

## Limetown Episode 4: New Kid

Written: 105

Released: 104

Previously, at Limetown:

Clarke's parents were from outside of Limetown, and when they passed away in a car accident, Clarke was sent to live with their closest colleague and friend, Genghis at Limetown.

→Episode 3

All rule-breakers are sent to a prison facility island north of Limetown called North Jadeville.

→Episode 1 Planning

Do you think these passageways go all around the school? →Casey Jones

William Shakespeare? He's still alive? No one lives to five-hundred! →Casey Jones

He's a Hood! Con Steal is a Hood! →Clarke Kamble

\*\*\*

Clarke had spent the last four days exploring the Labyrinth. He had to go somewhere to take his mind off of everything that had been going on. Clarke and his friend Casey had escaped Limetown and told about the true ideals of Limetown, and offered to become Hooded Hoods, if they return to Limetown. Clarke remembered what had happened to them, and had breathed through his mouth so he could remember what had happened. To confuse him even more, he was stuck looking at a strangely familiar pocket watch and a picture of Con Steal as a Hood in 1994.

Clarke felt like he could escape all of that in the Labyrinth. He was worried about going to this supposed place where the lost MemJuice memories were placed by a messenger after they were wiped. Clarke worried about his friends discovering his memories weren't there, and... Clarke didn't want to feel that way anymore and dropped it. He moved down one corridor near the government buildings in the center of town, and climbed down a ladder at the end of the hall. Clarke came down to a dimly lit room, where he had put the secret things that he didn't want anyone else to know about. He had a small lamp on a flat desk. In the center of the flat desk was a picture about eight inches in length, and black and white all over. Even though it was taken in 1994, it still had some kind of non-color effect, but they needed none. Clarke stared at an out-of-character, smiling man in the back left corner, who was taller than the rest of the Hoods (the council was made up of seven men and five women total). The man had a shaggy, well trimmed beard, that was obviously a decoy. Con Steal had obviously pretended to be his friend in the Jadeville cell, and only was trying to bust him on what he had found out about the island. Con was just pretending to be a prisoner at Jadeville so he could watch anyone that tried to stray too far from Limetown, and caught, and put in with him. No one had tried to escape since Rob's dad supposedly attempted. Con Steal was waiting for them. Somehow, he knew. Clarke had been thinking of these things while he was at Jadeville. Somehow, the Hoods knew that he and Casey were on their way out of Limetown, and that Hood that they always saw had been waiting for him on the beaches. As Clarke looked away from the picture, he took a long glance at the silver pocket watch, that was still a little

bit muddy from the ground it was buried in. Clarke glanced down at his watch, which revealed a time of 7:07 a.m. He was late! Clarke was supposed to meet with Casey and Rob to discuss their plans to get their memories back.

\*\*\*

Clarke, Rob and Casey walked down the hallway, and circled down towards the old math room.

"So, where do we go now?" Clarke asked. "We still aren't any closer to finding our memories, oh, and a way out of here!"

"Well, I don't see how we can really get out of here without being busted by the Hoods without another person," Rob said. Casey pulled out her silver key, and plugged it into the old crusted doorknob, and turned the knob left. Clarke, Rob and Casey followed into the old room where the sun didn't shine, and clicked the door shut, locking it behind them.

The trio went to the front of the crammed math room, and to a white board, which was loose at the bottom, and Clarke pulled upwards, and revealed a hidden room in that hidden room. Behind which was a storage room, with all kinds of random things in it.

"Okay," Clarke said. "So what if we boot down the computer. We can.". He paused. The three stopped talking and looked in front of them. Right in the middle of their secret room was a girl who looked about twelve, curled up in ball, fast asleep.

"Who the Hades is that!?" Rob said a bit loudly. The girl opened an eye, seeing the three and they stopped in their tracks.

"I've never seen her before in my life," Casey said through the grit of her closed teeth.

"She's probably new to the island," Clarke said. "I recognize her a little bit. Maybe we saw her being brought in or something."

The girl looked around, wide-eyed. What would happen to the three's secret meeting room if this new girl told the mayor about their escape plans?

"Oh my God!" she said. "Where am I?"

"Uh," Casey said, "you're on an island called Limetown. I know that you must be pretty confused right now and really scared too, but let me just say, you're gonna be alright."

"Yeah, yeah I don't care," she said in higher voice with tears in her eyes. "Who are you, why don't I remember anything?"

"It's just like Clarke," Rob said. He must've been too young to know, they probably wipe the memories of any new comers before they get here."

"I said who are you guys?" the girl asked. "Is the entire place like this mess of a room?"

"I'm Clarke, this is Casey," he said pointing to her, "and this is Rob. Now, who are you and how do you feel?"

