

Monkey Madness

Story Contest Edition

Monkeys are everywhere.

This is due to a cloning experiment in southeast Asia gone wrong.

We are sorry about this inconvenience.

Though lots of people like monkeys a lot, this is kind of getting out of hand. But do not worry; we will do everything in our power not to have this end badly.

“Ollie!” Chloe exclaimed. “We can’t send this out into the public!”

“Why not?” Ollie asked stubbornly.

“Everyone already knows. Besides, this looks like a monkey wrote it.”

“No!”

“STOP ARGUING!” Eliza interrupted. “We need a plan.”

“We could build a huge zoo with an artificial climate reserved for all these monkeys on Antarctica,” Ben suggested.

“That would never work,” Chris insisted. “First, that would be way too expensive. And there would be a lot of problems with the heating system and environment all the time. Where are we supposed to get the power, and how are we supposed to maintain it?”

“Well, we could use solar panels for the heating,” Ben remarked.

“We’re getting way off track. The point is, we need a better plan,” Eliza said, exasperated.

“Yes. So, genius, do *you* have a plan?” asked Ollie. He got a punch in the arm as a response. Everyone went to bed soon afterwards.

Chloe sat up straight and hit her head on the ceiling. But this didn’t bother her. She had a plan. She climbed down off the top bunk, careful not to wake the others, and silently got dressed. She wrote a note saying where she went and slipped out the door.

Chloe took Ben’s bike, hoping he wouldn’t mind, and began to pedal towards her destination, Dr. Crandal’s house. If anyone knew whether this would work, he would.

Henry Crandal was pretty much a mad scientist. He lived in the jungle and could definitely help them solve the monkey issue. Chloe had a plan, but they would need Crandal’s help.

At last, Chloe pulled up to the small cottage. She knocked on the bright red door, which was promptly opened by a robot. As Chloe stepped inside, she saw Crandal piecing together some sort of tiny trinket.

“Hello, Chloe,” he said without looking up. “What can I help you with?”

"I think I know how to fix the monkey issue."

"Really?" Crandal glanced up.

"Yes. It involves a huge spaceship, a lot of building supplies, and potential death."

"Chloe! Bringing the monkeys to a newly discovered Goldilocks planet? You're a genius! Of course! How did nobody think of this before? BG67R is perfect!" Crandal chuckled. "You're in luck. This little gizmo right here"—he held up the hunk of metal—"is actually an extremely powerful nuclear reactor. We can use this in the ship!" He wheeled his chair over to a messy desk and grabbed a blueprint and a pencil and began to sketch rapidly. When he was done, he held his creation up to Chloe.

"It's amazing!" Chloe marveled. "Let's get building!" Soon, they had gotten out most of the necessary supplies, contacted the others, and figured out some of the internal wiring. As a team, they worked much faster.

"We are probably breaking at least three laws," Ollie began.

"But it's so worth it!" Eliza continued.

"Definitely! Maybe we'll make it to BG67R!" Crandal added. They soon were working through hours and hours of constructing. Through this tiring work, everyone was getting quite crabby. Eventually, the daylight was gone, but this was barely noticed.

The ship was now getting so monstrously big that they had to transport it outside onto the huge porch; if they kept it inside, it would soon go through the roof.

"We can't build it outside!" Eliza exclaimed. "All the monkeys are still out there!"

"Eliza, we have to," Chris countered. "That's the only way it'll fit."

Some of the crew were working on a collapsible habitat for the monkeys, while another group was working on a liftoff pad, and the rest on the rocket. Unfortunately, the monkeys had decided it would be fun to steal the nuclear reactor, the necessary power source, which Chloe had to climb up many trees to reclaim.

At last, twenty-eight hours and fifty-four minutes into the scheme, they were putting the finishing touches on the phenomenon. They were all very well aware of the risk, yet quite confident in Crandal's plan. Ben used some of Crandal's extra pumpkin pie to lure in most of the monkeys, as the cloning mishap had happened extremely close to their area. The pumpkin pie was all that Crandal had in his refrigerator that was suitable, and it worked.

Finally, everything was ready. The planets were to align tomorrow. They must take off then. All of the monkeys were on the ship.

And then it was time.

Three... two... one...