

## **The Store of Mysteries**

Along the cold frosty morning.  
In her bitterly boring life, she forced herself through.  
Into the dead trees and snow to where it was darker than night.  
It glowed with no light.  
To add sugar to her bitter existence so sour it won't taste the mystery.

On to reveal her life and unfreeze her frosted heart.  
A question of succeeding or not she could not tell.  
The hail swept in.  
And so did the image of the store where she was sure to discover herself.

Her eyes lead the way to where her thoughts lay.  
Creak went the door anxious to be opened again.  
A mystery of life, pet and family lined the shelves crowding the shack.

A heater kicked on and a man of old age kindly smiled at her.  
She looked for the one puzzle of clues to sweeten herself.

Are you looking for a mystery the old man croaked?  
His voice was oddly pitched and groggy but sounded like a child's.  
Yes, she said shyly as she fidgeted with her tattered cloak.  
It could tear apart at any moment.

The man stood up from his stool behind the dust stained counter.  
His jeans covered his bonny legs held up by checkered suspenders and a shirt  
wrapped in peanut butter stains.  
He grabbed random mysteries off shelves muttering so loudly to himself the girl could  
hear him clear as day.

No pets... nah too young for this one... I'm probably too old... now let's see... I'm going  
to the back of the store he said.  
His voice cracking like he hasn't had water in days, the girl heard clanging clicking and  
clacking.

For the time being the girl examined the dusty shack.  
On one side a shelf of mysteries lined the room.  
Mysteries that toppled and fell over each other.

In the back of the shack the air smelled strongly of peanut butter and apple pie freshly  
baked from home.  
There was a big orange mildew carpet that reminded you of biting into a big lush and  
juicy orange.  
In the right corner an antique couch and music player sung.

But what really caught her eye was a large golden box that had a keyhole.  
She pulled mysteries off the shelves like shoe boxes to get to the box.  
It was as heavy as diamonds but as light as a feather.

I'm back called the man.  
The girl turned around so startled she dropped the box.  
They both watched, too frightened to even move as it fell down hitting the marble floor  
and shattering.

Her face flushed she stared at the man half expecting for him to kick her out of the  
shop.  
But to the world's surprise he shrugged his shoulders and said, eh, I got more, that one  
wasn't even real gold.  
A wave of relief washed over her as the man cleared his throat so loudly you would  
think there was a frog in there.

She looked around and up and down the store.  
He said sounded a bit wordy as his bony hands picked up a chipped mystery.

She carefully removed the flap inside that read WHY DO YOU WANT A MYSTERY?  
Huh? She said the pieces clearly not fitting correctly inside her head.

Why did you come to my store the man questioned politely?  
Then a silence stood over the shop.  
The kind where you feel like it has been hours.  
Eventually the girl stormed out of the store.  
Highly annoyed she did not find the perfect mystery.

Through the foggy day she thought about the mystery the man chooses for her.  
She had the answer.  
She felt her life was bitter and boring and wanted to spice things up.

She immediately rushed back to the shop.  
With only the light of the moon to guide her.  
She stretched the door open as the man looked up at her

Ah, he croaked do you have the answer?  
The shop looked exactly the same, but the walls and ceiling reflected the stars from the  
open windows.  
Illuminating the mildew dripping from the foundation.

Yes, she said trying to find the right words.  
Once again, the man handed her the mystery box.  
She carefully opened it and whispered I feel like my life is boring and I want to spice it  
up.  
Suddenly realizing she was wrong to look outside for the answer.

She let the mystery take course in disappearing.  
As it left the girl walked over to the man and said thank you.  
She offered him money but strangely he refused.  
He said her appreciation was more than he could ask for.

The girl left the shop.  
On her way home something caught her eye.  
A young boy strode into the shop and asked for a mystery.

As if watching a movie, she had already seen the man went into the back of the store.  
He brought out a mystery that gave the boy the reaction huh.  
The girl could faintly see what the mystery said.  
WHY DO YOU WANT A MYSTERY?