



**PROUDLY PRESENTS:**  
**HOW TO BE A DETECTIVE**



**APRIL 12, 2014**

WHY are **mysteries** so compelling to read? That's easy! They're like math problems to **solve**, they make you think about a **characters' motives**, and it's fun to act like **detectives** and look for **clues**!

During this workshop, we talked about **mystifying motives**, **compelling clues**, **surprising suspects**, & **diligent detectives**.

Using our **observation skills** and **detective brains**, we created an entire **mystery** around a strangely dressed visitor, Martha Seymore.

We wondered and discussed:


**Who? What? When? Where? Why?**

Then we created our very own intriguing **mysteries**.

**We hope you enjoy reading them!**

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## A Detective Story

**BY: Phoenix M.**

### **Chapter 1**

“This is going to be great,” I say to my best friend Ava.

“I know,” said Ava and stepped into her mom’s car. “Come on Winter.”

“Okay,” I say and hop into the car. “Let’s go watch some TV stars rehearse.” Because Ava's mom was a personal assistant to the director we could watch the stars rehearse on the set and be some of the first people to see the movie.

The movie is so good, we have seen them rehearse before but this was the first time it was in costume, and it's amazing. One of the people in the cast was my all time favorite actress Sabrina Bay. When we got to the set we saw the stage set up and actors and actresses in costume practicing and waiting for the photographer to start filming.

We looked at the trailers around us, there were at least fifteen all together, some big and some small. A big sky blue one farthest from the set had the name Sabrina on it in spring green so we looked closer. It had big windows in the front so we could see Sabrina putting makeup on at her vanity table humming to herself. Sabrina didn’t come on until the second scene so she still had like 40 minutes until she was needed.

We go find Ava’s mom who has seats for us, and we sit down. 20 minutes later I got really thirsty and asked Ava if she would go get a drink of water with me, she agreed and we went to go find some water.

“I see some water over there, Winter,” said Ava and jogged over to a water fountain near Sabrina's trailer.

I ran over and took a sip, “Ahhh, much better,” I say. We suddenly hear a rustle behind us.

“What was that?” Ava whispered to me.

“Those men over there, see in the khaki shorts?” I whisper back.

“What are they doing?” Ava asks looking at the two men who were now at the door of Sabrina's trailer with a bag behind their backs.

They knock, Sabrina comes out and looks at the two men. “Hi what do you need?” Sabrina asks kindly, one of the men responded, “We need you,” he says as the other man quickly duct taped her mouth so her screams were muffled. They tied her hands behind her back and stuffed her inside the big sack, one of them tied the bag in a tight knot and threw her into the back of the truck. The two men got in the front of the truck as me and Ava quickly ran to the back door where Sabrina was and quietly open it. We hop in and close the door just as the truck starts to move.

## Chapter 2

“Where are we going?” Ava whispers as I try to untie the knot on the top of the bag that Sabrina was in without much luck.

“I have no idea,” I say. Ava is pacing the floor of the truck muttering to herself, “Why would you think that we could save the day or something I mean were only twelve?” Ava kicks something on the floor of the truck.

“Hey,” I say, “What’s that you just kicked?”

“I don't know,” Ava says picking it up, “it looks like a pocket knife.”

“Oh good, that’s just what I needed to get Sabrina out of the sack!” I started cutting the bag open, when I had gotten the

sack loose we dragged Sabrina out of it.

“She looks unconscious but she's not hurt,” I say cutting the ropes that tied her hands. Throwing the ropes to the side Ava gently took the duct tape off of her mouth. After a few minutes Sabrina opened her eyes and sitting up looked all around.

After a minute she spoke, “Where am I?” she said throwing the sack off of herself. “And what happened?”

“Well,” I say, “You were kidnapped by these two men and thrown into this truck. You were unconscious, and Ava and I saw you being kidnapped but there wasn't enough time to get some one else so we went after you ourselves and got in the truck too.”

Sabrina stood up. “What are your names?”

Ava stands up too. “Hello, I'm Ava and it's very nice to meet you.”

“Hi, I'm Winter and I'm a big fan of yours.”

“Thank you so much. You saved my life.”

