

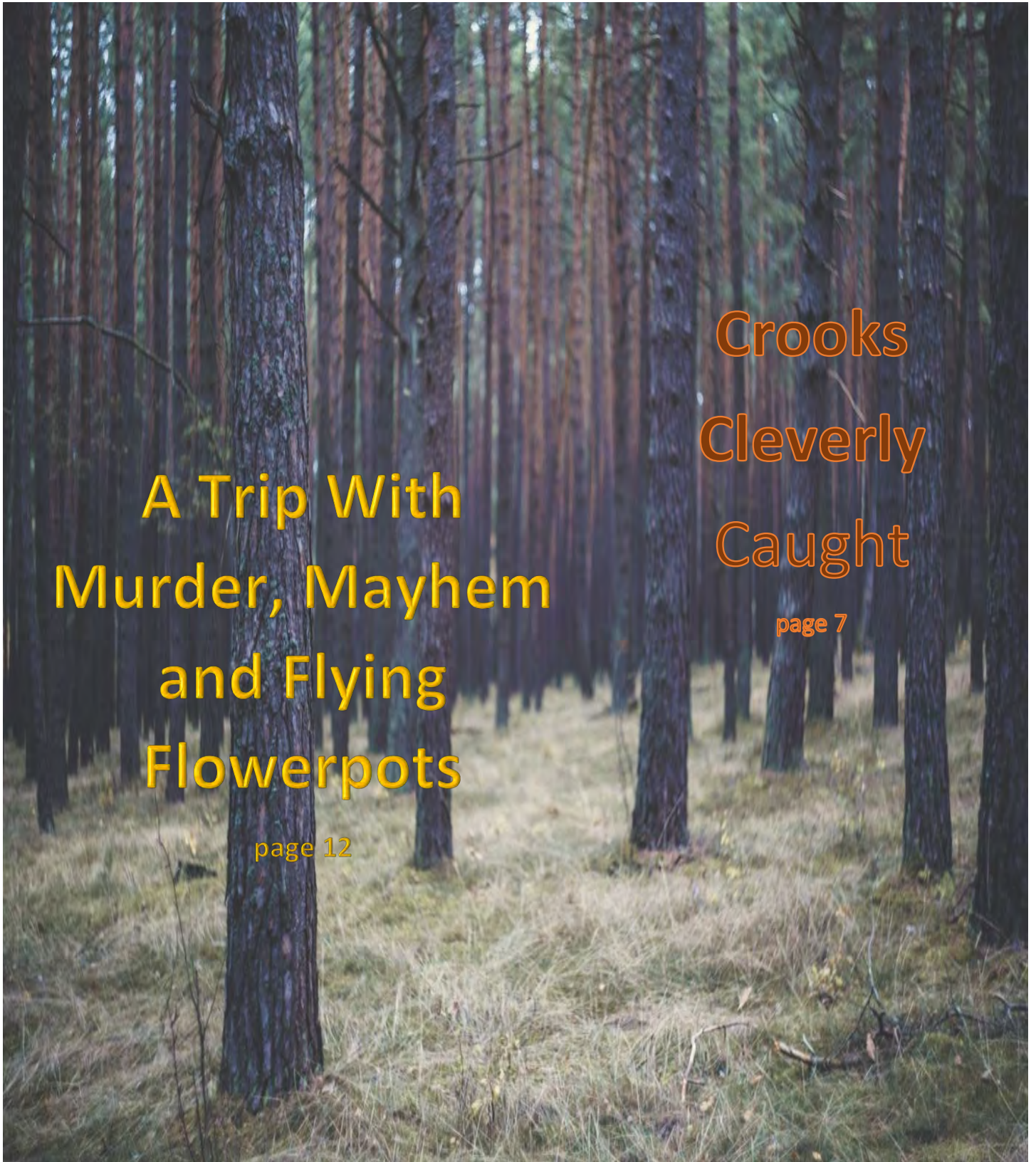
# MYSTERY MAGAZINE

A Trip With  
Murder, Mayhem  
and Flying  
Flowerpots

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Crooks  
Cleverly  
Caught

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Dear Editor,

I read your review on the TV series, Bones. I must say at first, I was skeptical whether it was as you described. But after watching the first season, I believe you possibly could have downplayed its vibrancy. I am indebted to your magazine for giving me this choice piece of information. I hope to get more information such as this in your magazine in the future.

