find the white rabbit?" At this point Leon was feeling hopeful even if his foot was tapping nervously.

Clark looked like he had just been asked to plunge into the middle of an erupting volcano. Pink with embarrassment, Clark shrugged his shoulders. Leon knew that Clark would be of no help.

"Is there anyone who can help us to find the rabbit?" By this time, Leon was becoming impatient.

"We could try James Bond perhaps?" responded Clark. "He is just over there, beyond the next sand dune".

Quick as a flash, Leon sprinted up the mountainous, flaming sand dune. On top, he saw a man wearing a suit with a pair of dark sunglasses. It was Bond, James Bond.

"Hi James. Do you mind me using your first name?" asked Leon, hoping that Bond wouldn't kill him with his dart shooting spy watch.



To Leon's surprise, James Bond laughed. "Not at all", he smiled in a creepy way. "I guess you are here to ask about the white rabbit?"

"Sure am James!" exclaimed Leon like a boy who feels excited before his birthday.

"Fine," replied James, "but first you have to fight me for it."

Leon was confused. Surely, if they worked together, they could all escape. Why would James Bond want to fight? How could Leon possibly win? Maybe they were all doomed to stay in the magic box forever.

Leon paused and thought for a second. "Something is not right about this," Leon yelled angrily.

Then as quick as a flush of the toilet, Leon grabbed James Bond's sunglasses. It was a risky plan. Leon was right, it wasn't 007 at all. Instead, it was the evil Abdul Kazam, Mastermind of Doom and prisoner of the Famous.

Abdul Kazam was also surprised and dropped the white rabbit. Both leapt to grab the nervous creature. Like a thunderbolt, Leon's swift hands clutched the fluffy white animal.

Leon held the rabbit in the air and immediately evaporated to a velvet step in front of a magic door. He was joined by a host of film characters. All looking confused but relieved. Leon knew that they had won at last.

However, Abdul Kazam had lost. It seems that the Mastermind of Doom was now stuck in an eternal dimension that looped between the circus tent and the magic box. Like the Prisoner of Azakaban, he was incapacitated in his own magic world. Abdul Kazam could see that Leon and the film stars were free. He folded his spindly, insect arms with a disgusted look on his face like a kid being fed a Brussels Sprout. For him, this was the end. Abdul Kazam looked at Leon and he followed him through the mysterious door with a sign that simply said 'welcome back to the circus- hope to see you soon'.

