It was a sunny morning on Avalon Beach in California. The waves, which typically would be crashing across the shoreline, were unusually calm. Eleven year-old Joshua Taylor stood alone on the beach building an elaborate sand castle fifty feet from the waters edge. Josh had a vivid imagination and loved creating magical worlds that never existed before.

Josh built his castle a good distance up the beach because he was terrified of the water. Six years earlier, while learning to swim, a sea creature grabbed his leg and tried to pull him under. Luckily, his father was just a few feet away and was able to set him free. Some say it was a sand shark and others suggested it was a giant moray eel that had slithered up the coast in search of food. Joshua’s version of the attack was a far cry from the common thought and a much less believable yarn. “It was a fish-like creature with long fangs, jagged claws and skin made of fire,” was his quote to the newspaper reporter on the scene.

11 year old, Joshua Taylor sets forth on an epic adventure to save the world of imagination, known as Drakaii, from Skull, the Gothic Pirate King.

If Skull, who has been granted the gift of immortality, processes black magic wizardry, and is backed by an army of Zulla Beasts, brings Drakaii to its knees he will be able to control all of our thoughts and ideas. And given his compensatory for evil, you can be assured those thoughts and ideas would be more devastating than a thousand plagues.

In order to save the world of imagination, Joshua, shy and small in stature, must find the courage within by believing in the power of his own imagination.
Obviously, no one believed his tall tale. The burn marks on his right leg were determined to be abrasions caused when the creature’s rough skin rubbed against him. Joshua, however, believed his story to be true and though he loved to sail on the family boat and fish from the beach, he stayed clear of stepping into the water ever since.

“Joshua!” a voice yelled out.

Josh looked across the beach and noticed his father waving to him from the back porch of their beachfront house.

“We’re leaving when your sister gets back from gymnastics. Put a move on it kiddo,” he shouted.

Josh, his fourteen-year-old sister Keri and mom and dad were leaving for a two-week vacation later in the morning.

“I’ll be there in a few minutes,” he yelled back.

Josh picked up a piece of driftwood out of the sand to add the finishing touch to the widows perch he created at the peek of the castle.

“The Princess’ guards can now warn the villagers of a pending attack by the winged gargoyles that live in the maze of dark caves on the out skirts of the castle,” Josh said.

He paused when he noticed something very peculiar out of the corner of his eye. A thick fog began to rise from the surface of the ocean water. So dense in fact, you would have thought the ocean was on fire. Though there was not so much as a breeze in the air the mysterious mist rolled across the calm water and began to slowly creep it’s way up the beach. Leading Joshua to ponder the thought, were the winged gargoyles indeed just a figment of his imagination.

Just then Ivan Skulinski, a classmate of Joshua’s at Wooster Middle School and his mischievous friends, wondered onto the beach. They walked over and started feeding the sea gulls at the edge of the shore. It, however, wasn’t as innocent as it looked. They were feeding the sea gulls seltzer tablets that would fizz in their stomachs and make them quite ill.

Ivan noticed Josh in the distance and an evil grin flashed across his face. Ivan did not like Josh because he kept to himself and in his mind acted weird.
Joshua was also much smaller and didn’t have a lot of self-confidence to stand up to Ivan and his gang of thugs and thus he made for easy prey.

“Hey, look dudes, it’s the weirdo freak!” Ivan said.

“He is probably playing imaginary pirates,” his friend Waldo replied.

“Well then, let’s sneak attack!” Ivan said as he tapped his chest twice. He was wearing a tank top with an imprint of a black skull and cross bones. Joshua had no idea Ivan had even walked onto the beach let alone about his lured intentions.

Rumbles of thunder began to echo in the distance. The thunder actually comforted Josh. His ‘winged gargoyle” theory was replaced by a much more sensible explanation. He figured the fog was probably due to an approaching storm so he bent down to pick up his backpack and head home when a bright flash of white light filtered through the fog practically blinding him. Josh squinted to protect his eyes. “It must be coming from the beacon,” he thought.

The beacon light was about a mile out to sea. It was used to help guide boaters away from the shallow waters. There was, however, a kink in the theory. Given the fact the fog was very dense and the light was a mile away, “How could it be so bright?” Josh said.

He lowered his head away from the light. “What the heck,” he said. The light pierced through the widow’s perch at the top of the castle and reflected down to the front gate where the crystals of sand glittered like broken pieces of glass.