We suddenly hear voices coming from the front. “So how much is the ransom for the uh movie star in the back?”

“I don't know. I think maybe \$18,000 but we might raise it up if needed.”

We looked at each other, “Oh no,” Sabrina mutters and puts her head in her hands.

“And they will capture us too which means the ransom for us will go up,” Ava whimpered starting to freak out.

“We need to get out of here.” I say trying to lift up the door. We hear voices again.

“How much longer Seth?” said one of the men.

“Just 'bout fifteen minutes from here Nigel,” says the other.

Sabrina and Ava both look at me and say, “What do we do now Winter?”

“I look at the door. “You’re not going to like it, but we have to jump out of the truck.”

“What?” Ava whispers clearly afraid.

Sabrina walks to the door, “It's what we have to do Ava.” We try lifting up the door but it only moved up a few inches before falling down again.

“We need your help Ava, come on.” Ava walks over and lifts it up too. With all three of us lifting it up we manage to get it high enough for us to jump out.

“On the count of three we jump into those soft bushes over there okay?” I say and we all step to the edge, we all count together, “one, two, three,” and we jump into the bushes.

### **Chapter 3**

We land in a wide clearing with no idea of where we are. I glance at the truck now driving away from its captives, I look at its license plate, it is 396-BHD. Nobody appeared to be hurt, we were all just amazed at what we had just done.

“What do we do now?” Sabrina asked, “because they took my phone. We can't call anyone to come pick us up.”

“Well I have my phone,” I say bringing it out of my pocket and giving it to Sabrina. I stand up and bonk my head on a sign. “Hey you can tell whoever is picking us up to pick us up at Bear Valley Creek,” I say looking at the sign, “Right where the sign is.”

About a half an hour later a taxi pulls to the side of the road and we get in. When we get back to the set there are fifteen police cars out front and twenty policemen waiting for us. Sabrina is led back to her trailer and Ava and I are led to Ava’s mom. She gives us both a big hug. Three hours later Ava and I are in the police station in separate rooms being questioned.

## **Detective Piece**

**BY: Clary R.**

Gunshots rang through the silent forest making the air alive with movement. Birds took to the safety of the air while deer pranced in noble dignity away from the danger. More than once the small seaside town of Maine had heard gunshots and seen something non-human dash through the woods. They always knew crazy Mr. Zerony was the one chasing the unknown creature.

He would not give up. He wanted the being to be killed.

The day the seaside town heard that gunshot, Mr. Zerony came running out after years inside the woods. "He's dead. It's dead. The being is dead."

After the commotion the Specter town sheriff came and told Mr. Zerony that he would have to be taken into questioning. There would be two other suspects: Molly Dunlap and Peter Murphy. Peter Murphy and Molly Dunlap had both been in jail many times before and done many interesting things to get in jail. So the town thought to interview them.

At the questioning Mr. Zerony tells them the whole story. "One day I was out hunting and I left my rifle out and when I came back my rifle was gone. That was when the unfortunate events starting occurring. Then this man started chasing this unknown beast saying he was me. I then tried stopping him, but he was at no stopping point. "

Once Mr. Zerony finished his story the police interviewed the other suspects, Peter Murphy and Molly Dunlap. And Peter Murphy killed the being in the wood. It was never Mr. Zerony.



## **ROOM 955**

**BY: Chloe R. and Ruby S.**

My baby blue alarm clock ringed in my ear. I quickly got up and looked out the window and the clouds were gloomy and raindrops hit the ground. "Great," I thought to myself, being sarcastic. I rummaged through my drawer, looking for some warm clothes to wear to school. I was ready to go in no time. Every morning I check the news on TV, the movie

"Mockingjay" starring Josh Hutcherson, (an actor that a lot of people love) was coming out, and I was pretty excited.

I got to school. All everyone could talk and think about was the movie and of course, Josh Hutcherson.

"Hi, Annie!" My best friend, Lindsey Lee called.

"I'm so excited for the new movie to come out and see Josh," I said.

"You too?" Lindsey said annoyed, rolling her eyes. She is already very annoyed with all of the attention wrapped around this movie and Josh.