Sincerely,

Mossy Copper

Miss Copper,

I have received your letter. I am glad that you found the review we published was so useful to you. We appreciate when readers give us feedback very much. Also, we will be having **another** review in our next issue. We hope it shall give you more helpful information. Thank you for reading Mystery Magazine!

Sincerely,

Lance Ruin



# A USE FOR WEIRD LANDLORDS AND THEIR FRIENDS

By Summer Brown

The second morning after Freddy Dagon had broken up with his long-time girlfriend Sasha, he woke up sleepy-eyed and stepped into the kitchen. Once he was in the kitchen, he noticed that the owner of the apartment building, Frank Zabaldskie, was as usual, sitting at HIS table eating HIS ham sandwich on HIS plate. But the annoyance seemed little enough to pay since he was renting the apartment at such a very, very, very cheap price. So, he pretty much ignored Frank while he started his coffee and then dragged his feet into the living room to watch the news for the weekly weather forecast. In the living room, he found that someone had already turned on the TV, and Freddy saw that on his couch was one of Frank's weirdo friends, and beside this weirdo friend was an open bag of cheese puffs.



More than a little exasperated, Freddy stalks into his office (he worked from home) and found that even this refuge has been invaded. Sitting in HIS chair and streaming on HIS internet is yet another one of Frank's increasingly annoying friends with one of HIS cans of Dr. Pepper open on the desk. Incensed beyond belief, Freddy stormed back into the kitchen and began to rant at Frank, asking him loudly and angrily to please get his good for nothing friends out of his apartment. But he didn't get very far before he noticed something was very wrong, because all throughout his ranting, not once had Frank even blinked. In fact, he hadn't even moved from the position that he'd been in since Freddy had woken up, and he was looking very pale.

Then Freddy went into the living room to tell the man with the cheese puffs that something was wrong with Frank, but as he came up to the man, he noticed that this man wasn't breathing, and was pale like Frank. His gut was starting to tell him something was very wrong.

As he went over to the man in his office, he saw what he had feared. This man was also pale and without any breath or movement. Freddy immediately called 911. A few minutes later, he went to open the door for the police. When he opened the door, he

found some detectives and his discarded cop ex-girlfriend, who was looking at him as if she had seen a ghost. Then she gave a shocked whisper, “You’re supposed to be dead! I poisoned you!” And at that, her colleagues quickly handcuffed her and took her away.

A few minutes later, Freddy stood to the side and was talking with one of the cops at the now crime scene and remarked, “I guess weird landlords and their friends have a use after all.” The End.

---

***M**urderous Madman*

***U**sing sharp gleaming daggers*

***R**iding his tail*

***D**aring Detectives*

***E**agerly sniffing out his trail*

***R**eady to throw him in jail*

*Summer Brown*

---





# Crooks Cleverly Caught

By Summer Brown

David's mind raced. He had to distract the thief and keep him occupied until the police arrived. "Perhaps I could mention Ernest (a friend of his who knew most of the African American people in Muskogee)" he briefly thought before asking the robber where he was taking "his" trailer full of stuff.

When the dark, lanky man cautiously answered, he named some shop whose name sounded a bit fake. Around this time, the police pulled up, the red and blue lights on their black and white vehicles flashing, shining in the night. The man asked, "What's goin' on?"

I looked him in the eye and declared, "The cops are coming to put you in jail for stealing my stuff." As this dawned in his eyes, he began to run.....

David Brown drove home in the wee hours of the morning from his overnight shift job at Graham Packaging in his cream-colored Grand Marquis. The unpleasant reason for this unexpected excursion was to tell the police what objects had been stolen from his property this night. His wife, Tandy, had phoned him a few minutes earlier explaining she had woken up and spied a light shining in the window. The door to a shed that they used for storage was now open, so she had called 911 since there had been other robberies in the area. He silently prayed that the stolen things

would be found swiftly because his brother's Billy Cook Original saddle, which he had borrowed, had been in the opened shed. Everything else was easily replaceable.

