

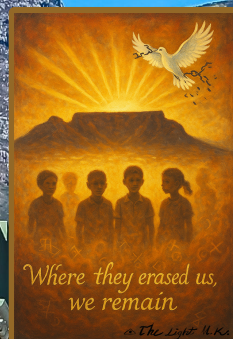
Join Ren, Rome, Jake Libby, Tiffany and their South African friend Sinze as they follow the trail of a long-forgotten artist from District Six, solve clues and bring to light the legacy of the paintings. The mystery takes them from Table Mountain to Signal Hill, from Rhodes Memorial to the Castle of Good Hope, and to the beautiful beaches and suburbs of Cape Town, South Africa.

*"Finally, they reached the room in the castle with the sealed fireplace. The hearth was covered in bricks, dusty and forgotten.*

*"Here," Rome said, kneeling beside it. He pulled out the crowbar.*

*"Help me loosen these bricks carefully."*

*Minutes stretched as they chipped away mortar and shifted stones, careful not to make a noise. With a soft thud, a hollow cavity opened up behind the hearth."*



An original series featuring the Gray children as they go adventuring and solve mysteries in many fascinating countries of the world!



Go to [caseofadventure.com](http://caseofadventure.com) for the South Africa Adventure Activity Book that goes along with this novel.

PUBLISHED BY CASE OF ADVENTURE

CIPHERS AND SUNSETS IN SOUTH AFRICA

# CIPHERS AND SUNSETS IN SOUTH AFRICA



KARYN COLLETT

Case of Adventure Travel Series

CIPHERS AND  
SUNSETS

IN SOUTH AFRICA

KARYN COLLETT

Book 8

in the

CASE OF ADVENTURE Travel Series

## CIPHERS AND SUNSETS IN SOUTH AFRICA

Book 8 in the CASE OF ADVENTURE Travel Series

Juvenile Fiction, Travel Mystery  
Recommended for ages 7-12

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ISBN:

