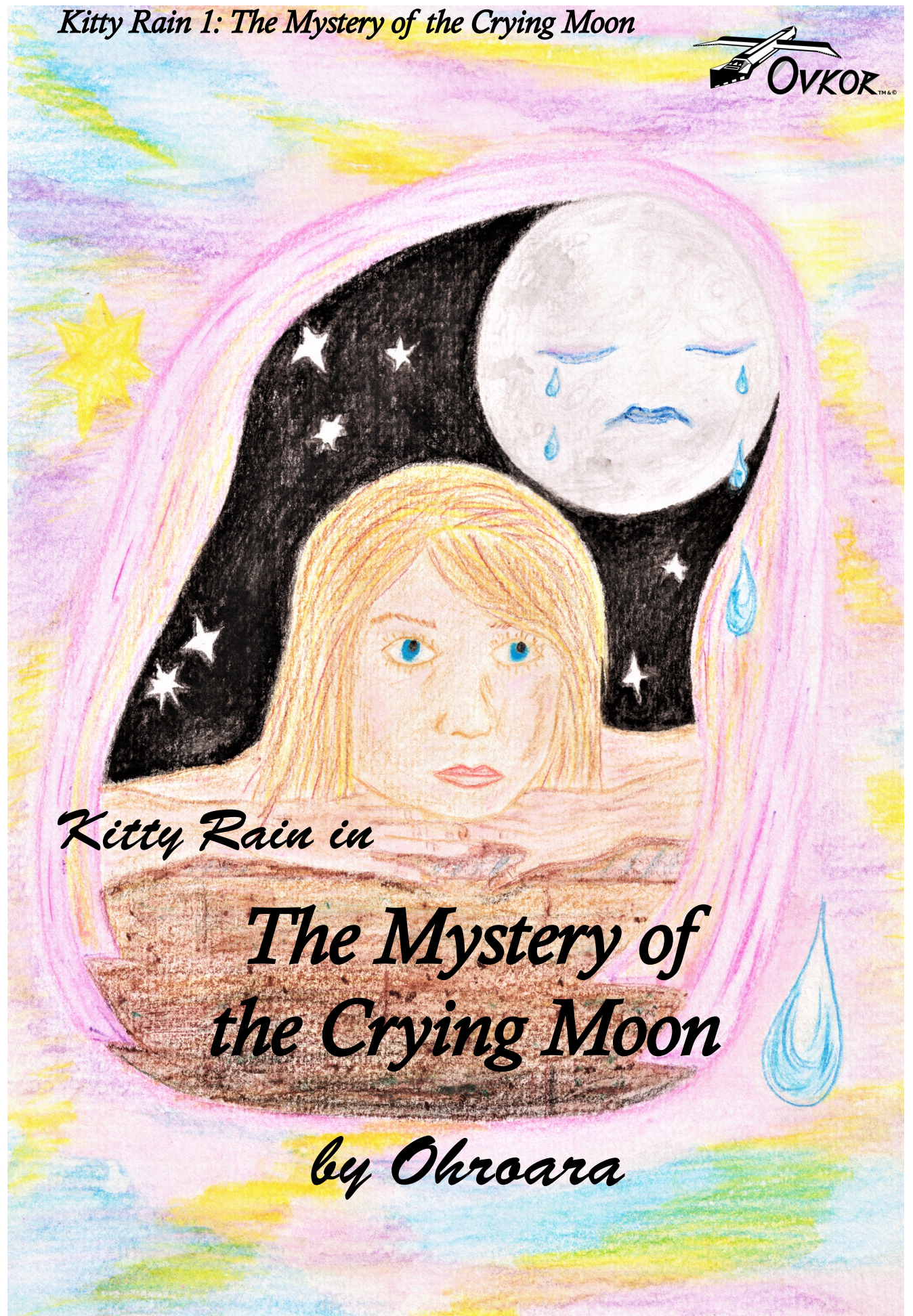


Kitty Rain 1: The Mystery of the Crying Moon



Kitty Rain in

***The Mystery of
the Crying Moon***

by Ohroara



Kitty Rain 1:

*The Mystery of
the Crying Moon*

by Ohroara

OVKOR
Australia



"Kitty Rain 1: The Mystery of the Crying Moon"

© 2022 Ohroara Melody Walsh

Ohroara asserts the moral right

to be identified as the author of this work

"Kitty Rain 1: The Mystery of the Crying Moon"

(including text and pictures).