Curiously, he squatted down and scooped up a handful of the sand. The crystals filtered through his fingers leaving behind a metal object in the middle of his palm. “A key,” Josh said. This key, however, was very different from the one he used to unlock his door at home. His first thought was that it was very old. It had a dull copper finish with three distinctive square notches. “A skeleton key,” he thought.

His imagination began to soar as he thought about the possibilities. “Maybe it is a key to a lost pirate treasure just beyond the shore. Or maybe a key to a dungeon that is home to some kind of a creature. He then looked out
across the water and much more sinister thought engulfed him as the fog crept closer. “Maybe the same creature that attacked me years ago. Only now ten times the size.”

His train of thought was broken when he heard a faint voice whisper through his ear. He fell dead silent and scanned the beach but there was nobody there. Figuring, once again, it was just his imagination playing tricks on him he shrugged it off and drew his attention back to the skeleton key.

A moment later he heard the voice again. Only it was much more clear. "It is the key to the hidden treasure that will lead you from the darkness," the voice said in a very soft precious tone.

Josh looked towards the lifeguard stand a few feet from the edge of the shore. Rising from the fog was a shadowy figure, of what he believed to be a man, staring out across the ocean. It was kind of strange because he wasn’t there just seconds ago. “A ghost?” Josh wondered.

His thought may have been a bit out of the realm of reality but from his perspective it was quite an eerie coincidence, especially since the man’s identity was not only hidden in the blanket of fog but also buried underneath a long, loosely fit gray over coat, with a raised collar that resembled a cloak worn by medieval vikings in the 15th century and more recently by pirates. An uneasy feeling wavered through the pit of Joshua’s stomach, he realized the garment was also fashionable attire for witches, wizards and vampires.

“Why would anyone be wearing a cloak, especially on a warm day like this? It’s not halloween,” Josh thought.

“Oh, this is crazy. What am I thinking? A ghost? I’m just freaking myself out. He is just a man walking on the beach. So what if he is wearing a cloak. This is California, there are all kinds of nuts, and, besides, it couldn’t have been his voice. How could I hear him whispering from that far away?”

Still, he was not totally convinced. He opened his hand and looked at the key. “It is the key to the hidden treasure that will lead you from the darkness,” the voice repeated. He looked up quickly but the ‘ghost’ was gone. No trace, no
trail. Before he had time to ponder what just happened he heard another voice. This voice, however, was far from soft and very recognizable.

"Sneak attack!" Ivan screamed from behind. He leaped over Josh purposely kicking him in the head with his untied work boot on his way through the air. Josh dropped the key and grabbed the back of his head in pain. Ivan landed in the middle of his castle and showed just how crude he could be by destroying every last bit of Joshua’s magical creation.

“The enemy has arrived,” Ivan shouted, “And he shall conquer the world!”

His three buddies applauded his destruction and laughed at Joshua as Ivan kicked backwards and booted a load of sand into his face. He then lifted both his arms and flexed his muscles, “I’m the ruler of this beach you little twerp. If I ever see you here again I’m going to do to you what I just did to your dumb castle. Got it weirdo freak?”

Josh didn’t say a word he just sat there with his arms over his face trying to protect himself. Ivan and his gang turned and walked away laughing at Joshua’s expense.

Josh cleared the sand and tears out of his eyes and stood up. He was very angry as he stood over his castle in ruins but what could he do? The simple answer was to do what he always did when it came to Ivan, nothing, just drop his head and go home.

He picked up his backpack, "Ouch," he said stepping on something sharp. He squatted down and combed his fingers through the sand and came across the skeleton key he had dropped. He turned the key over in his hand and dropped it again, or at least he thought for a second he did. Though it was no longer visible he could still feel it in his palm. He picked the key up between his fingers and turned it back over. Amazingly, it reappeared.

"Holy Crapoly?” he said, “This is totally awesome!” It was as if the key had only one side. “Wait,” he said, “The magician.” In the springtime they had a magician visit the beach and he put on a show for the children. “It must be his key. That has to be it. I’ll give it to Dad. He’ll know how to return it.” Josh
placed the key gently in the small side pocket of his backpack and then flipped the pack over his shoulder.

