

Model after a RL Stine book

Chapter one

Introduce characters

Tell exposition

Get into the library

Tiara hears a noise and turns fearing the worst

Chapter two

Start at the noise but it was only Amanda

Look for the book, find some weird librarian things

Amanda finds the book in desk drawer with note

Note is read

Take the book from library

Book sets off the alarm

Chapter three

Talk about how the rest of the day has gone up until lunch

Lunch: Tiara and Amanda sit and talk during lunch

Amanda is nonchalant

Tiara is worried about being caught: cameras, key, finger prints

School

Walk home

Gets in the house and the mother says that the school called Tiara worries

Chapter four

School just called to find out if Tiara was still planning on running the clock at BB game

Goes to game, is picked on by Celeste, thinks bad thoughts about Celeste

Think/hopes that Celeste just gets lost and gets some of her own medicine

Goes home and gets ready for bed and takes out the book

Reads the covers, reads first chapter and is amazed that the character is named Celeste

Finds the setting to be similar to her school and Celeste is found trapped in the gym closet

Tiara thinks how cool that would really be

Chapter five

Gets to school and all the students are talking about how Celeste was in the closet

Tiara is shocked and hopes that no one thinks it is her

Talks with Amanda during passing and Amanda tells her that she can't possibly think she did it

Tiara agrees but is a little concerned

Meets up with Celeste and Celeste gives her the evil eye, Tiara is not so sure anymore

At home, reading the book, she talks herself out of how it could have been her

She reads more and finds out that catastrophe befalls another student – Parker

Parker is a student in her first period math class

She calls Amanda

Chapter six

*Rushes to school to warn Parker, but feels silly doing it
Tells Parker who dismisses her concerns
Nothing happens so she thinks that it was all made up
But at the end of the day, the scuttlebutt is that Parker left to go to an appt and was hurt
Tiara finds Amanda and says see
Amanda, a bit scared but still holding on to the belief that it is impossible, dismisses
Tiara rushes home to read more.*

*Chapter seven
This time*

*Prophecy...some books were not meant to be read
Travis A. Wittwer, 2004.03*

CHAPTER ONE

“Hey, Tiara. What’s the matter girl?”

“Nothing.”

“Well, where I come from, slamming the library door and walking right past your best friend, *ME*, makes *me* think something is wrong.”

“Yeah,” I said haughtily. “Well...I’m sorry.” I took a deep breath, remembering that she has been my best friend since 3rd grade. “It’s just that every time I go into the library to check out this one book, it isn’t there. I think Miss Cratle hid it. She hates me because I always ask her to find books. I ask her to do things like her job.”

Amanda looked at me, trying to see if I was serious. “All this over a book? I swear, Tiara. I don’t understand what you see in those things. It’s not like they are your friends and can hang out with you at the mall.” She paused and looked at my frustrated expression. “Oh, ok. So give me the story. I’m your best friend. That’s what best friends are supposed to do.”

I thought for a moment about how best to explain this. Amanda has long blonde hair and green eyes that caught the attention of all of the boys at Franklin Middle School, and she is the envy of all the girls. But she would never understand my love of reading. She always tried to get out of reading. She relied on watching the movie and is doomed when we have to read a book that wasn’t turned into a movie.

Looking her in the eyes, I said, “You wouldn’t understand.”

“Try me.”

“Fine,” I said, opening my locker, “but don’t laugh. I have read every book by my favorite author and he has written hundreds. Every book. Except for one book. *Prophecy*. It is supposed to be R.L. Stine’s best book. They didn’t publish many. Something to do with a lawsuit or something. But I found out that our library has a copy, but every time I look for it, it is gone.”

“So go buy one. Or get the movie,” Amanda said, the last part with a teasing smile as if she knew what I thought about her watching movies as *reading*.

“I can’t.” I figured I might as well finish the conversation although I was sure Amanda didn’t care. “There were a hundred or so of this book published. Something happened and the publisher had to quit making the book. It was all hushed and stuff. I read online that there was a death involved with the book.”

“And....”

“...And, I found out that our school has one copy, but it is never there.” I continued to place textbooks in my backpack for tonight’s homework.

“And this,” Amanda said with a sly grin, “is why you love me *so* much.”

I gave her the what-are-you-talking-about look.

“I have a key to the library; we practice our cheers there after school. And you always ranked on my cheerleading squad,” she said sarcastically.

“FRIEND! When can I get that key?”

* * * *

The next morning I rode my bike to school. It was a quarter to six as I locked up my bike. The bike rack still had remnants of dew holding on against the morning sun. Wisps of fog encircled the entrance of the school like long white fingers of some old man eager to get inside. The school took on a silent, foreboding look. The cafeteria workers just started warming the morning breakfast, the smell of bacon and cheese products permeated the darkened hallway in front of the library.

I have always played by the rules, used the correct side of the stairwell, opened the door on the right, and here I am now about to break into the library. There goes college.

My thoughts of being expelled and having to explain this to my parents were broken by a cheery voice.

“Hello.” Amanda was all decked out in school colors. Something was obviously going on in cheerleader-land. “I have something here you want,” she said holding the key from its red keychain.

“Shhhm you’re gonna get us caught.”

“Nah, Ms. Picky-Book-nic won’t be in for another hour. She is usually in the parking lot having coffee and finishing her cigarette,” said Amanda throwing the keys at me. “See you after 5th.”

