

Chapter 1. The Mystery Begins



If prizes were awarded for stubbornness, Luz Lucero would have won an extra large trophy made of the purest gold.

When her mother told her they were moving so that she could live closer to her new job, Luz decided she would never like their new house.

"But you haven't seen it yet," her mother said, as they drove down the freeway.

"I don't care," Luz told her and stopped talking.

Ten minutes later, her mother took an exit near downtown Phoenix. After a few turns, she steered onto a side street full of houses. Luz pretended not to notice but she saw a sign that read: **Welcome to the Luna Historic Neighborhood**. In another moment her mother stopped the car.

"Here we are," her mother said, pointing out Luz's window. "This is our new house. Look out your window."

Luz turned toward her mother instead. "I won't," she said. "I don't want a new house. Why can't we stay where we are?"

"I need a change," her mother said. Four years ago she had gone back to college so she could get a better job. "My new job starts next month, and I don't want to drive back and forth from Avondale every day. It's too far to commute. I wanted to find a new place for us to live. This house is only ten minutes from my job. I'll be home much sooner when we live here."

A million thoughts flew through Luz's head.

"But why didn't you tell me you wanted to move?" Luz asked. "I don't understand."

"I explained that already," her mother said calmly. "I didn't want to upset you. It was the end of the semester. I wanted you to keep your mind on your schoolwork. And look, you did so well. I'm so proud of you! You'll be happy here. I know it. We both will be happy here. Now look at your new house."

"I don't want to. I know I won't like it."

“Luz, please, for me,” her mother pleaded. “Take a little peek.” She squeezed Luz’s hand.

Luz sighed and rolled her eyes. “All right,” she snapped. She turned her head a fraction of an inch and glanced sideways out the window. She had planned to count to three and then turn back to her mother, but what she saw stopped her cold.

The house wasn’t new at all, far from it. Its bright blue paint was peeling and chipping. Boards crisscrossed the front door. A sign on one read:



The front windows were boarded up, too—and very quickly, Luz guessed, because the calico curtains had been caught between the window frame and the boards. When Luz saw the windows, they looked like eyes to her, and the faded and tattered curtain scraps were tears.

“Oh, Mom!” Luz cried. “What did you do?”

“I know how it looks, but with a little work, it will be perfect for us.”

“I don’t want to leave my friends. Not to live here. I’m in sixth grade!”

“You’ll make new friends here.”

“I won’t make new any friends. I never will. I just want the ones I have now.”

“You’ll go back to visit. I promise. And you can have Milagros and Jessica for sleepovers. This house is going to bring good things.” Luz was silent. “I signed the papers today, and the workers are supposed to start tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow?”

“It’s all settled,” her mother said. “I know you’re not happy, but you’ll get used to it. It won’t take long to fix the house. Then you’ll see what a wonderful place it is.”
It doesn’t matter, Luz thought. *I will never like anything about this.*

She settled back in her seat and stared straight ahead, waiting for her mother to drive away.

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Even Tía Rosa hated the house.

“Look at this place!” Luz’s aunt had complained on their moving day in early August. She ran her fingers across one windowsill and inspected the soot. “Look how filthy this is. And how many times has this been painted? It’s so old! Why did you want to move so close to downtown? You could’ve lived in Peoria near me. You could’ve bought a new house with a dishwasher there. You’re going to make good money now. What are you going to do without a dishwasher?”

Luz watched her mother smile carefully, as if her face were made from china.

“I like this house,” her mother said. “And it’s close to work.”

“No, this house needs too much work. You fixed it up a little, but it needs to be fixed up a lot. And why would you want to live in this neighborhood?”

“It’s the Luna Neighborhood,” her mother said, as if the words explained everything.

“And that means what?” Tía Rosa asked.

“It’s one of the oldest neighborhood’s in Phoenix. You can’t find houses like this anywhere else in town.”

“That’s a good thing?”

Luz’s mother smiled. “This house has character. Everything is too new in Phoenix.”

“But it has history,” Tía Rosa warned. “Too much history. And you know what I mean.”

“What do you mean, Tía?” Luz asked. She had been listening closely to everything her aunt had said.

Tía Rosa lowered her voice as if she were sharing an important secret. “I mean this: you might not be alone here.”

“What?”

“I’m saying that you might be sharing the house with someone.”

