

# DON FESTGE



**HUNTINGTON**  
**TWIXX**  
*The Legend's Pass*

*The Pass*: What if there was a chance to discover the most valuable piece of children's literature ever written? What if this book was composed by all the great children's authors over the last four hundred years? What if there were clues within each one of their own books to help find this hidden treasure? What if you were eleven years old and were the only one who had all the clues to find it? And, what if your parents had been kidnapped and you had to find it to set them free? Would you set out to find it? Would you ask for help? And when you find the one thing that your father has spent his whole life looking for, would you hand it over to set your parents free or would you have a plan?

These are the questions Huntington Twixx must resolve. At the moment Huntington learns of the fabled piece of literature, his life is changed forever. Huntington questions whether he has made the right choice by running away from home and involving his best friend Langston. Now, in the hopes of trying to save his mother and father and reunite his family, Huntington and Langston, along with the help of The Claudias, must find clues within each author's books that reveal where *The Pass* is hidden. In a race with time, Huntington and his friends dig for clues and unearth secrets woven deeply within the infrastructure of each story and eventually find the coveted book, only to have to relinquish the prize to free his parents. Now, in one last final attempt, as all seems lost, Huntington attempts to foil the capture's plot, free his parents and recover *The Pass*.

US \$14.95



0-9667232-4-4

Huntington Twixx - The Legend's Pass  
by  
Don Festge

Thanks to my mom for always  
watching over me and giving me  
the strength to keep pushing for my dreams.

This book is dedicated to everyone  
who keeps focused on their dreams  
and never gives up until they find  
what they are looking for.

Book Design, Photography & Production by [www.MOLINAadgroup.com](http://www.MOLINAadgroup.com)  
Model styling by Nancy Matos  
Special thanks to Giovanni Molina, Marissa & Miranda Rodriguez,  
and Good Shepherd Catholic School, Miami, FL.



## Chapter 1

Huntington Twixx, as adventuresome as he thought he was, had been accustomed to ordinary and downright mundane days for the past eleven years. With Tuesday however, commonplace was anything but. The second day of the week was unexpectedly amazing to say the least. That afternoon changed his life forever.

Huntington darted through the crowded sidewalk on his new skateboard as the wind whipped through his hair, hair his mother urged him to cut constantly but never to the point of physically dragging him down to the barber, or salon as she liked to call it, for a trim.

The board was slick and streamlined, covered in vintage Tony Hawk stickers and it was one he'd craved for over a year and now it was his. He road a Fakie through the walkway filled with college students lugging books and toting backpacks as he made his way to Building 1776. He'd often thought it oddly strange, giving buildings numbers after historical events, but then he was just a kid and often thought the decisions of adults were, at times, completely ridiculous to begin with.

Although a bit out of place, Huntington never seemed to let his size or age bother him while on campus. Besides, by now, most students had seen him around for quite some time and the novelty had worn off.

Huntington glanced up at the blue sky which seemed to be filled with cotton balls as the clouds set the perfect backdrop for the "UCONN National Champs" sign that hung across the courtyard. His father, Oliver, had been a professor of the History of Children's Literature for over seventeen years and Huntington had visited his father's class many times before. Things over the past two months however had changed and Huntington, as excited as he was, was apprehensive.

Professor Twixx, as he was called by his students, was in his

early forties and looked rather scholarly, yet dashing, as he stood behind the wooden podium. The auditorium style room was filled with eighty or so college students just settling in as Professor Twixx removed his circular rimmed glasses and brushed back his sandy blond hair. The type of hair you'd normally only find from a man his age on the cover of one Huntington's mother's romance novels.

"Nice jeans Professor Twixx."

"Why, thank you Wendy."

"And that tweed jacket, it really brings out your eyes," said another incoming student.

"I'm...not really sure how I should take that Paul, but thank you as well," he said with a peculiar look smothered across his face.

The class laughed as Professor Twixx held the class roster in hand and began to call out names to take roll. "Okay, first I'd like to welcome everyone back from Spring Break. I'm sure you had a...let me see how I want to put this, beneficial vacation," he said as he smiled.

"You bet, professor."

"Good, then I'd like to get started." Professor Twixx stepped out from behind his podium and paused momentarily.

"Okay...", he said as he ran his thumb and pointer finger down his chin. "Let me see...", he began to walk towards the students while they looked up at him from their seats.

"...So, before you left for your week of fun in the sun down in Florida, we were getting ready to discuss the history of children's literature. Does anyone want to tell me why the history of children's literature is so important?"

He glanced around the auditorium and noticed no hands were raised. "

Come on now," he pleaded. "Somebody's got to have a reason."

A large football player, offensive or defensive lineman type, stood up in the back of the room, belched, which echoed

through the auditorium, accompanied by the lingering smell of twice eaten salami, then shouted out... ,“Because it’s required!”

Everyone laughed again as Professor Twixx stepped closer to the first row.

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Huntington stopped at the bottom of the steps of Building 1776 and hopped off his skateboard. He ran his fingers through his hair, then shook his head as he pressed down on the end of his board and flipped it into the air. It came to rest in his left hand while he jogged up the steps and took a deep breath. Huntington was pleased with the trick; however, minor as it was, he was eager to practice more advanced maneuvers that would have to wait until after his visit. The sign outside the door read ENGLISH DEPARTMENT. Huntington walked in.