This work is copyrighted and

all rights are reserved.

www.ohroara.com

"Kitty Rain 1: The Mystery of the Crying Moon"

published by OVKOR 2022,

licensed PDF file created 2022,

licence available only through OVKOR,

www.ovkor.com

ISBN: 978-1-922937-00-1

OVKOR has an exclusive licence to printing, distribution, publication, and sales of the work. For permission requests and sublicensing agreement proposals please write to OVKOR, Australia. All editions (digital, physical or other) may not be edited or altered in any way. No portion of this book may be reproduced in any form without written consent from the publisher and copyright owner, with the exception of brief quotes for reviews of this book and certain other noncommercial uses which are permitted by copyright law and with the exception of the following: if purchased legally through OVKOR, the purchaser of the licence may print off one copy and are licensed to use their digital file and single printed copy for at-home and non-commercial viewing purposes only. For all digital editions, the digital file may not be reproduced and no more than one printed hard copy per purchase by the original purchaser may be created. Loss of the file, or degradation of the file, or other circumstance for the purchaser not having their digital file does not mean they are entitled to another download of the file (i.e. you are purchasing a license to limited use of this copy of the file only and not the file itself). The license for the digital file is for the use of the original purchaser only, so it is not permitted by any means to lend, sell, resell, or transfer the file in any way. Any copies made must be done so with permission from the publisher and all rights, and restrictions are carried over (e.g. copyright on the original still applies to the copy) however permissions are not (e.g. copying permissions being that when one copy is allowed then further copies are not permitted, so you can not make a copy of a copy). The text/illustrations/branding/trademarks contained in the book remain the property of the respective copyright/trademark owners. Cover illustrations of books in the series are copyrighted by Ohroara Melody Walsh and restrictions apply and all rights are reserved. All physical editions (hardcover, softcover, or any other) shall only be sold under the condition that they shall not, by trade or any other means, be lent, hired out, re-sold, or circulated in any form or by any means without the publishers prior written consent in any sort of binding or cover other than that in which it was published and without a similar condition (including this condition) being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

Aside from historical figures such as Jesus Christ, this novel's characters are fictitious. Any resemblance to events or people is purely coincidental. Aside from historical figures mentioned in the story, this story's characters remain the property of the copyright holder. Aside from real places mentioned in the story, this story's places remain the property of the copyright holder. Both real and imagined places are used in this series (for example Australia, Brisbane, and Maryborough are real while Jackgum, Fairstone, and Belkavia are not real). Created characters (e.g. Kitty Rain), created brands and models (e.g. the Cuzoki Sparkler), and created places (e.g. Jackgum) remain the property of the copyright holder. Opinions portrayed are those of the characters in the story. Any brands mentioned are thought of in good regard however the mentioning of real-life brands, items, historical people or events does not necessarily constitute endorsement. OVKOR is a Christian film and entertainment company and believes in the truth of Jesus as a real person and that he is the Son of God who lived, died, and rose again, and is alive now, able to save people and bring people to God. For Kitty Rain trademark enquiries contact OVKOR.

Online links, websites, and QR codes are correct at the time of initial printing or initial publication however no guarantee is made that the links remain correct. Online content can change and both the author and publisher can not take any responsibility for third party content. Please be aware that online content (including, but not limited to, websites and social media accounts of the author and the publisher) can contain content that is not suitable for children. The Kitty Rain series contains mature themes so no guarantee is made that this book is suitable for a particular child so parental permission is required. The Kitty Rain series contains developing characters and a continuing plot so it is recommended to read the books in order. Finally, enjoy the Kitty Rain series.

~ Contents ~

{Front cover picture: Kitty and the moon}

{Map: Pelican Road Park}

Chapter 1: Kitty and Jane and the Moon

Chapter 2: The Letterboxes

{Picture 1: Letterbox lady}

Chapter 3: Penny is Pretty as a Picture

Chapter 4: Who is Crying?

