

# The Revival

## Chapter One

### The Discovery

“So, Randall, um... I don't quite know how to explain this, but... your grandfather...”

“I know what happened. You don't have to rub it in.” My teenager attitude kicking in.

“Well, then I guess just get in the car.”

Another funeral. That's the third one this year, and it's only April. I basically have the ritual down. We sit till our butts fall off, we cry, and then we touch the body to say goodbye. The last part I have never taken part in. I think it's gross, but my family has never agreed with me. And as if on cue with my thoughts, my mom says, “And don't think you're getting out of the most important part of the funeral again. You're a teenager now, you've got to accept that.”

There you go. My life is over. Maybe they should make it a double funeral. But I do not say that to my mom, because jokes like that are a one-way ticket to Grounded Land. This I learned the hard way.

I will spare you the extremely boring and sad details of the funeral, and skip to the part where everything changed.

At around 6 hours in, although it felt like 6 years since my mom confiscated my phone in the first 5 minutes, they bring out my grandfather's body. It was already beginning to stink. As much as I struggle against the horror, my mom forces my hand on the dead body...

And that's when my grandfather sits up, relays a round of expletives, wrenches my hand off him and promptly dies again.

## Chapter Two

### On The Run

I get the heck out of there as quickly as possible. Where would they take me? The police? The FBI? Area 51? Salem, Massachusetts? All I know is that I need to hide. I take shelter in an alley, only to accidentally revive several dead rats. I quickly remove my hand and find a different hiding place. Why can't I just be a normal, grossed out 13-year-old like everyone else? Why must I have some weird thing going on with me?

Are there other people like me?

These are just some of the things that go through my mind, but most of the others are swears. That Gramps was certainly rubbing off on me. I wasn't sure whether I liked that.

Eventually, I decide that the only thing that I could do was go back, and see if Gramps knew anything. Surprisingly, there are no police, or FBI agents, or Area 51 people waiting back at the cemetery. There was only one problem.

The body was gone.

Of course, considering it was a cemetery, they had probably already buried him. So I search the area around the funeral and, sure enough, there's a lump in the ground. I hadn't brought a shovel, but some sloppy burial person had left one there.

I dig up my grandfather, and press my hand on him.

### **Chapter Three**

#### The Rising

"Gramps, I need to ask you something."

"So you discovered your power."

"You do know!"

"Randall, listen. When your mother couldn't do it, I thought we were safe. But apparently danger sometimes skips a generation. You must tell no one about this."

"But... this could change the world!"

"Sometimes, the world is best left unchanged."

As much as I don't want to, I understand. "You said you could do it too... when did you find out?"

My grandfather sighs. "It's an old story, and I'm not sure if I remember all the details, but..." And he begins.

"It was a long time ago. I was about your age, with friends and family and a very special girl. There was a horrible accident one day, and she didn't make it. When I went over to say goodbye, I hugged her one last time... and she was alive. I let go, and she died again."

I was going to ask more, but then I notice someone coming our way. "Um, I need to go." I quickly let go and bury my grandfather again, but it's too late. "Hey kid! What are you doing?" yells a voice I can't see.

## Chapter Four

The End (For Now)

"You are allowed to make one phone call," says the police officer that the gravedigger going back to retrieve his shovel had turned me into. I use it to call my mom with eight words. "Mom, I need you to come over here."

When she arrives, I explain to her, "Please. You know about my grandfather, right?"

She knows what I was talking about. "Yes." She then explains to the police, "He was deeply traumatized by his grandfather's death and wanted to see him again."

"So you're saying he should plead insane," says the cop.

"It was emotional trauma!"

"No emotional trauma is that extreme. Sorry, ma'am." Then he tipped his hat... and I saw his hair. I'd recognize that hair anywhere...

"Dad?"

He gasps. "Randall... it's really you! I thought you were gone, but I was seeing you everywhere so I thought that this time was just an illusion too!"

"But... why did you leave?"

"When I discovered what your family could do, I realized how dangerous it was. I knew I couldn't stay."

"But... if our power is such a bad thing, then there must be a way to control it!"

It turned out, he did a lot of research on that subject, and there was a way. But you'll have to wait for the next installment!