



John and Carole E.
BARROWMAN

**IMAGINATION
CAN BE A
DANGEROUS
THING**

**HOLLOW
EARTH**



HOLLOW EARTH

'In the universe, there are things that are known, and things that are unknown, and in between, there are doors.'

William Blake



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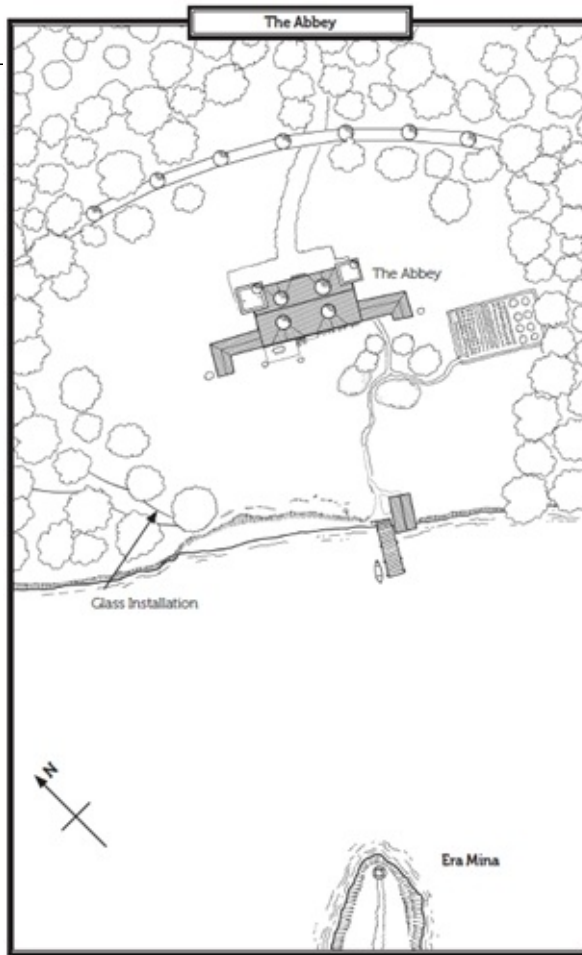
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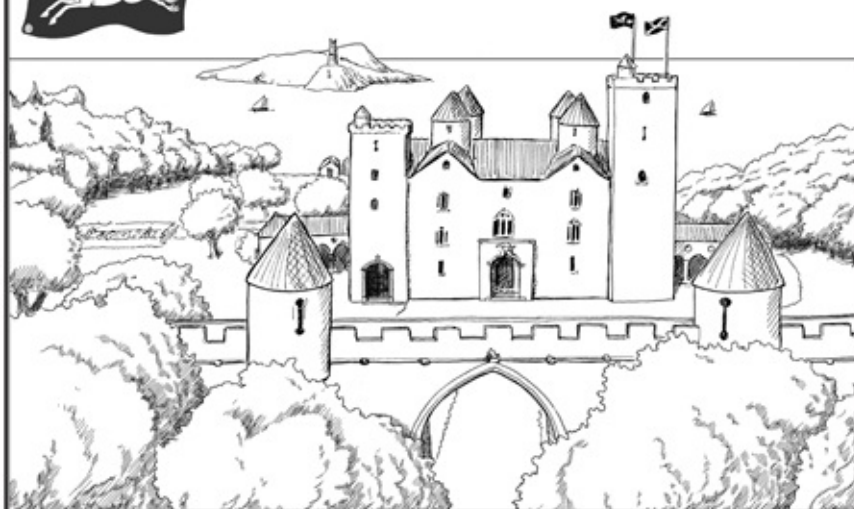
ABOUT THE AUTHORS

John Barrowman is a presenter, a singer, a dancer and an actor, best known for playing Captain Jack in the television series *Doctor Who* and *Torchwood*.

Carole E. Barrowman teaches English and creative writing at Alverno College in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. She also writes for newspapers and regularly appears on television to talk about books. Carole and her brother have already written two books together, but *Hollow Earth* is their first novel for children.







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PART ONE



ONE

*The Monastery of Era Mina
Auchinmurn Isle
West Coast of Scotland
Middle Ages*

The book the old monk was illuminating began with these words.