Lindsey Lee has long black silky hair, she is very smart, sneaky, lives in the shadows with only me as a friend, she doesn't get attention from other people, and her family left her here in Portland when she was little so she is living in the

“Portland Hotel” down the street from where I live.

A few days later, I went down to the hotel to visit Lindsey after my weekend routine in the morning (waking up). There was a very sad tragedy that occurred over the weekend on Friday night (It’ s what I watched on the news this morning). Josh Hutcherson had gone missing right before the movie had come out. I wanted to get to the bottom of it. At the hotel I couldn’ t find Lindsey anywhere. I walked up to the manager, George Barry, and asked if he had seen her, but my answer, of course was…

“Oh no I haven’ t seen her lately, I’ ll be right back,” as usual George is always disappearing into rooms. This time I followed him, (he could be involved in this crime), but secretly because I didn’ t want him to see me. While I was walking I stepped on something. I picked it up it was a key to room number 955. I was very curious to see what was in this room. I saw the room number above a door at the back of the hallway, the hallway that George had disappeared into. I unlocked the door and went down the dark black stairwell in the room. When I got to the bottom of the stairwell all of the lights were off. I could feel someone’ s presence in the room. I heard a small noise in front of me as if someone’ s mouth was taped shut and they were trying to talk. I

moved toward the light switch and turned the lights on, but the person wasn't there.

I walked back up the, now illuminated stairwell to try to find George. When I got to the top I saw a beam of light under the door to the left side of the hallway. It was room 436, I didn't know what that room was either. "Maybe George is in there," I thought. I tried to open the door, but it wouldn't budge. All of the sudden, it started opening, but this time it wasn't me opening the door. I ran into the lobby and hid under the main desk, where George usually works. I peered to the right of the desk and saw George coming towards me, I think I got too worked up in room 955, so I got a little jumpy. I stood up and asked what room 436 was and what he was doing inside it.

"All humans need to go at some time of the day," he said relaxed. "It's a bathroom?" I thought feeling guilty. I handed him his key back to 955 and he looked surprised to see that I had it, it must be an important room. I told George what had happened in room 955 while I was in there and he said that he hasn't used the key in a long time or had gone down there. I heard a noise behind me under the desk. I crouched over to see what was under the desk and saw a familiar face, it was Lindsey.

“What are you doing under there?” I asked surprised. I got no answer. Then I heard the same noise, behind Lindsey, that I heard in room 955, the muttering of someone’s voice under tape. Lindsey walked out from behind the desk looking guilty. Then, she pulled a heavy man body out from under the desk. He was alive...thank god. I gasped in disbelief when the body was all the way out from under the desk. Why would Lindsey kidnap Josh Hutcherson??!

George and I started listening to Lindsey’s story of the kidnap and why she did it.

1. The only attention was on the movie and Josh Hutcherson

2. She has always lived in the shadows and wants to make friends

3. She wanted more attention

I should have paid more attention to her. How could I not realize that she wanted more attention? Before I walked home, Lindsey vowed to never kidnap again, let’s just hope she is being honest.



**Clary**



**Chloe and Ruby**



**Julia and Phoenix**



Volunteers Martha Seymore, ahem, Mary and Davewith Detective Elise working to solve a mystery.

## The Case of Two Wrongs

**BY: Julia T.**

In a little coffee shop on Broadway (the street) I had my greatest and first adventure. Everyday I would meet my mom after school and we would walk home together. I also got free drinks cause she works there.

On Friday the 13 though something was different but I couldn't put my finger on it. I tuck my long blonde hair behind my ear and walk in to the cozy little room. Suddenly a woman runs in, dark hair shimmering.

"Help me! Help me! My husband was mugged!" Everyone runs to help her but I hold back... out of the corner of my eye I see a dark figure slinking through the shadows.

I decide to trail him.

A dark square-shaped bag is bumping against his thigh as he jogs along. I follow him carefully, but when I accidentally step on a shard of glass, he whips around.

I race back to the shop just in time.

The next morning, as my Dad reads the paper, I see his brow furrow and know something's wrong.

"What's wrong?"

"There was a robbery at the art museum. One of the security guards was killed."

"That's awful!"