“Rosa, please,” Luz’s mother pleaded. “Before you say—“

“You think there are ghosts in this house?” Luz interrupted.

“I don’t think anything, Luzita. I know what’s here.”

“What’s here?” Luz asked excitedly. “How do you know?”

“I have a feeling about this house. When I walked in, I felt it. I imagine your mother did, too. But the two of us are different, because when I have a feeling like this, I run like the wind the other way. But your mother! She fixes it up and moves right in!”

“Where do you get the feeling?” Luz asked. “Everywhere in the house?”

“Oh, no,” her aunt said. “Listen to me, I get the feeling right there.” She was standing in the living room then, and she pointed down the dark and narrow hallway that led to the bedrooms. “Down there,” she said. Then she turned to Luz’s mother. “Why did you do this? Why did you move here? Couldn’t you listen? I tried to tell you not to do this. You have always been so stubborn.”

Again Luz’s mother smiled. “Rosa, would you help me unpack these boxes? I have to start my job in two days, and I would like to put this house in order.”

“Then you need a bulldozer instead of me.” Tía Rosa looked at Luz and winked. “All right, all right, I’m helping. Don’t ever tell me that I’m not a good sister to you.”

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That night, sleeping in her new bedroom, Luz dreamed about the house. In her dream she found herself standing in the living room, facing the hallway to the bedrooms. The bedroom doors were closed, except for the one at the end of the hall. It was open just enough to let a crack of light fall onto the floorboards, revealing the shadow of a person behind the door.

“**Luz Lucero**,” she heard a voice call.

Surrounded by darkness, Luz walked to the end of the hall, drawn to the seam of bright light. As she reached the door, it swung open, blinding Luz. A dark figure stood there, silhouetted by rays of brilliant light. Then she noticed that the figure was holding a hand toward her.

A voice commanded, "***Take my hand.***"

Luz reached toward the shadowy hand. She was inches away from grasping it when she felt a tap on her shoulder. She froze immediately, her heart racing. She didn't want to see who was behind her, but she couldn't help herself. When she turned to look, she lost her balance and fell backwards, as if she had broken through the floorboards and was plunging head first into a dark well.

She woke up before she hit the bottom.

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"I can't sleep in this house," Luz told her mother the next morning. "I had a terrible dream."

Her mother was busy washing the breakfast dishes. "We're going to be late for your dentist appointment."

"I don't like living here," Luz said.

"Afterwards we'll go shopping," her mother continued. "I want something to wear on my first day of work tomorrow. And I'll get you some new clothes for school."

"Mom, did you hear anything I said?"

"There's nothing to discuss," her mother said. "The first night in a new house is always difficult."

But the day was difficult, too, especially when Dr. Chiang, her new dentist, found that Luz had four cavities.

"I want you to promise me something," her mother told her later as they drove to the mall. "I want you to stop eating so many candy bars and drinking so many sodas. You are ruining your teeth."

"All right," Luz agreed.

But three weeks later, on the first Monday after Labor Day, Luz's mother found an empty candy bar wrapper in her backpack.

Luz was in the bathroom still fixing her hair, when her mother waved the wrapper in front of her face.

“Who’s been eating candy?” she asked.

“Oh, but—“ Luz started to say that it was an old wrapper she used as a bookmark.

“I was just putting your lunch bag inside your backpack when I found this. Didn’t I ask you to stop eating candy?”

“But—“ Luz had only eaten two candy bars during those three weeks, and one of them was Friday on the way home from school.

“Well?” her mother asked.

Luz knew she should apologize and make another promise. But something else was on her mind, and she couldn’t stop herself from speaking up.

“Why should I do what you want, if you don’t do what I want?” Luz asked.

“What?” Her mother was surprised by Luz’s tone.

“If you don’t want me to eat candy, I don’t want you to stay so long at work. You’re never home anymore.”

“Don’t be rude to me,” her mother warned.

But Luz couldn’t stop now. For three weeks, she had waited for her mother to come home on time. She was supposed to be finished with work by five, but every day her boss needed her to stay longer. Six o’clock, seven o’clock. Luz was not happy that that her mother couldn’t tell her boss, “No, I have a daughter—*mijita* with the biggest brown eyes—I love her very much and I need to spend time with her. I like my job, but I love my daughter most of all. I will be back on time tomorrow morning, and I will work my hardest for you. Don’t make me choose between my job and my daughter.”

