



MOMO

Character Biographies!

Date: moriga, the 43rd, 20085
Location: zbmovakhpaccapdckniberjcrczaa
Weather: 1/14&

Hi. My name is Sara Clara Herbert.

When I was young, I met another young girl with a vibrant imagination. Why am I telling you this?

Because I am 7258 years old.

Ok, I guess that doesn't clear it up, does it? This girl, Momo, had the power to do anything. We went on many adventures together but out of the many journeys I had with Momo, only one thing remains clear. The fact that she once stated she was 102 years old. At the time I had thought she had some sort of brain disorder or thought it was cool to lie. But she did not laugh. And now I think I know why.

I was born in the year 12811 to parents Samila Chielle Herbert and Jason Conner Herbert. In the early days, we were a musical family, and friends would call us the Middle C's, since all of our middle names start with C. But that was before the rampage of the infamous Grey Gentlemen. By the time I was ten, my parents had basically stopped talking to me and I had lapses of depression more than regularly. This was a common ordeal for many children across zbmovakhpaccapdckniberjcrczaa, and it was not unusual to hear of a dozen or more young children committing suicide per day. I soon realized I would drown in society sooner or later, so I found some kids around my age and we sorta pulled together a gang. We met Momo during the first and only year we got to spend with her, but it was the time of our lives and I know we spent it well. But the good times faded and the gang and I were put into one of those awful child depots where the only thing that mattered was success. I can remember staying up all night, studying tirelessly, only caring about my status and the quality of my work. By the time I turned sixteen, I had become the first juvenile statistics manager at Timesaving Bank 544, and worked night shifts with a similar ranking job at the main Timesaving Bank where the best grey gentlemen and the all-mighty Chairman worked on some of the toughest cases. At this point I was still being schooled in the important studies, but my final exam was looming ahead and trying to juggle both jobs on top of studying was actually impossible. I began to ask higher ups what they would do in this situation but no one had a good answer. They'd reply, "I don't know" or "Ask someone in a better position". This was what I began to do, but catching grey gentlemen at my night shift was rare and if I did they would snap at me and briskly walk away. One night during my night shift, after nearly a month of trying desperately to get help on this matter and not sleeping a wink, I encountered the Chairman (THE CHAIRMAN!) leaving the building. I curtsied and smiled quickly, my heart pounding out of my chest. I couldn't wait to tell my friends and see their faces light up with jealousy. I kept my head down until I was sure he was gone, which wasn't long as he hurried by. But when I lifted my head, he was staring coldly at me.

"Ma'am, isn't it a little late to be accounting?" he said sharply, more as an accusation than a question.

Startled, I replied shakily. "Sir, uh I am actually a HCA (Human Crisis Act ~ basically if you're involved with this group you try to round up people to create a timesaving account after a traumatic event) assistant. I was on my way to give my manager tonight's report."

"Oh. Well in that case—aren't you a little young for that job though?" he said questioningly, his eyes narrowing.

“Uh, well, my grades are what have got me this far I guess...” and before long I had forgotten my place and had begun going on a long rant about all my recent troubles. When my story was over, felt so good, finally the weight had finally been lifted!

After a long awkward moment of silence, the Chairman declared, “Well, I did not know we had such a genius among us! You could start a new generation! Start a new timesaving era!”. My pride was swelling and my elation could barely contain itself inside me. I was being congratulated by the Chairman of the Timesaving Bank! Not even my parents could’ve imagined this! He smiled and chuckled to himself, murmuring almost under his breath “I never thought this day would come”. He led me into his private wing and showed me all of his different offices and lab rooms. We finally stopped at a door shut tight labeled *Lab 9=67*. It was dusty and easy to hear the door loudly creak when you opened it. The room was large, full of equipment and other things that I didn’t understand. In the center was a huge machine big enough for several humans to fit inside and there were many absorbers on the sides. “Is this some kind of torture device to get the humans to command you?” I asked, completely in awe.

“Oh no.” he said, laughing slightly. He did not say what the machine was but I was too afraid now to ask. “Why don’t you go on in?” He blurted. “It’s a kind of IQ machine” he continued. I was skeptical and now a little nervous, but I knew I could not disobey the Chairman so without a visible hesitation, I climbed inside. He closed the doors and I heard a gear begin to turn. A rusty old light turned on above me and within a split second a strange burning yet freezing liquid began to drown me. The last thing I heard before blacking out was the Chairman yelling gleefully, “You’ll be there when the world needs a new me!”.