*THIS Book is about the nature of beasts.
Gaze upon these pages at your peril*

The old monk yawned, his chin dropped to his chest, and his eyes fluttered shut. The quill dropped from his fingers, leaving a trail of ink like tiny teardrops across the folio. He was working on one of the book's later pages, a miniature of a majestic griffin with talons clutching the foot of an imposing capital G. As the old monk nodded off, the griffin leaped from its place at the corner of the page and darted across the parchment. In its haste to flee, the beast brushed its coarse wings across the old monk's fingers.

The monk's eyes snapped open. In an instant, he thumped his gnarled fist on to the griffin's slashing tail, pinning the beast to the page. He glared at it. The griffin snorted angrily and scratched its talons deep into the thin vellum of the page. The monk shook off his exhaustion, focused his mind, and in a rush of colour and light the griffin was once again gripping the G at the top of the page.

Glancing behind him, the old monk spotted the bare feet of his young apprentice, poking out from under the wooden frame that held the drying skins to make parchment.

Something will have to be done, the monk thought.

When he was sure the image was settled on the page, the old monk crouched to retrieve his quill. He was angry with himself. He would have to be punished for this terrible lapse in concentration and go without his evening meal. He patted his soft, round belly. He'd survive the loss.

But – the boy. What to do about the boy now, given what he'd witnessed? That loss would hurt. The old monk did not relish having to train another apprentice. He had neither the strength nor the inclination for such a task. Not only that, but this boy had already demonstrated a great deal of skill as a parchmenter, and was a natural at knowing how long to soak the skins in lime and how carefully to clean and scrape them. And, at such a young age, he was already an elegant calligrapher, and a brilliant alchemist with inks. Between the two of them these past months, they'd almost completed the

final pages for *The Book of Beasts*. The boy and his talents would be sorely missed.

The boy sensed that the old monk was debating his future. He could hear the weight of the monk's ideas in his head, like a drumming deep inside his mind. He associated the sound with the monk because at its loudest, when the monk was concentrating hardest, the drumming was deep and full and round, much like the monk himself.

The boy's mother was the only other person the boy could sense in his head: a feeling not unwanted although often peculiar. Not because he missed her. Far from it. His mother and his brothers and sisters still lived in the village outside the monastery gates. But his mother's echo in his head had helped him escape her wrath, warranted or not, many times. Quickly, the boy lifted his pestle and mortar and finished crushing the iron salts and acorns for his next batch of ink.

The old monk straightened himself against his desk. What should he do? What if he were to fall asleep again while illuminating, only the next time his dozing was too sound? He didn't dare think about the consequences of such a terrible slip. Only once before had he let such a thing happen, with tragic results. He'd been a young man and had not had the benefit of his training yet. In his nightmares, he could still hear the apprentice's screams. Oh, and there had been so much blood.

No, something would definitely have to be done about the boy.

He stared at his apprentice across the workroom now in much the same manner as he had stared down the griffin.

But the boy was courageous and smart. He knew this was an important moment in his short life. He loved everything about the monastery and didn't want to leave. He was genuinely fond of the old monk, with whom he'd worked for almost a full season – since his father had given him to the service of the monks in return for grazing rights on a prime piece of church land outside the village.

The boy knew how much such a trade was worth to his family. It was worth everything to him, too. This was a time when men, women and children believed in miracles and magic with equal faith. It was a time when kings and queens fought for their crowns with armadas and armies whose allegiance they bought with land and crops and even bigger armies. And it was a time when hope and happiness had everything to do with where you were born and who was protecting you.

Yes, indeed, the boy knew better than anything else that he had to stay with the old monk and remain part of this ancient, holy order. So he did the only thing he knew how to do in the circumstances. He stood up and stared directly back at the old monk without flinching and with an equal measure of concentration.

The monk glared.

The boy's heart was pounding in his chest. The drumming in his head was so loud, it felt as if a vice was tightening across his ears. He was sure his head was going to burst. His nose started to bleed, dripping into the mortar he was gripping in his hands. Behind the monk, the boy could see the griffin's tail thumping against the page. But still he held his gaze.

After what seemed – to the boy anyway – to be for ever, the vice around his skull loosened, the pulsing of the old monk's thoughts stopped, and the boy thought he heard a sigh inside his head. The monk's shoulders drooped, and he turned away. The boy let out his breath and wiped his sleeve across his nose.

