

By *Sana Zammani, Yashika Konduru, Arya Maharjan & Calliope Sarabia* in 2023

First published in paperback in Great Britain by
bookmundo in 2023

*Mybestseller.co.uk also known as bookmundo based in Rotterdam, the
Netherlands*

<https://www.bookmundo.com/>

Text :Sana Zammani, Yashika Konduru, Arya Maharjan & Calliope Sarabia

ISBN: 9 7 8 9 4 0 3 6 5 6 9 1 5

Printed by mybestseller.co.uk or book mundo

Conditions of sale

*This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by any way of trade
or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the
publisher's prior written consent in any form of binding or cover other than
that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this
condition being imposed on the subsequent publisher.*

This book is produced by bookmundo (mybestseller.com)

For more information visit:<https://www.bookmundo.com/>

PART ONE:
Midnight
Souls

This book is dedicated to...My hardworking and amazing Mum and Dad and of course my beloved primary school friends...and the teachers of Gifford Primary...Thank you :->.....

Thank you's...

Yashika Konduru

Sana Zammani

Calliope Sarabia

Arya Maharjan

*Mum,Dad, brother,sister, family, friends, primary school teachers
and the reader*

*For more worlds like this talk to us on Google chats for
updates*

calliopesarabia1@gmail.com

And inspiration... hehe

Or not...

*The Authors' Office includes Calliope Sarabia, Yashika Konduru,
Arya Maharjan and Sana Zammani.*

Table of Contents

Chapter One 'The Dover Sisters'

Chapter Two 'The Wake of Monday'

Chapter Three 'The Scream Man'

Chapter Four 'The Frozen Four'

Chapter Five 'A Wander in the Woods'
Chapter Six 'The Cursed Melody'
Chapter Seven 'The Shadow Woman?'
Chapter Eight 'Find Out'
Chapter Nine 'WHAT!?'
Chapter Ten 'The Call of the Woods'
Chapter Eleven 'Do Whatever you want'
Chapter Thirteen 'Reflections'
Chapter Fourteen 'History'
Chapter Fifteen 'Notebooks'
Chapter Sixteen 'The Mansion'
Chapter Seventeen 'Dresses'
Chapter Eighteen 'Attendance'
Chapter Nineteen 'Back Again'
Chapter Twenty: 'Natasha'
*Chapter Twenty-Two: 'RUN!!!! "you can't escape" or
AAAAAHHHHH*

**Ask me about the grammar, and I will come and hunt you down and
you will not see another tomorrow:)**

OR WILL I?

Yes, yes I will.....

Greetings from our authors

Calliope Sarabia

This is a rather unusual book. The chapters twist, turn, shrink and lengthen as you read on. You as the reader will get lost in these woods. Feed your curious mind. I won't claim this isn't like every other book, that is your choice to decide. Though weird events WILL take place just remember that 10-11-year-olds wrote this FANTASTIC book. And also don't expect the maturity of a 30-year-old placed in this book because it definitely does NOT have it. I hope you have the laughs, screams, weirded-out faces and maybe a little tears whilst reading this book. I can tell you that your experience reading this book is going to be.....unique. Ok now, have fun reading the other speeches and the book!

-Calliope Sarabia

Arya

Hello fellow readers, this book is a rollercoaster of fun and magic. I can guarantee you will LOVE this book so much. I'm not going to give anything away but this book is amazingly unique and you will never find anything like it. It is one of a kind, it is so touching and it can relate to ANYONE.. You are the special chosen ones to read this book; you are very lucky! Each page is filled with rushes of excitement, curiosity and new interesting facts about every character. We took a long time writing this book just for you to explain to the world our point of view in writing and reading. Also if you are scared easily I recommend reading another less scary book about puppies or kittens. But if you aren't scared easily ... well... What are you waiting for? A world of fun and adventure awaits you! So buckle up and prepare to be dazzled! That's all from me folks!

