

# **HEART HUNTER**

**By**

**Rawan Hassan**

**Sweet Potatoes Inc.**

**Vancouver, British Columbia,**

**Canada**

**In dedication**

**To**

**imagination**

**that**

**helps all of us**

**solve**

**mysteries**

## **Also by Rawan Hassan**

Poetry book, 2008

Yarra's Wonderland, 2007

Wild cats, 2006

# Acknowledgments

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# Chapter 1 – A lecture by Chocolate

As the sun shone in our eyes a familiar vehicle drove up and parked at the end of the street. The police officers lifted their sleeves out of the car. They walked from house to house and spoke with everyone in the neighborhood and suddenly came up to me. In their eyes I could see they thought I had done something bad.

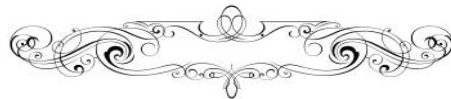
“Ok, kid have you seen anything strange lately?” I answered confidently and somewhat sarcastically: “You mean the time that my dad was singing in the shower?” One police officer stared at me with huge, bushy eyebrows and spoke in a clear, powerful tone: “Look kid this is no joking matter!” Then the police officers left with looks on their faces like I was useless.



You are probably wondering what the heck we are talking about. Well lately children are getting kidnapped but the next day they would be found and were dead. One time a boy was found tied up in a tree. He was torn in two pieces. And there was a huge hole where his heart lay but it was missing. Another time a girl was found at the bottom of a river. She had bruises all over her neck which probably meant that she was strangled. Also her arms and legs were chopped off. And the same thing as the boy, the girl’s heart was missing.



“We need to do something about these murders. These murders have gone too far.” I said with anger and a serious look on my face.” We need to investigate these crimes!” [Oh, by the way let me introduce myself. I am Lucy and my friend’s name is Sarah but we call her Chocolate.] Anyway, Chocolate just looked at me in her weird but funny way. “Are you crazy or what?” Yelled Chocolate. “Look Lucy we, I mean you, can’t be a detective. We are dealing with murder; a person who is kidnapping children around our own age, then killing them. Bla, bla, bla. As chocolate continued to talk I heard nothing. I simply ignored her. She was standing there beside me, continuing to blab away, noticing that I was not interested. Chocolate’s eyes were closed but her mouth was wide and flapping. I still heard nothing. Finally after a few minutes she finished. After she finished my ears could open again.

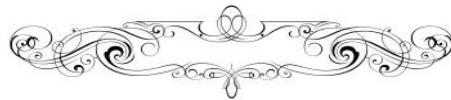


Chocolate had just finished one of her long lectures. When these times come I wish I could tell her, right to her, right to her face, shut your mouth! For some reason everyone likes to annoy me. My teacher said it is because I react to them. One time a kid would not stop poking me on the shoulder, so I gave the kid a piece of my mind. Well, let’s just say I punched him in the stomach. Yea, well, that was when I was seven and didn’t know any better. Just the same though, Chocolate knows better than to bug me. At school the bell rang and I galloped for the door. School just had ended. I felt free, I tell you, Free! While Chocolate and I walked home we chatted. As we walked I noticed that my neighbor was staring at us, his widened eyes glared with an evil like smile. He whispered “Hello, girls!” “Hello, Mr. Fannypack.” I said in a quivering voice. Mr. Fannypack was one of those neighbors that were very strange. First of all he liked to stare

at people especially children. Scary! Second, his wife died five years ago. Third, his son died three years later. Weird! Some neighbors are so strange these days.



You were probably wondering why his name was Mr. Fannypack. Don't ask! I said my good-byes to my good friend Chocolate. Mr. Fannypack was still staring at us awkward! I was about to open the door to my house when I realize Mr. Fannypack was still staring at me. This gave me shivers all over my body. I imagined he was going to jump over the fences pull out a knife, and try to kill me. But no, instead he just said: Good-bye, Lucy." [Hee, hee] I wondered how the heck he knew my name. I thought he probably heard it from my mom. She talked to anyone and liked to talk about me most of the time. Mothers these days....