I was in that chamber frozen (or burned) until just last year. I did not age. I am still Sara Clara Herbert. But I did not and will not go on to fulfill the Chairman’s destiny. I had a strange vision of a new, wiser teacher and a strange speaking tortoise while in that awful place. I am off to seek them, these beings who will teach me a higher power. And honestly, I think this is exactly what happened to Momo. She didn’t know where she came from (she was probably a baby when she was put inside) and was always a little lost in her thoughts although she listened closely to our every word. She had a kind of insight I couldn’t understand, and was always truthful and caring. Although she had nothing of her own, she was always looking to help others. More than ever, she has become a role model and inspiration. Maybe she had already sought the wisdom of a wiser teacher. Maybe this is all I need.

The Professor Hora

By Rowan Smith

Professor Secundus Minutus Hora was born, or rather created, the moment time began and required a guardian. Therefore, they have always existed, even in the time that there was no life in the vast universe. The Professor can be classified as a professor simply by all that they have observed in their immeasurable life.

Hora was created long before the universe decided that genders exist, and seems to prefer to be classified without one, this is something that humans continuously overlook or don't care enough to figure out. Hora have sometimes been mistaken for some sort of god in being the keeper of time, an Egyptian scholar once stumbled into Nowhere House when Hora was trying to morph into various animals, including the jackal, hawk, stork, and cat, with an interesting amount of success. This led to the poor scholar being traumatized, and to creating the myths of the Ancient Egyptians. On the subject of Hora morphing into various creatures, though they like to appear as a human to humans, usually the Professor has absolutely no form at all.

Nowhere House is Hora's home, in the pocket realm they created to have a safe space to sleep and keep time. It is the product of a millennia of research and experiments, and can be moved around the world by whim. Sleep is not a necessity of Hora's, but it is comforting to turn off the mind once in a while. Nowhere house is also the home of Cassiopeia, a tortoise Hora has raised and taught to speak, to keep them company for a while. Usually life on earth does not last long enough for Hora to become really involved with it, but tortoises live for hundreds of years and are one of the wisest beings Hora has ever encountered.

The Grey Gentlemen are, in fact, experiments of Hora's to see if they could give time a conscience, and then ask time questions that have been the bane of Hora's existence for a long time. Unfortunately the experiment was a bust and the Grey Gentlemen grew greedy and dead inside, longing to consume all time. Before, Hora had given the original three Gentlemen pure time from the source, to keep them alive and to assist him in his lab in the way that Cassiopeia could not. Eventually the Gentlemen broke out of Nowhere house and were set loose on the world of humans. They discovered how to steal time from humans, appealing to human's greed for immortality that the Gentlemen shared. Hora could not stop them on their own, such a failure had greatly weakened them.

Every so often there is a sentient being born of the earth that can hear the music of the stars, and time itself. Cassiopeia is one of these beings, as is the poor Egyptian Scholar and a little homeless girl named Momo who defeated the Grey Gentlemen. The music of the stars is something that Hora is still unable to understand, but they are grateful for it, because it gives other creatures access to Nowhere House. These beings give the professor hope that one day they will finally be able to return to time and leave someone else to guard over it. When a being has lived that long, they will inevitably grow weary of the grind and long to return to the music, to finally rest and truly *know* the meaning of it all.

Agent 553/c's biography
Amanda Folsom

I came into existence 11 years, 7 months, and 16 days ago. As soon as I came into existence, I knew my purpose and my drive - to strip humans of their time, thereby ensuring our own existence.

Just after I came into existence, our Chairman instructed me in our Grand Plan. The Grand Plan is to pretend to owning a Timesaving Bank, and dupe the adults into saving time. Humans have no conception of their time, but we know how valuable it is. For all they know, we could actually provide interest on their time! This is, of course, not true - Professor Hora, cursed be his name, is the only Guardian at the Gate of Time.

The Chairman said that the children were to be saved until last, because it is difficult to convince children to save time. Hopefully, said the Grand Plan, it would be easier to convert them with the influence of adults all around them. Of this I am doubtful, but the Grand Plan, my destiny and holy quest, was crystal clear on the matter.

Over time - that most precious of all things - my skills began to develop. It seemed that among all of us, I was one of the more charismatic and intelligent. I began to come closer into the Chairman's inner circle. Soon, I became his go-to man for the hard cases - reserved as a special agent for those humans who are more difficult than the masses.

