

STONE MARSHALL



**Flynn's Log 3:
The Ultimate Form Of Life**

FLYNN'S LOG 3,

The Ultimate Form of Life

By

STONE MARSHALL

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Dedication

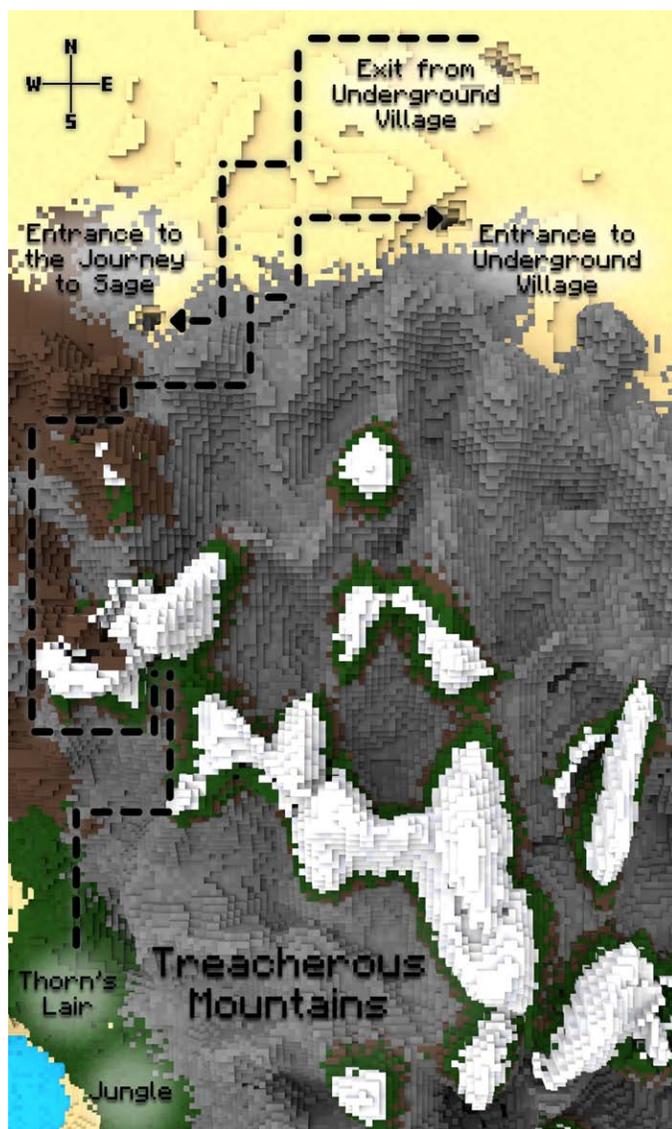
To Nabru, for asking questions. Never turn your
imagination off.

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MAP OF THE JOURNEY



LOG ENTRY 1

What Is Real

MEMORIES ARE ALL I HAVE, and my memories are few. My real life is gone, and what I'm left with is digital. Some days it feels like ages ago that I first woke up in this virtual world. Today it feels like yesterday.

Zana, my unusual zombie villager friend, talks differently about what is real than I do. She says data is real, that physical bodies are organic and the data stored by them decays over time, whatever that means. What I think is real is actually real, tangible things I can touch and hold.

By my own definition, I am not real. I'm a digital being. Me—the part that thinks—is a pixelated being living in a digital realm. My physical body is out there, in the *real* world. Enzo (my best friend in the real world) and I created the Brain Activity Digitizer (BAD) cap to move my intelligence from my real mind into this digital game world. My body is out there, without thoughts, silently connected

to the game through the BAD cap. But I'm just as real as my body. If I'm not, then where are these thoughts coming from?

We are walking, Zana, Simon, and I. Walking and talking. Zana is doing most of the talking while I listen and Simon leads. Simon is invaluable on this journey. He is not an ordinary digital villager. He is intelligent, fast with a sword and sometimes overly emotional. His intelligence is based on an algorithm I implanted in him a long time ago. The algorithm is something I created before entering this game. The algorithm is one of the many things I've forgotten.

We are traveling north, along the west edge of the Treacherous Mountains. Our journey is made more difficult with Zana as a traveling companion. As part zombie she cannot pass through direct sunlight or she will catch fire and die. I have no idea if or where she would respawn, because her intelligence is connected to the game in a strange way. The more she talks, the more I question everything in my limited memory of this life.