At home, it was dinner time and my father prepared dinner which was spaghetti and meat balls, while I ate my exciting dinner I asked my mother: "Mom, have you ever mentioned me to Mr. Fannypack?" I looked at my mother seriously. "No dear, Mr. Fannypack is the type that does not talk and he scares me. I never heard him say a word!" My mother answered in a serious way. I thought to myself, this is strange. I heard him talk to me on the way back home. I kept thinking, why would he talk to me and never talk to anyone else? I was trying to think of a reason why while eating my spaghetti. It seemed like Mr. Fannypack is a person that likes to make him self strange. But why, is the question.

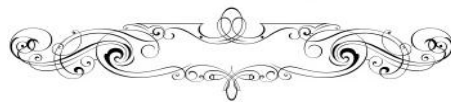
## Chapter 2 – The unbrowed substitute

It was a blistery rainy day when I arrived at school. Chocolate came screaming behind me “Lucy, Lucy wait up, I have some news!” I stopped in a halt. Chocolate caught up to me. “Another kid has been murdered.” She said, with puffs of air coming out. She grabbed a newspaper from out of her bag. She turned the pages carefully. She turned to page 25 and read out loud. The headline read: Another child brutally murdered! No suspects! Police officers have found another child murdered. Citizens are now complaining that police officers are not taking action. One angry citizen interviewed by reporters yelled, “I say that the police officers have to stop eating donuts and put down the coffee and take action. Too many children have been murdered.” Police officers say that they are trying their best. “We have found many red herrings. We also have a list of 258 people as suspects. None guilty. This murder has left us with no clues!” Police officer Sally Michel tells this to all reporters.



“You see what is exactly why we should do some thing!” I said in excitement, hoping that chocolate might for once agree with her. But Nope! “Lucy don’t be silly, you know me I will not join you! I told you once and I will tell you again, “Its ok Chocolate, you don’t need to tell me again, I got the message.” Lucy said just in time, before Chocolate was going to give another boring, adult like, lecture. OOAAHH! But Chocolate just think about it. The police are doing nothing about it and several children

has been murdered by this mystery person!” Lucy tried to sound convincing. But Chocolate only said No, over and over again. Sometime later Chocolate and I arrived at our classroom. The classroom looked the same. It was old; there were cracks in the wall covered with posters that talked about electricity. There was the same spider in the same web in the same corner. But some thing was strange, Miss Cocktail, our teacher was not here. This woman looked at me with stern eyes. The woman had a unibrow. Her hair had not been brushed; it was like a tornado had gone through her hair. She had a big grin, as big as a bus. Her unibrow bent slowly. Then she had the biggest evil smile I have ever seen. “Alright Children, It Is Time For Learning!” She yelled, for no reason at all. “MY NAME IS MS PUMKINCHOP! “Umm, Ms. Pumkinchop, umm, can you please, umm, lower, umm, your, umm, voice?” a child said to Ms. Pumkinchop. “WHAT DID YOU SAY TO ME.? GO TO THE OFFICE NOW!” screamed Ms. Pumkinchop. “NOW CHILDREN, YOU HAVE TO READ FROM PAGE 25 TO 151, FROM YOUR SCIENCE BOOK.” Ms. Pumkinchop was now very, very angry! Her anger was puzzling until we realized that Ms. Pumkinchop was definitely a suspect!



After a torturing day with the evil sub I took deep breathe. She sent more than half of the class to the office, after almost none of the kids came back. But some how I survived the whole class. Fuuuw!



Chocolate and I were walking together. Chocolate's parents are rarely at home before Chocolate, because they are usually at work. Chocolate wants company when her parents are not home. So today I am going over to her house.



When we arrived at her house, we sat down in the orange coloured couches. There was dust every where. I wondered: Do Chocolate's parents ever come home? "Ok Chocolate let me tell you the reason why I want to solve this case and why I want you to join me." I said in a clear voice. "Lucy, how many times...." But before she could say another word. I said "Chocolate look at me!" She looked at me strangely. I went down on my knees and looked down with sad eyes. Fake tears came down my face. I looked up at her. "Please, Chocolate, please, I can't do this on my own!" I screamed. I was laying on my stomach, kicking my feet like a little child. She just sat there, staring at me. I continued acting like little child. "Ok, ok already, just stop its fine. I'll join you just stop it!" Chocolate yelled with frustration!