Yesterday, the Chairman approached me with his concerns about the girl, Momo. She is a hindrance - she is one who has a deeper understanding of time. God help us all if she meets Professor Hora.... Anyway, he suggested that I should approach her, and offer her a present of Lola, the Living Doll. Toys like Lola work wonders to make children unappreciative of their time, and besides, her friends will be easier to get later if she is so preoccupied.

So, I write this all as 211/A is driving me to Momo's place of residence, as a historical memoir of the Agent who reached such a huge milestone in our Grand Plan. Once I have converted her to timesaving, the Chairman will be so pleased.... The Chairman has mentioned before that he is in need of a deputy...

The Life of Budder Dilly Dilly

-Jack Nelson

Budder's story began when he was born in the suburbs of Los Angeles, California in 1950. The Dilly Dilly's were a large family who lived in a medium sized house with two cars, one was a Crosley station wagon and the other was an old Pontiac streamliner. In 1952 Budder's father Corona, went to serve in the Korean War. Tragedy struck later that year when they found out that Corona had been killed when he jumped on a grenade to save his squad. Budders mother remarried a man named Modelo, and they had another son named Hamm.

They lived together for 15 years until Budder's lied about his age and went to serve in the Vietnam War. He got their just in time for the Tet offensive in '68 when was shot four times in the left arm and shoulder. This was enough to send him home to his family but he decided not to go home and instead of going on the plane that would take him home he boarded a different plane that took him to Minnesota, the best place on earth.

He found a job working at the popular nightclub 1st Avenue (a real place) which paid well and he got to see shows for free. He worked there for two years until he was fired in 1971 for trying to steal the Christmas tree at the office's Christmas party. The next year and a half he worked very weird jobs such as being a clown at childrens birthday parties and also being a clown at adults birthday parties.

Tired of working dumb jobs he moved to New York and stowed away on a ship leaving for Spain where he was arrested but let go after the police chief recognized him as the clown from his birthday party. He took a couple of different trains to Italy and roamed the countryside stealing grapes from vineyards and begging for food from tourists. He was homeless.

After almost seven years of begging and stealing he was tired of life. He had suicidal thoughts and one day he climbed to the top of a building where he saw two men beating up an old women who had curled up in a ball and he jumped onto them instead of the hard ground. He knocked the first man out just by landing on him but the second had a guided missile launcher bazooka thing on his back but Budder's narrowly dodged it and pushed the crook in front of a donkey cart which was so gory I don't even want to get into the details. He gave the women back her purse and was called a simp by passerby's. One man did notice and walked up to Budder's and said his name was Heineken and that he

would love to hire him as a security guard for celebrity's. Budder's had one request, and that was he didn't have to dress up like a clown and Heineken said no and Budder's said "I'm McLov-in."

Budder's has worked as a security guard for celebrity's ever since and has had only occasional flashbacks of being a clown.

The End

Aquinnah Jones

(Police officer)

My name is Aquinnah Jones, but most people call me AJ. I grew up in Argentina, with a fairly normal family. I always took an interest to solving problems, which led me wanting to become a detective.

When I was 20, I became a police consultant, shortly after I moved to Europe. It wasn't what I had hoped for, but I was optimistic. One day I got a call from my department, saying I got a transfer to a small precinct in Italy.

Before I knew it, I was in Italy settling my things. The town was small and quiet and kind of run-down. It was unlike any place I'd seen. I was told to just watch over the town and do daily rounds. It was quiet for me, considering I was the only officer in town. It was a slow town, but all the sudden I lost time.

Carter T

Biography

I was born on June 14, in England. We lived in a small house on the ocean, and lived happily, until one day. I was only 4 years old when I was taken from my parents. They were the weirdest people I had ever seen, and they were so grey they looked dead. They burned our house and took our possessions. Over the years, I was trained to take people's time.

We would manipulate the older people, then take the children's time, taking over town by town. By the time I was 18, we came to a town in Italy, where our first real challenge arrived. A girl, by the name of Momo.

Hello, my name is Cassiopeia. Looking at me now you would think I am just an ordinary turtle, but I haven't always looked like this. I was born in 1876 in Genovesi Crest, a small town that my family ruled in Italy. My father died when I was nine years old and my mother had shut down with grief. Even though my mother was still the Queen, and I wouldn't become Queen until my mother passed I took on most of the responsibilities. I was to be married to Prince Amedeo Alfano. It's not that I didn't like him, but rather I wasn't ready for the commitment of marriage.

