

These words will appear many times in this story. If you learn them before you start to read, it will be easier to read quickly.

article a piece of writing in a blog, newspaper,

or magazine

collection a group of valuable or attractive things that

someone keeps

dagger a weapon with a short, sharp metal edge

guard a person whose job it is to protect something

or someone

handyman a person whose job is to fix things

housekeeper a person whose job is to take care of a house

jewels valuable stones, such as emeralds and rubies

museum a building you can visit to see old or special

things on display



news editor a person who hires writers to write news articles

sarcophagus a long, narrow box used to store dead bodies,

especially a long time ago in Egypt

study a room in a house used for reading and writing;

like a library

suit of armor a suit made of hard material, such as metal, and

worn for protection

sword a weapon with a long, sharp metal edge

thief a person who takes something that is not theirs

voodoo a religion started by Africans in Haiti

warehouse a large building used for storage

weapon a tool that is used for fighting; e.g., a sword,

a gun, an ax

yacht a large, expensive pleasure boat



CANADA

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NEW ORLEANS ATLANTIC OCEAN



You are an investigative reporter.
You live in New Orleans, and

You live in New Orleans, and write news articles for different newspapers and blogs. Today, you have a meeting with Josh Samuels, the editor of the Louisiana Times. Josh is a

good news editor. He often gives you interesting stories to investigate. He has two choices for you today.

"The first story is about a gang of jewel thieves," he tells you. "They've hit many museums over the past few weeks, and stolen jewel collections worth millions of dollars. The police have no information at all."

"Sounds interesting," you say. "What else?"

"The other story is a bit strange," he tells you. "We have some reports of people disappearing from New Orleans. They disappear for two or three days, then suddenly come back with no memory of what happened. People are saying that it's a voodoo thing."

"Voodoo, sure!" you say with a laugh.

"Voodoo is no laughing matter, my friend," Josh tells you, seriously. "And neither are jewel thieves. You be careful out there!"

inspecies to bus to It is now late in the afternoon as you take the bus home from the city. As you wonder which story to write about, the bus drops you off near the long driveway to your house.

You live at Swan Song, your rich uncle's beautiful house just outside of New Orleans. You have lived with Uncle Morgan since you moved to the city years ago. Your job as a reporter doesn't pay much money, and your uncle is happy to have a family member around.

Uncle Morgan is a kind man, but very quiet and secretive. He tells you that he is a writer and a collector, but in fact, you're not sure exactly what he does. He is always meeting with foreign visitors at Swan Song, but he never tells you who they are. These visitors always stay a few days, then suddenly disappear.

At other times, Uncle Morgan is usually locked away by himself in his large study, and you are never sure what he is doing. You have only looked inside his study once or twice. It is full of your uncle's valuable collections.

A housekeeper and a handyman also live and work at Swan Song. The housekeeper, Maxine, and the handyman, Heath, also like to keep to themselves. That's probably why Uncle Morgan hired them.

In fact, on some days it's so quiet at Swan Song, it feels like you live by yourself. Unfortunately, today is not going to be one of those days.



inson the arker As you walk up to the house, you notice that parked next to Uncle Morgan's Jaguar is an Italian sports car, a Maseration You wonder if the owner of that car is another one of Uncle Morgan's mysterious visitors.

You look around for Heath, the handyman, but he's nowhere to be seen. Then, you push the front door open and enter the house.

"Maxine! Maxine, I'm home," you shout to the housekeeper. There is no answer.

THUNK! Suddenly, you hear a strange noise from your uncle's study. It sounds like something hitting the floor above your head. Quickly—but quietly—you climb up the stairs. As you approach the study, you see that the door is slightly open. Uncle Morgan always locks the door, even when he is inside.

You stop and listen. There are no more sounds, and no voices. "Uncle Morgan?" you call in a low voice, "Uncle Morgan, it's me. Is everything okay?"

No answer. You push open the door to the study and look inside.





Blood! There is blood everywhere—on the walls, on the ceiling, on the floor. In the middle of the room is a large dagger stuck in the floor. The handle of the dagger is covered with blood. There is no one in the room.

The dagger looks like it is from your uncle's collection of rare weapons. You see the empty place on the wall where it usually hangs.

Then, you hear it—car doors closing. You run to the window. However, your foot slips in some blood, and you fall. You hit your head hard on your uncle's desk. *Ouch!* you think to yourself, getting up. *That really hurt!* 

When you get to the window, you see the Maserati drive off. You can just see your Uncle Morgan's head through the back window of the car, but you can't tell if he is dead or alive.

Quickly, you run down the back stairs and out to the garage. You grab a helmet, jump on your Kawasaki motorcycle, and start the engine. Soon, you are speeding down the road after the Maserati.

Then, you hear the sound of Uncle Morgan's Jaguar racing up behind you. You look in the mirror and see two men inside the car. One of them has his arm out the window, and he is pointing a gun at you.

What do you do?

You are about to make your first choice! Make your choice before you turn the page.



If you try to lose the Jaguar, turn to page 12.

If you speed up to follow the Maserati, turn to page 14.

You hit the brakes suddenly, and turn left onto a narrow road. You hear a gunshot as the Jaguar goes speeding past, and feel a sharp pain in your right arm. You've been hit!

As you speed down the narrow road, you hear another gunshot. This one hits the brake light on your bike. The Jaguar has turned around, and is now coming down the narrow road behind you.

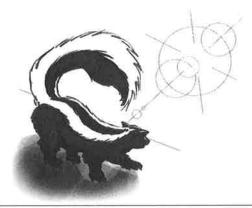
You speed up. I need to lose these guys, you think to yourself. But how?

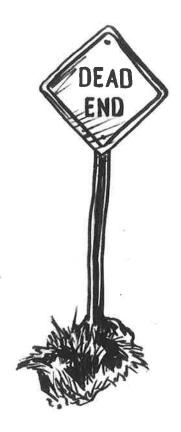
Up ahead, you see a smaller dirt road to the left. When you reach it, you stand on the brakes hard and lean into the turn, and the bike is almost on its side. You speed up again, but the car is still right behind you.

The headlight on your bike shines out over the road in front of you. The dirt road is better for your motorcycle than the car—if you can keep going, you will soon lose them.

Suddenly, in front of you, you see two small, bright eyes shining in the darkness. You turn sharply to miss the skunk in the middle of the road. The bike slides sideways and falls.

You land in the long grass on the side of the road.





insh tea Just as the car's lights reach you you pick up the bike and take off once again. Your heart is racing. The smell of skunk is in the air now, and your eyes begin to water. Your arm hurts from the gunshot. You fly past a sign, then realize moments later that it says DEAD FND.

You slow down and stop where the road ends. The Jaguar's lights approach and finally the car comes to a stop. Then, you hear the car door open. Should you wait and see what they want, or should you try to ride away quickly?



If you stay and find out what they want, turn to page 15.