Simon is the only one of us who knows the way. He leads us along a route of shadows and darkness. Keeping Zana away from daylight puts us in many unsafe situations. The

darkness preserves Zana's life, but also harbors frightful creature mobs.

We are on our way to Sage, taking with us the egg we won in the battle of Thorn's Lair. Remembering Thorn gives me chills. I wish I could forget the disturbing sounds and pain that came from that ultra spider. The memory of Thorn killing Enzo (his virtual character, not my friend in the real world) weighs heavy on me. Zana took Thorn's life, and I took Thorn's modified iron spiky leg.

I remember Enzo's words, "The egg will save the real world from the digital crisis." The egg, kept safe by Zana, is the source of the digital crisis. None of us knows what to do with it. Simon thinks Sage can help. I have lost all memory of her.

Simon is the only one of us who knows Sage. He says Sage is wise, that I created Sage with the help of Elle, one of my Hacker friends in the real world. I hope Sage will know what to do. I hope the pain and loss I've experienced in this digital domain will all be worth it.

My journey led to this egg and I can only hope this egg will somehow save the real world from the digital crisis. Ironically, *hope* is another thing that doesn't fit my

definition of real.

Khan, the fat cat, comes and goes; sometimes with us, but often unable to keep up. Having Khan around doesn't make me feel comfort. I felt comfort with Verve, the tame ocelot. I would love to have Verve as a traveling companion now. Verve was a wonderful friend. She gave her life to save mine. Thinking of Verve, I sense her presence and then I smile.

Enzo's character was my connection to the physical world. Having him in the game, on the trip, hearing his real voice reminded me why this journey is important. Staying connected to the importance of what we are doing is harder with the loss of Enzo. I know the real Enzo is still out there, but it's more difficult to make this dangerous journey in here without his character by my side.

The sun rises and I marvel at the mathematically created digital landscape. We pass through a tall, steep canyon towering over a beautiful pond. A waterfall flows from high up the mountain, down into the pond. Amazingly, almost symbiotically, lava falls down from the opposite sheer cliff, falling into an underground pool of magma. The area is a colorful array of nature; green, tan, blue, grey and red. It's

difficult to describe the beauty of this digital place. It's welcoming.

If I tried to create this landscape, block by block, it would take forever and would pale in comparison with this incredible scene. The real world has stunning places like this, but the digital world is perfect. No insects. No sunburns. No pollution.

But the dangers here are real, at least for me. If I let my guard down, hostile mobs might sneak up and blow me to bits. Walk too close to the beautiful red glow of magma and die by fire. The strange thing about these dangers is that they seem less relevant to me since I've experienced a strange game mode I call ultra digital.

Zana slows, reaching in her pocket. I pass her and climb a few blocks, following Simon.

"Zana," I say, turning my head, looking back at her. I see a blue glow—the glow of the egg as she returns it to her pocket. She looks up and continues walking. "How is the egg?"

"The egg is of little concern," says Zana.

"It's of big concern to me!" I say, feeling anger build quickly. That egg is the point of this journey. The egg is the reason my brain activity is disconnected from my physical body.

Zana gives me a blank stare and says, "Flynn, the egg is safe in my care. Concerning yourself with it is a distraction. It will be available when needed."

"Then remove the distraction," I say. "Zana, give me the egg. Let me keep it safe."

"Flynn! Zana!" yells Simon, "Come here, quickly!"

"This discussion isn't over," I say, as I rush forward to Simon. "Simon, what is it?"

"Look," says Simon, pointing high at the top of a distant vertical mountain face.

I look for a moment; what is he pointing at? I see a cloud at the top of a mountain. I don't want to be the only one who doesn't see it, so I say, "Yes, that is beautiful."

"What?" says Simon. "Danger is beautiful to you? Flynn, you might be my creator, but sometimes I think you're

nuts."

Zana says, "There must be another route, Simon. We can't risk going that way."

"There might be," says Simon, "but the landscape is changing. My memories of this place are different than what we now face. There is another option for safe passage, but we must backtrack. The last jungle valley we passed might be safe, but it will increase our travel time."

How is it possible that I can see things that others can't, but I can't see what Simon and Zana are talking about? I found the passage through the Treacherous Mountains, and that was hidden behind stone. No one else saw that. I see things before they happen. I can sense impending doom! Why can't I see what they see?