I go upstairs to my room. The blue curtains flutter faintly in the breeze. Somehow, the person I saw and the robbery are connected.

I recall everything about him. A dark stain was on his pants, and I shudder. His eyes were coal black and dark. The bag he held was large and held a square object.

### **Suspect #1: The Man**

I think about the lady in the coffee shop. That outburst was awfully convenient.

### **Suspect #2: The Lady**

I decide to go to the museum. Did I mention my Dad is a famous detective? That gets me in almost anywhere. I walk into the museum and cops are everywhere. A woman is hovering around the scene. I go over and she explains that she is Martha Benit. The painting stolen was chosen to hang in the museum instead of hers. I could sense resentment in her voice.

Suspicious. I make a mental note.

### **Suspect #3: Martha Benit**

I poke around the scene of the crime and discover an i.d. Harry Gilmore.

### **Suspect #4: Mr. Gilmore**

I head back home and the lady is talking to my Mom. I discover that her name is Anna Seymore, wife of Harry Gilmore – a direct link. I venture outside, where I see the man. I see the corner of something peeking out from the trashcan.

The black bag!

I pull out the object and see the painting that was stolen!

I run inside and tell my Dad. We rush to the police station and they take the painting. They say they will fingerprint it for evidence.

A week later, I run to the mailbox, and the phone rings. My dad answers it, and comes in excited.

“The test is a match. A Harry Gilmore and Anna Seymore?”

“I knew it!”

“They took them in last night.”

“A mystery is solved once again by Jessica Jasper!”

“And Father.”

“Fine!”

### **A Mystery**

**BY: Elise R.**

I'm Tyla. This is my best friend Lola. We decided to go to the museum today. Lola is an artist. I'm an archer. I've won five competitions. As we were walking, we passed a pole that said, "Most Wanted". He was 23 years old.

My friend is 12. She has blonde hair and blue eyes. I am also 12. I have brown hair and hazel eyes. We went to the museum and we found a lot of people.

“This place is very busy,” said Lola. “Let's see what we can find that is empty.” We looked in the Egyptian room and I saw a room that said, Private Do Not Enter. I wonder what is in there, I thought. Lola was busy looking at a mummy.



“Whoa. They made this mummy look real. It looks like somebody stabbed him.”

“Why do you think that?” I asked.

“Because I see a little bit of blood on the cuff. Come look.” As I looked, Lola was right, there were specks of blood on the wrapping.

“Strange,” I said. “Come on. Let’s keep moving.”

We looked in the Indian, Mayan, Hopi, and Japanese. All of the dummies looked so real. They had specks of blood.

“Can I draw a picture in the Egyptian room?” asked Lola.

“Sure,” I said.

Lola sat down and started to draw a picture when I saw a person sneaking into the private room.

“Lola, follow me,” I whispered. We ran near the white rope, but I just saw a little bit of red hair.

“I’m going to get to the bottom of this!” I yelled. “Come on Lola. Let’s go home.” We walked out of the museum and we passed the Most Wanted sign again. This time I looked more carefully and he had red hair, brown eyes, and white skin.

Lola said, “Wow, it’d be cool to become a famous artist.”

“Come on Lola, let’s keep walking,” I said. When we got home, I turned on my tv and it showed, “Most Wanted”. Baric Zodim was found in the museum.

“Man,” said Lola, “This guy seems scary.”

“I know,” I said. “Let’s go to the museum tomorrow and see what we can find out.” We went to the museum and asked the owner, “Do you know what’s behind the door that says Private Do Not Enter?”

He said, "Yes. It is a new exhibit more about the Egyptians." He had black hair with little red curls coming out the front. He had white skin and brown eyes. His nametag looked like something was crossed off.

"Well thank-you," Lola said and they hurried off into the Egyptian room. They ran into the Egyptian room and opened the door that said Private Do Not Enter.

We both froze. We saw something that was terrifying.

## **CASE 17.8783**

**BY: Aidan S.**

**SECTION 1:** One day, at Happy Coffee, a man went into the restroom. Detective Schwartz was sitting next to his mentor, Detective A. Spalding. Detective Schwartz went into the restroom.

