

Prologue

I have a bit of a problem with my social life. It isn't that I'm decked out with five rows of braces, I have glasses that are the biggest bulkiest thing ever, or I will only talk about: a) videogames or b) computers. No, nothing like that. As a matter of fact, I'm a pretty average looking eleven year old. About 4 foot 9", I have contacts, no braces, and I (well, if you ask me) look pretty good. So it isn't any sort of *cosmetic* reason, the problem really lies within a single, unfortunately not uncommon question asked by the nice boy or girl who wants to see whether they know where you're from:

"What school do you go to?"

Yes, that's it. A single line, with what should be a very straightforward answer; "I go to *so and so* elementary." Yeah; if only. If they ever did get an answer from me, I have an annoying habit of never telling even the tiniest of lies, so my answer would be something along these lines:

"Well, I have recently just got my master's degree in computer engineering, and my mansion in California has a classroom, but all of this wouldn't really matter to you because the second you would approach my mansion in California you would either be tossed out by my security, or lost in the seemingly infinite amount of rooms. But to answer your question, I suppose I am currently not in school. And for future reference, my name's Griffin, not 'You'."

People seem to be turned away by that response and I have therefore come to the conclusion that nobody likes to listen to the truth; which really sucks for me. I can't say I haven't tried to lie before, but my attempts at lying resulted in my words sounding less like an eleven year old kid and more like a dying horse.

My mother always says it's for the best that nobody believes me, because it would put me in a lot of danger. It is true that if everyone were to believe and know that I'm the CEO and creator of the actual Funhouse, different people would react in different ways. Some might want to be my adoring fan, others would constantly try to become my BFF, and others might want to slaughter me. It is all really in the eye of the beholder. That is in, the eye of the person that is holding the Funhouse.

In all truth, I don't really know what it is about Funhouse that attracts people so much. I mean sure, it is entertaining, and it is pretty nice looking, but honestly, I didn't expect 89.76% of people on the *entire Earth* to own one. It is ludicrous, but I guess the mantra of the whole human race is really 'Keep on moving forward! Keep on evolving!', and what better way to do such a thing than create a machine that does exactly that.

I'm really glad that I can finally say who I *really* am, and what the Funhouse actually is; or at least what it was *supposed* to be. I guess that is a big part of Funhouse though; nobody really knows what it is. And at this point, I can't say I know exactly either. But the best way to really piece this whole story together (For my own benefit and the rest of the world's benefit) is to start from the beginning of Funhouse. The beginning of the machine that, as many people say (and has become our motto), 'Revolutionized and Evolutionized the whole world; all with a single word to begin. Funhouse.'

Chapter 1: There Is No Such Thing As A Stroke Of Brilliance

Griffin was kicking around some pebbles outside. As usual, nobody thought to talk to him during recess. Even as he stood as the only captive audience to a few people's games of tag, hide and seek, or even kickball, still his presence never crossed anyone's mind. It went like this every recess for the past few years now; and it also seemed to happen in class. It was as if he was nonexistent, he went to school, came home, and went to bed. That was his everyday cycle, and as much as his mother couldn't stand those sad brown eyes, she never dared mention it. Griffin was content with this lifestyle. Isolated, sure; but at least he wasn't yelling insults at people, gossiping 24/7.

Every now and then he would join into a game. Sometimes people might even joke with him for a few minutes, but then they would suddenly be gone. Since kindergarten it had gone like this, and now at third grade, Griffin merely accepted it. So from the day he entered elementary school, all the way to about half way through third grade he had no friend. Enter, Nicole. She wasn't like a ray of light or anything, and as a matter of fact, she pretty much ignored him