"No," I say, "I sense nothing amiss, we will continue on this path. If there is danger, I will stop it." Have they forgotten my powers?

"Will you?" asks Zana in her metallic voice, "the way *you* stopped Thorn?"

"Might I suggest," says Simon, timidly, "we turn back. I

greatly prefer potential safety of the unknown over absolute danger."

I feel anger swelling inside me. Why don't they listen to me? I want to yell, *Don't you know who I am?* My vision is cloudy. I can barely see.

I hear Simon's voice, "Flynn." I feel arms catch me; my vision fades completely.

I'm flying, high above the pixelated landscape! The clouds are gone, sun shining. But wait, what is this? I'm not flying; I'm riding in a saddle. But I'm not riding a horse; I'm on something dark and long. My saddle is on a long, snakelike body with a silver ridge running its length. I strain to look ahead; the body curves away and down. I can't see where it ends. Wait, something is turning toward me. Is that a head? It looks like an angry face; purple eyes, huge mouth, and teeth! The face of an angry creature. Whap, whap. That noise, it sounds like the flapping of huge wings. The mouth opens and sprays a purple gas, surrounding me. Ahhhh! It hurts; my health status drops. I'm dying fast. I jump off the saddle and fall fast, toward the ground! I pass a mountainous ledge as I fall; the stones below are approaching fast. Thud!

"Ahhh!" I sit up. I'm not dead. It's dark. I'm on the back of a horse. Where are the stones I crashed into?

"Shhh," says Simon. "We don't want to attract unneeded attention."

"Hello, Flynn, nice of you to rejoin us," seethes Zana. She is always so intense.

"What happened?" I say, a little too loudly. Simon gives me a disturbed, powerless look.

Zana says, "You passed out quite a while ago."

Simon whispers, "I tried reviving you. When I could not, I caught and tamed a horse to carry you. We have been traveling quietly, Flynn, and for the most part have been safe."

"Safe? I passed out, how is that safe?" I grumble. I'm in a bad mood. My crazy dreams do that to me. I need to change the subject. "Where are we?"

"We are following the safe path," says Simon. "We returned to it after you passed out. We made it through the darkness of the jungle during daylight so Zana was protected. We have reached the northern boundary of the Treacherous

Mountains."

Simon continues, "We are out in the open with no cover, exposed here, vulnerable to the menaces of the night. We must move quickly to safely across this open space to the glow in the distance. That glow is the entrance to an underground cave—a cave we need to enter."

"That glow is moving," I say.

Wait, what is moving? What is that? It's so far off; it's not clear. The glow isn't moving, but something is moving between us and the glow. Like heads bobbing up and down, blocking and then unblocking the light. The light isn't moving at all.

Simon turns to face me, "Flynn, what is that?"



LOG ENTRY 2

The Journey

FROM THE CORNER OF MY EYE, I see the blue glow of the egg. Zana is holding it. I feel anger returning to me, the rage I felt when Zana refused to give it to me earlier.

"We are safe to continue," says Zana, as she returns the egg to her pocket.

"Zana, may I ask, please, what makes you confident in our safety?" squeaks Simon.

Zana looks irritated, "Don't question me, Simon, I am the peacekeeper here. When I know something, it is true."

Do I question Zana about the egg? Tell her again that I want to care for it? If she refuses, anger will flow into me. I feel it, the fog of anger clouding my vision. Why do I want the egg so badly? It is the reason I am here. I am risking my life for it. But Zana is right; she is a peacekeeper. She saved my life by killing Thorn. I trust her with my life. I should

trust her with the egg.

The fog of anger fades. I see more clearly. I accept Zana's safekeeping of the egg. I wonder why Zana touches it as often as she does, but I keep my curiosity to myself. I don't want to encourage my angry side.

"I will scout ahead. May I use your horse, Flynn?" asks Simon.

Now that I'm awake, I don't need a horse. I have ultra digital moves, "Of course, Simon." I say, as I jump from my steed.

Simon mounts the horse and with the confidence of a cowboy rides quickly ahead. Zana keeps up but I struggle. My ultra digital movements aren't reliable. I can zoom up to Simon, but I can't maintain his pace. I move slowly then ultra fast, then slowly again. The natural movements of ultra mode are gone. This is frustrating! I am sure that I am destined to connect the two worlds, digital and physical. Zana reminds me of this often. I presumed ultra digital mode was part of my destiny. Why do I feel as if I'm losing it?

