

Arts & Leisure

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St. Thomas the Apostle

MYSTERY

By: Sophie Brown

I walk along the red brick road and hold my umbrella aloft. The rain is pouring down. Hard. My shoes are wet, but I hardly notice. I am too busy thinking about the murder of the poor old lady on 9th Street. She had absolutely nothing in her life that was good. And then she was dead. I look up as I walk up the stairs to the building in which I work.

“Moreau!” Phillip, a fellow detective, shouts at me, “Did you hear of the murder of Mrs. Abigail who lived dow...”

“I heard, Phillip. And I know where she lived. No need to inform me of useless details.” I interrupt.

“What on earth have you been doing here?!” I spin around, glare, and say in a withering tone.

“You seem to be lounging around and stuffing your faces with bagels when there is now, for the first time in a long time, A CASE!”

“No, we have been on the phone Det. Moreau” mumbled Bobby. “Nonsense! Get to work,” I snap back. I stomp to my desk and make sure my boot heels click loudly against the floor. My best friend walks over and says

“Moreau, you have to chill out.”

“No.”

“Go for a walk and pull yourself together.”

“No.”

“Fine, then come with me. I'm driving to the crime scene.”

“Naaaaaauhhh fine,” I manage to spit out, while stumbling to my feet and grabbing my briefcase. I slouch behind Angel, following her out the door. We step into the car and drive to 9th Street. Ms. Abigail's house is roped off from the public and broken glass is strewn on the sidewalk. I see movement in the window and narrow my eyes. I nod determined and walk in the door. I hear movement upstairs and pause before I turning to climbing the stairs. Angel sidles up to me and we move toward the shuffling sounds together. We reach the door and I place my hand on the doorknob. I open the door and.....

To be continued...

FAN FICTION

By: Jada Nix

Again. Again it is reaping day. Only this time it's different. It's the 100th annual Hunger Games, and President Snow is dead. I am Raven Black, District 5, age 16, and alone. My parents died around the same time President Snow did. I live alone, well, not quite. My best friend, Rebecca, lives with me. Well, she's become more than a friend, more like a sister. We've been through everything together since our parents died 4 years ago. We have endured 4 years under President Dump's (Yes, his last name is Dump) term. By the way, terms were much longer in Panem, at least 15 years. We lived off of animals and berries in the field and fish in the lake. I slip my combat boots on and wake up Rebecca.

"Ugh..." she groans.

"Come on, it's reaping day! We need some more food for tonight." She groans again and reluctantly slips her hunting boots on. I put on my usual all black outfit and grab my bow and arrows, my knife, and my hunting pack. Rebecca walks in dressed in her all red outfit with her throwing knives at her belt and pack at her shoulder. She was handy with a knife.

"Ready to go?" She asks. I nod and we walk out to the field.

"I wonder what the Quell is this year." I say. Dump decided to announce it live at the reaping. "Maybe it's only kids 16 years of age." wonders Rebecca.

"That would stink, considering we're both 16." I say.

"Yes." We get to the field.

"Alright, you get berries and I'll get small animals. I have better aim." I say, pulling out my bow. "Mhm, sure you do." She rolls her eyes but takes out her pack. She goes towards the berry bushes and I wander around with my bow up looking for rabbits and small foxes. I find one, shoot it in the foot, find another, shoot it in the foot, and so on. About an hour later, I found about 11 animals and she found at least 3 pounds of berries. We both knew plants like the back of our hands, so I knew she didn't have any Nightlock. Nightlock was the most deadly berry in the universe. It would kill you before it even reached the middle of your esophagus.

"No Nightlock?" I ask anyway.

"No Nightlock."

To be continued...