## MAIN CHARACTERS

**Matthew and Elizabeth Gray (Dad and Mom)**

**Serenity Gray (Ren)** – age 15

**Roman Gray (Rome)** – age 13

**Jacob Gray (Jake)** – age 11

**Liberty Gray (Libby)** – age 10

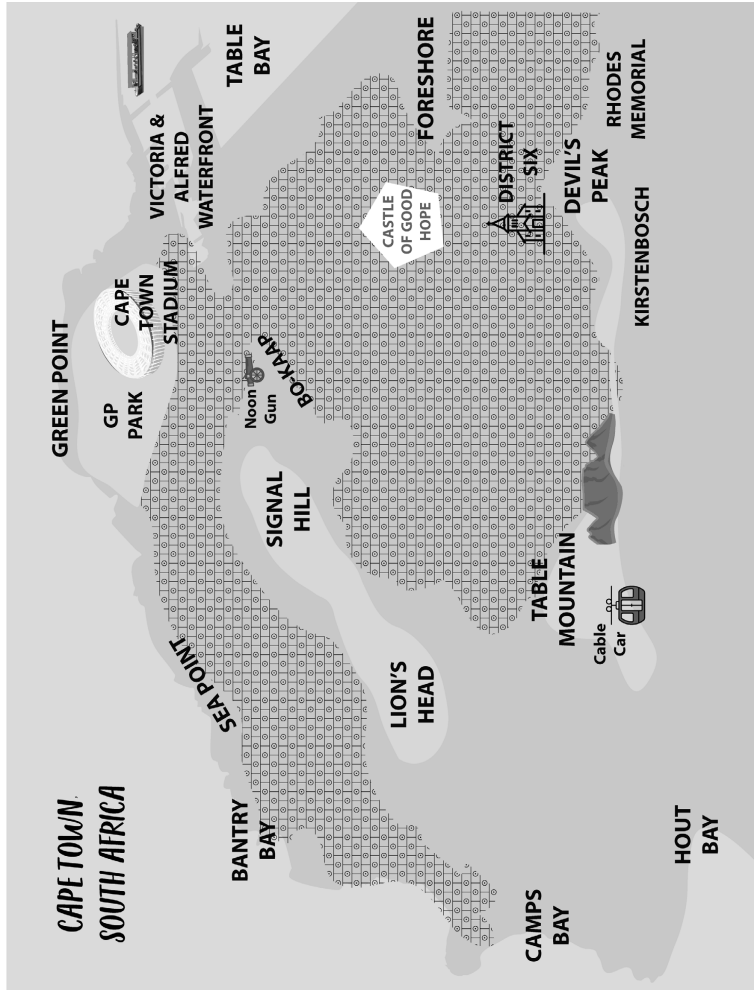
**Tiffany Gray (Tiffy)** – age 6

**Sinze – Young Local Girl who Helps in her Uncle’s Art Shop**  
– age 13

**Mr. Mabuza – District Six Museum and Tour Guide**

**Dr. Graham “Silver Man” – Suspicious ‘Art Dealer’**

**Mandla Khozi (Mr. Khozi) – An Artist from the Past**



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Introduction

## THE CASE IN GRANDDAD'S WORKSHOP

Of all the places that the children loved to be, Granddad's workshop was the most intriguing, the most mysterious and definitely the most fun!

Not one inch of space was occupied by ordinary things. Wooden shelves, drawers, tables, and other unusual wooden structures lined the walls, and a hundred different containers filled every available space.

There were crates, buckets and bottles filled with unusual things like bird's nests, bottle tops, bolts, screws, nails, corks and wires. Ropes were dangling from the ceiling, and wire connectors with crocodile teeth were draped over hooks.

## THE CASE IN GRANDDAD'S WORKSHOP



There were tiny jars of different colored desert sand and collections of everything from marbles to old trophies, dice and test tubes with rubber stoppers. Colorful Scooby-doo wire rested on wooden stands and an array of formidable tools hung precariously from the walls. On the floor stood a couple of go-carts and other contraptions on wheels that were good for racing down slopes at high speed.

On the other side of the room, on a large table, were the makings of a miniature electric train set, surrounded by its circuitry, with signals and lightbulbs that flashed on and off. The little train sat ready on one end of the track while tiny painted people, houses and trees were attractively displayed over the rest of the board.

This room was the workshop and hobby

## CIPHERS AND SUNSETS IN SOUTH AFRICA

center of the Gray children's grandfather.

There were items that he had collected on his travels and during his many exploits: the test tubes were from a stay in hospital, the glass bottles had been dug up during outings to the local dump, and the medals and trophies had been awarded to him for taking part in running and cycling races.



Granddad had plenty of science equipment and unusual chemicals stashed in his workshop. The children were always in suspense, wondering what he would get up to next. They spent hours creating things in Granddad's workshop, and sometimes when they least expected it, they would find themselves right in the middle of an adventure.

Hidden in a crowded corner of the long room was the most irresistible box of all – an

## THE CASE IN GRANDDAD'S WORKSHOP

ancient brown suitcase which was falling apart at the corners.

When you clicked open the clips, the whole case shuddered as if it would crumble into dust at any moment. When you lifted the lid you saw wonderful old trinkets and treasures that shouted mystery at you. In that suitcase the children discovered ancient maps and books, fascinating charts, tickets from all over the world in various languages, photographs, coins and notes in different currencies, old stamp collections, badges and silver spoons, along with beautiful lace gloves, ladies' purses and jewelry; and each one had its own story.

Digging out one treasure at a time, the children were transported to the faraway land it had come from and the story it told.

They named that old suitcase,  
the CASE OF ADVENTURE!



## Chapter 1

### UP TABLE MOUNTAIN

Liberty Gray stood in line at the base of Table Mountain, waiting for the cable car to arrive. She held her camera up to her face, fingers twitching with anticipation. “Okay, guys,” she addressed her brothers and sisters with a grin. “Say ‘cheeky cheese’...”

Jake groaned, while the others complied. “Not another photo, Libby. We haven’t even gotten into the cable car yet!”

“This is epic!” exclaimed Libby. “It’s not gonna be your average elevator ride.”

Rome rolled his eyes. “It’s not exactly an elevator, Libby.”

Jake grinned. “But it does take us to the top

## UP TABLE MOUNTAIN

of the mountain! Okay, Libby, snap away!” He struck a dramatic pose while Libby snapped some photos.

Ren, holding her little sister Tiffany’s hand, balanced on the toes of her tennis shoes and peered into the cavity where the cable car would arrive. “This is going to be amazing! The cable car rotates, right?”

“Yup!” said Jake. “Like a slow merry-go-round in the sky!”