As David continued through town to get home, he observed a pickup truck pulling his faded red trailer, which was uncommon in its appearance because it had been handmade by its previous owner, with all his stuff in the back of it. David immediately turned around, started to follow his trailer and called 911. Speaking to 911, he explained to the dispatcher the situation and that he was trailing the thieves who had stolen from him earlier that night. He kept the police dispatcher on the phone as he continued to discreetly follow the culprits, who he noticed with outrage had let his blue air compressor fall out and it was hanging by its hose dragging and sparking behind the trailer. As they turned the corner, the abused compressor, jostled by the turn, let go its feeble grasp from the trailer. David, a bit disgruntled, stopped, picked it up, and then proceeded to follow the thieves to their lair.

Driving up to the robber's abode, David rolled down his window and inquired if they had dropped their air compressor. Two of the thieves, a man and a woman, continued into their home, while another man answered that they had lost it and began to walk toward the car. The dark, lanky man strode toward the passenger front door, and would have opened it to take out the air compressor if David, being slightly alarmed, had not dropped it out his door and let it clatter on the concrete, making the thief indignantly cry out for the mistreatment of his spoils. Still having the police dispatcher on the phone, David pretended that it was his wife instead while he talked to the lanky thief. He'd have to distract him until the police came....

As the tall, lanky thief fled into the dark, nearby woods, he looked like he was running underwater or in slow motion. David directed the 911 dispatcher the direction the thief had ran, and the police soon captured him. Because of God's help and David's quick thinking, the Browns retrieved their stolen goods without it going into evidence (which would have had it locked away for months). So, it was good luck that he had caught the crooks red-handed. The End



## Will There Be Justice?

By Summer Brown

Tarky's rage builds like a fiery thunderstorm,  
He confronts Jack and his control is torn.

Tarky wiped that smug, little grin from that horrid  
face,  
He swung the log like it was a mace.

What has he done?  
Tarky feels fear and fright.  
What has he done on this asphalt, black night?



Up into the pickup bed goes lifeless Jack.  
His heart doesn't beat and his lungs do not flutter. Poor Jack is stiffer than old, moldy  
butter.

Oh what, oh what, did Tarky do?  
He fed Jack to the creatures that chomped and chewed.

Down to the pig pen Tarky went,  
The hogs chowed down on Jack without temperance.

Will Jack have justice?  
Why Tarky's rage?

Who will solve the murder?  
And put Tarky in a prison cage?

# REVIEW



By Summer Brown

Castle is a thrilling, unique, and interesting tv show. The two main characters of this show are the murder mystery writer/NYPD consultant, Richard Castle and NYPD detective, Kate Beckett. Richard Castle is a garrulous, funny character often finding ways to a pun at the murder scenes. Although he is a wonderful character, he has a debatable private life. Beckett is an honorable character whose drive for justice comes from the fact that her own mother had been murdered when she was young, her case never solved. Beckett is often irritated by Castle's antics, sometimes even comparing him to a five-year old. This just eggs him on. Other characters in this show are Castle's red-headed, rather dramatic, actress mother, his sweet, flame-haired daughter and detectives, Esposito and Ryan, who are a part of the murder solving team.

There are multitudes of queer and interesting murders in this unique tv series. Castle and his crime mystery solving team have encountered nannies in dryers, poker players in trees, dead vampires, and zombie murderers in their quest for justice. Also, Castle has his killer fans: crazy book fanatics turned sociopaths, drug lords to bookworms, all that seem determined to pop up in New York City and take a shot at them. This is all in a day's work for this crime fighting team.

With Castle getting into sticky situations, and learning to let his daughter grow up, home life is almost as hard as crime fighting for this master of the macabre. Sometimes he asks Beckett her thoughts, though at times not getting the answers he wants, but more than often he follows her smart advice.

There are several thrilling seasons of this heart-warming and heart-stopping show, each as brilliant as the one before, all with jaw-dropping scenes, colossal surprises, and eerie situations. Watch Castle, you won't be disappointed.