"Thank you," she said. "I'm Isabel, Isabel DuPre. Now you three, how can I get out of here? I need to find my parents, or someone that can give me answers."

"See, her memory is dead," Rob said. "Do we tell her?"

"She's already found the room, and so has the person that put her there," Casey said. "Listen, Isabel, this might be a bit much for you, but we, us three are planning to escape. This island we know is basically one big mystery that no one can really solve. We meet here to plan what we're gonna do, and find out what we can."

"Look, I'm all for leaving here, but like you said, I don't remember anything."

"We're also planning to go to another forbidden part of the island, and find some memories we lost. Now, you can go and tell our mayor, or even above that and tell a mysterious governing council called the Hoods everything we just told you, or you can trust us, and we'll help you get back home, and anywhere after that. You in?"

Isabel looked in confusion at Casey, but then smiled.

"I'm in. Tell me everything I need to know."

\*\*\*

On their way to class, Casey and Isabel went one way, while Casey told Isabel about the island and everything on it, and Rob and Clarke went the other way.

"Hey," Clarke said to Rob, "have you seen an of these drinks around school?" Clarke pulled out a glass bottle, that was a perfectly round, perfect circle. It had a tightened cap at the top and read 'Liquid Limes!' in big, flashy, colorful letters at the top. Clarke had felt a little bit awkward alone with Rob, since Clarke and Casey didn't tell him about the picture of his dad. Imagine if you were told that yours was not only a criminal, but part of the top secret group keeping you prisoner on an older than life island in the Pacific.

"Yeah," Rob replied. "I've seen a few of them around school, why?"

"I got some breakfast this morning after Genghis had left, and this one came out with my breakfast." At Limetown, in the mess hall, they have chefs, but each person also has a number oven, or microwave, where there food is placed to keep warm during every meal.

Clarke twisted the cap off, and noticed something on the top.

"What's this?" Rob asked. Clarke saw it too. There was a red oval on the top of the bottle cap, why would it be there?

"I don't know, maybe it's just an insignia or something?" Clarke said. Clarke opened up his bottle, and took a sip of it. Liquid Lime was assorted into many different fruity flavors like, apple, pear, orange, strawberry and so forth. Clarke had coconut, as he loved the taste. Clarke felt a headache come onto him for a second, and he stopped in his place for a moment.

"Whoa," Rob said. "Clarke... You... Alright... Dude?" The words seemed to slow down, and Clarke became dizzy.

"Uh, uh yeah," he said, standing up straight, "yeah, I'll be fine." They continued to walk down the

hall to their class.

"Do you think we can trust Isabel?" Rob asked. "I mean we barely even know her, why tell her the specifics about what we're gonna do? She could easily be set up by the Hoods, or the mayor, or our guardians if they all found out we're gonna escape, or she'll try and bust us on what we know about the school."

"If she really does have a blank memory, then I think we can trust her," Clarke said, his head starting to cramp even more. "Plus, we couldn't really have covered up the secret room from her. I say, that we come up with two plans on how to get our memory back, tell Isabel about one of them, and use the Labyrinth to monitor everywhere on the island. If trouble breaks out, or we see someone there, that we think us waiting for us, then we leave Isabel with them and resort to plan B."

"Okay, sounds good," Rob said.

\*\*\*

Clarke's headache seared all day, and he eventually felt sick in the stomach. He wasn't able to recuperate with Casey, Isabel or Rob because he had to go to the Nurse, and lie down. The Nurse, who was addressed 'Nurse Ferrel' by students, told him to lie down and take slower breaths. Nothing. The end of the day finally came, and Clarke walked home, very slowly.

Clarke's stomach cramped, his head felt like it was about to burst, and now, he had become very hot. He started sweating, and rolled up his sleeves. He took a sip of his water, which he had

bought from the school store. Clarke suspected that something was up with his Lime Liquid, but couldn't be certain because nothing had seeped through from the red fingerprints, and the drink hadn't been opened, and lastly, Rob or anyone else in the school that had Liquid Lime wasn't getting sick. Maybe he had caught a flu at Jadeville, or anywhere else? No flu would hurt him this bad though. When Clarke arrived at home, he wondered how the three were doing at school, filling Isabel in on Limetown life.

\*\*\*

Isabel was sitting on a stool in the storage room. She had to process a lot about this strange place, and she had to try and fit in with these two: Rob and Casey. Isabel sat there and tried to piece two and two together about the island, but simply couldn't.

"So, do these Hoods ever come to our part of Limetown?" she asked.

"Well, when they do," Casey said, "if you see them, they'll wipe your memory with MemJuice."

"Oh. Right..." Rob and Casey were putting up plans on a large tri-fold board, mounted on the wall. Isabel stood there, thinking about what could become of her.