He came back out and said, “the man is dead, and the culprit is hiding.” Suddenly, a crazy man burst out of the restroom and ran out the door. They chased him gun-in-hand.

**SECTION 2:** The man got in his car and started it. They followed him but he got to Golden 30 minutes before they did. They had no idea where he was. People on the way to Golden told them, “there was a crazy man driving way over the speed limit.”

**SECTION 3:** The strange man got on a train. The train showed up 20 minutes later. They arrived at Golden. They got on a new train.

**SECTION 4:** They catch up with the culprit on the other train. Then he jumps off the train, and he gets staked by a snow post. Detective Schwartz took out his knife.

**SECTION 5:** An FBI agents shows up on the train. Detective Schwartz puts his knife against Detective A. Spalding’s neck. The FBI agent shoots him and he dies. Then 30 minutes later detective A. Spalding dies.

**SECTION 6:** The FBI agent gets rewarded and Detective Schwartz's body was burned. And Detective A. Spalding's body is put in a mausoleum.



**The Book Store Case:**  
**BY: Ely & Kolin T.**

K. K. walked into the Book Store. The manager of the place rushed to him with great speed and gasped, "I need help! I need help!"

K. K. asked, "What is up?"

The manager then said, "Someone stole a very expensive book from me! At 9:00 am sharp! We keep losing books, I wonder if we have enough money to buy more books?"

K.K. said, "I wonder who did it?"

The manager said, "The book was in a locked room. The only person who can unlock the door is me and the Janitor."

K.K. said, "Ok, who do you think did it?"

The manager's eyes were shifty when he said, "One of the employees named Toby borrowed my keys. But the Janitor is really suspicious today."

K.K. said, "O.K. I will ask them." K.K. walked through the store until he found the Janitor. K.K. then asked, "Where were you at 9:00 am this morning?"

The Janitor was sweating and answered, "Umm...I am very busy right now. I got to umm....pick up this trash right here." He pointed to the spotless ground.

K.K. then said, "You lie! But why?"

But the Janitor did not reply but mumbled, "Why do I always lose things? The manager is going to kill me! She was even asking me for it earlier today."

K.K. asked, "Where can I find the employee named Toby?" The janitor answered without looking, "there is no one by that name."

K.K. eventually found the manager and told him, "Where were you at 9'oclock?"

The manager replied, "Throwing away trash."

K.K. then said, "Why did you steal a the book?"

The manager said, "I'm not telling you."

"Then I will tell you; I knew you were lying about the employee and the janitor was looking for his keys that you stole so you can get away with the book. You got the motive to steal the book because you wanted more books and it was either your job to get books or you are the owner."

## **Multi-Million Murder**

**BY: Lindsey W.**

Joseph Briggs woke up on Saturday morning with a start. The telephone was ringing obnoxiously, but Joseph didn't want to answer it.

"Who calls at 10:00 in the morning?" He grumbled, but he walked over to answer the phone anyways. "Robert, I told you that I don't take any cases until noon!" Joseph roared into the telephone speaker.

"Sorry, boss, but I think you'll want to hear this one." Robert said calmly.

"Fine," sighed Joseph.

"Alfred Cameron died yesterday."

"The multi-millionaire?"

"Yeah. And the autopsy showed that he didn't die of natural causes. He was poisoned. With arsenic."

"Wow. OK. I'll take the case."

\*\*\*

By the time Joseph Briggs had eaten breakfast and gotten ready to leave, it was 12:30. He was a man who lived by his rules, and since one of his rules was that he wouldn't work on a case until noon, and under no circumstances would he start sooner. As he walked out, he made sure to lock every single one of the massive locks on his front door, back door, and windows. He hid the key under one of the giant stone lions on his front porch. Not only did Joseph Briggs live by his rules, he was also extremely paranoid about every possible thing there was to be paranoid about.

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Joseph knocked on the door of Alfred Cameron's stone mansion. Almost immediately, a harried looking butler opened the door.

"Oh good, you're here. Come with me, I want to get this over as quickly as possible," said the butler.

As they walked quickly, through the gigantic rooms and spacious halls, Joseph began feeling more and more worried. "What was that behind the cabinet?" Joseph asked suspiciously.