On the day of our wedding, hundreds of men stormed in wearing all grey. Today I know them as the grey gentlemen, but back then there were only a few real thieves of time, the rest of the men just joined in, thinking it was an army. They told everyone at the wedding about timesaving, they're same speech they tell people today. Most of our old naive relatives agreed, but I had seen this happen before to my friends parents and even Mr. Geppetto, who would come to our palace every Saturday, to ask if we wanted some of his homemade bread. I must have been the only royal that would buy his bread, most banned him from entering they're gates, saying to take his dirty bread back to the poor streets he lived on. I tried to convince our guests that this was all a trick. But no one listened, so it left me to just watch feeling terrible that I could do nothing.

The next day I walked into Povertò, the poorest town, right outside of Genovesi Crest. When ever I had the time I would come into town and deliver any of the leftover food my palace had. My grandmother, the most self obsessed person I knew would tell me I was not to go into Povertò, she thought the poverty was bad luck and would rub off on our family. But I went anyway, why not share our wealth! My thoughts stopped the second I heard the little voice of Liliana, a young girl who was practically homeless. In addition to giving her food I would read to her. I couldn't imagine how hard her life was. As much as I wanted to stay with the little girl I had to deliver the rest of the food, before it grew dark. When I reached Mr. Geppetto's cottage, I stopped suddenly when I heard a loud commotion happening inside. I heard the voices of the grey gentlemen arguing with Mr. Geppetto's wife, Aurelia. She was a strange woman who was said to be a witch, I never believed the rumors until that night. From the voices inside I made out that Aurelia had been telling people about the grey gentleman's scheme. When I heard the sound

of the grey gentleman stepping closer to Mr. Geppetto I barged in, right at that second I saw Aurelia's hand held up to me, I was quite confused until I noticed I was standing in front of one of the grey gentleman. Whatever was about to happen to me was meant for the man. I suddenly felt a pain in my chest and I crumbled to the floor, the last word I heard was Mr. Geppetto shouting my name.

I had woken up to find myself staring up at the large world above me, it didn't take long to see that the rumors of Mr. Geppetto's wife were true, she had cast a spell turning me into a turtle! The rest of my journey was a blur. I had made it to a town where I had met Professor Hora, he took care of me and explained who he was. Many years later I met a girl named Momo, she taught me things and reminded me of Liliana, the girl I used to know. Momo made my strange life as a turtle interesting and fun, and that is my story up to today!

Cloudy Days

“Sup,” the name’s Frank, Frank “The Kid” Johnson. I grew up on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. I stayed off the streets because I was in school, nothing more nothing less. Over the summer of fifth grade, my family moved to London, stayed there for about four months but the rent was too high so we moved to Normandy. Then, to Italy, where the story really begins.

When I moved to Italy, I was thinking Rome or something like that, a glamorous majestic place, but in reality the town I moved to was rundown and depressed. Luckily for me, I was out one day checking out a sports memorabilia shop in town. As I walked out the door, I bumped into a bunch of kids walking down the street. That’s when I first encountered the gang.

After a while, I became the leader of the gang, I don’t really know why, I’d say it was my charming good looks, but Max read this and said that that was definitely not the reason, so I guess I’ll have to bin that idea.

Anyways, at the time I joined the gang, it comprised of Maria, Paul, Sara, Jack, Rose, Max and Zed. Everything was good until Zed and I started fighting. It started out as an argument about why I had become the unofficial leader of the gang. Zed had a problem with the fact that while he had been part of the gang longer, I was thought of as the leader.

In the end, Zed decided to leave the gang. He disappeared after that and we didn’t see him for the next weeks. In that time, we decided to find a spot to use as a meeting place. In the end, we found the old amphitheater in the center of town.

That’s where we met Momo, an orphan who was apparently 102 years old. I personally thought she was a little weird, but she seemed like she was nice enough so I invited her to join the gang. That was the same day that we found out where Zed had been. It seemed that when Zed left our gang, he became a thug for the Timesavings Bank.

After that, our little town wasn’t so peaceful anymore. Little by little, the gray gentleman took over our little town and took everybody’s time. Zed then stuck me and the rest of the gang in the child’s rehabilitation center.