Ah, thought the monk, I have neither the strength nor the inclination to challenge this boy's fortitude. Something else will have to be done to ensure that he honours the monastery's secrets.

He turned away, his focus back on the beast.

With great relief, the boy returned his attention to the pot and his mixtures. When he'd finished creating the ink, he filled the monk's inkwell and stored the rest for another day. Then he turned to the goatskin stretched across the rack. Gently, the boy ran the tips of his fingers across the surface, making sure the skin was drying smooth and thin enough to absorb the inks. He looked again at the o

monk, his body draped across his tall desk, his quill dipping in and out of the inkwell. The monk's concentration was so intense, the boy knew nothing would shift him until the final touches had been put to the page.

Soon the light was fading from the room, and the old monk could feel his mind drifting again. Cleaning the tip of his quill, he set it inside his leather pouch, along with his other tools. Then he sealed the inkwell with a wax plug, before covering the page he was illustrating with two thin layers vellum. Lifting the pages, he set them on a rack inside the cabinet next to his desk, weighing down the corners with polished stones. The pages he'd been working on for the past month were similarly laid out across the cabinet's broad shelves. Tomorrow, he'd begin the process of illuminating the final beast, the most terrifying of them all – the Grendel.

The monk locked the cabinet, dropping the key into the pocket of his robes. Before closing the shutters, he peered out through the wide slits in the thick stone walls, stunned for a moment by the sight of an owl and one of its young lifting from a nearby tree. *A sign*, the old monk thought, *an omen to be sure*. Of good, he trusted.

'Time for prayers, and then perhaps you and I should discuss the matter lingering before us.'

'Yes, master.'

The boy echoed his master's ritual, cleaning his tools, wrapping them in their soft, leather pouches and setting them on his workbench.

The old monk dampened the peat in the hearth and pulled on his fur cloak. Grabbing his cap and scarf from the floor, the boy tied his leather soles on to his feet and followed his master to the heavy oak door.

'Solon, you would do well to forget what you believe you saw earlier. It was only a trick of your youthful imagination.'

The boy stepped in front of the old monk and held the door for him.

'Beg pardon, master, but weren't it really a trick of yours?'



TWO

*The National Gallery
London
Present Day*

Twelve-year-old twins Matt and Em Calder were sitting on a hard, wooden bench. The gallery was quiet and not yet open to the public, but they were not happy. Their mum had made promises that morning about their plans for this sweltering day, and they didn't remember having to stop to look at paintings being one of them.

Setting their backpacks on the floor in front of them, the twins glared at their mother.

'Behave yourselves,' Sandie warned. 'Do not leave this bench. Do not even *think* about it. I mean it. I'll only be gone ten minutes at the most. I'll be right over there.'

She pointed to the tall, yellow-haired man in a dark suit, holding a stack of books in his arms. The man dipped his head towards them in his usual acknowledgment. Em smiled politely, but Matt turned away, more interested in a woman wheeling a trolley with a wooden crate, the size and shape of a painting, strapped to it through the next gallery. A museum guard followed close behind her. At the lift, the guard swiped a key-card across the security pad. The doors opened. Dismissing the guard's help with a wave of her hand, the woman eased the trolley into the lift. The guard backed away, but as the doors were closing, he changed his mind, shoved his foot between them, and ducked into the lift with the woman and the painting.

'Matt! Are you even listening to me?'

Matt slumped on the bench, shoving his sister to the edge as he did so.

'This is a lovely painting to look at while you wait,' Sandie went on. 'It's by Georges Seurat. He often painted using tiny dots instead of brush strokes.'

The twins frowned at her. In unison.

'We know,' said Em.

Sandie soldiered on. 'I appreciate this isn't what we'd got planned, but I need to take care of some business with—' She cut herself off mid-sentence and changed tack. 'How about when I'm finished with this meeting, we go swimming just like the boy in the painting?' She put her leather messenger bag over her shoulder. 'What do you say? Deal?'

'Deal,' said Em, who, in these situations at least, was always the first to agree.

Matt shrugged. 'Whatever.'

