

# I ROBOT, YOU JANE

## A page from Willow's computer diary

Things have always been strange here in Sunnydale. Since Buffy arrived in town we've been able to understand it better. But the truth can be quite upsetting. How would you like it if your town hid the entrance to Hell?! Sometimes I wake up in the morning and I think I've gone crazy. I have all these terrible dreams. And then I go to school ... and it's all true.

When I first saw Buffy, she looked so cool. She was with Cordelia, who is too cool to speak to me or Xander. But then we found out that Buffy is the Slayer. She is the one person in the world who can save Sunnydale. So she is much cooler than Cordelia. And here's the best part. She doesn't like Cordelia and she's *my* best friend!

Life is much more exciting with Buffy around. But ... well, that's sometimes the problem. Buffy is my best girlfriend and Xander is my best boyfriend. Well, not *boyfriend* - we're not dating or anything. Xander never thinks of me ... romantically. But before Buffy came, at least I had a chance with him. Now Buffy is his whole

world. He *did* fall in love with a teacher a short time ago ... but she changed into a horrible creature with hundreds of legs. She wanted to eat Xander. So Buffy had to kill her.

But Buffy doesn't like Xander ... in that way. She loves Angel. True, Angel's a vampire and he only comes out at night. But he's a *good* vampire - I guess they don't worry about the vampire bit.

Well, that's OK about Xander. I don't mind. It's a part of me - Willow Rosenberg. An A1 student with red hair who likes books and the Internet. And likes laughing. And doesn't mind about things. That's not so bad, is it? I like someone who likes my best friend. So what? That's normal. It happens all the time on television.

But no, it's not OK. This is high school. All the other girls have boyfriends. I want one too. And do you know what I really want? A boyfriend who *isn't* Mr Xander Harris. Wouldn't that be awesome? Don't think that I want to make Xander jealous. Well, OK, maybe a little jealous ...

/PRESS ENTER TO SAVE FILE/

## CHAPTER 1

### The demon walks again

The year was 1418. It was a black night in the Italian countryside and there was a terrible storm. Four young men stood in a group in a big, dark room. The walls were made of stone and there was a rough wooden floor. The only light came from candles and a fire.

One of the young men stepped forward. He went down on his knees and put his hands together. He looked at the creature in front of him. His eyes were full of love.

Moloch the Corruptor sat in a huge chair. He moved his ugly head and smiled at the young man.

‘Carlo, my dear one ...’ he said in Italian.

He reached his hand towards Carlo. His fingers were long and

black. He put his hand softly on Carlo’s head.

‘Carlo, I will give you everything. All I want is your love,’ Moloch said. His red eyes shone under his great horns.

‘You have my love,’ answered Carlo.

Moloch held Carlo’s head tightly. And then he gave it a quick turn. The only sound in the room was the snap of Carlo’s neck.



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In a church not far away, twelve monks waited in a secret room. They were deep under the ground. Then one of them, Brother Thelonus, stepped forward. He held a heavy book in his arms. There was a picture of Moloch on the front.

‘I have called you together because of Moloch,’ he told them. ‘Moloch the Corruptor. This dangerous creature is walking on the earth again. Many of our people are falling under his power.’

The monks were afraid. But they were also strong.

‘We must form a circle,’ said Brother Thelonus. ‘It is not too late – there is still time to stop him.’

The monks made a circle. Thelonus stood in the centre. He put his hand flat on the book and then he opened it. The pages were blank.

The monks began to sing. Their voices became louder and louder.



‘By the power of the Circle of Kayless, I order you, demon, come into this book!’ shouted Brother Thelonius. ‘I ORDER YOU, DEMON ... COME!’

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Moloch smiled. He opened his fingers and Carlo’s body fell to the floor. Then his red eyes looked into the eyes of the next young man. They could hear the storm outside. But suddenly there was a new sound. A hot wind was blowing inside the room.

‘No!’ whispered Moloch. His voice grew louder. ‘No! NOOOOO!’

‘What’s happening?’ said one of the three young men. They were frightened.

Then the words came into the room. They were quiet at first, but they grew louder.

‘I ORDER YOU ... COME!’

Moloch began to scream – a terrible scream. His horrible body slowly disappeared, until there were only little bits of golden light. Moloch simply ...

... blew out of the door.

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The wind screamed through the monks’ secret room. Thelonius held the open book tightly as it moved and jumped. It seemed to be alive. Dark, heavy letters fell onto the pages – like drops of blood. The monks stopped singing. The wind calmed. Thelonius shut the book hard. THUD!

The monks had a strong wooden box and Thelonius put the book inside.

‘Let’s hope,’ he said to the others, ‘that no one will ever open this book again.’

And he closed the box.