As I write this, I am in solitary confinement for punching one of the gray gentlemen in the face. The dipwad actually tried to get me to sign one of those contracts to take my time. Anyway, we haven’t seen Momo in a year. I don’t know where she is.....but I hope she is okay.

The End

THIS IS PROPERTY OF THE CHAIRMAN OF THE TIMESAVING BANK. DO NOT
READ. ITS ALSO TOTALLY NOT A DIARY.

Dear Diary,

First things first: you are reading this without my permission. How you got the password to this document, I don't know. Nobody but me knows it, not even my idiot henchmen. They're supposed to be carrying out orders, although they rarely get them right. At this precise moment, a few of them are recruiting more 'timesavers'. They're more likely to waste their own time, though. I'm sure I'll have to collect more cigars tonight.

As for me, I am the Chairman of the Timesaving Bank. I'm an immortal time sucking demon bent on world destruction/ domination. My henchmen convert humans to timesavers, and collect their time flowers. We freeze the flowers, roll them into cigars, and smoke them. *'Isn't that bad for your lungs?'* You may ask. Well, first of all: why do *you* care, hacker? Second of all: no, its not. Time lilies are much different than other plants, such as tobacco. Our very beings depend on them. When one (or many) of my employees have misbehaved, I take their Time cigar and they dissolve. I've never experienced this, personally, but it seems like an awful way to go. I never want to change this method, for that very reason.

Being a leader is difficult, so people have told me. I can usually deal with my incompetent servants, but lately there have been bigger problems. A certain fool has disclosed my plan to some... child. Being a child, she held a parade. Being in control of the adults, I made sure nobody came. How terribly sad for the poor girl. I almost lost sleep over it.

I know my fight with the girl is not over. I just hope she doesn't employ the help of a certain enemy of mine. I'm not quite ready to be banished from the earth again. It's a bit tiring.

Xoxo, the Chairman.

My name is Maria Waters. I was born 13 years ago on a stormy night at sea. My parents, Leonardo and Andrea Waters, were sailing around the world when I was born. I spent a lot of time on our family boat 'The Dolphin,' when I was young and I was constantly sailing until I was six years old.

When I was six, my parents ran out of money for supplies on board and had to get jobs to make money; so we docked in a small village. I was very unhappy there, for the first few months in this village my parents and I lived on the streets and ate one meal a day. When my parents made enough money, we moved into a tiny apartment. I was very lonely in our new home because I had no siblings to play with and no friends in the village. The only thing I liked to do was make believe. I would imagine I was sailing out at sea and making friends with turtles and whales. I would imagine I was a famous actress performing all around the world. I love theater, theater is magic! If only I had friends that would also make believe and do theater with me. Well, one day my dream came true.

On this dull afternoon day, I was walking to the market to get a loaf of bread for dinner. I always walk the long way through the dark allies so I don't get picked on by the bullies of Zed's gang. I was in a particularly dark ally when a girl peaked her head out from a corner. This messy looking girl scared me at first and I started backing away. "It's okay, my name is Momo. Whats your name?" she asked.

"I'm Maria," I said quietly.

"You look like you could use a friend," said Momo

Oh, I really wanted a friend. My parents told me not to talk to strangers but she seemed harmless so I accepted.

Over time, Momo introduced me to her other friends: Frank, Rose, Max, Jack, Sarah, and a stubborn know it all, Paul. I loved my new group of friends so much and the best thing: they loved theater and imaginary games just as much as I did! My friends and I had so many adventures, but by far the most memorable was when Momo overthrew the evil men in gray and became the hero of our village. I became famous for being a friend to the hero Momo and when I grew up I became an actress and storyteller and I told the story of Momo and the Thieves of Time to anyone who would listen.

Guido's biography

-Ash

My name is Guido Guide. I've had a tragic past with the death of both my parents, and running away from my foster parents at the age of 13 to live on my own. It hasn't been easy to get where I am now.

When I was ten life was good, I had a good home life and all was well. I loved telling stories around the table to my parents and anyone else who would listen, they were mostly based on the fairy tales from movies I'd watched or fables I'd read. Like I said all was well, until one night when we were driving back from dinner at a fancy restaurant, it was cold out and there was ice on the road, the car skidded out and slammed into the ditch on the side of the road, I was the only one to survive.

