

Gwen • Nicholas

As Gwen pulled into the gravel parking lot, she noted four people backing away from her car. She pulled into the corner, and jotted down in her notebook, the possible suspects. She wouldn't miss a single detail, no she couldn't miss a single detail. She would do anything, anything, to find out who did it. She tucked away the beloved notepad, and stepped out of her Jeep holding the small, diamond car. The suspects standing there, beckoned her towards them, and she approached cautiously, very aware of stranger danger. After quick introductions, Gwen made notes of everyone in her head: Nicole, Robyn, Sadie, Xander, all of them possible suspects. As she was doing this, one of them, Xander, spoke up. "Hey um. So, where do you think we are?" Gwen stared at them confused. "Dallas. Unless someone put me on a plane while I was asleep," she said laughing at the thought. All of them looked at her, ultimately flabbergasted.

"What is going ON HERE?!" Nicole yelled, as she put her head in her hands and fell to the ground. "All I wanted," she sobbed, "All I wanted was to help Kitty, and then this happens. I don't know who thinks this is funny, but it's not. None of it is!" Gwen stood aghast.

"Kitty?" she asked, "Kitty Calrissian?" Nicole looked at her, tears running down her puffy red face. "I suppose you think this is a joke too?" "No!" Gwen protested, "I would never. The police have given up, so now I'm trying to solve it." Robyn offered his hand to Nicole, pulling her back off the ground.

"Well," She said, "I wish you good luck, because I've about given up as well."

Suddenly a voice behind Gwen spoke, "I'm sorry, what are we giving up on?"

Nicholas watched as the crowd turned to face him. It wasn't much of a crowd, only five people. He had seen better. He was shocked to see that same woman, the woman he had almost knocked over, standing directly in front of him. She was tan, with straight brown hair, and warm chocolatey brown eyes. She pointed a finger directly into his face.

"You! You're the one who almost got me run over yesterday!" One of the guys chuckled to himself. "Glad to know that some of us are already acquainted!" He laughed again before pointing to each of the members of the group, as well as himself. "That's Nicole, Robyn, Sadie, I'm Xander, and I see you've already met Gwen. Oh and none of us know where we are. Nicole and Robyn are from New York, Sadie and I are from Chicago, and I'm guessing you're probably from Dallas, and have a small toy car." Nicholas held up the silver figurine.

"Guilty as charged," he shrugged, and placed the item back in his pocket. "So," Nicholas started again,

"what are we giving up?" Gwen looked back at him, lowering her pointed finger.

"Most of us came here for our own separate reason, but Nicole and I both came in hopes of finding out who killed her sister." At the sound of that, most everyone's eyes lowered, and an overall sadness came over the group.

Nicholas spoke up, "Well, I don't know about y'all, but I lost someone too, and it's probably just a coincidence, but..." His declaration was met with agreement from all around the group.

"Okay creepy!" Sadie exclaimed. "All of us lost a loved one, and we all got invited to this random field, through a toy car. Does that not freak anyone else out?"

Xander nodded, "Yeah it does seem a little bit unusual, oh but look two more cars are here. How delightful. That gives us...eight people. That's everyone. Okay who wants to do the explaining this time? I call not it!"

## Chapter 12

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Jess • Campbell

Jess felt overdressed. She had just come from a gala, hosted by her mother of course, and she was wearing a sparkly lavender dress. There had only been one other person her age there, and he had not seemed involved. But, it wasn't like she had been either. She couldn't stop thinking about the meeting place. She stepped out of her white sports car, and brushed off her dress, feeling the noticeable lump in her right pocket. Jess greeted the others before introducing herself, and apologizing for her "ridiculous" outfit. They all accepted her apology, before introducing themselves, as well as their situation. "New York, Chicago, and Dallas. So I'm guessing none of you are from Los Angeles, right?" They stared at her, and Nicole groaned. "Los Angeles? What, are we gonna get someone from the Maldives next?"

"I'm sorry," Jess apologized, since these people seemed in obvious distress, "I just came here because I found this in my locker room." She held up her amethyst car to the moonlight, letting its light reflect onto the sequins covering her dress. Everyone else held up their own, displaying the invitation that had caused so much curiosity and so much false hope.

Robyn cleared his throat. "So now I guess the only person we are waiting on is..."

"Me." Campbell stood there, decked out in a full suit and tie, when some of the others were wearing jeans. He recognized one of them. Jess. Her mother had hosted the charity event that had occupied the earlier half of his evening. It looked like she hadn't gotten to change either.

"Hey Campbell." Jess said, in greeting.

He nodded his head at her in response before gesturing to the rest of the group. "And who might all these lovely folks be?" They introduced themselves one at a time, before Jess explained their situation. It kinda seemed like they had done this a billion times. And they probably had. He knew he was late, but at least he had been fashionably late, which made everything better. He looked out towards the field that covered most of the block. Campbell brought it up, "So, are we gonna go in the field, or..."

Gwen shook her head. "It's probably not safe, maybe we shouldn't, maybe we should just go home," the words came out like a waterfall. Worry after worry, deepening the creases in her forehead.

Sadie put a hand on her shoulder. "Look, I acknowledge that we have no idea what in the heck we're doing, but who doesn't love a surprise? You're the detective, don't you love a bit of mystery?"

Gwen looked very conflicted. "Well...I do but, I'm just not so sure about..."

"Look." Nicholas stepped in. "Me and the guys can go first, we'll test to make sure that it's safe and then--"

Right as Robyn was about to argue, Jess looked defiant.

"Absolutely not! My gosh you are so stereotypical. Girls can do plenty of difficult things too. See?" She ran into the middle of the field, and just stood there for a second. "It's fine there's literally nothing to be worried about! Come on, you'll be okay." Jess turned towards us, and began making her way back to grab the others. After a few steps she stopped, her face as white as a ghost.

"Jess?" Campbell called out to her. "Are you okay?" His question was met with a scream, as Jess started sinking into the ground.