Simon slows, ahead of me by hundreds of blocks, Zana by

his side. They remain inconspicuous by traveling behind trees and rocks. He beckons me with a look and nod. I'm there in moments, aided by my moody ultra digital movement. Simon says, "Flynn, do you see what is ahead of us?"

I look beyond our camouflage. What I see makes me sick. The mob of mobs that destroyed Arcade Village is entering the lighted cavern ahead, the same cavern we intend to enter.

"Is there another way?" I ask, looking at Simon.

"No," says Simon. "That passage is the only way to reach Sage."

"Simon, you know the coordinates of the location, do you not?" says Zana, "Certainly we can tunnel down, avoiding the passage completely."

"I'm sorry, Zana, but that is not possible," says Simon. "You see, the area is protected by Flynn's algorithm. The coordinates of the destination are always moving."

"If it's always moving, how can we get there?" I ask. What craziness is this?

Simon looks thoughtful, "It's a journey, not a destination. The journey must be made. Sage is part of the journey."

"What!? That is so confusing," I say. What is he saying? I don't get this.

Zana says, "Flynn, it makes complete sense. Your limited vision is blurring your perception of the situation. Have confidence in the code."

What can I say? Zana and Simon both seem perfectly fine with the impossibility of finding a destination that doesn't exist. Neither of these digital beings have real human brain activity. Either my human thought is right or it's confusing the way I see this problem.

"It looks as if that mob of mobs is taking the same journey we are. I'd prefer to avoid it, but if we must, are we prepared to face it?" I ask. Deep down I already know the answer.

Simon carries the inventory of supplies for our group. Other than the egg, we have no idea what Zana has in her pockets or up her sleeves. Simon says, "Flynn, we are limited by our supplies. Assuming your ultra digital mode continues to maintain your weapons and your health, our

only needs are for me and Zana."

"I'll be fine, Simon," says Zana.

"It would be prudent for me to restock before beginning this journey. There are a few items we need," says Simon.

My thoughts have been focused on myself, not our lacking inventory. I have forgotten the basic needs I had when I originally woke up in this game. My ultra digital mode takes care of my needs and Simon's inventory seems bottomless. However, I know it's not how could it be?

"Ok, Simon," I say, "Should we start digging? Are we looking for something specific?"

"Digging will not be necessary. There is a village nearby," says Simon, looking at me for approval, "and a villager there has exactly what I need."

"How inconvenient," snarks Zana. I get the feeling she'd like to reach our destination without this added stop.

"Zana, it's a journey, not a destination. Remember?" I say.

"Now you get it," Simon laughs. "This way." Simon leads from atop the horse. I would love to know how he tamed

that horse.

My anger has faded and my ultra mode has returned. It's easy to keep up with Simon's horse. There seems to be a correlation between my anger and my loss of ultra ability. It's difficult for me to keep my emotions in check, especially anger. I mean, Superman loses his power in the face of kryptonite, but kryptonite is rare. My kryptonite is an emotion that can show up at almost any time for almost any reason. It doesn't seem fair.

We are moving east, away from the entrance to the underground cave. The Treacherous Mountains are south of us. Arcade Village was surrounded by that mountain range. Craters are the only evidence remaining of a once awesome place, blown to bits by the mob of mobs. That same mob is ahead of us, making its journey to Sage. I can't help but wonder how they found the path.

Zana has the ability to keep up. I'm not sure how. She's not ultra like me, but she isn't a modified mob either. She's intelligent code that randomly appeared in this digital world. I *hope* she doesn't have my level of ultra power.

Zana seems distracted. In fact, she is now falling behind. Zana is always so focused; distraction doesn't complement

her personality.

We travel fast and often in the open. "Simon, how much time until daylight?" I ask, thinking of Zana. "I don't see many options for traveling in the dark of shade. Do we need to tunnel?"

Without slowing, Simon shouts over the noise of his steed, "At our current pace, we will reach the village entrance moments before daylight reaches us."

Looking behind me at Zana I see her with the egg again, running but obviously distracted. She looks up, notices me watching and then looks past me. I turn in the direction of her gaze, looking ahead. We are running toward daybreak, the pre-dawn sky. "Simon, we need to find cover!" I shout over the noise of his horse.

