



The friends find tunnels under the basement. Will they be safe or face danger? Is there a guardian angel watching them? The friends work together and help the town in the process.

The Right Discovery

By Patricia Gable

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Patricia Gable

Book Three of the Right Series

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The Blizzard

“Wow! Did we catch a break?” Chris laughed and plunked his feet on the coffee table. “No school for two days!”

He looked around at his friends, all lounging around by the fireplace.

“And no parents,” Kellen added. “I’m glad they let us all hang out here.”

“I know we always get a lot of snow, but this storm is the worst,” Annie stood, looking out a window.

“I wonder if Mom has many customers at the diner,” Emma said, wrapping a blanket around her shoulders. “Maybe, I should have gone with her. I’m going to call. Can I use the phone, Chris?”

“Sure,” he said, although he didn’t know what Emma would do if her mom said she should come to the diner. Would she walk there in the storm? Somebody would have to go with her. Would it even be safe?

They sat quietly while Emma went to the kitchen to call the diner. “It’s the machine,” she said after listening for a couple of minutes. “I’ll leave a message.” Emma began talking quietly.

“So, what are we going to do?” Willie whined. He gave Chris a pitiful look. “Do you have any cookies?”

“Only little boys whimper about cookies,” his sister Annie complained. “You’re not a little boy anymore.”

A strong gust of wind caused the big old house to creak. Emma sat back down and pulled the blanket around herself again. Chris turned on the tv to distract them from the storm.

“Let’s watch a movie. Pick out a tape from the shelf,” he said.

“How about *The Karate Kid*? That’s a good one!” Willie jumped up and did a karate kick.

Chris went to the kitchen to make some popcorn. He stopped to look out of the window to see the snow swirling like a spring tornado. The howling wind made him shiver. Just then the phone on the wall rang and startled him.

“H...H... Hello.” There was noise on the line, but he could make out his dad’s voice.

“Hey, how’s everything at the house?”

“We’re okay. This house is creaking because of the wind. It looks wicked outside. We’re getting ready to watch a movie.”

“It’s definitely wicked outside. You guys stay put until further notice, got it? Kellen’s dad and I are working on the school furnace. Mom’s staying at the hospital for now. Some of the staff can’t make it in. Everything in town’s closing early. You kids be good and stay indoors, got it? I’ll check in later. Call the school if you need me.”

“Ok, Dad. We’ll be fine, don’t worry. Be careful yourself. We’ve all been through this, but this looks worse than normal. Later.”

The five kids spread out on the sofa and floor with pillows, blankets, and popcorn. Sodas were on the coffee table. From time to time, Willie jumped up and tried to mimic some karate moves. Chris shook his head, and exchanged a look with Annie, who rolled her eyes. That was Willie; always looking for attention.

About halfway through the movie, the phone rang again. This time it was Emma’s mom. Annie paused the movie, and Willie rushed off for a bathroom break.

Chris tried to ignore the scrape of a tree limb on the large kitchen window and the whistling sound of the wind.

Emma kept saying, “Okay. Yes, okay Mom. Don’t worry. No, we’re not going outside, yes, that would be stupid. Alright,” she said finally, “We’ll wait here for Louise to pick us up. Of course. I love you, too. Bye.”

“Your mom’s picking us up as soon as she can make it here,” Emma told Annie when she came back from the kitchen. “But she’s got to do some stuff first. I could hardly hear Mom over the noise on the line.”

Willie rushed back into the room. “Do we have to go home now? I hope we get to stay here all night! That’d be so fun.” Chris quietly agreed, but he restarted the movie. The Karate Kid movie helped them forget about the storm for a while.

“That was a good movie! Now what should we do?” Emma asked.



Hide and Seek

Before anyone could come up with an answer, the phone rang again. This time it was Louise. Chris listened as she quickly gave him a message. Annie, standing beside Chris, waiting for the phone to be handed over, looked concerned when he simply put the receiver back on the hook.

“Sorry,” he said, “she was in a big hurry. She’s not going to be here too soon because the car’s stuck in a snowbank. She’ll call back and she said...”

“Let me guess,” Annie said, “don’t go outside?”

“Yep,” Chris laughed. “But she’s safe and she said don’t worry. She’s going with a cop to check on a bunch of older people who might need food or medicine. There’s a lot of clicking on the line. Probably from the storm.”

Everyone was quiet for a minute. Chris looked out of the picture window, wiping away the fog his breath made. “You guys, you can’t even see where the road is. I hope the plows come by soon.” They were all quiet, watching the snow fall.

Just then Willie spoke up. “I got an idea,” he said. “Let’s play Hide ‘n Seek!”

The older kids laughed and looked at each other. “I guess it could be fun,” Emma shrugged.

“Your house is sure big enough Chris. There’s lots of places to hide,” Kellen nodded.

Annie rubbed her hands together in excitement. “This’ll be fun. I’m a great hider.”

“I’ll be the first seeker, ok?” Chris asked.

“Cover your eyes, no cheating! Don’t peek.” Willie laughed, pointing at Chris.

Chris buried his face into the pillow on the sofa and counted aloud to sixty. He heard footsteps as everyone hurried off to hide.

When he was finished, he yelled, “READY OR NOT! HERE I COME!”