Chapter 5: Buffalo Girl

{Picture 2: Buffalo girl}

Chapter 6: Quiet by Day, Crying by Night

Chapter 7: The Plan to Catch the Moon

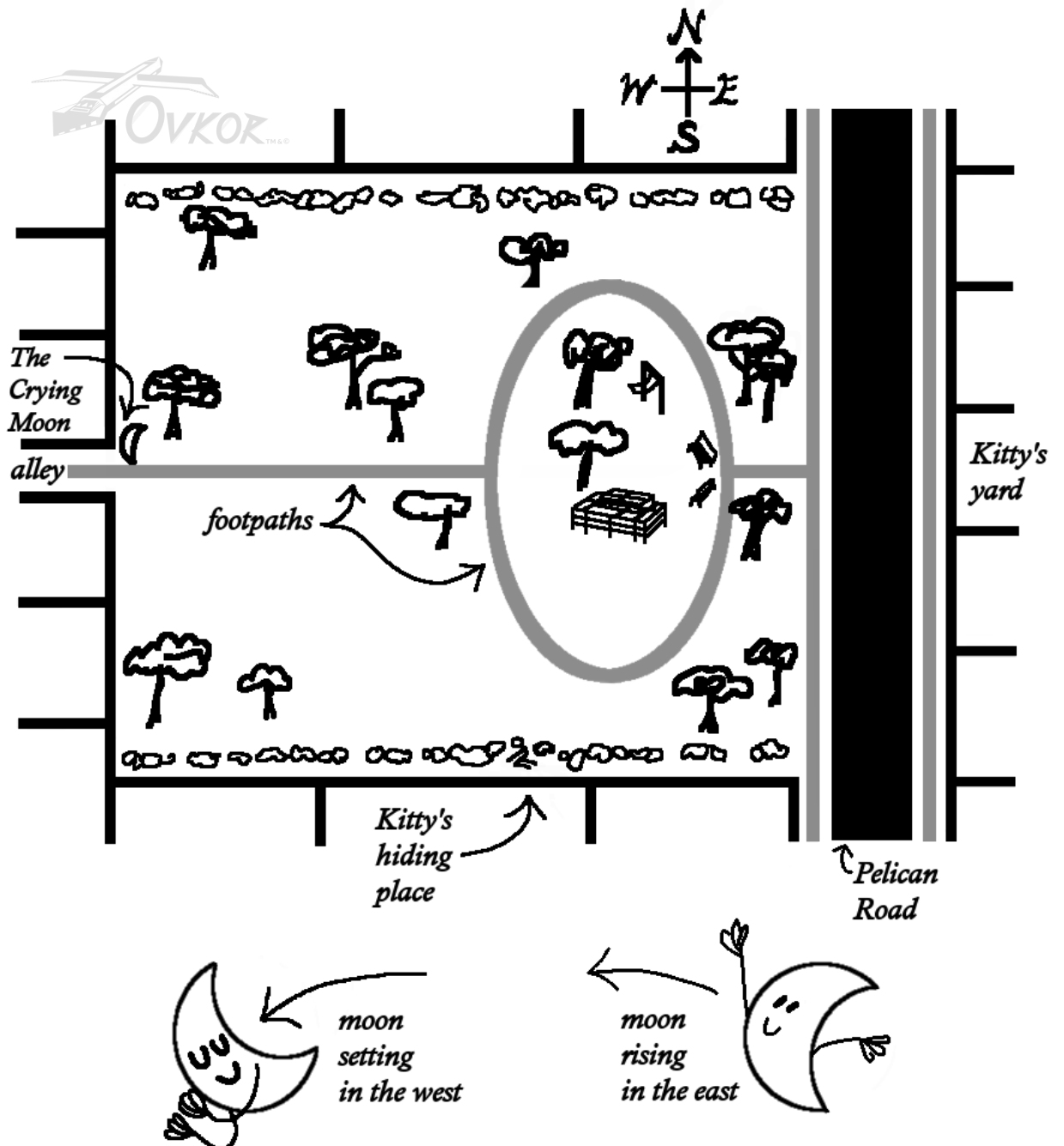
Chapter 8: The Letterbox Lady

Chapter 9: The Possum in the Carport

Chapter 10: S. I. R. Begins

{Back cover picture: Kitty and the rain}

"Pelican Road Park"



~ Chapter 1 ~

~ *Kitty and Jane and the Moon* ~

The boy groaned, his hand moving delicately across his stomach. He crinkled his nose at the bruises. He hung his head; light blonde hair masked his face. If only he wasn't alone, so alone...

A girl giggled somewhere. He looked around nervously. Was he alone?

In the dark night, a distance away, some curtains ruffled and eyes full of curiosity peeked out. Blue eyes: deep sea blue. Blonde hair: straight and dark blonde. Some long hairs flicked across her face like a string of dark sand.

She looked past the curtains and saw the white moon reflecting a light that reminded her of people reflecting the light of God. And she thought she heard God whisper to her that she was not alone and that he was not going to abandon her or leave her. After all, he was God and she was his child and how much more real was God (who she could feel so close to her) than the moon reflecting the light of the sun right now before her eyes.

"Kitty Rain West," a harsh whisper sounded. "Are you going to sleep? I've got school in the morning you know."

Kitty allowed the pink curtains to drop back and cover the moon and the stars.

"What are you doing?" the whisper continued.

"Just thinking," she murmured.

"You're always thinking. You were looking at the moon again."

"Maybe," Kitty Rain answered, then added, "but you, my sister, should be asleep already if you've got school."

"Well who can sleep with you poking around the room!" Her sister sounded exasperated.

"Jane, I wasn't poking about. I was looking at the moon."

"Ha! I knew it!"

Kitty sighed and then recited her own newly-created poem.

*"The white light trickles through the atmosphere,
The floating moon so far and yet near,
I want to touch its reflecting light,
And show to others the beautiful sight."*

"Kitty Rain you are such a romantic sometimes," Jane told her sister.

"Really? I guess I am a bit," she pondered.

"Just not in terms of boys."

Kitty laughed a little.

"In fact," Jane continued, "I don't ever remember you getting romantic over any boys. Instead you write a poem about the moon of all things!"

Kitty laughed louder (for she knew Jane was right) and her blue eyes sparkled merrily.

"The moon is more exciting," she explained to her sister.

"No way!" exclaimed Jane crossly. She swept her brown hair off her face. "Boys are way better than moons or stars—especially Nathan Eastly." She hugged herself dreamily.

"Oh no, don't start on Nathan," Kitty scolded. "If you start on him you won't sleep all night. Go to sleep right now. Here! Keep your mind off boys and on the beautiful moon that God made. Look at it!" Kitty ordered. Kitty lifted the pink curtain. "God made it," she said, pointing to the sky and the moon.

"God made boys too," Jane reminded her.

"I know, I know. But look at the moon!"

The white light sparkled in the dark sky.

"It is pretty," Jane admitted.

"Prettier than Nathan," Kitty declared emphatically.

"Ha ha, boys aren't pretty! Boys are—"

"Handsome?" Kitty offered.