We are running in the flatlands at the edge of the Treacherous Mountain range. It looks like the Front Range of Colorado. Flat plains east, monstrous Rocky Mountains west. I don't know what Simon has planned, but we need cover soon.

I nearly crash into the rear end of Simon's horse as it stops with no warning. "We don't have time for stopping,

Simon!" I'm irritated.

I step next to Simon and discover a narrow chasm, cutting through the flatland. I could jump over this if I back up a few blocks and get a running start. Simon's horse could easily jump over it.

"We have arrived," says Simon. He dismounts from his horse and jumps down into the chasm, disappearing into the dark.

"Simon!" I yell, looking after him. Wow, it's dark down there. A sliver of daylight breaks the eastern horizon in front of us.

I turn back to Zana. I have a morbid thought; I really want to know if Zana can survive daylight. She has so much knowledge about this world, yet she is stuck inside a half zombie, half villager body. How can so much power have such a simple weakness? A small part of me wants to see Zana caught in daylight and burn, like a normal zombie, to discover if she has the ability to respawn. Her inventory would drop and I could easily grab the egg.

However, my practical side knows that we need Zana. Her powerful fighting skills saved us before. Not knowing what

this journey has in store, I would love to at least know I am facing it with her skills.

The human in me cringes at how callous I am. Who wants to see a friend die? *Who am I becoming?*

"Flynn," shouts Simon, his voice echoing up from the chasm, "Be very careful when you jump in. You must follow my lead exactly!"

What? More danger? "Simon, I hear you but I don't see you." Zana is twenty blocks away and unbelievably, she has a concerned look. "Daylight is breaking, Simon!"

"Jump to my voice," says Simon.

I look at Zana, still running, the morning light reaches her body. Her color changes; it takes on an orange red glow. She's going to burn!



LOG ENTRY 3

Farkour

"ZANA!" I SHOUT. I can't believe what I see.

Zana is glowing. Everything is in slow motion. I look into her eyes, is that fear? My body is moving toward Zana, automatically. I'm moving fast, in ultra mode, and the world is in ultra slow motion. I grab Zana's outstretched arm, *ouch*, she is hot. I pull her, throwing her down the chasm toward Simon's voice. The glow of her body lights up the chasm. I run to the edge and look down.

Simon is holding onto Zana. He caught her as she fell into the darkness. Simon is standing on a small, floating block, holding onto Zana. The ground level is too far down to see without light. If Simon hadn't caught her, Zana would have fallen to her death.

Zana's glow lights the space; what I see makes me afraid. There is nothing down there other than the small, floating block they are standing on. Simon splashes Zana with a

bottle of water; her glow dims.

A normal surface is built on top of many layers of stone, dirt, and other blocks. What I see is not what I expect.

The entire area below the flatlands has been mined out. It appears to be a completely open gigantic cavern. Simon and Zana are lucky to have landed on what looks like the only block around that could possibly save them from plummeting to an end of life. Is jumping down there really a smart move?

"Jump, Flynn." It's Simon, encouraging me.

"What's the point?" I yell back. "That's a dead end. Do you know how dangerous it is to try to build down from a floating block? There's no telling how far you'd have to build in any direction before reaching something. Keep Zana safe down there until sunset and build a stairway back to the surface."

A sickening thought hits me. The only thing between me and death is one layer of digital dirt below my feet. Earlier I wanted to tunnel down, to get into a dark place to protect Zana. If I had tunneled down, just one block, I would have fallen into that giant grand opening below these flatlands.

This place is so unpredictable!

From below, I hear a conversation, "Simon," says Zana,
"Thank you for catching me."

In his timid voice, Simon says, "You would do the same for
me. You saved my life during the battle of Thorn's Lair."

"We are now even," says Zana.

"I don't tally points with friends," says Simon.

I hear Simon's voice echoing up from the cavern, "Flynn,
you must trust me. Jump to me."

"Ok, but place a torch somewhere. I can't see a thing!" I
guess I'm jumping. Sometimes it's easier to do it if I first
say I will. Something bothers me about this. It's not the
distance; the block isn't too far down. It's not the size of the
block; my skills are good enough to hit it. The thing that
bothers me is the pointlessness of it. What will we do once
we are all together on that block? I need to get over it and
trust Simon.

I step up to the edge, see my friends standing on the tiny
torch-lit block, and I jump.