It took about twenty minutes to find all four of them. Kellen was crouched down behind the desk, holding his breath, in the small study on the first floor. Easy find. Chris knew someone went to the second floor because he heard the squeak of the stairs. He hit the jackpot when he found Annie giggling in his bedroom closet and Emma wiggling in a blanket under his parents’ bed. Then he caught Willie peeking out of the door to the attic on the third floor.

“That was rad! You’re a good detective!” Kellen smacked Chris on the back.

“You were easy,” Chris punched him in the arm.

“This is fun! Let’s do it again!” Willie said.

Kellen was the next one to search. This time it was harder to find everyone.

He doesn't know the house as well as I do, Chris thought.

While he waited, Chris listened to the sounds of Kellen roaming the house. He heard Annie and Emma both shriek at the same time, so he figured they'd been hiding together.

From the sounds of Kellen clomping around, up and down the stairs, Chris could tell he wasn't having any luck finding Willie.

"Only a dipstick would hide on the first floor," Kellen called out as Chris heard him coming back down the stairs. He chuckled softly to himself.

Just then the closet door opened wide. Kellen didn't say anything for a minute, then Chris slid all the coats aside quickly and popped out at Kellen with a loud, "BOO!"

"Who's the dipstick now?" Chris shouted, fell on the couch and laughed at the startled look on his friend's face. "Am I the last one you found?"

"No. I still haven't found Willie, dirtbag," Kellen said, but he was laughing.

"Well, he'll be thrilled to win," Chris smiled. "We'll split up and search, it'll be faster."

"I'll go to the third floor," Kellen volunteered. "But remember the rules of Hide 'n Seek, by the way. If I beat him back to the base, I win. The couch is the base. And when I get there first, *I'm* going to brag. A *lot*."

“Well according to the rules,” Emma added, still laughing, “If the game is over you’re supposed to be yelling, ‘*Ollie Ollie outcome freeeee!*’”

She almost yodeled it, which broke everybody up. Chris laughed so hard he had to lean against the wall to catch his breath. Annie sat on a step, doubled over with laughter.

Just as everyone managed to stop laughing, Kellen pulled his chin back and made a face at Emma that had everyone laughing again. “I am not doin’ that,” he said.

“Stop it!” Chris gasped, weak from laughter, “I... can’t... breathe.”

Emma tapped Annie on the head. “C’mon, let’s go search the second floor.”

Kellen followed the girls up the stairs. Chris, still chuckling a little, called up the stairs after them. “Okay. I’ll search down here and in the basement.”

As Chris looked everywhere on the first floor, in the living room, the study, the kitchen, he could hear his friends moving from room to room above him. Annie and Emma called out loudly for Willie.

“Willie, come out now. You’re the best hider. Come on now, game’s over.” As time passed though, Chris shouted, “Willie! Come out now! It’s not funny!”

By the time he was heading to the basement the girls' patience was gone. "We're going to stop looking, Willie. We're just going to turn off all the lights and wait for you downstairs!"

Chris had no luck searching the basement. Willie wasn't behind the washer or dryer, not behind the furnace, not under the ping pong table. After one more look all around Chris headed back up the stairs. His three friends were waiting at the top of the stairs. "Not here?" Kellen asked. Chris shook his head.

Back in the kitchen, Chris shouted, "Willie! Where are you?" And although it seemed ridiculous and probably impossible, he even looked in the oven. Nobody laughed this time. By now everyone was either frustrated with Willie or beginning to worry. Chris could tell Annie was fighting back tears.

"He couldn't have gone outside, could he?" Emma wondered. Kellen looked in the mud room and said, "No, his coat and boots are still here. And he's not that stupid."

"He's not stupid!" Annie objected, turning on Kellen.

Kellen held up both hands with a startled look. "I just said he wasn't," he said. Emma patted Annie on the back.

And Chris said, "He's got to be here. Maybe he hid somewhere comfortable and fell asleep. It's okay, Annie. We'll find him. Let's start over."

As the four separated, Chris called out, "If you find the little creep, I'll be the first one to smack him!"

In no time they'd searched the rest of the house again, but still there was no sign of Willie anywhere. The three sat together on the basement stairs looking down at Chris as he paced back and forth.

"Why did we get such a big house?" Chris moaned. "There has to be someplace we haven't looked."

"There's no place down there for him to hide." Emma sighed.

Kellen nodded. "You're right, Emma. I don't think he would go behind the furnace or washing machine. And if he hid under the ping-pong table, Chris could see him right away."

It had been over an hour. No sign of Willie.

Annie whimpered softly, "I think maybe we ought to call somebody. Maybe Louise? Or your dad, Chris. I think we need help." Chris nodded, now looking as worried as Annie.

Before Chris could respond, a rumbling, roaring, crashing sound shook the house, and all the lights went out. Total darkness. Total silence.

The only sound was the collective gasp from the group when the lights went out.

Even though it was approaching sunset, the dim sunlight and bright white snow enabled them to see things through the large kitchen window. A huge, weathered tree had fallen on the electrical wires due to the ice, snow and increasing wind.

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In all the confusion, the four friends didn't hear the frail voice calling out, "Help. I'm in here. I'm stuck. Help me!"



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