I nervously said bye and put the key in the door. It was an oversized key from when the school was first opened in the early 1920’s. Its weight hung heavy in my hand as I turned the cold, brass knob. The click echoed throughout the library, bouncing off the books encased in their dusty tombs.

I paused.

I wanted to run away.

But I didn’t. I wanted this book. The door closed behind me and I walked in, glancing around.

Sun peered in from the outside. The library did not seem so bad without Miss Cratle, the librarian, around. Now to task. *Where would she put that book*, I thought to myself. Walking with purpose across the room, I headed to the little room in which Miss Cratle sat when not yelling at students to “quiet down!”. It was a small room, barely larger than five feet by seven feet. Books were smashed, back-to-back, on shelves and some were piled in stalagmite fashion on the floor in front of the brown metal shelving. The desk was a rather large wooden desk probably from the 1950’s with one large drawer on the right-hand side. This draw had a lock. My heart leapt, somehow knowing that this is where the book would be. I tested the drawer on the off chance it was open. It wasn’t. I pulled it open harder and harder, not noticing the noise it was making.

I heard a loud noise and spun around. Miss Cratle stood there with her hands on her hips, her face contorted, and the only sounds I heard were her words.

“What do *you* think YOU are doing?”

CHAPTER TWO

I had no reason to be in this room. I had to think quick. “I-I-I dropped my pencil. I was going to write you a note to ask if you needed any help after school returning books to their shelves.” That’s it. Maybe I could lie my way out of this one.

“Be here at three-oh-five...sharp,” said Miss Cratle with a not so convinced look on her face. As I left the room, I glanced over my shoulder and she was looking at the items on her desk, checking to make sure that everything was still there. I ran to first period.

“Did you get the book,” asked Amanda.

“No. And now I have to stack books with Miss Cratle.”

“Why?”

“It’s a long story. Call me tonight.”

* * * *

The final bell rang and while most students were headed home with smiles on their faces, I slogged my way down to the library. Three girls left the library carrying several big books. Obviously some big paper is due tomorrow. I walked in and headed toward Miss Cratle’s office. She greeted me with a hesitant smile. I could tell that she did not quite understand why I had offered, but was glad of the help. To erase any suspicion, I came up with a reason.

“Thanks for letting me help out. I love to read and I thought maybe I could help out on the library some times after school.”

“That would be nice,” Miss Cratle said incredulously. She did not seem quite so mean when it was one-on-one. “When do you have to leave today?”

“I have to be home by four o’clock so I better get started.” With that, I left her standing there.

Stacking books was not such a bad way to end the day. It was peaceful. Just me and the books. There was an order to books. I know if I ever tried to explain this to Amanda she would just laugh or call me a *geek*. But I liked the way that each book had a place on the shelf and you could find any book based on a system. I even liked the way the books were arranged on the shelves: about one inch from the edge, standing tall, the variety of colors and sizes. If you stood on the other side of the room it was like looking at a painting.

My time over so I said farewell to Miss Cratle.

“Ah, bye Miss Cratle.”

“Thanks for the help. I hope to see you again some time.”

“Yes, maybe.”

“And Tiara—”

“Yes?”

“What type of books are you interested in?”

This was my chance. *Could I weave the title in there?* “I like scary books. Horror mostly. My favorite author is R.L. Stine. I have read every book he has written and he has written, like,

hundreds. There is only one book of his that I have not read,” I said pausing, formulating my lie “I think its name is *The Power*, or something. It would be cool to find a copy of it. It went out of print very quickly.”

“R.L. Stine is a great writer. You should check our shelves. You may find another book that he has written. That book that you are talking about is not worth reading.” I noticed that she did not use the book’s title, but she did look at her book shelf.

I left quickly not knowing what to make of our conversation. Was she being nice to me? Did she know that I was looking for it since I was in the office uninvited and I mentioned the book (stupid me)? I needed time to think about the events. A blended coffee drink with Amanda after school is just the thing I needed. I texted Amanda to meet for coffee. She knew the place.

* * * *

Amanda pulled up in sixteenth birthday present, a baby blue VW Bug. It also had a yellow Bluemmenvassen attached to the dashboard. And two years later, it still was cool. I did not know many kids who had their own car so I was glad to know Amanda. Driving around in my mother’s beat up station wagon did not impress many people. My mother was always saying that the car would protect me in an accident since it was 20 feet of American steel.

“Hey, Tiara. What’s going on? I got your text message. You said you needed to talk.”

“I need to get into the library one more time.”

“That’s cool. How about in thirty minutes? Miss Cratle leaves as soon as school lets out.” Amanda hiked up her purse and continued, “Miss Cratle saw me in the hall after school and asked if I knew who you were.”

“What did you say?”

“Oh, I said that we have geometry together...and P.E.,” Amanda said with a smile. “It *is* true; I *wasn’t* lying, but I could see that she was asking for some reason so I figured I would keep it simple.”

“Thank you,” I said. “I think she knows why I was in her office, but she has not come out and said anything.”

“Let’s grab a latte and go, okay?”

“Sure. Great. Sounds like a plan.”

The drive back to school did not take long. The coffee shop, about ten minutes away, was a local hangout for Harrison High students. We drove into the parking lot; it looked a lot larger without all the cars, students left as soon as they can like criminals fleeing from the scene of the crime.

The halls were equally empty. Running to the library, pulling out the key, and turning the door knob gently, we entered into the library. However, when we got to the library office, the door was locked.

“No!” I said almost too loud. I was so looking forward to finally getting the book.