Chapter 1: The Theft
Notebook woke up. He noticed his pillow was in a different spot to when he went to bed. Notebook was always noting things. After all, he was a NOTEbook. No wonder, he was always noting things. Notebook ate breakfast, got dressed and brushed his teeth before going down stairs and opening the door where he saw Earl, crying his eyes out.

Earl, short for Early Reader, was just a child. No wonder, he was only EARLY in a life of READING. Earl looked at Notebook. He was trying to talk but instead his words turned into strangled sobs.
“What is the matter?” soothed Notebook.

After a few minutes Earl had finally calmed down enough to talk.
“Murder Mystery stole my toys!” Earl wailed between sobs. Murder Mystery was a well-known criminal. It was always a MYSTERY trying to work out who he would MURDER. Fortunately for the citizens of Booktown all of his murders had failed because policeman Whodunit was always on the case. Policeman Whodunit always knew who had done it, quite some time before they had actually done it.

After, hearing this, Notebook decided to help Earl get his toys back, but something was bothering him. The strange thing was that Murder Mystery usually did more serious crimes than this. Why he wanted Earl’s toys was a mystery. After noting down all this information, Notebook turned to face Earl.
“What toys exactly did Murder Mystery steal?” asked Notebook.
“He stole my action figures.” Earl replied. By now Earl had completely calmed down and looked ready to move on, but Notebook wasn’t. He knew something fishy was going on.
“Follow me.” said Notebook and he started to walk down the road. They didn’t know it but their adventure had just begun.

Chapter 2: Neighbours
As the two books walked down the road they met Thesaurus.
“Hello Thesaurus!” Notebook called.
“Greetings, hi, morning, ciao, howdy and salutations are all alternatives you could have used to greet me this vibrant morning!” yelled Thesaurus.
“Oh how I hate your wordiness.” muttered Notebook. On hearing this, Thesaurus launched into another word blitz.
“Revulsion, disgust, dislike, aversion, distaste and loathing are all much more attention grabbing than hate! Anyway” continued Thesaurus, “Can I come with you?”
“OK.” said Earl, “The problem is that Notebook hasn’t told me where we are going yet, so I hope you like surprises.”
“Articulated, expressed.......” Thesaurus began but Earl and Notebook were already half way down the road and didn’t hear.

Next they met Diary. She was full of herself. She spent hours talking to herself about her life. As the two books passed, she was doing just that.
“Dear Diary, today I went to the shops and....” Notebook continued to walk down the road but Earl stopped him.
“She might be of use.” said Earl
“She is probably too busy talking to herself.” replied Notebook. The two friends agreed and continued on.

“Oh!” Earl exclaimed “I just remembered something, I need to go to Nursery Rhymes’ house.” Earl ran off
leaving Notebook alone. Nursery Rhyme was Earl’s best friend. He had many fond memories of sitting together in the pine tree singing nursery rhymes. Now Earl had grown out of nursery rhymes but they were still best friends. Soon Earl returned with a disappointed look on his face.
“He wasn’t there.” sighed Earl, “So much for the play date.”

“Can we go to Roma’s house for lunch?” Earl asked. Roma was short for Romance Novel. Roma tried to marry everyone whether it was legal or not. Roma had tried to marry everyone at least once.
“No.” answered Notebook. He shuddered to think about Roma and her happy every after world. Notebook remembered he had some biscuits in his pocket and he handed some to Earl. Earl smiled, he loved biscuits. The two books ate their snack and continued until they found a fork in the road. Earl looked up expectantly.
Notebook usually noted down these sorts of things. Notebook seemed a bit confused, ‘why didn’t I note this down; I usually do’ he thought to himself. As they hesitated, down the road came Mapbook. He knew where every road led, so Notebook was very pleased to see him.
“Hello Mapbook!” called Notebook, “Which way to policeman Whodunit’s house?” As expected Mapbook instantly knew which path to take.
“Left.” bellowed Mapbook.
“So that’s where we are going!” exclaimed Earl as they took the left path.

Chapter 3: Whodunits Hunch
After a short while Notebook and Earl reached Policeman Whodunit’s house. Notebook knocked loudly.
“Who is it?” asked the familiar bellowing voice of the policeman.
“Just us.” replied Notebook.
“Notebook is that you?” exclaimed Policeman Whodunit. You see, Notebook was a good friend and the policeman enjoyed visitors. In the past Notebook had been of great assistance noting down facts related to Policeman Whodunit’s latest case. The door swung open revealing a very tall book.
“And young Earl is here too.” smiled the policeman. Earl immediately launched into telling the policeman what had happened that morning. Policeman Whodunit stopped Earl halfway through his story.
“You should not be worried about Murder Mystery, you should be worried about Frankenstein” he said knowingly. “You see I have been seeing lightning bolts coming out of his castle lately and he seems to have hired Murder Mystery to help in whatever no good he is up to.”
“Well, we better go to Frankenstein’s castle then!” exclaimed Notebook. Policeman Whodunit got his attack dog, Hercules Morse. Earl thought ‘Wow he is as big as a horse!’ They all rushed out the door towards Frankenstein’s castle.

Chapter 4: The Mad Machine
Notebook looked at Frankenstein’s castle. There were lightning bolts coming out of it just as Policeman Whodunit had said. Once they were all inside they saw it. It was a huge machine with wires coming off at almost every angle. There was a glass chamber at the very centre and inside it were Earl’s action figures.
“Ha” cackled Frankenstein, “I thought you might come, but too late! I will now bring them to life!”
Frankenstein was about to pull a lever when Hercules Morse bit him firmly on the leg. Frankenstein yelled and ran with Hercules Morse in hot pursuit.

Afterwards, Earl managed to open the glass and retrieve his toys. Policeman Whodunit rescued Frankenstein from Hercules Morse and then arrested him. Notebook, well he was furiously scribbling down notes, which slowly, over time, became this book.

The End

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