

Raven is 9 years old. She likes being creative with writing stories. She loves art and music and her horses. She loves to rock climb and she is in grade 3. Her favorite audiobook is *Anne of Green Gables* and her favorite print book is *Fir for Luck*.

Dr. Bread and the Case of the Missing Donut
by Raven Roe-Palecek

Dr. Bread lived in Bread City. He was a detective (but he didn't like it).

It was Sunday. Dr. Bread was sitting at his desk when Ms. Chester Ross ran in crying.

Ms. Chester is a very emotional donut, especially when it comes to her children. And when she is sad, her fillings come loose.

"My baby is missing!" she sobbed, as jelly spilled out of her.

"When did you last see her?" asked Dr. B. grumpily.

"In the Ghould Forest!" Ms. C. cried. Another bit of jelly squirted out. "What will I do without her?"

"Whatever," snarled Dr. B. "I need peace and quiet to think."

Dr. B. was only a detective because it was the only job he could afford. He had never gone to school and was glad of it. He hated kids, and if he had gone to school, he would probably have gone to the principal's five times a day.

"Okay, is it time to look for her in the Ghould Forest?" asked Ms. Chester Ross.

"Uh-huh," said Dr. B. unexcitedly.

Just then, a sparkly, cinnamon bun whirlpool appeared in front of them and sucked them in! It felt like being attacked by a gigantic pillow and smelled delicious.

Mrs. Chester Ross screamed.

"What a waste of my time," Dr. Bread said.

Then, they landed right next to a gigantic lake right near a crumbled castle. Out in the water, they saw the arched neck of Nessie!

"Why are we at Loch Ness?" asked Dr. B. He wasn't impressed by the monster.

"Of course!" cried Ms. C. "The Bread Queen sent us here to remind me (The Bread

Queen sees everything that happens, kind of like Santa Claus). The Ghoulded Forest leads to Loch Ness, and my daughter has always wanted to find the Loch Ness monster. And there she is! Lisa, sweetie!” Ms. C. cried (hint: Ms. Chester Ross always overthinks things).

“Hi, Mom,” said Lisa. “Who’s that bread guy you’re with? Are you getting married?”

“Well, this was a waste of time,” commented Dr. B.. “Why didn’t you just ask the Bread Queen yourself?”

“I didn’t think of it,” said Ms. Chester Ross, a little coldly. “I was so worried.”

Dr. B., enraged, took the whirlpool back to his office and stayed grumpy for the rest of his life. But from that day on, Ms. C. always thought things over before she ran for a detective.

THE END