The Gray family were touring the city of Cape Town, South Africa. They were standing partway up one of the world’s most iconic natural wonders - Table Mountain! The spectacular flat-topped mountain towered above them with its craggy cliffs.

## CIPHERS AND SUNSETS IN SOUTH AFRICA

Dad had driven their hired van up the long windy road to the cableway where they had bought tickets for the ride up the mountain.

The massive cable car, shaped like a giant glass bubble, glided silently toward them, its steel cables glinting in the sunlight. It docked, and the doors slid open with a soft swoosh. The current passengers disembarked, and then the family members stepped in, eyes wide with wonder.



As the cable car began its ascent, the floor began to rotate slowly, ensuring that everyone could view the breathtaking scenery without having to move an inch. The sensation was surreal; they were climbing effortlessly into the clouds, the city sprawling beneath them. They kept their eyes on the dizzying panoramic

## UP TABLE MOUNTAIN

views through the floor-to-ceiling windows.

“Wow!” said Tiffany, pressing her face to the glass, eyes sparkling. “We’re flying over the city!”

Below them, Cape Town stretched out in every direction. The neat grid of streets and houses appeared tiny and toy-like. The deep blue Atlantic Ocean sparkled with sunlight. To the north, the rugged peak of Lion’s Head stood proudly, its sharp ridges resembling the back of a sleeping lion.



Libby clicked her camera relentlessly. “Look at those clouds around the top of the mountain! It’s like we’re climbing into a giant fluffy cake,” she said, laughing.

## CIPHERS AND SUNSETS IN SOUTH AFRICA

“Cake?” said Jake, licking his lips. “I’m getting hungry.”

The cable car glided upward with smooth grace, the wind whispering through the cables, until it finally reached the summit. The doors slid open with a soft beep, revealing the magical world on top of the mountain.

The sun was warm but softened by the cool mountain breeze. The flat top of Table Mountain stretched out like a vast stone terrace, dotted with rock formations. Tiny dassies - fluffy, rabbit-like animals - scurried between shrubs and bushes, their curious eyes darting about as they paused to watch the visitors.

“Whoa,” Jake whispered, awestruck. “It’s like a whole other world up here.”

The flat expanse of Table Mountain stretched out around them, and the rocky ground beneath their feet was rough and uneven. Here and there, clusters of bright yellow and purple wildflowers pushed through narrow cracks, coloring the rugged landscape. The air was alive with the scent of fynbos, an earthy aroma unique to the region.

Rome wandered over to a group of dassies sunbathing on a flat rock. The fluffy creatures

## UP TABLE MOUNTAIN

twitched their noses and wiggled their little ears, unconcerned by the family's presence.

Ren leaned down to offer a gentle smile. "Hi there, little guys." Tiffany giggled, attempting to stroke the tiniest dassie before he darted away among the rocks.

Tiffany was fascinated by the cliff edges. She edged closer to the rim, leaning on the wall and peering over at the sheer drop that plunged hundreds of meters down to the city below.

"It's like we're standing on the edge of the world," she murmured.



Mom and Dad stayed nearby, watching the kids with contented smiles. Dad pointed out Lion's Head Peak and Signal Hill in the distance. They followed a narrow, winding

## CIPHERS AND SUNSETS IN SOUTH AFRICA

footpath that meandered around the summit, marked by rough wooden posts and stone cairns. As they continued exploring, Rome suddenly stopped in his tracks. "Hey, look here!" he called out, pointing to a narrow stone ledge that curved along the edge of the path.

Jake, always up for a thrill, grinned. "Race you across!" he challenged, already stepping onto the ledge.

"Careful, please," entreated Mom.

Libby gave a mischievous smile as she adjusted her camera strap. The ledge was barely wide enough for one foot, with a slight drop to a lower ledge a few feet down. The wind picked up, tugging at the boys' jackets, which made it harder to balance.

Jake carefully inched his way along, trying not to wobble. Tiffany held tight to Mom's hand and watched wide-eyed.

Suddenly, Rome took a bigger step, and slipped! His foot skidded on a loose pebble. For a split second, his arms flailed wildly as he tried to steady himself.

"Whoa!" he yelled.

Before anyone could panic, Jake lunged forward and grabbed Rome's jacket, steadying

him just in time. “Gotcha!” said Jake, laughing.

Rome gave a sheepish grin. “Thanks, man. Almost became mountain fodder.”