"Great, we can start tomorrow morning, ok!" I felt excitement all over my body. "But, Lucy, tomorrow is a school day. "Chocolate said in a confused way. "Don't be silly tomorrow is Saturday!" "Oh, right, sorry!" "You don't need to say sorry. Now on to the plan. We will need some tools, to help us on our detective work." I confidently said. "Well, my mom has a magnifying glass and my father has some notes pads and pencils upstairs." Chocolate suggested: "Great! I have some test tubes from science class and

twisters.” “How is that going to help us with our detective work?” questioned Chocolate. “For clues duuuaa, for clues!” I said in a flamboyant way. “Oh, right!”

## **Chapter 3 – Is it a clue or a red herring**

It was Saturday morning. The sun was out. I quickly got ready and left a note for my parents. I ran to Chocolate’s house as fast as I could. Chocolate was right in front of her house. “Ok, let’s go!” I said cheerfully. Chocolate and I planned to visit all the locations where children were found dead. The first place we went to had about 10 trees around it and looked like mini forest. We looked around about 12.28 minutes. “Lucy, LOOK WHAT I FOUND!” Chocolate screamed for joy. I came over and looked down with a surprise. It was ..... Hair! I survived the weight of my back pack and then threw it to the ground and unzipped it. I used the twisters to pick up the hair. I let the hair land on the bottom of the test tube. “Let’s go look for some more clues, from the other murder sites.” I shouted with excitement. The second place we went to behind a building. It was somewhat creepy. Then, “Hey look Chocolate!” I yelled. It was another clue. It was ..... Hair. “Ok then we found more hair?” Chocolate looked puzzled “Look, Chocolate, this murderer must have some disease that causes her/him to loss her/his hair. “What makes you so sure Lucy?” questioned Chocolate with a puzzled look on her face. “I’m just going to take a sample of this hair.” “Are you listening Lucy?” shouted Chocolate. I continued to ignore Chocolate. I went into my bag. I grabbed another test tube. With my twisters, I picked up some of the hair and let it settle at the bottom of the test tube. “Ok,

Lucy we found hair at both of the first two places, this could just be a coincidence. May be at the first place, some kid was cutting his hair for fun, at the second place we might have found hair because, someone was cutting some else's hair there." Chocolate said this just to look smart. "Ok then, who do you think would cut some one else hair out here?" I questioned. "UMM, Lucy we are behind a barber shop!" "Right, I know that." I said with embarrassment. "Ok, why don't we check spot three. "I demanded. It took them two buses to get to the third murder scene. We found the same thing...hair. I took some more samples of the hair. The same thing happened at the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh murder scenes. "Ok, maybe this murderer might have problems with hair loss."



Chocolate said. It was 5:30 pm and it was time to split and go home, before our parents got worried. I took all the test tubes with me. When I arrived home, I ran upstairs to my room. I grabbed my microscope. I tested all the hair samples. All strands of hair were the same colour: light brown. It was probably the same person going around killing kids. Strange! Very strange. But is this a clue or a red herring?



It was Monday morning. The weekend went by so fast. All Chocolate and I could find is .... You guessed it: hair. But something was strange. Whenever I arrived at school, Chocolate was always behind me. This time there was some one behind me but not

Chocolate. It was Chocolate's mother. "Lucy, Lucy have you seen Sarah?" "Who's Sarah?" I questioned. "I mean Chocolate!" Chocolate's mom shouted. "No I have not seen her at all!" "She went missing last night!" Chocolate's mom yelled. "She might be at the school right now!" "I'm going to call the police; you go look around for her!"

Chocolate's mom shrieked with fear. I started running around the school. I began in the back play ground and around to the front play ground. Then I went inside the school. Chocolate was no where to be found. I was crazy with worry as I leaped into the principle's office. Chocolate mom was already there with the police. The police asked me many questions like when was the last time you saw Chocolate? Where did you go with her? What did you do with her? So on and so forth. It was the end of the day. Many people were gossiping about Chocolate. I arrived home wondering what happened to my best friend Chocolate. My mom arrived home "Lucy, can you help me at the hospital!" my mom asked. My mom worked there. "Sure mom" I quickly thought since they have a special computer at the hospital that I could put the hair in, and find out on the screen whose hair it was. With speed I gathered all the hair samples and brought them with me. I told my mom what happened to Chocolate. We finally arrived at the hospital. I got out of the car. "So what do you need help with mom?" I asked. "Well, honey I was going to re-organize my office." "O.K., mom before we start, I need a drink and to go to the washroom." I left and sneaked into the computer room. I ran to a computer and scanned all the hair samples. All belonged to the same person. It turn out this person has a thyroid conditions that causes loss of hair when you are stressed. I kept staring at the screen. I could not believe my eyes. I had solved the case.