"No boys are—"

"Ugly?" Kitty offered.

"No boys are"

"Slimy?" Kitty offered.

"Ha ha ha ha. No boys are—"

"Hairy?"

"Hairy?" Jane looked shocked.

"Well some of them are," Kitty advised her.

"Oh, um, no boys are—boys are boys," Jane determined.

"Yes," Kitty agreed. "There's not really another word in the whole universe to describe the complexity of males."

"What? Too many words. I'm, ahhh, sleepy. Nighty-night Kitty." Jane closed her blue eyes as tiredness overtook.

"Goodnight Jane, I love you my starry-eyed sister."

"Yeah yeah, I love you Kitty Kit night." Zzz...

~ Chapter 2 ~
~ **The Letterboxes** ~

In the morning Kitty kissed her mother goodbye and went to work. She pulled her green sedan up to Jackgum Shopping Centre and parked, then went inside. At the Smiling Eyes Optometrist she put her bag in the staff room and then got to work helping customers.

Well...she tried to help. But trying is not the same as doing. Her mind was on other things. It was hard for her to concentrate.

"Do these suit me?" a rather tall lady asked her in a croaky voice. The woman had picked a pair of rectangular glasses and she looked down her nose at her reflection in the long viewing mirror in the store. The lady adjusted the position of the glasses. Then she adjusted her faux-leather belt, then smiled a broad, fake smile as she tried to estimate if she looked okay. Kitty regarded the woman's choice. Yuck!

"Oh no way," Kitty burst out. "It's too rectangular. It looks like letterboxes around your eyes. Here. Try these instead. They are much, much better."

Kitty held out a pair of modern silver frames. The lady refused to take the other glasses and shoved the rectangular glasses back on the rack.

"What! What a nerve!" the lady hiccupped and turned away infuriated and walked out of the shop. Kitty watched her leave and realised she had made a mistake of great impoliteness. Then she looked at her boss who was busy with another customer and hadn't seen what had happened. Kitty breathed slowly to calm herself.

"Oh God," Kitty prayed. "I could have done that better."

"Yes you could have," God told her.

"Oh," she thought, "He answered me so quickly. God you answered really, really quickly. I guess you were watching. Yes of course you were watching. You're always watching."

She looked at her boss again: he was still busy. She was very glad he hadn't seen her upset a customer. Kitty continued her conversation with God.

"I could have said that the colour was perfect for her eyes and hair but the style would be better adjusted, then showed her the other style. Oh God, I'm sorry. Help me to attend to the needs of my customers."

Kitty worked a lot better after praying and got home at 5:15 after what seemed like a long day.

"How was work?" Jane asked her.

"Terrible," Kitty reflected. "Well it started off badly but I prayed and it got better. How was school?"

"Awesome as usual," Jane smiled. "I've got the best and I mean the best teacher in the world."

"You are biased," Kitty remarked. "So what did Mum teach you today? Flattery?"

"Huh? No."

Their mother was in the kitchen and she questioned Kitty further.

"What was so terrible about work, Kitty?"

"Oh I couldn't concentrate. I really should have been nicer to some of the customers. Well one in particular. You know, more loving, not so critical."

"What happened? What did you say? What did you say?" Jane prodded.

"I um, I told a lady the glasses she chose looked like letterboxes."

"Oh no, oh no, ha ha ha," Jane laughed. "You're so meeean!" she drawled.

"No I'm not and I'm really sorry that I said that. The poor lady. I shouldn't have done that and it's not funny." Kitty whimpered.

But Jane found letterboxes hilarious. And Kitty found Jane's laughter contagious. Kitty began to laugh at Jane's laughter.

"Oh, ha ha," Jane giggled, "ha ha, okay, okay. But if her glasses were letterboxes then her eyes were the parcels inside and her head and body well that would have to be the whooole yard—grass, trees, house and ha ha—"

"And her belt was the little fence around the whooole yard," Kitty joined in.

"Girls!" their mother scolded. She wasn't impressed. "I think," their mother finally said, "that you treated that lady very badly. And I think that you should ask God for an opportunity to apologise."

"Yes Mum," Kitty said dejectedly.

"But Kitty," her mum queried, "why couldn't you concentrate? If you weren't polite enough then you weren't concentrating. And when someone isn't concentrating then it is because they are concentrating on other things. You were preoccupied. So what were you thinking about?"

"Well."

"Yes?" her mother, Penny, asked.

"Well."

"Yes?" her sister, Jane, asked.

"Well—"

"Oh come on Kitty," Jane said, exasperated. "What were you so preoccupied with? I know for sure it wasn't Nathan Eastly. Was it?"

"No of course not! He's your dreamboat, not mine!"

"Well then?"

Kitty Rain in "The Mystery of the Crying Moon"

"Well, Mum," she turned to her mum and tried to ignore Jane who was busy making wide-eyed faces at her, "I kept thinking about the moon."

"What! Oh seriously you need a life," Jane told her.

"I have a life thank you very much and it is a good one since Christ lives in me."

"Indeed," their mother agreed then spoke sternly to Jane.

"Okay, sorry Kitty," Jane mumbled sombrely.

