

An Adventure in Arrow Rock

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Chapter Three

An Osage Indian

Rory squealed. "Did anyone else just see that? There was writing, I swear!"

Rory, his friends and teacher were on a field trip to historic Arrow Rock, Missouri, where Rory had just discovered a mysterious pottery shard.

Charlie took the cracked piece from Rory. "Wow," he said. "This is perfectly preserved!"

"There was writing on it, about following the clues to find the vase," Rory pleaded.

"Hey," Zuri chimed in. "Dr. Tom talked about a missing vase. Maybe we could find it!"

Charlie saw more excitement in them than he'd witnessed all day.

"Well," he said slowly. "Let's decipher the clue."

"Look high, not low," Rory murmured. "To the place of the flint arrow...or something like that."

Samantha perked up. "Mr. P, you said something on the bus about Native Americans making arrow tips from the rock on the bluff?"

Charlie smiled as five pairs of eyes looked past him toward the craggy rock formation that was the town's namesake.

Charlie said cheerily, "Should we go check out the actual Arrow Rock?"

"Let's go!" the students replied, finally forgetting the heat. After a long hike, they came to the top of the bluff, with an expansive view of the Missouri River far below.

Charlie watched as all five students began searching the ground for more pottery and noticed there was not a phone in sight.

Rory was searching through the rocks and plants, imploring the others to help.



"It's impossible," Amir sighed. "We'll never find it."

"That depends on you," a deep, strange voice said.

The students and Charlie froze as a man emerged from the woods. He was dressed in the skins of an Osage warrior, but there was something peculiar about him. The warrior shimmered as if he were not quite there. It was like seeing a ghost!

Most teachers would be alarmed.

But Charlie was not most teachers. After his childhood adventures in the Capitol, he was somewhat used to the supernatural. The kids, however, were terrified.

"Hello," Charlie greeted the man with the cool confidence of experience. "I'm Charlie. And you are...?"

"Someone who can help you find what you seek," the man answered, stepping onto the bluff.

Henry stammered, "Um, well, um ...are you a ghost?"

"Arrow Rock is full of ghosts of the past," the man answered. "We will help you if you listen."

Samantha stepped forward, and the man suddenly disappeared. She gasped when something caught her eye.

"A piece of pottery," she shouted, picking it up. "There's writing on it!"

The ghosts of the past might make a lesser one faint,

But the brave must find the master of paint.



NEWSPAPER CONNECTIONS

Check your local newspaper for stories about haunted houses or places.

Write a poem in the style of Edgar Allan Poe and submit it to your school and local newspaper.