

The Mystery of Mr. Moreheab

Mr. Moreheab motioned for Nancy to come with him. The man briskly walked to a door which appeared to be a closet. But no, behind the door lay a large room with white walls and tan carpet. This room was a special room. Light poured from the room and small sparkles of the best magic floated past them into the so-called storeroom. The magic flew in circles around Mr. Moreheab, Patriot and Nancy.

Patriot curiously pawed at the sparkles and barked. “Ruff!” he said, “RRRRRRUFF!”

“It’s magic, Patriot,” Nancy said.

“I know,” the dog replied, “But I’ve never seen *this kind* of magic before!”

“It’s the best magic there ever is,” Mr. Moreheab said, “Besides his Majesty’s, of course. This is the best kind you can get from Rocky. And the rest of his magic, the best of the best, he must use them for other things.”

“Well,” Nancy said, not sure what to say, “What are we going to do?”

“Well, I suppose I could tell you about me in the beginning of time,” Mr. Moreheab said, “It’s this magic. It appeared here one day, I found it when I came here to get my breakfast, for this was my kitchen, once. I stepped into the magic and found it was me, back in my boyhood! At the beginning of time, where Rocky created all of us...I am one of his messengers and I started my work that day. You see, Rocky’s messengers will never die. So, I have lived on past the time when I grew up in Rocky’s care, past the time when things were old fashioned and more than half of Cunburra was empty...I was the one chosen to live along with the rest of you...Rocky would come visit me from time to time. I was supposed to help people out with their problems, but, you see, if I was to live in with the other people, I had to have a job. I started a bookstore and then a library. One day, someone robbed my bookstore, so I decided to live here. Then I discovered the magic and thought it might be good to lock that room up. But people began to think me strange and they didn’t come to my library anymore. I locked it up and closed it down.”

“So, you went to the beginning of time?” Patriot asked.

Mr. Moreheab nodded.

Patriot barked. He raced through Nancy’s legs and right into the magic. And then, he disappeared.

“Oh no!” Mr. Moreheab exclaimed.

“What’s wrong?” Nancy asked.

“It’s Patriot,” Mr. Moreheab whispered, “He’ll meet Devilen.”

“Devilen?” Nancy asked, “Who is that?”

“Devilen,” came the reply, “Is an evil monster that has discovered this magic.”