Libby, who’d been filming the whole time, burst out laughing. “That’s definitely going in the family highlight reel!”

After the little mishap, they all agreed to stick to the pathways. They followed one that curved gently around the summit toward Table Mountain Café, a modern glass-walled restaurant.

The smell of freshly cooked food welcomed them as they settled at a table. They were by the huge panoramic window with a view of the city and distant mountains.

“Best. Smell. Ever,” mumbled Jake, scanning the menu.

A friendly waitress approached with a smile. “Hungry explorers? What can I get for you?”

Ren chose a rainbow salad with grilled chicken, while Rome went for a burger, piled high with crispy onion rings, melted cheese, and bacon.

Jake opted for a giant slice of barbecue chicken pizza – the biggest he’d ever seen, while Libby picked macaroni and cheese.

Tiffany, with a mischievous grin, ordered pancakes with banana slices and whipped cream!

After their feast at the café, the family stepped back outside into the cool mountain air. The sun had shifted lower, casting a golden glow over the vast stone plateau.

Libby paused on a little rise to take a panoramic shot. Behind her, the sky blazed with colors, soft pinks and oranges melting into deepening blue.

Tiffany skipped ahead, pointing to a curious flower with delicate petals. “Look! This one’s so tiny.”

As they wandered, the family talked and joked, soaking in the peacefulness of the place, far above the noise of the city.

Libby captured one last photo of the rest of the family silhouetted against the glowing sky, before they boarded the cable car to begin their descent. “This,” she said softly, “is a place we’ll never forget.”

## UP TABLE MOUNTAIN

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Later, as the sun was setting, sending golden rays across the Sea Point Promenade, the Gray family wandered along, enjoying the sounds and smell of the ocean.

“Here we are,” Dad pointed out the entrance to the Woolworths grocery store across the road. They crossed carefully and walked through the sliding glass doors of Woolworths. A burst of cool air greeted them.

“Oh wow,” whispered Tiffany, her eyes wide as she clutched Mom’s hand. “It smells like warm bread.”

“That’s the bakery,” Jake said, nose twitching. They walked over and saw freshly baked donuts and giant pretzels as well as

## CIPHERS AND SUNSETS IN SOUTH AFRICA

loaves of sourdough bread and baguettes displayed on the counter.

“Alright, kids,” said Mom. “Let’s make this quick. We need fruit, vegetables, dinner stuff, and snacks. Okay?”

The family moved together, examining the produce section. It was vibrant, with crates of nectarines, peaches, and ripe mangoes.

“What’s this one?” Libby asked, picking up a small, wrinkled purple fruit.

“That’s a granadilla,” said Mom. “Like a passionfruit.”

Tiffany bounced on her toes. “Can we get these little apples? They’re so tiny!”

“Sure,” Dad said, grabbing a bag. They wound their way from the produce section towards the fridges. Jake, ever the carnivore, perked up as soon as he saw the trays of beef, pork, lamb, and fresh fish on display. The glinting stainless-steel counters reflected his grin.

Libby pressed her hands against the glass. “Look! They put on the label where the meat comes from. This one says Karoo lamb.”

Mom nodded approvingly. “The finest quality lamb!”

## UP TABLE MOUNTAIN

Rome wandered around, pausing when he spotted whole racks of fish laid on ice. “Whoa,” he called. “Look how much fish they have - hake, sole, salmon - everything.”

Meanwhile, Ren had pushed the trolley toward the towering aisles. “Guys, look how tall these shelves are!” she said, staring up at row after row filled with cereals and granola. The bright boxes made a colorful wall of sweetness and crunch.

Next came the snacks aisle, which had crackers in all shapes and flavors. Jake immediately pulled down a box of them.

“Ooh, chocolate!” said Tiffany, racing toward the shelves loaded with chocolates, sweets, nuts, and snack bars in many varieties.

They passed the hot food counter where the aroma of rotisserie chickens drifted out invitingly.

Dad inhaled deeply. “We’re definitely getting one of those for dinner.”

“Two actually,” smiled Mom, grabbing them.

Rome spotted a familiar favorite. “Hey - chicken schnitzel!” he said, holding up a pack triumphantly. It was flattened pieces of chicken

## CIPHERS AND SUNSETS IN SOUTH AFRICA

breast crumbed ready for baking. “Can we get some for tomorrow night’s dinner?”

Mom nodded, then chased after Tiffany as she ran toward the bakery counter.