Isabel wondered what had happened to the other boy in their group, Clarke. She had seen him this morning, and remembered something about a boy named Clarke. Isabel didn't want to tell the three, but she did remember something, or rather two things before her memory was erased. She remembered something about a silver pocket watch in a boiler room, where she took a nearby needle and etched her initials into the side of it, and then jammed it with the needle so it wouldn't

open, and she remembered a place called 'Stage Five'. Isabel wondered what had become of both.

\*\*\*

Later that night, when Genghis arrived home from his job, he asked Clarke how was his day, like he usually would.

"It was alright," Clarke said. Genghis worked on constructing new buildings for Limetown, and usually had to deal with the architectural planning. "I had some of this new drink this morning..." Clarke stopped, and let out an enormous cough, and felt his head burst even more, as he let out the hack of a cough. "Yeah, I had this new drink called Liquid Lime, and I think it got me sick. Everyone else is having it, but it has no effect on them." Clarke pulled out his bottle and set it on the table.

"Whoa! Where'd you get that, an antique shop?" Genghis asked.

"What are you talking about Genghis?" Clarke asked. "I got it with breakfast this morning, it's like brand new."

"No it's not," Genghis said grimly, as he put his coat away, and then sat down at their wood table.

"Liquid Lime was discontinued in 1988."

Clarke shot him a strange look.

"Liquid Lime was around when I first got to Limetown. They didn't make it anymore, because it caused an uproar in a few kids who had it."

"Genghis," Clarke said, "don't mess with me. You're not usually one for jokes."

"Ask anyone," Genghis said. "A few of the kids didn't make it. The kids with the grape flavor, they didn't last more than three days. Coconut and Tangerine got lucky, and they only got a flu for a week or so. Don't worry, you'll be alright."

"But what about everyone else?" Clarke asked. "They didn't even react when they had it."

"They probably made a safer version, you just got a bad one. Be lucky no one got hurt."

How did Clarke's bottle get mixed in with the rest then, and why would they give it to him specifically?

\*\*\*

That night, on the other side of Limetown, in a large, modern meeting room, there was a man, whose real name was Cornix Palliolum, founder of Limetown Island. Cornix went by many names, including the modern English translation of his Latin name 'Crow Hood', others include Thomas Lynch Jr., a famous signer of the Declaration of Independence who mysteriously disappeared in the Pacific, and was never heard from again. Truth being: he had to return to Limetown. Cornix resurfaced again in the early nineteenth century, about 1802, in Washington D.C. and went by the name of William Clark, occasionally created hoaxes, so the former English wouldn't recognize his

true identity. History confirms both of the two gentlemen were never reported dead by means of official causes, but they both disappeared to Limetown. The only catch: neither of the men existed. Cornix despised the name he was best known as, but couldn't deny it. He was known best as William Shakespeare. He had founded Limetown, written plays that are still remembered to this day, lived to five-hundred, explored the American continent, signed the most important document in all American history, but none of the men that you may think did these things had really done them. It was Cornix Palliolum.

"Where is he?" asked a female Hood. "You said he'd be here master."

"Well I was wrong!" Cornix yelled, his voice echoing through the meeting room, and along the semi-circle of leather thrones, where almost every member of the Council of Hooded Hoods sat, Cornix sitting at the top of the semi-circle. There was one seat empty: the one at the end of the left perch of the semi-circle. "We all believed Con Steal would be here tonight, for he has missed every Sequential Hood Meeting for the last nine years, but recently was released from our prison facility, by the one we all know by name."

"He has been waiting for him," said the Hood that Clarke and Casey knew. A pale man, with a short head of grey-ish hair, and no facial hair whatsoever. "Our acquaintance Con has been waiting for Clarke Kamble in the prison facilities, and was brave enough to volunteer. While we wait for him, we must discuss our next matter. The—"

There was a hollow, loud knocking on the door to the meeting room.

A man entered, who was none other than Genghis Gaan.

"What is his status Messenger Gaan?" Cornix addressed Genghis as.

"I did as you told me to," Genghis said. "I told Clarke Kamble the truth that his flu will be gone in a week, but the rest was the lie as you said."

"Good," said another Hood seated next to Cornix. "What did you tell him?"

"I was able to convince Clarke that the Coconut flavor will weaken him for a week or so, but will have no effect after that."

"Good," Cornix said. "Dismissed." Genghis left the room, along with the other Hoods. Cornix looked at his thumb, that had been recently inked by a tattoo artist. The kind that, when still wet, could accidentally leave an oval-shaped thumb mark on a bottle cap.

The only bottle left of Coconut Liquid Lime.

The One That William Shakespeare Made Sure That Clarke Kamble Got.

Kamble would be an important addition to the island's future,

but Cornix couldn't let Kamble's plans for answers, interfere with the secrets that Cornix couldn't let him find out.

Episode 5: Science Fair 11/14/11