Luz knew that her mother would never say that, and every day she came home from school to an empty house. As soon as she walked in, she turned on all the lights and sat in a corner of the living room, facing the bedroom hallway. Like Tía Rosa, she had a feeling about that hallway, too, and she did not like it at all. Sometimes she heard noises—little creaking noises—that scared her. Then she would grab a book and run outside. She would sit on the front porch steps and read, waiting and waiting for her mother’s arrival.

“This house is scary.”

“It’s your imagination,” her mother said.

“No, it’s not. I know. I hate this place and this neighborhood, and I hate being alone after school for so long.”

“What’s gotten into you?” her mother asked. “You’re sounding like my sister. You know I can’t leave until my boss says so.”

“But it’s not fair to me. I don’t think you care about me at all!”

Her mother’s face turned bright red with anger. She took a deep breath and spoke slowly. “You know that’s not true. I have raised you myself, the best that I can. You know what I’ve done for you. Just, please, do what I say: stop eating candy. That’s all I’m asking.”

At that moment, Luz stubbornly made another decision. She decided that she could have a candy bar whenever she wanted. How was her mother going to stop her? She’d have to come home from work on time to do that, and that wasn’t going to happen. Now that she had made up her mind, no one was going to change it--no matter what happened.

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As she walked in the house after school that day, the fight with her mother was still fresh in her mind. That’s when she decided to walk a few blocks down the street to the Circle K to buy a candy bar.

The wind was blowing hard as she pulled the front door closed and locked it. The TV weather said there might be a monsoon in Phoenix, but Luz didn’t care. Monsoons meant many things: the wind might blow all day, or a dust storm could roll in like a giant tumbleweed, or rain could fall in buckets. So far, there was only some wind, and Luz wasn’t worried.

As she headed for the Circle K, she looked down the street and saw two boys walking toward her. She recognized them from her class in school. One was Dwight Underwood; the other was Max Waters. Like Luz, both were new this year, but that didn’t mean Luz felt a special bond with them. She didn’t like them or anyone else in her class. She had even made up names for them. Dwight was The Mouth; he was too loud, and he thought he was the class comedian, except that his jokes weren’t funny. Max was The Hat, because he wore a Yankees cap all the time. No one else at school was allowed to wear a hat during class, but Max had some kind of special permission. But what really annoyed Luz about

Max was that he never talked. When Miss Feliciano called on him, sometimes he scribbled his answers on a sheet of paper and handed it to her; sometimes he stared into space as if his brain was traveling to another planet. But he never said a word to anyone.

The monsoon worsened. A lawn chair tipped over on a neighbor's porch, and a soccer ball spun down the middle of the street. As a wall of wind gusted against her, she decided to avoid The Mouth and The Hat. She didn't feel like saying hello to anyone, especially *them*.

She turned left at the next corner, onto Luna Drive, figuring that she would work her way back to the Circle K. Wind chimes clanged frantic warnings as she walked. She hadn't explored all of her new neighborhood yet, and she had never walked down Luna Drive before.

It was an unexpected street, not like the others in her neighborhood. Instead of going straight, it seemed to meander, curving one way and then another. Where she expected to find an intersection and another street leading back towards the Circle K, there was none. Annoyed that she had made a mistake, Luz turned to see if she could go back. Instead, she saw that the boys had followed her. At that moment, the sky turned brown, and a dust storm began to blow over them. As the churning sand and dust surrounded her, Luz squinted and shielded her eyes with her arm. She wanted to run home but she would have had to pass the two boys. No, she could not turn back; she was going to get her candy. Luz leaned into the wind and pushed ahead.

When she saw the vacant lot—dimly through the haze—she headed toward it. She thought it would be a short cut to the next street and a way to lose the boys.

“Luz,” she thought she heard The Mouth calling. But it might have been the wind. **“Luuuuuuuzzzzz.”** She refused to turn around.

She could barely see the winding dirt path that snaked past creosote bushes and palo verde trees, but she followed it. The path came to a sharp bend where she thought she should see the other street. But all she saw were the backs of two houses.

The path turned again. She walked beneath a grove of overgrown cottonwood trees. Their branches raked at the sky in the strong wind. Finally, she saw another street ahead of her and hurried on.