“Mom! Look! The cupcakes have little stars on top!”

Mom admired them with their colorful icing and tiny sugar stars twinkling on top.

“Alright,” Mom said, smiling. “We can take a box.”

Last in their journey was the dessert fridge, where Libby found something that made her eyes light up.

“Peppermint caramel dessert,” she commented. “We definitely need this!”

## UP TABLE MOUNTAIN

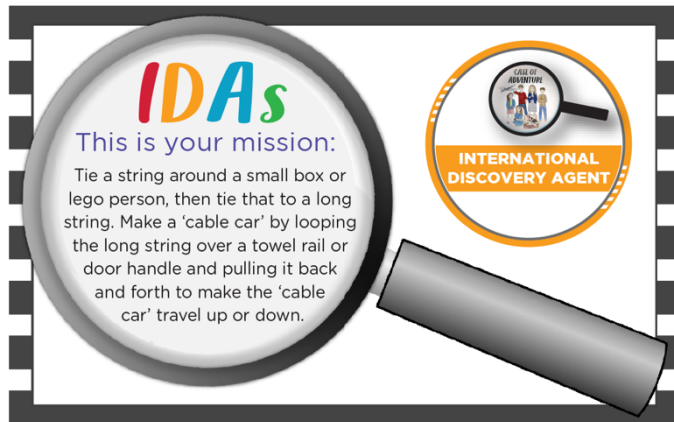
Dad placed it carefully into the trolley.  
“Wouldn’t want to break your heart.”

With a full trolley and wide smiles, the family made their way to the till. After they had paid, Dad handed them each a cupcake.

“For being patient,” he said to Tiffany.

“I wasn’t very patient,” she said, nibbling at the edge. “But I tried my best!” Dad grinned at her.

As they left, the sea breeze curled around them, salty and soft. Each person except Tiffany carried a shopping bag as they walked slowly back to their car, enjoying the sound of the waves once again.



## Chapter 2

### NOON GUN SURPRISE

The Gray family climbed onto the bright red tour bus waiting at the bottom of Signal Hill. “Seat belts on, everyone!” said Dad as the bus rumbled to life. It began winding slowly up the road, twisting past green bushes and tall trees.

Jake pressed his nose against the window. “Whoa! The ocean looks huge from here!”

Mom pointed out the window. “That’s Table Bay, and you can see the ships coming in and out of the Cape Town harbor.”

Libby’s eyes sparkled. “I can see Table Mountain where we went up in the cable car! It looks like a giant flat table from here.”

Tiffany bounced in her seat. “Are we almost

## NOON GUN SURPRISE

there?”

The bus stopped at the top with a gentle hiss, and the doors opened to a cool breeze. The tour guide, Mr. Mabuza, smiled at the family as he directed everyone towards the path.

“Alright guys, let’s explore!” said Dad.

The family stepped off onto a rocky lookout surrounded by wild bushes and waving yellow flowers. The sky stretched wide and blue above them.



Ren turned slowly, taking in the view. “You can see the Victoria & Alfred Waterfront from here too!”

Libby pointed her camera toward the

## CIPHERS AND SUNSETS IN SOUTH AFRICA

harbor. “There’s the harbor. What’s that smaller mountain?”

“That’s Lion’s Head,” Dad told her. “It looks like a sleeping lion!”

Everyone gathered around Mr. Mabuza. “Have a look at that cannon over there by the tall pole. That’s the famous Noon Gun.

“A long time ago, before people had watches or phones, sailors needed a way to know the exact time while out at sea. It was important as they had to keep track of time to know exactly where they were.”

Libby’s eyes grew wide. “How did they do it?”

“Well,” Mr. Mabuza explained, “the British soldiers in Cape Town started firing this cannon every day at exactly noon. The loud boom could be heard all over the city and out on the harbor. Ships would listen carefully and set their clocks just right according to the cannon.”

Jake grinned. “A giant alarm clock for the whole city!”

“Exactly,” said Mr. Mabuza. “And now, over two hundred years later, the Noon Gun is still fired every day, reminding us of Cape

## NOON GUN SURPRISE

Town's history.”

Just then, a man in a uniform came out and began preparing the cannon. The crowd gathered excitedly.

“Get ready,” said Mr. Mabuza.

BOOM!



The cannon fired, shaking the ground, and sending a cloud of white smoke into the sky.