He turned to head home but he couldn’t move. The drifted fog had rolled across his feet cementing him to the beach. He squatted down to push the fog away with his hands in a desperate attempt to pry his way free. “What’s happening?” he said. The fog had peeled away the flesh from his feet and ankles leaving nothing but bone. He then looked at his hands. The same thing had happened. There was nothing but skeleton bone from his wrists down. “The fog is eating me alive,” he shouted as it began to rise.

He turned to his house, his heart thumping with panic, “Help!” he shouted, “Dad! Help! Help!” Though his father was still out in the yard, he never turned around. It was as if his screams were falling on deaf ears.

The only response to his desperate plea was a strange rumbling from the depths of the ocean water. Josh froze and watched as the ocean exploded and a dark and menacing cloud with an ominous red glow rose from the water and consumed the once calm blue sky. “A cloud demon,” Josh feared.

“Do not be frightened Joshua, for it is in you that I place my faith,” returned the soft whispering voice. Josh jerked his head back in the direction of the lifeguard stand and within a whirl of the fog reappeared the ‘ghost’ in the cloak. The ‘ghost’ slowly turned his head towards Joshua. His identity was partially hidden behind his raised collar but Josh did notice he was an older gentleman with long white, almost slivery like beard that came to a point at the center of his chest.

“Who are you?” Josh whispered back, but there was no reply.

The ‘ghost’ turned his attention back towards the sea and the head of a king cobra appeared from the front of his right shoulder. The serpent slithered across the back of his neck and down his left arm. A blast of thunder ripped across the sky and the snake dangled down and turned to marble in the shape of a gold handled scepter with a diamond-studded crown at its point.

“This is incredible,” Josh said. He quickly dug into his backpack with his skeleton hands for his phone. “I have to get a picture of this. No one will ever
believe me.” He nervously fumbled the phone in his phalanges but before he could snap a picture the screen went black. The battery, which was fully charged, not only died but it physically melted like butter inside the phone and oozed out the bottom.

“Yikes!” Josh said and hastily dropped the phone into the fog. “This is…” he paused in mid thought and slowly lifted his eyes and watched in awe as the ‘ghost’ raised the scepter towards the Cloud Demon and a brilliant streak of lightening flashed from its crown. Josh lifted his right arm to shade his eyes from the spectacular explosion of light. The ominous cloud roared in a fit of anger, “Foolish child. You shall pay for your intrusion.” The cloud then evaporated, leaving in its wake a brilliant triple rainbow reaching as far as Joshua’s eyes could see.

“Do not be afraid,” the ‘ghost’ whispered once more, “It is in you I place my faith.”

“What do you mean?” Josh asked.

The ghost slowly turned his head once again in Joshua’s direction, and lowered the collar. Because of the distance, Josh still couldn’t get a good look as to his identity, but he was right about the silver beard.

“In due time my child,” the ghost replied, “The answer will be clear. You shall know the truth of the journey that awaits you.”

“Journey? You mean my vacation?” Josh asked with a look of confusion. The ghost comforted Josh with a distant smile. “In due time,” he answered once again, and turned his attention back to the ocean. He dropped the crown of the scepter into the fog. “Until we meet again my child of wonder,” he said and twirled the crown through the fog.

The fog began to swirl and astonishingly molded itself into a horse-like creature that, according to the legend and folklore books Josh read, only existed in the mythical world of the ancient Greek gods. And yet there it was as clear as day. “A unicorn,” Josh said.

The creature rose up with a flowing mane of gold and wings made of fire. A stream of the fog whirled into its spiral horn and soothing music filled the air.
“A message to god’s maybe?” Josh thought. The “ghost” pulled back on the reigns and the unicorn lifted off the beach. The majestic beauty sailed over the ocean water and faded into the rainbows. The fog released Joshua from its grasp and followed the unicorn back out to sea. Josh looked at his hands and then to his feet. To his great relief they had returned to normal.

“Put a move on it. You have five minutes!” yelled his father.

“Okay. I’m coming,” Josh replied a bit dumbfounded. He could kind of understand his father not hearing him scream for help, old people can’t hear very well, but the cloud demon? “How could he miss that?”

His father’s reaction led Josh to ponder the thought, did this really happen? The tender bruise on his head made it perfectly clear his encounter with Ivan was real, but what about the ghost, cloud demon and the unicorn?

“There is only one way to find out,” he said and walked over to where the “ghost” had appeared.