## Chapter 4 – Investigating the evidence

After I finished helping my mother at the office we went home. I could not believe it. How could it be that that person was the murderer? I finished my homework and ate my dinner. Right after I finished my dinner, I ran upstairs, to my room. It was time to do some real investigating. I decided to go to the murder's house, Mr. Fannypack's house. I put my cell phone and a small knife in my pocket. I snuck out the back of the house. The door was unlocked. So I went in. It was extremely dark but there was just enough light to see. There were spiders everywhere, with their hairy little legs, and darting eyes. Also there was blood everywhere I stepped. There were several rooms; each one had something strange in it. There was one room that stood out the most. It was the photo room. There were photos of many children. Some photo had red paint on them marked with an X. But some photos did not. Wait, all the children that were killed had a red X. I glanced through the list of photos and with horror realized Chocolate was the last person with a red X on here photo. The photos seemed to be displayed in the same order as the order that the bodies were found. Next to Chocolate's photo was .....my photo.



Would Mr. Fannypack go after me next? I jumped and ran out of the room. I decided to enter another. The room had only a bed, cupboard and one window. This must be Mr. Fannypack's bedroom. I searched and looked around for clues. I spied under the bed. Then I pushed the cupboard open. Behind the cupboard there was a gutter. I grabbed two bars of the gutter. I pulled as hard as I could, but nothing happened. I tried once more. The lid of the gutter flew right off. Inside the gutter was Chocolate. I pulled her out. She was badly wounded, bloody and in lots of pain. I looked at her. Chocolate was dead. Tears fell from my face. I thought of myself should I move on or die here with Chocolate? I could not continue without her. I looked at her face again. It was like she was sending me a message. The message said. Finish the case. Solve the mystery, capture the murderer. Go on without me. I knew that if I finished the case and Chocolate was still around she would be proud of me. "Hello Lucy!" I turned around. It was Mr. Fannypack. "What a pleasant surprise!" Mr. Fannypack pulled a piece of cloth from his pocket and pulled out a small bottle from the other pocket. The bottle labeled Chloroform. Oh, No!



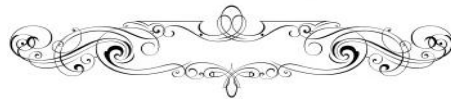
I woke up finding myself tied up to a chair with duck tap over my mouth. Mr. Fannypack was sharpening a knife. "So, you are probably wondering why I am killing children. Well, when my son was alive, every day my son would tell me that he hates me, after my wife died from cancer. My son had a black heart, he never cared for me. So I murdered him and took out his heart. When ever I murder a kid I take out their heart and keep it. This is because kids do not have loving hearts!" Mr. Fannypack burst out. I looked around and noticed that there were jars filled with hearts. Each one was labeled with a child's name. One said Sarah on it, but there was no heart. Next to it was my

name. Gallp! While Mr. Fannypack was getting ready to kill me, I pulled out my pocket knife. I start ripping apart the rope. “mmmmm” I whimpered, I accidentally cut myself with the knife. A sacrifice I will have to make, if I want to survive. I cut all the rope, then I moved causing the ropes to burst off me. Mr. Fannypack did not notice. I grabbed a chair and threw it at him “what the...!” Mr. Fannypack yelled. I jumped on him. Started kicking and punching him.