There was silence.

"Are you going to elaborate?" her mother asked.

Jane listened intently to see if her big sister would say anything else that she could make fun of.

"Well I had this strange dream where the moon was crying and I think it means something."

Kitty often had dreams from God. He gave her pictures or poems in her imagination: images and words about her life or the events she saw. And those dreams helped her make sense of things, or showed her what to pray for, or sometimes those dreams simply helped her to appreciate things more—things like God and her mother, her sister, her home, her dinner...

They all sat down to eat.

"Oh Kitty, Kitty," Jane said, intrigued. "Was it a dream from God?"

"I believe so," Kitty returned.

"What does it mean?" Jane asked

"I don't know," Kitty answered. "I honestly don't know. But I'm going to find out."

"How are you going to find out?" Jane queried.

"I don't know that either. I guess I'll start by praying."

"That's a good start," said Penny.

They all said thanks for the food and started on dinner. Jane swirled her mashed potato around to make the shape of a capital "N" and Kitty looked out the window to the darkening sky. Night was coming and she hoped the clouds wouldn't block the moon that night.



"Letterbox lady"

~ Chapter 3 ~

~ *Penny is Pretty as a Picture* ~

Penny Meredith West brushed her short light brown hair. She looked more like Jane than Kitty—the same coloured hair. Kitty looked more like her dad. He was gone. Kitty lived with her mum and was happy.

"God is your father," her mum had told her. But now Penny was getting ready for a new man. She straightened her black dress and adjusted a green scarf.

"Are you going to marry him?" Kitty asked bluntly.

"Marry him?" Penny was embarrassed.

"Well?"

"Kitty Rain West," her mother said, shocked. "This is a, a, oh I don't know. This is a—"

"What is it?" Jane questioned curiously.

"Looks like a date, to me," Kitty told her.

"It's not a date," Penny determined.

"Really?" Jane perked up. "It kinda does look like a date though."

"What?" Penny said, shocked once more.

"Mum, you're all dressed up. Who's going?" Jane queried.

Kitty added in the most innocent voice she could muster: "Yes, who's going exactly?"

"Who Mum? Mama?" Jane asked starting to jump up and down excitedly.

"Several people. We're just meeting."

"Mmm, any nice Christian men going?" Kitty persisted.

"Never mind," Penny responded as she placed her brush on the table and flicked off her scarf in exasperation.

"Oh no Mum, put the scarf back on," Jane said. "The green scarf looks nice."

She was right. The scarf accentuated her mother's green eyes. That is where Penny looked a little different. Penny's eyes were green but Jane's eyes were blue and Jane had longer hair.

Jane handed the scarf back to her mother. Penny looped the scarf around her neck once more and checked the clock.

"So it's not a date," Kitty spoke again.

"That's right," Penny said.

"It's like hanging out," Kitty said.

"That's right."

"With a few good friends," Kitty added.

"That's right."

"Maybe, two men and two women including you?"

"That's right! Kitty how did you know?"

"How did you know?" asked Jane as well.

"Lucky guess and deductive reasoning," Kitty told her. Then she said to her mum, "You don't normally go out at night to meet people or hangout. It's just so highly unusual. Plus there is a certain sparkle in your eyes."

"Oh is there? I want to see the sparkle!" Jane was now jumping up and down rigorously like a delighted and determined puppy.

"Jane!" Penny was flustered.

"So do you want to marry him?" Kitty continued firmly.

"I want to get to know him," Penny relented. "I want to see if he will match me."

"I knew it," Kitty exclaimed triumphantly.

"What about us? What about me?" Suddenly Jane had her hands on her hips. Suddenly she wasn't so sure that this was so exciting and she wasn't sure about the impact on her family.

Penny grabbed her brush again. "Steady on Jane, girls. For him to match me he has to match my kids as well. You don't have to worry about you. I will make sure he's good for you, Jane. And you, Kitty. But to do that, I can't just look at you or me. It's not just about us."

"What does that mean?" Kitty asked.

"Well," Penny thought as she placed her brush in a handbag, "Most of the problems with your dad and I were because our views of life were different. I needed God as my centre. He didn't. Or rather he did need him—"

"Everyone needs God, Mum," Jane interrupted.

"Right Jane. But he didn't want God first. I haven't been able to explain that before but I think that sums up everything."

"Yes," Kitty agreed.

"So are you going to find out what his view of life is tonight Mum?" asked Jane.

"No Jane. I think it will take longer than one night."

"Oh," the girl said, then asked, "Two nights?"

"Maybe a few months I guess," said Kitty.

"Well I think I might settle for a few years," their mother said. "I'm not in any hurry."

"But, but, you don't really need that long do you?" asked Jane. "What if

you're in love straight away?"

Jane appeared shocked and heartbroken. Kitty laughed at her little sister.

"Jane are you hoping to marry someone really, really fast? Yes you are! And I know who: Nathan Eastly."

Jane became embarrassed. "Well I, I, I don't want to wait until I have ten thousand wrinkles and my hair is falling out to get married now do I?"

"Okay, okay girls," Penny soothed.

"Jane, I think you need to take longer than one night or a few nights," Kitty said.

