

Mystery of the Clock

by Elizabeth B.

Dong, 12 o'clock. I had to get out and fast. I had sneaked into my great-grandfather's house. My mom had wanted to buy the abandoned old house. She sent me in a few days ago to make sure it was clean and safe. I had moved on, but something just didn't seem right. Now here I was staring at the clock. Tick, tick, tick. The minutes passed by. I wanted to move, but I was glued to the ground. Finally, I tore myself free, opening the door, slamming it shut, and running like I've never run before. I was there. Creeeeeeek. I got in my pajamas and jumped into bed. It really felt like a zepto second later I heard my mom say, "Melody time to wake up."

"Mmmm, " I mumbled.

"I made eggs and bacon."

I jumped up. My favorite! I ran downstairs still putting on my shirt. I couldn't wait to have some sweet, crispy bacon inside me. I found it waiting for me still warm. I happily ran off grabbing my sack lunch, putting it in my backpack, and flinging it on my shoulder. Putting my helmet on, I got out my bike, buckled my helmet and drove away. But instead of turning left I turned right. Where was I going? I did have a reasonable answer, my great grandfather's house. My great grandfather's house, I was there. I could tell by the crooked shutters, tilted turrets, and one hinged door. I went in. I gasped. The clock had disappeared!

"I have a surprise for you Melody." Hooray. Mom's surprises are horrible, unless they are eggs and bacon of course. "We're going to Seattle!"

That was the moment that changed me for a while.

Vroom the airplane started moving. It went faster and faster soon it was soaring over the clouds. ZZZZ I fell asleep. Suddenly my ears popped. Huh? I woke up. The plane had landed. It was 6:00 their time. Our time it was 8:00 (both p.m.) Texas was 2 hours ahead of Washington. I couldn't believe we actually went to Seattle for Valentine's Day to Easter. We walked into the Seattle airport. There were little moving floors like escalators but not going up or down. There were also tiny, tiny markets like the café.

"Melody."

"Huh, what?" I asked

"This is your aunt who we will be staying with."

"How do you do?" she asked. She had a soft yet strong voice. She drove us home quietly. We barely even dared to breathe. After we got to her house, she gave us a tour. Then when we got to the library, I saw it. The clock. Now I realized what was wrong. Whenever the clock struck midnight a little note was always sticking out of it. I quickly pulled it out. I read it in my head. "This is a haunted clock. Alex Grisby was an inventor. His nickname was Leonardo da Vinci. He invented the great bird. He lived in Greece until he moved to Texas.

Wow. Impressive, I thought. This clock was invented in his Texas home. Beware every January 1st Leonardo da Vinci's spirit comes out and makes snow fall. Every 12:00 in between January 1st and January 2nd (midnight) he goes back in and sleeps for another year.

Oh my great grandfather was Leonardo da Vinci! After that I waited for the 1st day of the year and the snow to come. And 100 % Leonardo da Vinci.