Trust is a funny thing. It can be earned, given, and betrayed. One thing I know is that Simon has my complete trust. He doesn't know everything that I know, but I don't know everything he knows either. For example, he knows my secret access code, the code I can't remember. He also knows why we are in this cavern. We might disagree at times, but it's not an issue of trust.

I land on the tiny floating block, now crowded with three of us. I look to Simon for answers, "What now?"

"Follow me," Simon says, "to the village." And he jumps into the darkness, landing on something with a soft thud. In the distance he plants a torch on another tiny, floating island.

Timid Simon is following a parkour path! What kind of village is protected by a dangerous parkour course? "Zana, can you make it?" I ask. She looks like she hasn't recovered from nearly burning to death. I've never seen her in any condition other than her usual unsettling self. Seeing her this way, vulnerable, makes it easier to feel empathy for her.

Zana looks at me and says, "That is a ridiculous question, Flynn." What I thought was emotion in Zana is gone. She

jumps. I guess I wanted to see emotion in her, to see her as something more complex than intelligent code. The empathy I felt was my own human emotion trying to relate. I was kidding myself; Zana has no emotion. I wanted to see fear as she faced death, but it wasn't fear, it was calculation.

Time for parkour. This should be fun! I love the challenge of a good parkour course. Simon is surprisingly amazing, jumping with care and confidence. He leaps from one block to another, plating torches as he goes. Zana floats gracefully from block to block. I muster courage and leap with all I have, down to each progressively lower island.

"The next twelve blocks are in a pattern," says Simon.

"Momentum is important. Unlike the path up to this point, we cannot stop on each block. I will attempt to light the path along the way, but slowing at all results in missing the next block and certain death. You must follow my steps exactly."

It can be difficult to make the gap. Timing is everything. Without breaking momentum at full sprint, I must leap from the edge of each block and in mid-jump reach forward with my leg to catch the landing edge of the next block and repeat this action a dozen times. I might be good, but this

makes my stomach hurt. A minor misstep and I'm stuck, or, worse, miss my landing block and fall to my death. What happens after death is uncertain for me. Maybe I respawn but it seems certain that I will lose connection with my physical body. If that happens I will be stuck as a digital being forever!

Simon plants torches on the first several blocks, soaring from tiny island to tiny island. It's not a straight path. I follow Simon closely. Zana follows me. Running at full speed Simon makes a sharp turn and he's airborne again, no time to plant a torch. I land with one foot, turn sharply and launch toward Simon, into the darkness. Wow, this is amazing! Soaring from block to block gives me a sense of flying!

I listen. A faint thud ahead of me and then the slightest sound of a step slightly right of the thud. My outstretched leg touches down; I adjust my body slightly right and leap. I hope my senses are accurate enough; if I don't perfectly follow Simon, I'll miss my landing. I launch again into the darkness.

I see torchlight, ahead of me, down and too far to the right! Simon is leaping again. Ahh! I didn't adjust enough. I am

going to miss my landing block!

"Flynn!" shouts Zana, "Grab my hand."

I look to my right; Zana has been on my heels and now is somehow passing me. She is falling in the right direction. Her arm is stretching toward me. I reach for her, almost! Real fingers would be very handy right now! She is nearing the block. I am going to miss it! Zana is on target. She reaches farther, grabs my arm and lands with a thud. I am dangling over the side of the block, holding on to Zana's left arm with my right. Without missing a step, she jumps again. In the middle of her step, she swings me forward, like a pendulum, and lets go. I arc up, high, tumbling through space, no longer in control of my momentum.

As I tumble I see a torch planted ahead and a flicker of Simon leaping again. Another figure enters the periphery of my vision, Zana, directly below me; I'm tumbling toward her. She hits the block ahead of her and leaps again. I am falling directly toward the block. Zana is amazing. Somehow she caught me, calculated the exact trajectory she needed, and threw me toward safety while launching herself, all in less time than it took me to scream.

I land with an awkward thud, turn slightly and launch

toward the next block, torch-lit by Simon.

I feel like I'm falling more than jumping. Each block is many blocks lower than the previous one. This is definitely a one-way parkour course. It's easier now, somehow. Even blocks without torches are glowing blue. I'm no longer jump-falling between blocks. It feels like I'm flying. And there seems to be a slight glow in the distance, beyond Simon. The light I'm following is the ultra blue glow of my ultra mode.