"But we've known the Eastlys for ages. They're Christians, right? And they live close to us. I feel like God put them close to us just for me."

"Just because someone lives nearby doesn't mean he's right for you," Penny said.

Jane wasn't finished. "It's sort of rude of us that we don't have them over here for tea or something."

"Really?" their mother asked.

"Mama, he's sooo cute. And he listens to sermons and stuff. I know he's good. I just know it."

"But what is his view of life?" Kitty asked.

"Indeed," said their mother. "What is his view of life? Just because he goes to church or has some appearance of Christian ministry does not mean in any way that he has God as his centre or that he is doing as God commands him."

"Oh. Yeah, I guess so. Okay."

Kitty, Jane, and Penny were silent for a while. Then a knock at the door sounded and Penny twirled around.

"How do I look girls?"

"Beautiful," said Kitty.

"Smashing, lovely, pretty, pretty as a picture," said Jane.

"Pretty as a sunset," Kitty added and swept her hand to point to the sky and the setting sun.

"Pretty as a flower," Jane said.

"Pretty as a whole garden," Kitty encouraged.

"Pretty as a buffalo," Jane said.

"What!" exclaimed Penny and Kitty all at once.

"Well I think buffaloes are beautiful with their curvy horns," Jane said hastily.

"Oh my goodness!" Penny looked dismayed and fell into a chair.

"Mum does not have curvy horns!" Kitty exclaimed.

Kitty turned and grabbed her mother's hand. "You are beautiful. And I think Jane is meaning that God made buffaloes and that they are perfect and beautiful in their own way—just the way God wanted them. And you are just like God wanted you to be. But," she emphasised, "you are made in his image."

"Yes. I'm made in his image," Penny said, reassured.

"Not in the image of a buffalo." Kitty glared at Jane.

"You are very pretty mama," Jane nodded encouragingly.

Their mother left and closed the front door behind her.

"Just I also think buffaloes are pretty too!" Jane called to the door.

"Ha ha ha," Kitty laughed. "And you complain about me and the moon!"

"Well wild animals have much more character than a boring old moon," Jane defended herself.

"Come on. Let's get dinner," Kitty told her.

The girls made pizza and salad then sat down to eat. Then Kitty watched the news while Jane played guitar in her room.

Some of the news items caught Kitty's attention.

"The Winter Nights Football Stadium has begun the refurbishment of its million dollar premises in Angusford City and..."

Angusford City was to the south of Kitty's hometown of Jackgum.

The news presenter continued: "Recent freight postponements have caused an upsurge in condiment and flour prices for Christmas Island and..."

"Oh no," Kitty thought. "I hope that improves for them."

"Authorities hold grave concerns for the whereabouts of Brian Collyer, a young boy, who went missing while walking home from school in the Jackgum township over two days ago. Anyone with any information should contact police immediately."

There was another story, then another, then another. Kitty grew restless.

"I think I need to pray. Well okay. Dear God, please help the people of Christmas Island to have plenty of food including jam and flour and stuff. Thank you for the good food you gave me today. It was delicious. Also there is this little boy and he's missing and I, well, I um, can you help him please." She stopped. She felt like the Holy Spirit was trying to tell her something. She listened.

"He's scared. He wants to go home."

She prayed more strongly then. "Okay. Dear Lord God, help this boy, Brian, I think his name is Brian Collyer. Help him, help Brian to get back home safely. In Jesus name, amen."

Kitty read some of her bible and then her mother returned home. They all

went to bed but Kitty couldn't sleep. She got up, pushed back the curtain, then looked out of her bedroom window. The moon was beautiful and she longed to be able to touch it. Then she thought about God and how she longed to touch God. She reached for the window and opened it to let in some more breeze.

Then she heard a noise. Gently through the quiet of the night she heard someone crying. She looked out at the grass and shrubs and trees. The darkness was deep but the moonlight penetrated spots with a quiet urgency. A tearful sound echoed upon the quiet of night with the subtlety of a lost summer dream. The wind stirred. The crying stopped.

"It must be one of the neighbours," Kitty thought.

"God help that person to not be sad," Kitty prayed. "God help the people on Christmas Island. God help my sister and God help my mother."

She reached out her hand to God and said, "God, may I shine your light like the moon reflects the sunlight. I love you God. Good night."

Satisfied that all would be well, she dropped the curtain back in place and went to sleep.

~ Chapter 4 ~
~ **Who is Crying?** ~

The next day was Saturday and, after a boring day of work, Kitty Rain came home and read then went early to bed. She got up through the night to go to the bathroom but when she returned to the room she shared with her sister, she sat on her bed, once again looking out the window.

"Something's going on out there," she thought.

"Yes," the Holy Spirit told her.

Curious, she opened the window and listened. It was quiet. The moon was grey and half-covered with streaking wind-blown clouds; the shadows were moving. She began to close the window then stopped. A soft sobbing reached her ears.

"Oh no, the person is still sad," Kitty thought.

She knew she had to find out what was going on. Who was sad? Maybe she could help. Maybe they needed God. Oh of course they needed God. She got dressed and woke Jane up gently.

"I'm going outside."