They watched their mum walk over to the yellow-haired man and settle on a similar bench in the

next gallery. The man leaned close to their mother as if about to share a secret with her; in response, Sandie flipped open the sketchbook she always carried, handing the man a sheet of paper she had tucked into one of the pages.

Boring.

Turning her attention back to the painting, Em leaned forward and squinted hard, trying to see all the dots without her bottom leaving the bench, while Matt emptied his backpack into the space between them – the pens, chalk and charcoal he always carried in a bashed biscuit tin, his iPod, headphones, two *Captain America* comics, assorted sweet wrappers, a pack of bubble gum, an empty Coke can and a sketchpad. Tearing a sheet of paper from the pad, he handed Em a pen.

She shook her head.

‘Swimming would be a lot of fun,’ he said. ‘No one’s paying any attention to us.’

Em accepted the pen, and they began to draw.

The next thing the twins knew, they were in the painting, splashing in the cool, blue water of the River Seine with a boy in a red hat. He said his name was Pierre and spoke to them in French. The twins understood. He said he had only a few minutes to bathe before he had to get back to his work.

‘Is that your dog?’ Matt asked Pierre, worried that the dog would have nowhere to go when Pierre returned to his job. But Pierre didn’t answer the question, so Matt gave up and began splashing water on to the other men lounging on the bank. They ignored him.

Matt floated on his back for a while. He could feel Em splashing next to him. He looked up at the sky, but it wasn’t there, and he thought he knew why – and then they were suddenly both sopping wet and lying in a big puddle on the floor in front of the painting in the National Gallery. Two very angry guards were rushing towards them with Sandie close on their heels. The yellow-haired man was gone.

Quickly gathering up the twins’ things, Sandie apologized to the guards. ‘I’m so sorry. They must have dumped their bottles of water on each other. It is really warm today.’

She glared at the twins. ‘All I asked was ten minutes. Ten minutes!’ She yanked both of them upright. ‘Oh God, you’ve no idea what you’ve done.’

Feeling some sympathy for the twins, one of the guards told them that since the museum was not yet open to the general public for the day, no real harm was done. The staff could get the mess cleaned up quickly before anyone else came through. He wasn’t planning to take any chances though, and quickly escorted the three of them outside to the morning heat of Trafalgar Square.

A member of the National Gallery’s cleaning staff was called to the Post-Impressionist room, where she soaked up the water with her mop. She had to smile to herself. Her own boys might have done much worse than a water fight if it had been them sitting there feeling hot and bored.

As she was wringing her mop out in the bucket, something on the floor under the bench caught her eye. Reaching down, she snagged a folded sheet of paper torn from a drawing pad. The drawing had to belong to one of those children because she’d cleaned this particular gallery earlier that morning and she knew she hadn’t missed a thing.

Unfolding the paper, she was surprised to see a recognizable sketch of *Bathers at Asnières*. There was something off in the dots of colour around the boy in the red hat, the men languishing on the shore were distorted in their dimensions and the little brown dog had a kind of smudged-sausage look to him, but it was a very good copy indeed.

She glanced at the sketch one more time. The water of the Seine was dashed in thick blue strokes across the bottom of the paper, but the top half of the drawing was a complete blank.

No sky.

She gathered up her mop and bucket, rolled her cart towards the exit and crumpled the paper into a ball. On her way out of the gallery, she chucked it into a nearby bin.

She could have sworn she heard a splash.



THREE

Arthur Summers couldn't believe what he'd just witnessed. When Sandie, the twins' mother, had sprinted across the gallery to her children, Arthur had moved with haste in the other direction. At the staff lift, he swiped his key-card on the security pad. The lift doors opened immediately, and he darted inside, pressing the button to the basement three, four times, hoping more jabs would speed up his descent.

His pulse was racing. Sweat was beading under his shirt, and his straw-blond hair felt damp with perspiration. He'd known the twins since they were toddlers. He was supposed to monitor their development and ensure the Society heard of any evolution in their powers before the Council of Guardians did. But he'd never imagined they would reach this level while the children were still so young. It – changed things.

