

I've been writing a book, and I originally wasn't planning to show it to anyone publicly until I finished, but I might've changed my mind (: Here are the first two chapters!

Chapter 1

New York City

Nicole

It was another normal day at work for Nikki, suspicious stares from her coworkers, the neverending beep of the scanners at the checkout line, the occasional woman yelling in her face to talk to the manager.

Nothing was ever different. Until the day that it had been.

10 Years Ago

Nicole was sitting at home eating breakfast that morning. She had slept in because her boss had given her the week off for Christmas. She was going to fly to Seattle to visit her family, who she hadn't seen in years.

She couldn't wait to see the smile she had missed so much, appear on her sister Kitty's face again. She finished her oatmeal with a sigh placing her bowl in the sink amongst the other dirty dishes she had yet to do. I'll get to it later. She told herself. She walked into her apartment living room and sat down on the couch.

She foraged through the velvety cushions to find the remote, and with the click of a button she turned on the news. Something was wrong. Something major. Images flashed across the screen. Someone was dead. Not just someone. Kitty. Her face paled as she watched the screen helplessly. Someone had murdered Kitty.

Her sister, her best friend, her one and only confidant. She couldn't comprehend it. No! Kitty couldn't be gone. She saw her just a month ago. No... she couldn't be dead. All these thoughts ran through her head as days, months, even years went by. Nicole didn't see her family that Christmas or the next. She didn't see Kitty. There was no word of who the murderer was, and there never would be. At least that's what the

officers had told her.

Back to the Present

After a long day of work, Nicole decided to grab food on the way and eat at home. However, when she pulled into her driveway and walked up the steps she was met with a surprise. A small cube-like package sat on her porch with her full name, Nicole Aviana Calrissian, in beautiful swan-like cursive. She stared at it

for a moment. She hadn't ordered anything that week, and she had no idea who would've sent her anything. She gently picked it up and carried it inside, before placing it on her coffee table, sitting on the couch, and taking a good look at it. She opened the package carefully, wary of its contents. She reached her hand inside and felt something smooth yet shaped, and almost cold, like a stone. She pulled the item from within the bag and was confused to see a small car with a figure in the driver seat. There were seven empty holes in the car where it seemed that more figures could be placed. It was made out of a beautiful ruby stone that glistened as the light hit it. But that wasn't all. On the bottom of the car was a date. And a

a time. And an address. It read, Meet me at midnight, on the 5th day of the second week in October. Nicole ran over that date in her mind. But that was next week! She hurriedly read the rest of the instructions and placed the address into her phone. Huh. That's weird. She thought to herself. All that appeared was an open field, blurred so heavily that she couldn't see its contents. She had no choice. It might lead her to answers about Kitty. And it wasn't like she had anything better to do.

Chapter 2

New York City

Robyn

As the curtains closed, Robyn was left with a feeling of loss. A feeling of grief that he hadn't felt in a while. This had been his father's favorite show and they would go and see it all the time before he died. He could almost hear the sound of his dad's coughing in another room, while his mom struggled to help him in all the ways that she could. It wasn't his fault. Of course not. He told himself that everyday. But there was always that ever present feeling of guilt, that his death had left on Robyn. He stood up. No, he wouldn't dwell on this. He would bury himself in the distractions of the world, just to find peace. He would call his friend Nikki, that's what he would do. He went to his car and as he turned the key, he thought about what he would tell her. Why would he even be calling? Because you're struggling emotionally and you can't stop thinking about your dad. A voice whispered in his head. But no, he knew better than to talk to her about that kind of thing. She knew better than he did the feelings of grief, and it would just make them both feel worse. He settled into his seat and called her. He didn't know what he would say. He would improvise, that might work, that's what all the best actors did. Ring...Ring...Ring...

"Hey this is Nicole! Sorry I can't come to the phone right now! If it's really important, make sure to leave me a message or call me ba-"

Robyn hung up. There was no point in trying to call her again. She was probably at work, doing normal work things, like he should've been. Instead he had chosen to take the day off and go to a show in town. He pulled into the parking garage and, feeling good about himself, jogged up the steps to his apartment. He opened the door and before he could put one foot inside, his eyes landed on a small paper-wrapped package. On it was written his full name, Robyn Jacob Owen. The font was so detailed, he was surprised he could even read it. But...wait. He thought to himself. No one knew his middle name except for his family. Not even Nicole. With a burst of curiosity, he picked up the package, careful not to damage it. He grabbed a pair of scissors off the kitchenette counter, and made a small cut on the wrapping. He tore it open, carefully of course, and stuck his hand inside. Weird. Almost like a stone, but more defined. He thought to himself. He pulled it out and was shocked to see a small car with a figure in the passenger seat. All seven other spots were empty, and the car was made out of gold. He turned over the item to see if there was any information about the sender

anywhere, and to his surprise, there was a date, a time, and an address. Why not? He thought to himself. The date was labeled for next week, and oddly enough, he had the same day off. It wasn't like he had anything better to do. He put the small car back in its packaging and locked it in a drawer. He had lost enough in his life, he didn't want to miss out on this chance for an adventure.