"What for? I'm sleepy," Jane complained.

"You stay here. I'm just letting you know. I don't want to wake Mum: she's

had a big day. I will only be a few minutes. You can watch by the window if you want."

"But it's late! Why are you going outside?"

Jane was definitely waking up now that Kitty was fussing about some outside adventure and she assumed Kitty wanted to look at the moon again.

"I'm investigating," Kitty declared.

"Investigating what? The moon I bet."

"Well okay," Kitty told her. "Yes let's call the crying person the 'Moon'. That's their code name. And this is operation Crying Moon. And I'm going to investigate."

"Crying moon? What crying moon? And what crying?"

"Gotta go," Kitty muttered as she darted out of the room.

Kitty grabbed a flashlight and house keys. Outside she listened. She went to the left of her house but the crying noise didn't seem to be coming from there. She went to the right and still it seemed quiet from those neighbours to the right. Kitty looked at the moon and whispered: "It can't be you that's crying."

Then she looked across the road at the little park: Pelican Road Park. It had two benches, one swing, some kids' climbing apparatus, some concrete paths, over ten trees, and bushes all around the edge, but that was all. It was dark over there as the only lights near it were the street lights which faded into hazy, shadowy darkness.

"I do declare, it is coming from the park."

Kitty waved to her sister who waved back energetically (apparently fully awake now and no doubt getting ready to be a great chatterbox on Kitty's return). Then Kitty walked across the road.

But as soon as she reached the park the crying stopped. She didn't even get a chance to flick on her torch. It was so quiet that it seemed like there had never been any crying at all. She walked to the benches and play equipment just in about twenty metres from the street, which were all near the front of the park. She scanned the dark, shadowy trees. There was no-one there: no-one that she could see. Some leaves rustled and lifted in the breeze. They swirled and then landed... Silence. She went back home and told her sister that she didn't find anything.

"Perhaps there wasn't anything to find anyway. Except the moon of course," Jane told Kitty.

"Of course," said Kitty. She slowly shut the window. The moon and the Moon were both there. Deep down she knew it.

"Do you think the Moon is there?"

Jane answered, "You know very well the moon is out tonight."

"No, I mean Moon, code name Moon." Kitty revealed: "I think the Moon is

out there."

She ever-so-quietly opened the window an inch.

Sob, sob, sob. Clear as day—the sound of crying.

"That's it," Kitty thought. "Someone's out there and I'm going to find out who."

~ Chapter 5 ~
~ Buffalo Girl ~

Amongst stately, rustling eucalypts and sweeping grevilleas was the Drevorn property. A gathering of believers was soaking up the word of God there and also developing friendships, some in a more robustly unorthodox manner than others. Jane was rather tired but full of humour none-the-less. Kitty didn't pay much attention to the Bible scriptures but instead kept thinking about the Crying Moon. It finally ended and Kitty sighed. Sitting in the group was not helping her solve the mystery. She needed action and found it extremely boring sitting down listening to Bible verses when she knew God wanted her putting those verses into action. There was stuff for her to do but she couldn't quite figure out exactly what that stuff was. She felt more frustrated than ever. The Crying Moon—what did it all mean?

"It isn't the moon," Jane said plainly.

"Oh I know. But who can I say it is? Should I say it's some Jane Doe? Fred Smith?"

"Come on. Let's go talk to Nathan and Cade over there. That will get your mind off it."

"Okay," Kitty agreed but added, "Let's go ask him if he'd marry you in one day."

"Nooo! Don't you dare," Jane protested indignantly. "I know you wouldn't be so mean."

But Kitty smiled mischievously and said: "We need to know what his view of life is don't we? Is he going to look after my lovely sister the way he should? Ha ha."

Kitty quickly strode over to Nathan and Cade with Jane storming behind her. But then Jane ran and caught up and they arrived together. Kitty smiled lovingly at Jane. Nervously Jane looked at the ground and scratched the dirt with her shoe. She wondered what Kitty would blurt out.

"Hi Nathan! Do you think my sister is as pretty as a buffalo?" Kitty questioned.

Then without waiting for an answer she said, "Gotta go," and left most swiftly.

Nathan and Cade stood still in silence—their mouths wide open—with a strange feeling of uncertainty, shock, and being joked with, all rolled into one.

"Your sister is really rude," Cade finally managed after an awkward moment.

"Oh no, ha ha, oh no," Jane half stammered and half laughed.

"Yes she is," Nathan agreed.

Jane couldn't help but laugh and didn't quite know how to explain her admiration for buffaloes and the wild things that God made. Plus she, well, she had already said her mother was pretty like a buffalo, so why not herself. She tried to explain.

"Well you, Miss Jane are way prettier than a buffalo," Nathan complimented.

"Well thank you," Jane said, "but I can't say the same about you."

"What?" Cade asked.

"Ha ha well, you are, um, I mean boys are, um I mean men are handsome aren't they, not pretty," Jane said.

Nathan and Cade agreed. Then Cade excused himself. Nathan and Jane chatted for almost ten minutes before she said goodbye and found Kitty and her mother. They drove home quietly reflecting: Penny Meredith about a romantic interest, Kitty Rain about the Crying Moon, and Jane about Nathan Eastly. Then Kitty broke the silence.