When she reached the sidewalk, she was surprised to find that she was still on Luna Drive. In front of her was the most unusual building: a large old wooden house, two stories tall with a narrow tower. A sign in the front yard read:



Immediately she found herself thinking, "I hope it has some good books!" Then she laughed at herself. Here she was in the middle of a monsoon that was threatening to pick her up and send her sailing to Tucson--and all she could think about was finding a good book.

Rain was beginning to spray down now, whipped by the wind. Luz quickly decided that it was time to find that book.

She ran up the large concrete steps and pushed open the door. At once the library seemed as comfortable and familiar as a relative's house. It was as old-fashioned as the neighborhood, filled with old wooden furniture. A card catalog stood sentry in the middle of the room. Lazy ceiling fans stirred the warm air. A large clock with a pendulum kept silent time on one wall.

But the library seemed strange, too, especially the second floor. It was just a balcony, circling the main floor, filled with bookcases ringing the walls. As Luz stood in the main room and looked up, she could peer past the balcony, past the ceiling, into the hollow tower.

"What a strange place!" she thought.

Even stranger, though, was the fact the library appeared to be completely empty. Or was it? She looked toward the reference desk. The high back of a swivel chair faced her. Had the chair just moved? Was a librarian sitting there? Luz felt confused. She drew a long breath and sighed. She noticed that the air smelled musty, as if the library itself was an old book that hadn't been read in years.

Just then, the front door burst open, and her two stalkers rushed in. Luz almost laughed out loud at the sight of them. Perhaps they thought that the library would

be bustling with people and that they would blend in with the crowd. Luz watched them drip a lonely trail of water across the wooden floor.

“Why are you following me?” she asked finally.

Max Waters and Dwight Underwood stopped dead in their tracks. Rainwater pooled around them.

Max pulled his Yankees cap down to hide his eyes. But Dwight looked directly at Luz and said, “What are you? Crazy? Why would we want to follow you?”

“Because you ended up in the same place,” she said.

“We just needed to get out of the storm,” Dwight explained.

“You were following me!” Luz argued.

“Yeah, that’s right, we’re spies. I’m Dwight Bond, and this is Max Bond, Super Secret Agents.” Luz rolled her eyes. “And we’re trying to figure out what you’re doing and where you’re going, because we think you’re the Double Agent of Doom.”

“You’re not funny,” Luz scowled.

Without thinking, Dwight blurted, “Why are you so mean anyway?”

“Who says I’m mean?”

“Half the kids at school think you’re mean--and unfriendly, too. Do you know what everybody calls you?”

“Nobody calls me anything!”

“They call you Luz-illa!” Dwight exclaimed.

Luz was shocked—and hurt—but she wasn’t about to let Dwight know that. “Well, Mr. Big Mouth,” she shot back, “if I’m such a monster, why were you following me?”

“We weren’t following you,” Dwight explained, “well, not until you started walking through the empty lot. Don’t you know you could’ve got yourself into trouble? So we followed you to make sure you were okay.”

“I can take care of—“

BANG!

At that moment, the monsoon winds blew something hard against the library door. They all jumped and looked at the door, as if someone unexpected had just walked in.

That was when Dwight noticed they were alone.

“Where is everyone anyway?” he asked.

Luz shrugged.

“Isn’t there a librarian?” Dwight asked.

Luz peered in the direction of the reference desk. Had the chair moved again? She wasn’t sure. She took a few steps to the left and peered around the chair. It was definitely empty now.

“No, just a few ghosts.”

“What?” Dwight asked. Her joke had caught him off guard.

“I’m just kidding,” Luz said.

Dwight surveyed the room again. He seemed very nervous now.

“Maybe we should leave,” he said.

“Why?” Luz asked. “We’re allowed to be in a library.”

“Even if no one’s here?” he asked.

“Maybe they just forgot to lock the door.”

“Yeah, but the lights are on.” Then he repeated, “I think we should leave.”

“Do you hear that?” Luz asked, as rain lashed against the library door. “I don’t think we can go anywhere, unless you brought a rowboat. I think we should see what’s going on here. Do you want to help?”

“No,” Dwight said. He sounded scared.

Then Luz turned toward Max. All she saw was his Yankees cap.

“Do you want to help?” she asked.

The Hat didn’t move.

His silence annoyed her. “Forget it. You don’t have to help. I can do it myself.”

Then The Hat nodded. Luz couldn’t help but stare.

“What?” she asked. “Are you going to help or not?” The Hat didn’t move. “Can’t you talk? What’s wrong with you anyway?”