## **Chapter 5 – Hidden and frightened**

Mr. Fannypack bled a bit. As he lay on the ground, I jumped off him and ran for my life; sweat was dripping from my face. I ran to the closest room I could find. That ended up being the washroom. “Yeeoo!” Who didn’t flush the toilet? I thought to my self. Yuck! I grabbed my cell phone from my pocket. I dialed 911. “Hello, hi my name is Lucy, right now I am at Mr. Fannypack house and he wants to kill me, his address is 7331 30<sup>th</sup> Avenue East! Please hurry!” I whispered. I turned off the cell phone and put it back in my pocket. I noticed there was a lock on the door. I stumbled quickly to my feet. I turned the lock slightly “Click” it locked. I was safe now, well at least for the time being I thought. Then I heard lurking and the sound of a person. It was Mr. Fannypack. “Come out, come out where ever you are, Lucy!” Mr. Fannypack sneered in a creepy voice. I was right behind the door sitting there, scared out of my skin. My back was resting against the door. Sweat was dripping from my face. I did not know if I was going to live or die. Then an axe came flying through the air and sliced a huge slit in the door. It chopped the wood of the door making it look like a pile of tooth picks. Blood dropped to the floor. The axe cut my arm. The blood would not stop. I sat there motionless. Every

thing went silent. I looked at the axe. It sat there as if it were saying to me: I will kill you. The axe slid back. I stared at it as it fell threw the hole. Then the axe made another hole in the door but this time it was on top of my head. Luckily it did not cut my head off. “SSSSHHHHHRRRRRIIIIIKKKKK!” I screamed. A few pieces of hair fell to the ground. I crawled to the back of the washroom. I heard a loud kick at the door. The door swung open. There was Mr. Fannypack with the biggest evil smile I have ever seen. Then he collapsed. He lay there, it was like he had died, but I knew his heart was still going. I slowly looked up, it was Chocolate. “Are you alright Lucy?” Chocolate joyfully said. “I thought you were dead?” I said in a puzzled way. “I’ll tell you later, come on let’s go before he wakes up!”



“AAAAAARRRRRIIIII!” It was the police. We started to run to the door. “Wait you, little brats!” Mr. Fannypack yelled. Mr. Fannypack was awake. We ran for the front door. We ran and ran and ran. We ran as fast as we could. We finally got to the front door. We flung the door open and ran full speed ahead, right for the police. Then something snatched my arm. It was Mr. Fannypack. “You, kids brought me lots of trouble!” I took a huge swing, with my leg and kicked him in the knee. He let go of my arm and fell to the ground. The police officers surrounded Mr. Fannypack with their guns. It was over. “Chocolate, about you being alive and the gutter?” “Right, well, you see, when I was walking home I was kid napped. I was in his room, he was torturing me, trying to kill me, then it seem he had something so he left for a second, I found a gutter and crawled in it!” Chocolate explained. “Well, I am glad you are back!” I said. “Lucy, Chocolate!” our parents called out. Chocolate and I ran to our parents, they grabbed us then hugged us.



The next day there was several of news papers that had Chocolate's and my faces in the covers, even TV. "These two children were brave enough to investigate the murders in their own hands and scarified their lives to stop the killing. So for that I shall give them these medals!" The mayor announced. The mayor handed us golden medals, with a red ribbon hanging. Many kids ran up to us for an autograph. We were well known for a while. Some people ran up to us and ask if we were the ones who solved the mystery. But after a while it all died out and now and then some times Chocolate and I would have night mares about what happened. The good thing was that every thing was over now.

## About the Author

Rawan Hassan is a Canadian author living in Vancouver, B.C. with her parents and a young sister and brother. Her birthday is December 14, 1994 and she is 13 years old. Her hobbies include studying ancient history and reading everything except Romantic novels. Rawan also enjoys art and drawing. Heart Hunter is Ms. Hassan's fourth publication. Ideas for this novel came from a movie seen on a flight to Mash-had, Nazareth.

Lucy, a thirteen year old girl has to uncover the secrets of the murders that place in the city that she lives in. While she is looking for clues with her best friend, Chocolate, the murderer continues to kill young victims.

Will Lucy and her friend Chocolate be able to uncover the mystery before they become victims themselves?

\* A gripping, cliff- hanger of a novel that keeps you on the edge of your seat reading until the mystery is solved

- Wigton press Inc.

\* A witty, humorous yet compelling story. It kept me engaged all the way to the end.

-Editor of ihath.com

\* This is an excellent story. Ms. Hassan is an accomplished writer and has made good use of her imagination.

- Marwan Hassan, Professor, UBC

“as the sun shone in our eyes a familiar vehicle drove up and parked at the end of the street. The police officers lifted themselves of the car. They walked from house to house....”

“.... Scared out of my skin....my back was resting against the door. Sweat was dripping from my face. I did not know if I was going to live or die...”