For the next few years I went in and out of foster homes, not staying with anyone for more than two months, no one could seem to stand my stories, so one day, when I was 13, I ran away. This didn't make my life any easier, for the next 9 years I struggled to stay alive, living meal to meal only focusing on what to eat next. Through this time I stopped telling stories, with the focus on food and the constant beratement I'd gotten from my foster parents I guess I ran out of inspiration.

By the time Momo moved to town I had started telling stories again, mostly to tourists who didn't know enough to realize they were all tall tales. The meager tips helped me to pull by, along with my dream of becoming rich and famous. By now my stories were wonderful and better than they ever had been, I think Momo helped inspire them, whenever she was there I had the best ideas for stories.

Stories throughout all my life were my driving force, they allowed me to feel in control of something, when everything else in my life was falling apart I could always rely on my tales to make me feel better. That was until I got my wish, now all my stories have been told before, Momo has been gone for months, and now I'm just a manufactured idol, forced on a tight schedule, now even my fake stories feel fake to me. Oh I do hope Momo comes back so I can tell stories that mean something again.

MAX'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Hi, I'm Max. What I am about to tell you is the story of my life. I was born on the 14th of September in Anchorage, Alaska. When I was nine, my twin sister, Thalia, and I were skating on a frozen lake in mid-February when the ice began to crack. We tried to get back to the bank. But the ice was cracking faster than we could skate. I reached the bank and looked back to see the ice crack under Thalia and her fall through into the freezing water below. I remember screaming Thalia's name and trying to rush back out onto the ice to save her. But instead, a woman passing by with her dog, grabbed my arm to stop me from drowning in the futile attempt.

Three months after Thalia's death, my parents and I packed our bags and moved to Chronoville, in an attempt to leave the mountain of sad memories behind. Chronoville is a large, bustling town on the east coast of Cicily. This is where I met the gang. As my parents' mental health slowly deteriorated into extreme depression, I began to spend more and more time with the gang. At this time, the gang consisted of Paul, Jack, Sara, Rose, Frank, Maria, and Zed. We were just kids who were either not wanted at home or did not want the home we had. We were always in trouble with somebody - be it our parents, the police, or anybody who was just having a bad day and wanted to take their anger out on some mangy street urchins.

A few years after I joined the gang, Zed declared that he was leaving. He told us that he had been offered a job at a large new establishment called the Time Saving Bank, and that he was accepting. He told us that they had promised him free-range over the city. He could go where he wanted, and do what he liked, so long as he did what they told him and reported back to them regularly. He said that he asked if we could work too. They told him that he could ask anyone he wanted to join him and they would pay them the same amount. Zed was about four years older than the rest of us and had always talked about how the city was rightfully ours; how it was our birthright, our turf. Everyone should answer to us. We used to sit around in the old abandoned warehouse that had served as a base and meeting place for the gang before it burned down and listen to Zed rant on and on about us being the rightful heirs to the city.

We had a huge argument with Zed, about how he had betrayed the gang and sold out to some high and mighty banker who would later reveal himself to be more of a gangster with dreams of global domination. The argument resulted in Paul, the second oldest, giving Zed a black eye and then storming off. The rest of us followed him not daring to look back at Zed as he stood there, shaking with rage.

Over the next weeks, Zed began to form a gang of his own, calling in favors and enlisting some of the contacts he had formed in his many years on the streets into his

crew. With the new found authority of the Time Saving Bank at his back he came after us. Soon the Time Saving Bank had the police in their pocket and we were getting chased almost every day. One day we were chased into an abandoned amphitheater, and we met a girl named Momo. We became friends, and she was initiated into the group. A few days later, she came and told us that she had just found out the Time Saving Bank was actually stealing everyone's time. She told us about these people called the Grey Gentlemen, and how they were feeding off people's time. Only a few short hours after that Momo disappeared, and we were taken into the custody of the Time Saving Bank, then sent to the Child Rehab Depot.

I lost track of how long we had been there after about three months, but I think I was there for about half a year. After the first month, I realized our parents were not coming to get us. So on one dreary, unknown day, in what could have been September or October, I decided to escape. The rest of the gang was too far gone to save. Their minds were too broken by the programming methods of the Grey Gentlemen during our reeducation. So I snuck into the back of a food truck, and was driven to the Chronoville dockyard.