**DOGGEDLY  
ON THE  
MURDERER'S TRAIL, FEARLESS  
DETECTIVES FOR JUSTICE THEY  
PURSUE**

A Cinquain by Summer Brown



**Crunch of leaves underfoot  
She stalks the shooter  
A gun shot rings out.**

A haiku by Summer Brown

# *A Trip with Murder, Mayhem, And Flying Flowerpots*

By

Summer Brown

Amelia Winters had decided to take the scenic route to the National Homicide Detective Convention which was taking place in Hot Springs, Arkansas. What is the National Homicide Detective Convention? It is a convention where the attendees can be anyone from police detectives to macabre fanatics. 5' 6" tall with long ebony hair, bright green eyes and a thirst for justice, Amelia is one of the top detectives in Oklahoma City.

As Amelia turned onto Hickory Hill Rd., she admired the bright autumn foliage, until she had to swerve suddenly to avoid some broken beer bottles in



the road that some idiot had thrown out their car window. She hoped that none of the shattered pieces of glass had imbedded themselves in her tire because she still hadn't got herself a new spare tire.

Later, being lost in thought, Amelia missed her turn, but was then brought back to reality by the GPS on her phone



which started chirping irately at her, stating she needed to turn around immediately and turn onto Ross Rd. once she came to it. The mechanical fury in its voice left no room for any sort of discussion. As Amelia turned onto Ross Rd., in front of her was the owner of the broken beer bottles, swerving across the road in a rusted, red and white pickup truck. Sometimes it nearly ran into the ditch or one of the fiery leafed maples lining the road. Amelia called 911 and alerted the police of the situation, and they assured her they would send an officer down immediately. Now all that was left was the nerve-wracking wait until the local law enforcement arrived.



20-30 minutes later the long-awaited police cruiser finally showed up. The officer calmly pulls over the careening truck and asks the driver to come out of the vehicle. Once he had secured the drunken driver in the back seat of his cruiser, he made his way over to Amelia's car. He introduces himself as Officer Dale McIntosh and asks if she's alright. After she assures him she is indeed okay, he inquires, "Are you Detective Winters? That gal with the Oklahoma City police that solved the Flower-Eater murders that were all over the News last December. (The Flower-Eater Murders was a string of serial murders where the murderer



gouged out the eyes of the corpses of his victims, all pretty, young women, replaced them with flowers, and then put a crimson rose in their mouth).

"Yes, but if you believed the news reporting on it, you'd think I solved it single-handedly. I would have never been able to solve it without my team's help," Amelia replied, feeling a strange mixture of being embarrassed and pleased.

"Well, if you don't have a spare tire, maybe you can help us in Bug Tussle, with a case that's perplexing all our detectives, while we get a tow truck to come and bring your car into town to fix it up" he invited. Inwardly, Amelia berated herself for putting off buying a spare tire, as she answered, "Yah, I guess I can look it over."

After sitting in the front passenger seat beside Officer McIntosh, watching the scenery go by, and listening the drunk man in the back seat relieving himself of his stomach's contents all over the back seats for half an hour, they finally



drove into the small town of Bug Tussle, Oklahoma. Once Officer McIntosh had made the drunken man comfortable in a cell, he took Amelia over to the Homicide

Department and introduced her to Detective Howard Lark, the leading investigator in their perplexing behind closed doors case. She was given a copy of

the case with crime scene photos and everything. Everyone at the Bug Tussle Homicide Department seemed significantly relieved that the famous Detective Winters would be helping on this case. "No pressure at all to close this case quickly, other than missing the convention and solving a murder in a few hours!" Amelia thought as she looked through the case files.