"Just a shadow, Sir. Come, here is the room where I found Alfred Cameron."

They walked onto a room with bookcases on either of a giant overstuffed chair. In the chair, in full view, was Alfred, with his head lolled to one side, and out in the open.

"Thank you. Now please leave and close the door behind you." Joseph said curtly.

"But Sir-" the butler protested.

"I will share my findings with you later. Now leave!"

"Yes, sir." The butler left and silently closed the door behind him.

"Why hello, Alfred", said Joseph. "Is it okay to call you that? Or should I call you Mr. Cameron?"

The carcass of Alfred Cameron did not reply.

"Oh, we're all friends here. I'll just call you Alfred."

Joseph stepped closer to Alfred and pulled out his tools. "You don't mind if I test you, do you Alfred?" Joseph asked. "You want to know what I think? I think that you weren't autopsied at all. In fact, I know you weren't. You would be in the morgue if you were. I do believe, however, that you were poisoned. It would have been easy. Are you afraid of rats or

something? You have a lot of arsenic in your cupboard. Your murderer probably just slipped some into your afternoon tea. I wonder who did it, though.”

Joseph left the room to go find the butler. He was in the kitchen, waiting for Joseph to return. “So, do you know who did it?” He asked anxiously.

“No, not yet.” Said Joseph. “Say, how long have you worked for Alfred?”

“Mr. Cameron employed me seventeen years ago, Sir.”

“Mm hmmm. How did he get so much money?”

“He was a gambler, Sir. He bet on horses. And founded a team.”

“Did he bet against a specific person?”

“Why yes, Sir.”

“Who?”

“A man named Carl Sloe.”

“Could you tell me where I could find him?”

“Yes, Sir.”

\*\*\*

Thirty minutes later, Joseph Briggs walked into the Second Street Tavern and demanded to see Carl Sloe. A dirty looking man with a stubbly looking beard sauntered over to Joseph.

“You’re looking for Carl?” He said gruffly.

“Yes.” Joseph answered.

“That’s me,” the man said.

Joseph noticed that Carl had a look about him, kind of like he used to have a lot of money but then he didn’t.

“I know what you’re here for, and I’ll answer your question. I didn’t murder Alfred Cameron. I was on a vacation, and I just got back an hour ago.” Said Carl.



“Thanks for telling me. Is there any other person that could possibly have held a grudge against Alfred?”

“As a matter of fact, there is. You see, Alfred Cameron was way into horse racing. He even sponsored a team. But one day, when that team lost a race, he stopped sponsoring them. Dusty Steiner, the horse’s owner, was furious.”

“Thank you for your time.”

\*\*\*

The next day, Joseph took a trip to the neighborhood stables. There, he walked up to the man that was clearly the owner.

“Hello, Dusty Steiner.”

“Do I know you?” Said Mr. Steiner.

“No. My name is Joseph Briggs, and I’m a private investigator.”

“Oh, is this about the thing with Alfred? If it is, you aren’t the first one to question me. Let me tell you exactly what I told the other guy. I didn’t murder Alfred. In fact, I only found out about the murder today, from the newspaper.”

“Thank you, Mr. Steiner. Your information has helped me greatly.” Joseph drove home and immediately called Alfred’s butler, Carl Steiner, Robert, who was his secretary, and the police.

A few hours later, everyone had arrived.

“Thank you for coming,” said Joseph.

Carl looked suspicious, but Dusty looked furious. “I told you I didn’t do it!” He yelled.

“I know, I know, just calm down.” Said Joseph. “I’ve called you all here because I figured out who the real murderer was.”

“Okay, then get on with it!” The butler said excitedly.  
“Which one of the suspects murdered my boss?”

“Well, actually, you were a suspect too.” Said Joseph.  
The butler’s face paled.

“Okay. So, I know that you, Dusty Steiner, are innocent, because you only found out about it today, in the paper.”

Dusty sighed in relief.

“I know that it wasn’t the butler, because if he had been serving the butler for seventeen years, he wouldn’t have waited until now to murder Alfred.”

“Thank you Sir.” Said the butler.

“So that leaves just the murderer. Carl Sloe, if you were really on vacation, you wouldn’t have known that Alfred Cameron was murdered, because the newspaper that released the information came out the day after I questioned you.”