It's been a few hours since my escape, and I'm still trying to work off the drugs they spiked our water with to help break our minds. I'm standing at the loft window of the abandoned warehouse that is serving as my home, and watching the ships come in. As I write this, I am considering applying for a job as a dockworker. It might be something interesting to do with the rest of my life. And maybe it will help me hide from the Grey Gentlemen.

The Biography of Paul Einstein:

Hi, my name is Paul Einstein. I was born too Emily and Orlando Einstein fifteen years ago. Although my dad is partially Italian, I, unlike my siblings, have my mothers blue eyes and light brown hair. My sister Ariana, was born when I was two. I am originally from Baltimore, Maryland, but moved to France at age nine. My family: Mother, Father, Ariana, and newly born twins Michael and Reagen moved to Italy three years later.

I was raised to work hard, and achieve my goals. I attended the New Century Private Elementary School in Baltimore, where I learned how high my elders standards for me were. I spent my little freedom from intense studying, reading fictional stories, and writing stories of my own. My father used to tell me stories every night. To be honest I think I preferred my fun-loving father to my strict mother.

After my father, an English professor, accepted a position at the Paris-Dauphine University in France, our whole family moved to Paris. My mother was eight months pregnant at the time. After Michael and Reagen were born, there wasn't much time for Ariana and I, so we were sent to the Ecoles De Roches Boarding School. We both participated in the language camp.

Succeeding three fascinating years in history, and art- rich France, my father lost his job, and we moved to his home town in Italy. Ariana and I both attended our local public school. Outside of school I continued with my independent studies in science. I hoped to be a scientist; oncologist.

At school I met some new friends: Max, Jack, Rose, Maria, Sara, and Frank. I began to spend less time on my studies, and more with my friends. We played in the streets, and at the ruined amphitheater, hid from the cops and our rival gang. I replaced my button-ups, and slacks, with jeans and T-shirts, and wore my round, wire glasses broken, and dirty. I loved my friends, especially my newest one, Momo.

Biography of **TIANTE THUNDERSTORM**

Listen up. My name is Tiante Thunderstorm as I'm sure you already know. I was born and raised on the streets of Brooklyn. I became an orphan at the age of three. Both my parents had died of cancer so I was forced to raise myself. It isn't easy living on the streets of Brooklyn, most days I only eat about one meal a day. Well, that was before I turned six.

At the age of five I started getting really interested in cars. I became obsessed with them. I had always wanted a car but never had the money to buy one. Also I was too young. As my sixth birthday approached, I started realizing that I couldn't just sit back, stay out of trouble, and let myself starve. It was time to do something about it. So, on my sixth birthday, October 31, 1979, I snuck into a private parking lot and stole a red Porsche. This began my hobby of stealing cars.

After years of stealing cars, the police started paying attention to me. After eight near escape from the NYPD, I decided that it was too dangerous to stay in Brooklyn. So on September 2, 2000, I snuck to the airport and to Venice, Italy. I moved into a dingy apartment and got a job as a cashier.

A couple months after I moved to Italy, I was approached by strange men wearing all grey. They told me about what they were doing and asked if I'd like to join them. Obviously I said yes. I worked with them for two years. It was the greatest job I'd ever had. Then out of nowhere, some girl turned up and destroyed our entire operation. I had to flee Italy after the cops came to their senses and started hunting us down.

Now I live in a prison back in Brooklyn. It had taken the cops a long time to capture me, almost two years. I stayed in France, Spain, Portugal, then back up to Austria, Germany and then Poland. There they had caught me in a back alley way behind a Mall. From there I was shipped to Brooklyn and given two life sentences. I don't regret what i did in the slightest and i wish i could have had the chance to do it again.

4/5/20

Momo

Bella

Hello, my name is Momo. I live in the ruined amphitheater of my city. I'm about 102 years old but, I've never been to school. I have been told I'm very good at listening though. I have two very best friends, Bebbo Roadsweeper and Guido Guide. My friends are my family, I don't really remember my parents all that much. As far as I know, I've always taken care of me.

We live in Italy, and it's been a couple months now, since we've saved the world from the Time Theives. And life is back to normal. People are happy and spending their time together again.

I have long black hair, that I have bothered to brush in at least 50 years. I have fairly pale skin and light blue eyes. I always wear my favorite dark green overcoat and purple dress.

My favorite foods are Nino's Pistachio Milkshake and Rye Bread. My favorite color is Burgundy and I love listening to the Star Music.