-Arya Maharjan

Yashika

*This book is one of a kind. I won't say much as I don't won't reveal the mystery . .
BUT I will say one thing: at the end of this book you will find yourself asking
the question "WILL THIS EVER END!" . . . well . . . you shall know the
answer when the time comes. While part 2 of this phenomenal adventure awaits to
be read . . . I DARE YOU TO READ ON . . .*

- Yashika Konduru

Sana

HELLO DEAR SOULS, GET READY FOR
YOUR COMFORT ZONES, TO BE SLASHED AND TORN
YOU HAVE BEEN LURED INTO A TRAP,
WHERE THE DANGER LIES AHEAD (DUN DUN DUUUUUUUUUUNNNNNNNN)

GET READY TO BE DISSECTED FROM YOUR HEAD...

AYO THAT'S TOO FREAKY!!!! CALM DOWN AND CHILL

OH ALRIGHT!! SO IT'S GONNA BE ALL RAINBOWS AND UNICORNS AND HAPPY
FACES

AND ICE CREAM AND SUNNY SUNS AND CHOCOLATE FOUNTAINS AND GREAT
FRIENDSHIPS AND EVERYTHING NICEEEEE, HAPPY NOW?

UMMM... NOPE

OKAY FINE!!! LET ME TELL YOU THE FACTS.

THIS IS A WORLD LIKE NO OTHER

THERE ARE RIDDLES, DISCOMBOBULATING PURPLE COWS AND RED HERRINGS TO LURE YOU INTO A
FALSE SAFETY

NOTHING IS TRUE IN THIS MEDDLESOME WORLD.

BUT THERE IS A SIMPLE CURE: READ ALL THE BOOKS AND YOU WILL UNDERSTAND!!!!

(FINE I KNOW IT'S MORE OF A BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY BUT WHO CARES?)

- **Sana Zammani**

Hasana R.

(LAAA-LA-LAA-LAAA-LA-LALALA L-L-L-LA...)Oh ! Hey there readers! So as you can see there are wait...one, two uuh FIVE speeches. Three are the main aim, one is the key to threat, and one is just umm nothing. If you carry on reading this three- iiiiiiiiiiiiiii-killing tale, you will understand. It's like a first confusion then you need to understand you see? Well, there will be another of this... confusion understanding things on a **MUCH MUCH**

MUCH much **bigger** scale... yes, I don't like to spoil it but I know for sure people that are mysterious would LOVE this book! Wait till the future for...

- Hasana Rohany

***AN X-REALITY ORIGINAL BOOK SERIES:** Hello dear reader this is not a teen movie, though the signature beginning, this by far is not one, in fact, the children aren't even teens, they are all 11-12(well ,the ones in this part of chapters).Some of the following sounds like a wamppad story but don't worry, that's just to get the reader's attention! For there are various styles of writing here; by various authors. That's what makes this unlike any other book.*

Ugh finally It's starting

Fancy Prologue

A moment's silence. then-

"Umm... Blake? Are, er...- are you alive?," A girl draped in red hair blundered uncertainty. There was an edge to her voice, a hint of shock masked her smile. Although her stomach was quenching in emotions, she beamed effortlessly at this boy. *A*

twenty-one-year-old-childish-stupid-boy.

Her...ahem..*feelings* towards him were to this day, undetermined. She kept poise and manners when he was around but was open to him with all her secrets. Secrets she kept from the enchantress that raised her. It seemed like she was a best friend to him or a sister...But he died three days ago... Now she was talking to him. *Face-to-face.*

After being accused of *his* murder...Her eyes scanned over her friend's face, memorising him. His high-bridged nose, brown eyes, dusky, brown, flowing hair, a sharp diamond jawline and animated smile, all of which she almost forgot.

An exhausted relief in her smile was clear to see. She had been lonely. Well ... not exactly, her friend's mother, ugh, taunting woman, provided her with the uncomfortable company. It felt like a heavy weight in her arms to live without her BFF, but now he was here.

Not looking as overjoyed as her, strangely enough, he had a sinister and conflicted look folding over his face, he chewed on his cheek with a troubled expression... *Suddenly, I knew something was wrong. He was distracted, the easy demeanour shattered through the brink of panic.* "Ambrose, quickly, kill me!" the boy exclaimed in a panicked tone.