Carl’s face turned purple with rage. He tried to race for the door, but when he stepped outside; the police were waiting for him right outside the door.

“You’re coming with us.” One of the policemen said.

They drove away, and after everyone had left, Joseph Briggs smiled and spoke with Robert for a minute before going to bed. “Robert, how did you know that Alfred was poisoned if he didn’t have an autopsy?”

Robert smiled. “I’ve been one step ahead of you this whole time. I was the man that had questioned Dusty Steiner before you showed up.”

Joseph was very surprised. “Well done, Robert. I think you might deserve a promotion.”

Robert smiled widely as Joseph walked upstairs to bed.

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Once Robert was safely in his car, he pressed the secret button under his seat. A face appeared in the passenger mirror.

“Sir, Joseph Briggs offered me a promotion.”

“Excellent. We’ll find a way to make him pay for this. No one messes with Carl Sloe!” The face in the mirror cackled and the orange of his prison uniform glowed against the darkness of the night.

## **The Frostmaker**

**BY: Ri W.**

*It is foretold that when the Sun sends sparks down to the Earth and the humans use the sparks to light the night, the Forstmaker will rise and the Palace in the Stars will be set afloat on the tides of change and Heaven will fracture and the Gods will fall to the Earth.*

The first warning appeared on the Highest Summer Day when the sun bounced brightly off the ice, coating the glass of the Dome of the Throne Room. It did not melt. The words were cast in a reverse shadow on the floor. They read: *The Palace in the Stars has been set adrift.*

The words caused dismay throughout the Palace. Small River clung to Lake and Hill embraced Mountain. The Gods of Earth, huddled together, reduced to a fearful crowd. Everyone knew the Prophecy of the Frostmaker, how it was foretold that a God would turn against Heaven and cast them all to wander the Earth, mortal.

It is important to understand that the last thing God wants is to become human. To be subject to Chance and War and Time.

And so the Gods feared the Frostmaker. It was because of this that Luna was called to the Throne Room on the Highest Summer Night. Sol sat on the throne, cloaked in empty space. *Come forward, Luna,* he called, beckoning her forward with a golden hand. She grinned. *What causes you to beckon, brother?*

*I have a task for you.*

*“Speak, then!” she cried jubilantly. Sol nodded. You know, sister, the Moon watches the night as the Sun watches the day. The Moon watches with keen eyes, and casts truth upon what she sees.*

*Yes.*

*It is for these reasons that I ask you to search for the Frostmaker, and prevent him from spreading the fractures that have begun to afflict Heaven.*

Luna sobered. “Yes, I shall find the Frostmaker,” she said with a nod.

She began with Chance. Although she was fickle and filled to the brim with unnecessary whimsy, Chance could be wise, and she had been the shepherd of change for as long as Luna could remember. It could very well be Chance’s intended purpose.

*I have no way of making frost, or carving it, Luna. You know that.* So Chance wasn’t the Frostmaker, though she would have jumped at the opportunity.

Next was Writing, for he gave words the power they would need if they were going to shelter Heaven.

*I am inspiration’s source. I have none of my own.*

Last came Prophecy, for all of this had begun with a prophecy, so maybe that is how it would end.

*I do not carry out prophecies, I simply deliver them, as messages.*

And that is how Luna, God of the Moon and Ocean, found herself on the precipice of the Palace in the Stars. During her search, more and more words carved into frost

had appeared. The Palace had nearly become coated in ice. Soon it would be so cold that the stone it was made of would shatter, and the prophecy would be fulfilled. She was sitting in the only space still clear of frost. Maybe falling to Earth wouldn't be as awful as the other Gods predicted. Maybe the emotions humans were scored for here could be blessings. She shivered.

Ice was blooming beneath her feet, covering the last space left of the Palace in the Stars. She could hear the stone cracking under the ice. The words carved into it were these: *When the Frostmaker questions the order of Heaven, Heaven shall fall and the Frostmaker will know herself.*

Her last thought before the palace shattered beneath her was *maybe*, and then she and thousands of other gods were released into the sky, burning in the atmosphere.



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