“Leave him alone,” Dwight said.

“I just want to know if he’s helping me, and he can’t even tell me.”

“You’re being mean again,” Dwight said.

“I’m not trying to be mean,” Luz said. “I just want him to answer my question.”

“He said he was going to help you.”

“How do you know what he’s saying?”

“Because he’s my next door neighbor,” Dwight explained.

“Well, he sits right next to me in school, and I don’t know what he means.”

“You’ve got to pay attention, that’s all.”

“How do you pay attention to--?” Luz stopped. Maybe she was being mean.

“Okay, if he wants to help—” She stopped and turned toward Max. “If you want to help, come on then, let’s see if we can find anything.” Then she told Dwight, “If we trip over a dead body, we’ll let you know.”

Luz and Max started to walk toward the back of the library.

“Wait a second,” Dwight called. “Did you hear that?” Max and Luz stopped.

“Listen.” Max raised his head and looked around the room. In the stillness of the room, Luz heard a faint slow clicking sound.

“What—what is it?” Dwight asked.

“It doesn’t sound like anything,” Luz said.

“Shhhh!” Dwight warned.

All three stood motionless waiting for the next sound.

Click!

Max walked silently to the circulation counter. He put his finger to his lips and held up his other hand. Then, *click!* Max pointed at a piece of paper propped on the counter. The downdraft of the spinning overhead fan was making the paper flap.

“What’s that?” Dwight asked

“A scary piece of paper,” Luz joked. “With words on it.”

She picked it up and read the writing out loud.

An unexpected emergency has occurred!

Please take the liberty of locating the books you would like to read.

Then check them out by signing your name on the card located inside the back cover. Leave the card on the counter in the tortoise shell box.

Enjoy your books!

“What kind of emergency do you think it was?” Dwight asked.

“Got me,” Luz replied. “Just a minute. There’s more here.”

She continued:

And won’t you consider joining the Mystery Club? It’s easy to become a member. Just find The Mystery Box!

Miss Moon

“Who’s Miss Moon?” Dwight asked.

“Maybe she’s the librarian,” Luz said.

“And what’s The Mystery Box?”

Max had already spotted it. He pointed to a box covered in red construction paper on the far side of the room, directly under a portrait of Calvin Coolidge.

“What do you do with it?” Luz asked.

Max almost looked at her but his eyes darted away.

They walked across the library to the box. A small card attached to the top read:

**Do you like mysteries?
To join the Mystery Club, check out a book from the
Luna Drive Library. You will soon receive membership
details.**

Miss Moon

When they had all read the words on the box, they looked at each other. Even Max cocked his head sideways and glanced at Dwight and Luz before he riveted his eyes to the floor again.

“I think I’m going to check out a book.” Luz said. Then she asked Max, “Do you want to get one, too?”

Max’s hat nodded.

She looked at Dwight. “What about you?”

“I don’t know.”

“Come on,” Luz said. “Don’t you like to read?”

“That’s not it.”

“Then what?”

"This place is weird. I don't want to be in a mystery club. I don't want to solve a mystery. I hate mysteries!"

"You do? I thought everybody liked mysteries."

"Well, I don't. They're...they're too...stupid!" He sat at one of the tables. "I'm waiting right here. Just don't take too long."

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In a few minutes Max and Luz had found some books and signed their book cards. They placed them in the tortoise shell box and headed for the door with Dwight.

The rain had let up by then, and the sun had reappeared. As they left the library, steam was rising from the pavement and the odor of creosote filled the air. Luz sighed. *Nothing worse than a monsoon in Phoenix, she thought, except a mother who's not home on time.*

At the bottom of the library steps, Luz reached for Max's library books.

"Hey, let me see your books," she said. She tried to take them, but he wasn't letting go. The pages of one book fanned open, and an envelope fell out. It fluttered to the sidewalk in front of Dwight.

Dwight reached down. The envelope was white and thick and rough to the touch.

"Here," he said, handing it to Max.

Max shook his head.

Dwight squinted in the sunlight. "What's wrong? This is yours."

Max shook his head again.

"Sure it is. Your name is on it."

Puzzled, Max took the envelope and held it under the brim of his cap.

Mr. Max Waters

Though no one could see, Max blinked. The writing seemed to stare at him. He shuddered.