The beachcomber had raked the sand earlier in the morning so if the experience was genuine Josh expected to see one a set of footprints and four hoofs but to his disbelief he didn’t. There was no evidence to suggest anyone or anything had been standing there.

“It was a ghost. It had to be,” Josh thought. He then quickly realized the absurdity of his observation. “Wait a minute you idiot. There are no such things as ghosts. This is crazy. It was just my imagination. Just my stupid imagination playing tricks on me.”

His negative reaction seemed to anger the calm sea. A wave crashed onto the shore and splashed over Josh’s feet. Josh was terrified. His knees buckled like jelly and he collapsed to the sand. The wave rolled gently back out and the water calmed once again.

“I said get off my beach!” Josh glanced over his shoulder to find Ivan standing him. Ivan stuck his boot into Joshua’s back and pushed him face first into the wet sand. “What a loser,” Ivan said. Waldo gave him a high five and Ivan and his gang of thugs stumbled away.
Josh’s dad was really excited about their long awaited vacation. He let his family believe they were simply embarking on a cross-country trip to Florida, which was true, but he also had a surprise in store for them once they reached the gator state.

Josh walked into the house, “Are you ready to rock, son?” his dad said and he patted him on the back.

Josh walked past him with his head down and he did not say a word. He didn’t want his dad to know how upset he was from his encounter with Ivan. “Okay, I will take that as a no,” he said.

His mom’s voice appeared from her bedroom as he walked down the hallway, "I left a surprise for you on your bed, honey," she said.

Josh paid little attention to her words as well and he moped into his room and flopped onto his bed. The shades were drawn and the only light flickered from a battery-operated candle placed in the center of a real life crocodile’s head on the end table to the right of his bed. Dylan’s Grandpa said he found the reptilian remains while hunting deep in the jungles of Africa for what he referred to as the prehistoric ancestor of the crocodile, the legendary fire-breathing dragon.

Joshua’s Grandfather was the world famous mystery hunter and best selling author Drey Taylor, whose life was a constant adventure to find answers to our world’s greatest curiosities. His ultimate quest took him to the far ends of the world in search of the origin of something we all seem to take for granted…IMAGINATION. It was his belief that it was not simply something we humans were born with but rather a gift or treasure, and like most treasures, as Mr. Taylor suggested, its riches could be used for good or evil.
Joshua idolized his grandfather. There was a very special bond between them. Each time his Grandfather came to visit he would tell Joshua a new fascinating tale. They even came up with an invisible code of letters that they used to relay messages to one another through postcards.

How did one decipher the code? It was deciphered with a sprinkle of imagination. His Grandfather gave him a pouch filled with black ashes he said were created out of a magic potion stirred up by three little witches he encountered when he accidentally stumbled upon the lost city of the Gnomes. “Only with a blow of the ashes,” the witches said, “will the message be told.”

The potion was supposedly concocted of melted snow from a blinding blizzard, dinosaur bones, magic stones and the eyes of a wizard. Obviously Joshua’s parents shrugged it off as nothing more than just another one of Grandpa’s tall tales. Joshua, however, believed it as fact.

Unfortunately, the post card messages went silent four years ago. His Grandfather disappeared while on one of his many secret trips in search of the lost treasure.

A morse code operator captured his rather confusing final words. “You can question the tale I am about to tell but do not ever question the power of imagination. The treasure is real. It is truly a world beyond belief. The spirit has welcomed me with open arms but the cloud has darkened and I fear…”
The Ghost is the first episode of the fourth season of the television series Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D., and the beginning of the Ghost Rider pod. Ghost Rider is coming, and S.H.I.E.L.D. will never be the same. Moore, Anderson, Scott and Mitchell of the Aryan Brotherhood steal and deliver a crate containing Lucy Bauer. In their getaway, they are attacked by Quake, who slows them down. Suddenly, Robbie Reyes drives up and transforms into Ghost Rider when Moore fires a rocket at him. He brutally murders The Ghost Lyrics: Are you afraid of the dark? / Are you scared? / He-he / I can see you from behind / You can hear me in your mind / Run so fast as you can go / Time will catch you before you know.Â “The Ghost” Track Info. Written By NIVIRO. Release Date March 25, 2017. Ghost records and performs pop hymns that glorify and glamorise the disgusting and sacrilegious.Â Facebook is showing information to help you better understand the purpose of a Page. See actions taken by the people who manage and post content. Page created - April 13, 2010. People.