He squeezed out before the lift had fully opened and quickly headed for the huge doors that led to the National Gallery's restoration lab. To most employees at the National, this floor was nicknamed 'the morgue' because it had been created from the catacombs that ran beneath Charing Cross Road from the church of St Martin-in-the-Fields. Arthur had always thought the enormous basement lab should really have been called 'purgatory' because, although it was the place where paintings were resurrected to new life, working down here always felt like punishment. Unfortunately, no one at the National cared what Arthur thought, which was why he was so successful at keeping his secrets.

At the lab doors, Arthur used his key-card again. This time he waited for the pad to flip open and reveal a fingerprint sensor. When it did, he wiped his sweating thumb across his trousers before pressing it to the pad.

The doors slid open with a hiss, and he stepped into an enclosed glass chamber, an ante-room, where he waited for the first doors to seal and the air to be calibrated before a second set of doors opened.

Just as the first doors locked, Arthur saw a cloaked and hooded person move from the stairwell and into the shadows of the hallway. When the second set of doors slid open, Arthur's heart was pounding so fast, he thought he might hyperventilate.

He dashed into his purgatory, the doors sealing behind him. The figure wouldn't follow. It *couldn't*. Could it?

The lab was the size of a school gym. Despite the high-tech equipment spread around the room – portable imaging machines, scanners, microscopes, copiers and computers with huge flat-screen monitors – the worktables of the men and women who restored and repaired paintings in this room were covered in the more traditional media of paintbrushes and palettes. Row upon row of easels stood like sentinels against the walls. As Arthur marched down the aisle bisecting the room, he noticed a

row of paintings being readied for the exhibition he was curating: 'The Horror in Art'.

When Arthur was about ten steps from his office door, the lights went out. Cursing under his breath, hands trembling, he fished a penlight from his inside pocket and continued onwards, glancing back now and again.

He stopped short at the last painting in the room, his breath catching in his throat.

Despite the relevance of the image, Arthur had most certainly not requested *Witch with Changeling Child* for his exhibition. In the painting, only the witch's large pocked nose was visible from the shadows of a shabby, woollen shawl. Seated on her bony lap was a dwarfish demon child with a misshapen head, a bulbous nose, pale, waxy skin and eyes like tiny yellow marbles sunk into its flesh forehead.

What disturbed Arthur even more than the repulsive subject matter was the painting's history. It had been linked to a number of grisly deaths that had occurred at the gallery when the painting had first been exhibited to the public in 1840. As a result, *Witch with Changeling Child* was said to be cursed and had been locked in storage, never to be displayed in public again.

Until now. Who had put it here?

Arthur swept his penlight across the witch's gnarled hands and up and over to the horrible creature perched on her lap. When he reached the changeling's face with his penlight, he froze in terror. He knew it wasn't his imagination.

The dwarfish demon was grinning at him.



FOUR

The twins had not been in a taxi in ages – they always travelled on the Tube with their mum. But as soon as the security guard had hustled them from the National Gallery and out on to Trafalgar Square Sandie hurried them into a taxi. Giving the driver their address, she settled herself on to one of the flip-down seats facing the twins. She was so angry with them, she was almost speechless.

‘Seat belts fastened. *Right now.*’

‘Why are you so mad?’ asked Matt. ‘We didn’t do anything wrong.’

‘You know the rules! You know that what you did was dangerous.’

‘Your rules, not ours!’ Matt shouted back.

‘We’re sorry, Mum. We didn’t mean to make you angry,’ Em interjected before the two of them started fighting for real. Matt and their mum seemed to be doing more and more of that lately, ever since their dad had missed another of their birthdays without a call or an email. With every passing year, Matt was becoming more and more convinced that their mum had driven their dad away. Em could hardly remember what their dad looked like. She wasn’t sure she missed him at all.

‘Really, Mum,’ continued Em. ‘We’re not stupid. We know we’re not supposed to draw in public. But we were so hot. We won’t do it again. Promise.’

Sandie sighed. Sometimes, her terror made her lose control. She patted Em’s leg. ‘I know you’re not stupid. Far from it.’ She tried to ruffle Matt’s hair. He pulled away and slouched against the seat. ‘It’s just that you’re getting older, and things are becoming complicated—’

‘We were hot and wanted to go swimming,’ Matt snapped. ‘And you promised no more meetings. Two days in a row you’ve dragged us to that stupid gallery.’