“Let me see.” Luz grabbed the envelope and flipped it over. Then she held it up to the sunlight, but it was too heavy to see through. “It looks like an invitation.” She handed Max the envelope, then eyed Dwight. “Are you having a birthday party or something?”

“It’s not my birthday,” Dwight said, “so don’t go blaming me. I don’t know what it is, and I didn’t put it there.”

“Okay, okay.” Then Luz had an idea. Quickly, she paged through her library books. “Hey,” she said, “look at this.” She pulled an envelope from one. It was addressed to her.

“Maybe you did this,” Dwight told her. “Maybe you’re playing the trick.”

“I didn’t do anything,” she said. “I’ve never even been to this library before.”

“Neither have I.”

Then Luz and Dwight looked at Max.

“Hey, Max, have you been here before?” she asked.

Max shook his head once, twice, three times, and then stopped.


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Time seemed to stand still on the library sidewalk. How would anyone have known that they would be in the library that day? And how would someone have known their names?

“Maybe these aren’t for us,” Luz said. “Maybe there are other kids who come in here with our names.”

“Right,” Dwight said. “And I’m Captain Kirk. Beam me up, Scotty. Maybe you two are in trouble. But I’m not!”

Without warning, Max opened his envelope. Inside he found a piece of paper, the size of an index card. Only one word was printed on it.



Solve!

“Solve?” Dwight asked. “Solve what?”

Luz had opened her envelope, too. Inside was the same card with the same word. *Un misterio*, she thought to herself.

But there was something more.

On the back of each card was more writing, much more writing—only none of it made any sense:

DWMME JMQJY JCNGS UYEPI KRLTJ GZWJA
LVPNY FOYYA AZVOL JCFBL LVPYS GFEZP
DBZJR WAJNX WFTZW SFPRE AHTIK XCCTS
M!!!!

“It looks like some kind of puzzle,” Dwight said.

Max shook his head.

Luz knew what Max was thinking. “You’re right, Max,” she said. “It’s a code.”

Max nodded.

“Code? For what?” Dwight asked.

“Maybe this is about the Mystery Club,” Luz said.

“What are you going to do with it?” Dwight asked.

Max held up the front of the card and pointed to the word: SOLVE! Then he turned and ran up the library steps.

“Max, don’t go back in there!” Dwight called.

But Max wasn’t listening. He grasped the door handle and pulled, but the door wouldn’t open. He turned his hat sideways and pressed his face against the window glass. The library was dark now; the ceiling fans were still.

Slowly, he walked down the steps.

Luz saw Max’s face clearly for the first time now. His skin was pale, his eyes were sad. She thought that he looked lost and helpless, and she was beginning to feel sorry for him. That’s when he noticed she was staring at him and pulled the brim back over his eyes.

“Hey, Max, maybe we should meet before school tomorrow. In the school library. To see if we can figure out what the card says.” She looked at Dwight. “You can come if you want, even if you didn’t get a card.”

“Quick! Let me look in my pockets!” he joked. “Maybe an invisible magic librarian—the Lunatic of Luna Drive--slipped an envelope in there.” He patted his empty pockets. “Darn! Nothing.”

“You’re so not funny. And anyway, you didn’t check out a book,” Luz told him. “That’s what the sign said.”

Luz saw a small smile beneath the brim of Max’s hat.

“You guys are crazy,” Dwight said. “You really think you can turn that garbage into English?”

“Maybe it’s a Spanish code,” Luz offered. “*Un código secreto*, Dwight. Hey, Max, are you okay?”

Max’s hat nodded once.

“Good, then I guess I’m going home. Bye.”

“Hey, wait for us,” Dwight said.

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They headed down the sidewalk toward the vacant lot.

“There’s a Diamondbacks game on TV tonight,” Dwight was telling Max. “Want to come over?”

Max shook his head.

“You’ve got to give up on the Yankees, now that you live here.” Dwight kept talking, trying to convince Max to watch the game, but Luz had stopped listening.

She lagged a step or two behind the boys, then stopped a moment and turned to face the library.

Her eyes scanned the front of the building. The sun was glaring now. She blinked and thought she saw something in an upstairs window.

Is it a face? she wondered. *Or is it my imagination?* She almost called to Dwight and Max, but when she blinked again, the shadow was gone.

She ran to catch up with the boys. She would get to the bottom of this mystery, but it would have to wait until tomorrow.