As the class finished laughing, Professor Twixx commented on the football player’s remark.

“Yes, that is correct Mr...”

“Patrick,” the student hollered out knowing Professor Twixx was searching for a name.

“Patrick, refresh my memory. Would that be a first or last name?”

“First sir.”

“I’m sure I’ll remember it now.”

The entire class looked at Patrick as a hum of “oooohs” spread across the auditorium while his friends around him slapped him on the shoulder and hit him playfully.

“Okay, that’s enough. I think Patrick gets the point,” Professor Twixx said as he let out a grin at the young man.

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Huntington walked briskly through the empty hall on the second floor of the English Department building carrying his

skateboard. The walls were filled with bulletin boards offering free tutoring, apartments for rent, and roommates wanted. As Huntington continued down the hallway, he spotted a brightly colored flyer with a picture of Mark Twain on it. Although at the moment he wasn't quite sure who it was, he paused momentarily and glanced at the flyer attracted by its appearance.

It read, "Spring Twain at Twilight Concert Series held at the Mark Twain House in Hartford." Huntington turned his head as his attention was captured by laughter that came rumbling from the end of the hall. He picked up his board and continued on.

Professor Twixx stood directly in front of the first row. "So, does anyone else want to tell me why the history of children's literature is so important?" He waited a few seconds, and then gave in...

"Okay, I'll tell you."

He looked around the classroom but only a few students took out pens and paper.

"Because it's going to be on your final exam!"

Everyone bustled to remove their materials and jot down the notes.

Professor Twixx smiled to himself.

"Foundation..."

He walked across the room and paused for a moment, then wrote the word on the board.

"The history of children's literature is the foundation for just about everything written and produced for today's children."

Huntington stood outside his father's door and stared through the window as he listened to his father's lesson.

"How many of you are familiar with Disney?"

Every hand in the auditorium went up in the air as Professor Twixx started to walk back to the other side of the room.

"Do the stories of Sleeping Beauty and Cinderella ring a bell...? Oh wait, that's a beast of an entirely different tale."



“Oh, I get it!” the football player shouted out once again.  
“Beast, good one professor!”

Everyone shot stares at him, then focused their attention back on Professor Twixx as mumbling between the students began.

Professor Twixx continued, “Does anyone want to take a guess as to when those stories were created?”

A young lady in the front of the class raised her hand. Professor Twixx pointed to her.

“Yes?”

“Sometime in the fifties,” she answered proudly.

“No, in the thirties,” another proclaimed.

“Well, not exactly,” he responded as he made his way back to the center of the room.

“Those stories were part of the first significant French children’s book: *Histoires Ou Countes Du Temps Passe’ Avec Des Moralite’s* in 1697.”

Professor Twixx walked to the window, paused, then turned to the class.

“In 1729, they became known as ‘Stories or Tales from Olden Times’ which became a collection of traditional fairy tales known also as: *Countes De Ma Me’re L’oye*.” A young woman stood up and shouted out from the middle of the class, “Tales of Mother Goose!”

Excitedly, Professor Twixx raised his hand and pointed to the young woman, “Yes... I see you have a bit of French in you!”

He quickly returned to the front of the class.

“Yes, as the young lady has pointed out, *Sleeping Beauty* and *Cinderella* are stories which came from, what we now call, the *Tales of Mother Goose*, which were written by Charles Perrault over three hundred years ago.”

“Wow,” a young man from the back of the class blurted out. Professor Twixx looked over to the student.

“Wow is right,” he replied as he continued to walk around the room.

“And as you’ll discover throughout the rest of this semester, there are many ‘cool’ things as you say, that you’ll learn about with regards to the history of children’s literature.”

Professor Twixx stopped for a moment and turned around. He noticed Huntington as he stood outside the door. Motioning with his hand, he gestured for his son to come inside but Huntington shook his head.

“Come inside,” he mouthed without the class hearing, but Huntington refused to budge.

Professor Twixx turned back to the students and now realized Huntington’s apprehension. All eyes rested heavily on “Hunt” as his father and friends liked to call him.

“Excuse me just a moment,” Professor Twixx asked the class as he made his way to the door.

“Hi,” he said through the glass as he turned the knob to let Hunt in.

“Hey,” he said as he gave Huntington a kiss on the head, then helped him into the room.

Professor Twixx closed the door, then turned to his students.

“Everyone, I’d like to introduce you to my son.” Huntington flashed a brief smile.

“This is Huntington, Huntington Twixx.”

Everyone in the class hollered, “Hi” as Professor Twixx escorted Huntington to his desk at the front of the class. Huntington looked down at his name carved in the wood drawer and thought back to different a time.

“Well,” Professor Twixx continued, “now that introductions are out of the way, I’ll continue.”

Professor Twixx clapped his hands, and then rubbed them together as he proceeded to talk.

“So... is anyone interested in a good old fashioned treasure hunt?”

Everyone raised their hands as Huntington sat up in his seat.