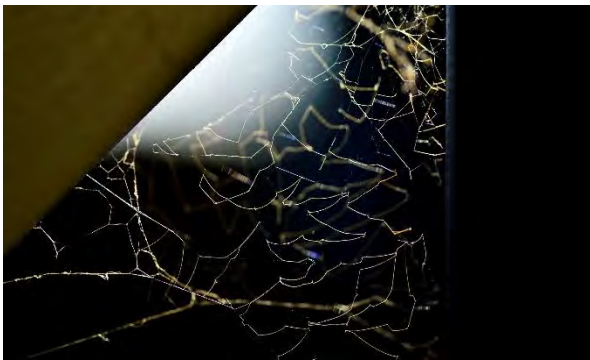


Apparently last Sunday, Andrew Manchester, a Sunday school teacher at the local church, had failed to call in that he wasn't going to make it into class last Sunday, which was very odd. After the service his assistant in the Sunday school class, a nice young lady named Sarah Harper went over to check and make sure he was okay. When he didn't answer the door, she broke a window to get inside. Once Sarah got inside, she looked around his house and the poor girl found him dead when she peeked into his bedroom. His head looked like it had been whacked with a pipe or a baseball bat. After she had read over the case in full, Amelia asked Detective Lark if she could see the scene of the crime.

Once at the crime scene Amelia started by looking around the house; there was little evidence of forced entry other than the window Sarah Harper broke to get in.

Looking in victim's bedroom closet though, Amelia found something very queer. A few smudges blood at a murder scene doesn't raise any eye brows, but some blood clear on opposite side of the room from where the murder took place and in a closet, that had been closed when the police arrived on the scene, does. As she began searching the closet floor more intensely, Amelia noticed that it seemed someone had pried up the floor of the closet using the murder weapon. She asked one the officers who was at the scene if he could find a crowbar.

Once the officer had returned with the crowbar and some of his curious fellow officers, Amelia took it from him and began to pry up the floor board which came up, to her surprise, quite easily. It was a door to a hidden basement! One of the spectator police officers took out his flashlight and went down the dark, shadowy stairs to investigate. When the officer called up that it was safe, Amelia and Detective Lark descended the old, creaking steps into the basement. The basement was mostly bare, with only a few



decrepit, cobweb-covered shelves lining the walls. Andrew Manchester's killer, apparently thinking that no one would find the place, had left the murder

weapon, a trowel, in the basement covered with his or hers finger prints.

While Amelia waited for the finger prints to come in and her car to get a new tire, she ate at **Grace's Diner**, a local eatery which served delicious homemade food. Although tasty sandwiches made on homemade bread and the delectable chocolate chip cookies soothed her anxiety somewhat, by the time she made it back to the station, their enchantment had been broken and she was quite ready to finish her quest to get to the convention. When she arrived at the police station, Detective Lark was waiting for her. They had identified the murderer.

It was the victims neighbor, a seemingly harmless, little old lady named Viola Grayson. Soon Amelia and the local police officers drove up to the killer's house and began to walk towards the woman's quaint, little cottage which was surrounded by a myriad of blossoms, each filling the air with their own unique, delightful perfume. Nothing about the place belayed the horrid deeds of the murderer living within it. As they neared the porch, the old lady apparently realizing her imminent arrest threw several pots of petunias at Amelia and the rest of the cops. Though how in the world she thought that would help her, Amelia wasn't sure. According





to Ms. Grayson, Andrew Manchester was an awful, horrible plant murderer for refusing to stop weed spraying his fence, even though it was drastically affecting her prize roses. So, she put a stop to him. Andrew Manchester would kill no more of her beautiful blossoms.

Shortly after Viola Grayson's confession, Amelia's car was ready with its new tire, so at last she could get to her destination. Also, Amelia decided to take with her Ms. Grayson's Cairn Terrier (the type of dog that played Toto in The Wizard of Oz) called Daisy (that woman was really flower crazy) since Ms. Grayson would not be able to keep



her at the prison or insane asylum she would be staying at. Finally, on the road again, it was pretty much smooth sailing for Amelia as she drove down Daffodil Lane the rest of the way to Hot Springs. Once she managed to get into the convention (only a few minutes late), she met up with some of her friends from Oklahoma City. “Hi, Amelia, where did you find this little girl?” remarked Jane West, a pretty woman with auburn hair and blue-gray eyes, as she looked down at Daisy who was gazing up at her with adoration.

“A better question is,” grinned Lance Grey, a red-headed young detective with mismatched green and brown eyes that were now glinting quite mischievously at her, “What



made Miss Amelia Winters who is always at least, 20 minutes early at any event, a whopping 15 minutes late to the National Homicide Detective Convention?”

