My Best-Selling Novel

By Iaam Meeh

Chapter 1

It was a dark and stormy night, when the chimes of the ancient grandfather clock that stood tall and elegant in the foyer, sounded for the last time. Bong. Bong.

The stage is set

It was midnight. A full moon poured its crystal photons through the grand palladium window at the top of the landing, bathing the gold-plated spiral staircase banister with its steely glow while the Austrian crystal chandelier dangling above on its gossamer-like brass chain tinkled gently in the soft breeze from the French doors that stood ajar below.

Suddenly, a shot rang out. A hound wailed with fear in the distant village. And a tiny crystal from the chandelier plummeted to the marble mosaic floor 20 feet below where it shattered into a million shards ... and drowned in a pool of fresh blood.

The plot thickens

Our mysterious journey continues as our hero enters the ghastly scene beneath the crystal chandelier. To be continued ...

Figure 1:
The lit chandelier hanging in the foyer has a crystal missing from the right-most lamp. It's shattered on the floor below and covered in the hapless victim's blood. Who done it? And why? Mystery!