Ahead, I see Simon, *standing!* I expertly bounce between the next two blocks and then land next to Simon. It seems we've reached the end of the course.

"Great job, Flynn!" says Simon.

"Wow!" I say, "I owe you big, Zana, thanks!" Zana looks on, toward the glow ahead. There is something shining there. I'm not the only one who sees it. It seems to be coming from a narrow opening into a cave.

"You see there," says Simon, pointing toward the light, "That is the entrance to the village." We walk toward the light.

"We must not waste any time here," says Zana. "I have no confidence in the safety of this place."

"This place is completely safe," says Simon. "It's nearly impossible to reach this point without knowing the parkour pattern."

"How do you know it so well?" I ask.

Simon smiles and says, "Flynn, we both know this map. We helped build it. This village is home to friends."

"You mean friends, like you?" I say.

"Flynn," Simon's voice is sad, "No one is like me."

Such a whiner. "Simon, of course. I'm sorry."

"You created an alchemist. His name is Akshar. He can create many kinds of enchanted items. Akshar has what I need."

We reach the entrance to the underground cave village. We enter through a zigzag opening. The tall walls of this entrance block most of the light from penetrating beyond them, and with each turn the light grows brighter.

The last turn opens up to a large, brightly-lit dome cave housing several dozen villager homes, a giant lion statue, several other buildings, farmland and lots of glowing stone blocks lining the cave walls.

It's peaceful and quiet, not a single villager in sight.

"Something is not right, Flynn," Simon's voice quivers,
"You and Zana need to stay out of sight while I see what is going on."



THANKS FOR READING!

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Thank you

THE SERIES: FLYNN'S LOG

In the near future, video games begin to change and evolve. Random bits of data create a virtual intelligence that takes over the digital world. A digital crisis is born, bringing the real world to a halt. The only person who can save the world is Flynn, but he needs help from his friends, the Hackers.

Flynn's Log 1: Rescue Island

THE WORLD IS IN TROUBLE and needs a hero. Flynn, a video game expert, enters the digital domain, but something goes terribly wrong.



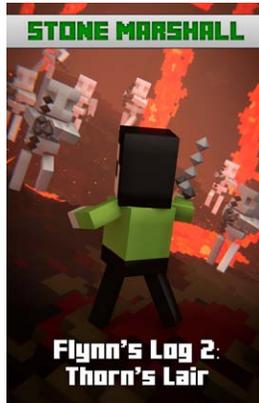
Flynn gets stuck inside the game! His memory is gone and the dangers he faces are real.

The game world evolves introducing new dangers and creatures that Flynn has never seen before. An intelligent creature comes to his aid, but can Flynn trust this digital creature?

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Flynn's Log 2: Thorn's Lair

STUCK IN A VIDEO GAME and facing certain death, Flynn takes his only option. He steps through a portal.



Flynn discovers why he is in the game and learns how to exit, but it's not a simple journey. To fulfill his destiny he must face grave danger.

With the help of his friends both digital and physical, will Flynn get out?

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He battles mobs, finds friends and discovers more about his destiny and why he is in his digital world.

Flynn and friends travel into a terrifying place and face

never before seen masses of mobs! Flynn discovers why he is in the game and learns how to exit, but it's not a simple journey. To fulfill his destiny he must face grave danger. With the help of his friends both digital and physical, will Flynn get out?

Flynn's Log 3: The Ultimate Form of Life

FLYNN MUST FULFILL HIS DESTINY and connect the digital and physical worlds!



Inside his digital game-world prison, Flynn faces a true crisis; what is real? Is his ultra-digital body more real than his physical body? What would it be like to stay in his digital world forever? Flynn's journey continues with his friends, but his true struggle is internal. He's forgotten what it's like to be physical. Will Flynn stay in the digital world or will he return to his physical body? What would you do?

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Flynn's Log 4

To Be Continued . . .



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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

STONE MARSHALL likes comics, games, running, the Ramones, and travel.

Stone reads stories with his son at bedtime. Sometimes, when they finish a book before falling asleep, Stone fills the time by creating great stories starring his son, Nabru. It is a wonderful time to share lessons about life and relationships.

In turn, Nabru becomes involved in the incredible adventures, adding his thoughts and perspectives. The ideas and stories of Nabru are the seeds of the amazing books that have become this series.