Amelia smiling and shaking her head replied, “You have absolutely no idea.”      The End.



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## PLAIN JANE MYSTERIES

A BLOG BY SUMMER BROWN

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I recently have read some of the *Plain Jane Mysteries* by Tracie Hilton. The characters and settings often start a seemingly normal situation for the main character, Jane Adler. Jane is a housekeeper that wants to be a missionary but keeps finding dead clients, so she decides to become a detective. It is a good series for Christian mystery lovers because of the ups and downs Jane goes through can be related to the struggles of normal everyday Christians. My personal favorite in the series is the first book: *Good, Clean Murder*. I’ve read it several times; it’s so interesting. All in all, this is an exciting series that I would recommend to any mystery and murder fans.



# *The Betrayal of The Ruby Star Ranch*

By Summer Brown

Holly Rowan's morning was unfolding wonderfully with her breakfast of the delicious donuts containing raspberry filling and chocolate milk (not her normal breakfast, just a treat) left over from yesterday's ranch meeting; too bad it wasn't going to last. Holly had recently been elected by her parents at their retirement to be the new manager for the Ruby Star Ranch, a ranch renowned for their champion Arabian horses. After breakfast, she went out to check up on the stables first thing.

Entering the stables, Holly inhaled the fragrant smells of the horse barn and went over to the feed bins, where Cleopatra, a calico barn cat was lounging, to give the horses their grain for the day. Gently removing the cat from the lid of a feed bin, Holly then scooped out some grain for the pregnant mares. Pouring generous proportions of grain into the mares' troughs, she paid special attention to the mare, Fairy Dust (a well-

rounded palomino), giving her extra apples and treats because she was due to have her foal very soon. Nothing seemed out of place in the mare section, but in the part of the barn that housed the stallions, something was off. The stall of the ranch's prize stallion (a handsome, pearl-white grand champion) was open, its' gate hanging loose and the horse was nowhere to be seen. Sterling Storm had been stolen!



First Holly called the police to report the theft and after she had done that she looked around the stall for any clues. As she exited the stall after she had looked it over, she noted a beer bottle on the ground that shouldn't have been there. When she bent down and picked it up, she recognized the brand. It was a brand that the old gas station a few miles up the road carried. Maybe it was a bit of long shot that the thieves may have stopped there. At this point Holly was determined to follow any lead because the police probably wouldn't follow up on her intuition.

Once Holly had driven over to the gas station's parking lot in her old, blue pickup, she headed up to the door. As the door shut behind her, its bells ringing, she went up to the counter. She asked the old cashier, Clark, if he had any customers with a horse trailer that morning or late the night before who had bought some Bucky's Bounty beer from him.



"Yep." was his reply.

"Do you know who was driving it?" Holly inquired further.

"Indeed." When he answered this time, he used more than a one syllable word to reply.

"Could you please tell me who they were? They may have been the people who stole a horse from me this morning."

"Maybe, if you buy some things from the store. Business has been kind of slow lately you know," he offered leaning forward.

"Fine." Holly replied and then went to do her part of the deal. As she went up to pay after picking a few things out, Holly spoke, "Now who was it that came through here?"

"It was those Peterson boys who live on Beaver Dam Lane. They were the ones who came through here and bought a couple bottles of beer off



me." After Holly paid, she headed out to her truck and started it up. She called the police station and told them who she thought stole her horse and where she was heading. She started down the road. She was going to go confront the Peterson boys.

As she drove up to the Peterson's place, she noticed one of the trucks seemed vaguely familiar. But she didn't pay much attention to it as she slammed her truck's door closed and headed towards the barn behind the Petersons' house. Coming around the corner of the house, the first thing she noticed was one of the barbaric hooligans, obviously drunk, mounted on her horse, kicking the poor stallion hard in the ribs. Unable to contain her fury any longer, Holly yelled at the inebriated man, "What do you think you're doing with my horse!" Shocked by her unexpected appearance, the drunk Peterson boy (she could now tell it was the 18-year-old, Joshua) fell off the stallion and onto the hard gravel. A little taste of his own bitter medicine. Then alerted by the commotion, the rest



of the Peterson boys and another man sauntered out of the barn. The man with them was her brother, Jake Rowan.