Sandie leaned forward, fear tightening the knot already in her stomach. ‘Are you saying you *knew* you were putting yourselves into the painting?’ She turned to Em. ‘Please tell me you’ve never done that before.’

Don’t say a word, Em.

Em hesitated as Matt’s words echoed in her head. ‘We didn’t know we could do that – until it happened with a painting yesterday,’ she said at last.

The colour drained from Sandie’s face. Things were worse than she had thought. Much worse. ‘What painting?’

Be quiet, Em!

‘A painting ... of Roman ruins. It was easy to copy.’ Seeing the sudden panic in her mum’s eyes, Em blurted, ‘No one saw us. Honest. We were careful, Mum. I promise we were.’

Shut up, Em, or I’ll pound you.

I don’t like telling lies ... and you couldn’t pound me if you tried.

Em whacked Matt across his chest with her backpack. He yelped, reached across the seat and swatted his sister back.

‘Emily Anne Calder! What was that for?’

Not for the first time, Sandie sensed something strange going on between her son and daughter. She knew twins were connected to each other in ways that science was only beginning to understand – Matt able to sense when Em was sad; Em able to know when Matt was angry or hurt. And she knew that twins often had unique ways of communicating with each other. But what was beginning to scare her was that – given who the twins were, given what they were becoming – this was something much more significant.

Sandie tugged the offending backpack from Em’s hands and set it down on her own lap. She needed to think. She needed to plan. ‘We’ll talk more about this when we get home.’

Matt fiddled with his headphones and cranked up his music. Em did the same.

Sandie leaned her head against the cool glass of the taxi window. At the entrance to St James’s Park, she watched a family waiting for the pedestrian signal. A mum pushing her baby in a pram, a dad with a toddler gripping his hand.

Everything was so much easier when they held my hands, she thought.

Not for the last time that day, Sandie wondered if her children were becoming more than she could handle – a prediction their grandfather, Renard, had thrown at her the day she bundled up her twin toddlers and ran for their lives.



FIVE

Arthur fled from the grinning demon. He didn't have much time. Someone else had witnessed Arthur's failure to keep an eye on the twins and their developing powers – and now the Society would know that Arthur was dispensable. He knew too much. He had done too much. At the door to his office, he fumbled for his key-card and dropped it. When he bent to retrieve it, he heard footsteps pitter-pattering across the floor in the lab behind him. Snatching up the card, he swiped his office door open, slamming and locking it behind him. Leaning against the cold metal, he attempted to calm himself.

The noises in the lab were louder now, as if someone was scampering across the tables.

'You have time. You have time,' Arthur chanted aloud, trying to quell his terror. His nerves were frayed, and he was having difficulty keeping his fear at bay. Sandie couldn't possibly control or change what was in the future for the twins, and yet he felt a deep sadness that he was unable to prepare her for what was to come. He'd grown fond of her over the years. Despite the nature of their work together, they had made a good team. He knew she trusted him – at least, as far as anyone can trust their jailer.

Arthur sighed. Sandie Calder really should not have trusted him at all.

What a fool he'd been, to think that the Society's plan would go forward without further violence. Arthur was nothing more than a pawn in a murderous chess game that had been going on for centuries.

Sitting at his cluttered desk with his head in his hands, an amazing thing happened to Arthur. He found a little compassion and just enough courage to free Sandie from the chains that bound her.

It was time to break his allegiance to the Hollow Earth Society and let Sir Charles and the Council of Guardians decide the twins' fate after all.

He lifted the phone and dialled a number. After a few seconds, he punched in a code, then hung up. Within seconds, his phone rang. The receiver almost slid from his clammy hand as he grabbed it.

'What has happened, Arthur?'

'Sir Charles, it's the twins. They ... they animated themselves into a painting. I've never seen anything like it before. I knew it was possible, but witnessing it for the first time was quite shocking. One minute they were drawing on the bench, then the next minute they were—'

'Arthur, I'm a Guardian. I know what animating looks like.'

There was silence on the line for a beat, just long enough for Arthur to hear scurrying outside his door.

'Thank you, Arthur,' said Sir Charles Wren. 'The Council will take charge of the twins from here on. Something we should have done years ago, if I'd had my way.'

Arthur hung up the phone, his nerves frayed but his conscience stilled. Even if the Council of

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