

The Missing Backpack

One cold October morning, Claire stepped outside in the cold fall air. It was cold enough to put on a sweater but not cold enough to put on a coat. Claire was taking her dog, Muffin, to the park. Alongside her was her trusty backpack. Claire never went anywhere without her backpack. It was her best friend.

Claire was thinking a lot on what this past week of school had been like. Claire really felt like taking her mom's advice and going to homeschool instead. Claire was being bullied and called names, such as nerd, and dork. This hurt her alot. And it didn't help that her old best friend ditched her to hang out with the cool girls. It was no surprise for Claire. She was used to it by now.

Claire always walked past the library on the way to the park. She never dared go inside because if one kid in her grade saw her they would probably tell the whole grade and that was not good. Claire thought she was a nerd and to stop that she thought that if she didn't do anything like what the nerds do then they would stop the name calling.

She walked to the park today, ready to get laughed at. When she got to the park she sat down by the tree and took out her phone. Half the time at the park she spent listening to music. This always cheered her up.

Muffin for some reason wanted to get away from Claire and go towards this smell that filled his nostrils. And as he tugged and tugged at the leash, he finally broke through. He raced after the smell as fast as he could.

Claire, running behind him, had rushed in such a hurry to catch this little weiner dog, she forgot her backpack. Muffin could run fast, let's say like a bike fast. He just kept running. When Claire finally caught up to him, she was so embarrassed that she just left.

That night when she got home she took out her phone and noticed she got a text from a random person. It said:

MEET ME AT THE LIBRARY AT 6

That was all. It was so weird. Clarie, who didn't like to learn and did basically everything the internet says to do, went to the library in hopes to get her backpack. As she got there, someone pushed her inside and left a note on a table. It read:

Your Backpack is a game that you have to play.

Solve this riddle and you will get another clue.

Roses are red

Violets are blue

I am the thing inside the shoe.

This Claire thought was inside her shoe. But when she checked, there was nothing there. Claire thought and thought but she could not think of anything that could solve the riddle. Until she remembered that some people in her grade called candy shoes and there was a vending machine right next to her. She grabs the least

expensive candy and on the back of that candy she finds a note saying look up. Above her was her backpack and it was in the area, hanging off the railing of the stairs on a rope. Then the tv flashed to a boy that she thought she'd seen before but couldn't place him.

He said, "Hello Claire, I am Phillpo, a fellow student at Wooddale Middle School. I have noticed that you have not come to the library in a while. Take a look around and enjoy yourself once it is morning you may come out and meet your family.

Claire looked around the room she was in. Some of the shelves were filled with books, others were just boring blank shelves. There were chairs and even some bean bags in the room. There was a tall wooden bench with puppets underneath. Claire found a blanket and a book and went to sleep. When Claire woke up she was in her bed and she had a book in her hand.

"What is this!" Claire shouted. Stunned and ready to throw it away.

Then when she remembered last night, she remembered the book she held tight. She recalled what she did and saw. And when her family asked what she had done last night all Claire could say was, "I had a wonderful night at the library."