"What in the world are you doing here, Jake?" Holly asked her steely eyed brother, as a feeling of dread crept upon her.

"Well, I was in town and decided to give my friends an opportunity to have a little ride," he answered with a sneer. "In fact, we were just about to ride this beast right to a buyer of ours, if you don't mind getting out of our way." As he said this, he and the other Peterson brothers (John, Danny, and Luke) pointed their shotguns at her.



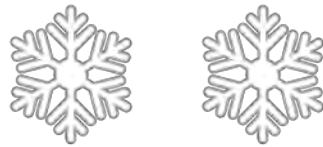
"Why are you doing this, Jake? What have I done to you to make you want to do this?" Holly asked in disbelief.

"You flatter yourself. This has nothing to do with you. Now I'm finally going to get something from that accursed ranch and not you, Mom, or Dad can stop me." He gave her a bitter smile, " I guess they didn't tell you they wrote me right out of their will. I worked just as hard as you when we were kids! Now I'm going to make them regret that decision by taking away their precious Sterling Storm!"

Luckily for Holly though, police sirens soon began to wail as the cops drove up onto the Peterson's property, startling the thieves and distracting them from Holly. Soon all the thieves and her treacherous brother were all handcuffed in the back of the patrol cars. Holly felt sad about how bitter her brother had become, but the only thing she could do was go home and call her parents to tell them what just happened.



At home as she led the stallion back to his stall, she found a beautiful surprise. Fairy Dust had given birth to a gorgeous, bay filly; a little ray of sunshine on an otherwise stormy day. But Holly still had to remember to find some locks to put on the stalls to prevent any further misadventures such as this one. No more stolen stallions!



A haiku by Summer Brown

Hidden bones shiver  
Melted snow seeps through the earth  
Water drips on cold stone.

# Senryu

The thief grabbed the mint,  
I told him not to, he laughed,  
Then choked on the mint.

By Summer Brown

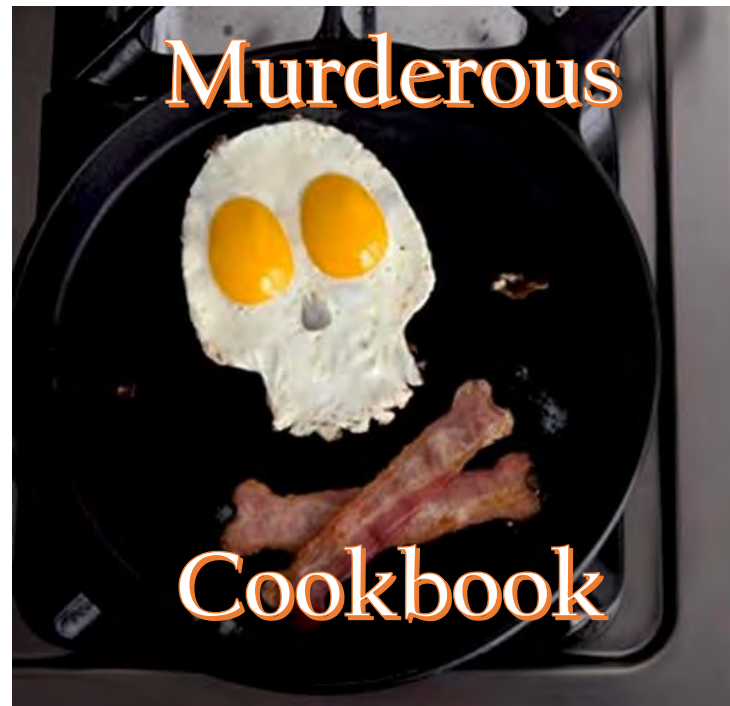


*Rain drips on the dead*

*His red blood is washed away*

*His eyes are sightless.*

Haiku by Summer Brown



## *Murderous Cookbook*

The book your friends  
don't want you to have.

Now for the low, low  
price of

**\$15.99**

From now on, your parties  
will be to die for.