“Whoa!” shouted Jake, covering his ears. Libby snapped a photo of him pulling a surprised face.

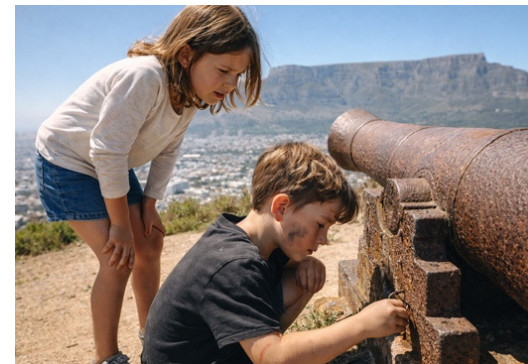
Tiffany jumped and squeezed Mom's hand. “That was really loud!”

Mom smiled, “You can tell that ships out at sea would have been able to hear it!”

## CIPHERS AND SUNSETS IN SOUTH AFRICA

After the excitement, they sat on a nearby bench to enjoy the view. They could see the city's colorful rooftops, tall office buildings, and the vast ocean stretching to the horizon.

“Watcha lookin' at?” asked Libby, peering at her brother, Rome, who was crouched next to the rusted remains of an old cannon, fiddling with something near its base. His cheeks were smudged with dust.



“Hellooo!” yelled Libby when he didn't answer.

Rome looked up. “I think I found something - I'm trying to get it out!”

Behind them, Ren rolled her eyes. “You've been in Cape Town two days and already you're digging around cannons, getting dirty?”

“It’s not just any cannon,” Rome retorted. “Mr. Mabuza said that this one’s been out of use since the 1800s. So technically, anything stuck in it could be... historical.”

Libby came closer. “Or filled with spiders.”

Ren joined Libby and Rome, brushing her braid back over one shoulder. “Mr. Mabuza said the Noon Gun’s been fired every day since 1806. They use *that*,” she pointed toward the sleek, restored cannon atop the hill, “not this old thing.”

Rome ignored her teasing, and reached into a narrow groove beneath the cannon’s undercarriage. He tugged at something wedged between two iron bolts. After a few seconds of twisting and pulling, he pulled out a tightly rolled piece of paper, with a waxy layer wrapped around it.

Ren blinked, her sarcasm forgotten. “What’s that?”

“A small scroll of paper.” Rome turned it over in his hands. “It was tucked way under here – dry as a bone.”

“Careful,” Libby said. “it could be old! Like *museum* old.”

Rome peeled the waxy layer open with

cautious fingers. Inside was a sheet of yellowed paper.

Mom, Dad, Jake, and Tiffany came over to join them. Rome held up the paper for them all to see. It was covered in neat handwriting and strange symbols arranged in rows. At the bottom, a line in bold cursive read:

*Waarheid rus in die Lig van die beroerte.*

“Dutch?” asked Rome.

“Afrikaans,” Mom corrected. “It means something about truth and light.” Mom had grown up in South Africa and knew some Afrikaans, though she came from an English family. Dad looked up the translation on his phone.

*Truth rests in the Light of the stroke.*

“Is it a code?” Libby whispered. “It sounds like one.”

“It’s definitely some kind of message,” said Rome. “I wonder why it was hidden here!”

Just then, Mr. Mabuza strolled over. “Ready to head back then?”

Rome quickly folded the paper and slipped it into his backpack. “Yes, sir.”

As they headed back to their bus, Libby

nudged Rome. “You gonna tell him what you found?”

“No,” murmured Rome. “Let’s figure out what it is first.”

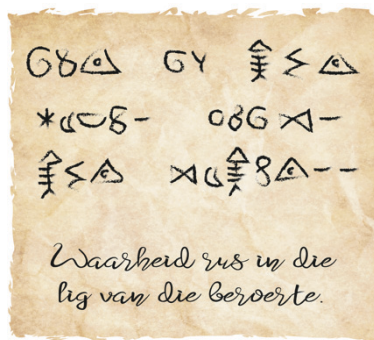
At the bus, Mr. Mabuza thanked the family for joining the tour. “Here’s my card,” he said, handing it to Dad. “I also work at the District Six Museum. I’d love to give you a tour if you happen to visit.”

“Thanks, that sounds great!” replied Dad.

As the bus pulled away, Libby looked back at the Noon Gun, its sleek barrel catching the sun. She had the oddest feeling that it was watching over the city.