What? I just learned this spell for nothing?! You better be kidding! Sensing the contradicting confusion thickening between the both, the boy took a deep sigh and began to explain, in an ashamed manner, as if he were a desperate puppy in need of forgiveness. "I- uh," he paused, thoughts pulsing rapidly in his blinking lashes. He pulled a hand through his mousy brown hair, out of frustration. "well, see... I've been *accused* of something that was the fault of someone else during the second great war and they were trying to punish me...or *did* punish me? You wouldn't understand ..but I need to disappear." He took a steadying breath and continued, "Well,"

He paused just enough for Ambrose to think. To feel her anger. The anger that was initially brewing, but not for him. It was brewing for all those accusing her a **criminal**. Those who didn't believe her, let her speak or point their bulbous noses to the sky. Accused her of what Blake

did. What **he** did.No. Now she was furious,but this time she was furious at him. Something she had thought she'd never feel for him.

How could he lie to me?

*I **know** how it feels to be hunted down! If I was in his place,I wouldn't have been as so selfish to flee from my problems and let them pin the blame on my comrade*

Does he know what I've been through in his name?

I've taken his blame

I've resurrected him.

I've hurt.

“Listen,”the boy continued,a light in Ambrose's eyes lit up.Maybe there was just a shred of hope for him.. So she looked on with curiosity and full attention;

“Take care of Natasha and the triplets,” The girl’s eyes widened even more now. Enough to free her of her cage of tears,one she’s been caging in a heat of fury. Each sizzling tear skiing down her cheeks in spite of vehemence.

*Not only does he have kids that he never told me about,he has kids I don't know about that he expects me to take care of? He has kids he'd **leave** because he's too chicken to go to court? Just how much more ridiculous can this get? Oh yes,not only does he have kids and expects me to take care of them,he expects me to take care of a random-butt-lady! **Who** the hell is Natasha?*

“I know this is a lot to take in..”

Well no fiddlesticks,sherlock!

“You need to explain yourself ,now. Chop-chop!”I hurried,I'm a very busy woman who had just remembered that I needed to head back to

prison...yes..I had not won that court case very well,but you will understand soon.

“Natasha’s my wife and the triplets are my *beautiful* children...y-you’ve actually met Natasha before but she was called by the name of Thisbe,her code name,I didn’t think you were ready to know her yet so I asked her to introduce herself as Thisbe,the person that hired you as a TA in a school. You needed to earn some money because...”he trailed off.

“and you weren’t taking any handouts from me..I think you two would actually get along so well! Maybe even be close friends! We do need to discuss when I wed, well we eloped years ago ,when you were still sixteen. It was much too difficult for a public wedding so we eloped instead. I met Nat at one of my mother’s rich people meetings,mind you Natasha is really rich but she gave most of it to help the war effort and healthcare! I know,I know,you’re wondering,*what the heck,you have kids?*,well only since a couple of months ago they were born,hey wait a minute was time is it? Is it still the 1940s? Are my kids still babies? Oh yes,you still seem eighteen *and* you’re at my funeral so it still might be recent. So yeah...sad I have to give it all away...unless I could live in secret..Ambrose! Could you find a way to make me live a life in secret with my kids and Nat? Oh please do!” Blake monologued.

I.Can’t. Believe. It. Why? Why did I ever like a guy this stupid? Oh I am fuming! He wants me to use my powers? What a self-centred idiot! How could he be so stupid? The horrid circumstances he’d be willing to raise his children into. Even worse for his wife... I always thought it would be me...To fit in his life..I-I-uhwhy are you getting emotional?...No me?...No definitely not..

“How dare you.” I gritted through my shattering teeth, “I thought it was going to be me and... never thought that woman... she was giving me looks, catching your eye and laughing...left me out... did this for nothing...” she succumbed to her grief, letting it wrap around her body, letting it take control of her, the one thing she feared the most, used as a weapon...

Blake gave a furrowing brow of confusion. Even now he was as clueless as a doormat but still he was as desperate for something of his benefit.

“Please,”

The girl was engulfed in the heat of her own fire, fueled by her misery and seclusion...the next thing that happened was too wicked to be said...dared to be written..the very roguish thing she was accused of ever committing..But what you can know now is that :

Ambrose cast her arm...

With spells coursing through her veins...

One corrupt sin...

Just from the tip of her fingers...