\*\*\*

That evening, after they’d returned to their guesthouse and had dinner, Rome reached for



the scroll he’d found and unrolled it slowly across the bed. The rest of the family gathered round to have a closer look.

Strange symbols covered the top half of the page. Some figures looked like the number eight. Others were shapes: stars, dashes, or triangles with dots inside. Below the symbols was the phrase they’d read earlier.

*Waarheid rus in die Lig van die beroerte.*

Ren wrote the words in her notebook. Then she wrote “Translation: *Truth rests in the Light of the stroke.*”

“It sounds like... I don’t know. Something you’d find on an old tombstone,” remarked Libby

“Or on a treasure map,” Rome said.

Ren’s eyes scanned the symbols with interest. “Maybe all these symbols are some kind of cipher.”

“I agree,” said Rome.

Ren lifted her notebook and started copying the characters. “Let’s try cracking it.”

Jake tapped the scroll gently. “Yeah, let’s find out what it says!”

Jake and Libby sat cross-legged on the floor

next to the bed. Ren leaned in over the back of a chair, eyebrows furrowed, and Rome paced back and forth, scratching his chin. Mom had gone off to get Tiffany ready for bed and Dad was busy doing some work on his laptop.

The moonlight spilled across the bed as the four kids huddled around Ren's open notebook where she had copied the symbols and written the alphabet down the side of a page.



“Okay, we’ve got about an hour before bed,” remarked Ren. “Let’s start with what we know. The message is written using strange symbols. Some look like letters, and some like shapes, which may mean it’s a substitution cipher.”

Rome nodded. “So each weird symbol

stands for a real letter?”

“Right,” confirmed Ren. “And if we can figure out what symbol equals what letter, we can decode the whole message.”

“What if it’s in Afrikaans, like these words at the bottom?” asked Jake.

“Hmm... let’s hope it’s in English, or we’ll never figure it out!” replied Rome.

“Some of the symbols are repeated,” Libby pointed out. “Look, this triangle with a dot inside appears four times.”

“That could be a vowel, maybe,” replied Rome. “E is the most common letter in English. Maybe triangle-dot is E?”

Ren penciled it in. “Let’s test that. Where else does it show up?”

They scanned the message again. Sure enough, the dotted triangle popped up in a three-symbol word, and twice at the end of longer ones.

“If it’s E, then this three-letter word could be ‘the,’” Rome observed.

Ren marked the other two symbols. “So, if triangle-dot equals E, and the others are T and H, then T is the fishbone shape, and H is the

zigzag.”

She jotted the letters under the code line. Slowly, the scribbles started taking shape.

“Now that we’ve got three letters, we can look for patterns,” Ren said. “The dash symbol shows up at the end of three different words, and there are two at the end of one of the words. Not many words end with two letters the same.”

“What could the dash represent? It could be a vowel, but those aren’t usually at the end of words,” said Rome.

“It’s gotta be S!” exclaimed Ren, excitedly.

“Yes!” replied Rome. “You’ve got it.”

They worked together, symbol by symbol, cross-checking with known words, and guessing phrases from the context. As more letters fell into place, a phrase emerged from the shadows:

*One of the lions knows The Witness.*

Jake let out a breath of air. “That’s poetic! Kinda creepy, but still poetic.”

Libby laughed at his assessment! “*One of the lions?* You think that could mean Lion’s Head mountain?”

“Maybe,” Rome mused. “But that’s just one lion.”

“It could be a code name for someone, like a gang called the lions!” said Jake.

“Also, what could *The Witness* be referring to?” pondered Ren.

“Someone who heard or saw something secret?” said Rome.

“Yes!” replied Ren, “They were a witness to something - a crime, maybe!”

“What’s *the Light of the stroke?*” asked Rome.

“Hmm, *Light* has a capital letter,” remarked Ren.

Tiffany wandered in wearing her pajamas and stood near the bed listening to them talk. She twirled around, and said, “I paint with the stroke of the brush!” She was quoting a poem she’d been learning in homeschool.

“Painting - yes!” exclaimed Libby, sitting up straight. “The stroke of the brush – *the Light of the stroke*. That could be it, Tiffany!”

*Truth rests in the Light of the stroke.*

“The truth will be found in a painting!” Ren gave Libby a high-five.

“Sounds good to me!” remarked Jake,