"So how did that go, buffalo girl?"

"What?" Penny queried.

"Mum, I'm talking to Jane,"

"Kitty! Don't call your sister 'buffalo girl'. You don't talk to people like that!"

"Ha ha," Jane laughed, "Mama it's okay. I talked for ages about buffaloes, I did." Jane was folding her arms and sitting with a big grin and looked mighty pleased.

"Really?" Kitty said. "You were gone ten whole minutes. You mean you talked to Nathan Eastly for ten whole minutes about buffaloes?"

"Yes I did," Jane confirmed jubilantly.

"Why?" their mother asked.

"Because buffaloes are beautiful and I like buffaloes and so does he."

"Well good for you Jane," Kitty told her sister. "But there's just one thing wrong with that."

"What's that?" Jane asked, listening intently.

"Buffaloes have nothing to do with his view of life and God."

Kitty Rain in "The Mystery of the Crying Moon"

"Give her time, Kitty, give her time," their mother said.

"Yeah. Just one more day," Jane said enthusiastically. "I'll have this talking to Nathan Eastly thing down-pat."

The three of them laughed and drove on home.



"Buffalo girl"

~ Chapter 6 ~

~ *Quiet by Day, Crying by Night* ~

Kitty Rain told her mother of her plan to investigate the crying noises that night, should they eventuate. They did eventuate. So Kitty took a flashlight and checked out the park again with her mother at the door and her sister at the window watching. Again she found nothing and heard nothing as soon as she neared the park.

"Sound can carry you know. Maybe it is just one of the neighbours," Jane said.

"I'm not sure," said their mother.

"I'm positive it's coming from the park," Kitty determined.

"So why is it stopping as soon as you head towards the park?" Jane asked.

"Because they don't want anyone to know where they are," Kitty said.

"They don't want to be found," agreed their mother.

"Or," Kitty thought aloud, "they don't want anyone to know who they are."

"You mean they're a spy or something?" Jane asked and began moving about the room like her version of a spy. She was doing charades and ducking and peeping out behind obstacles.

Kitty laughed. "Maybe something less dramatic. Maybe they're scared to be found but they also want to be found. They're sad."

"Obviously," said Jane. "Even I've heard the crying."

Through the night Kitty tossed and turned and in the morning the answer came to her. She went to the Jackgum Police Station and told them of her suspicions. An officer followed her in his car to the park.

Officer Mullins looked all around the park while Kitty strode nearby.

"I can't find anything here and no evidence that anyone out the ordinary has been here."

"But I'm sure it's him. I'm sure it's the missing boy, Brian Collyer. That's why he's sad. And he's hiding because he's scared. He thinks he's in trouble. And he sort of doesn't want to be found but he really does want to be found. He needs to be found."

"Of course he needs to be found," Mullins reassured her. "Look, all our staff have been looking around town and the outskirts. Now I've looked here for you. You've looked here. He's just not here."

Kitty gazed around at the small park about the size of half a football field. There was no-one sitting on the benches, no-one hanging on the kids' play equipment

or on the branches of the trees, and no-one hiding at all that she could see. A neighbour came along with a toddler who climbed onto the swing and the child began to giggle excitedly. Kitty wasn't so happy. Brian wasn't there.

"Yes, okay," Kitty relinquished.

Her mother Penny and her sister Jane were waiting for her at home.

"Did they find him? Is he okay?"

"No. There's no-one at the park. Well, there's a neighbour there now with a little girl but no, no Brian Collyer. You know I was so sure."

Jane poured a glass of water for her sister who accepted it gratefully.

"How are you feeling?" Penny asked Kitty.

"Dejected, deflated, defeated."

"Let's pray," Penny told her.

"Yes Mum."

Penny began, "Lord God Almighty, maker of the heavens and the earth, we love you. Thank you that you hear our prayers. We lift up the strange crying sounds to your ears and we ask for understanding."

Kitty Rain joined in, "God help whoever is crying. Send someone to help them. And if I can do anything please show me what to do."

Jane prayed too. "God make the crying stop. Make them happy—happy like a buffalo."

Penny raised her eyebrows and Kitty just shook her head.

"Buffaloes are very happy creatures," Jane added as if trying to convince God that they definitely were.

Then Penny finished, "Lord God Almighty, may you give us peace at this time and may you help Brian Collyer to be found. We believe for his safe return in the name of your son, Jesus."

"Amen," Kitty and Jane said together.

Kitty went and read her bible, then looked at some books for a while. She looked up on the net about various past cases of missing children who had been found. She rested then by laying on her bed, looking up at the ceiling which was cream and decorated with many glow-in-the-dark stars (courtesy of her sister).

"I will shine like a star for you my God in this dark and sad world and I won't fear because your light is in me. You will light my way so that I will know exactly how to solve the mystery of the Crying Moon."

Kitty Rain fell asleep then, a brief God-induced nap, while the afternoon breeze flicked the pastel curtains of the open window. Across the road the park was empty now. And all was quiet. God whispered to Kitty a plan and she awoke and

told her Mum.

"This is my reasoning: if it's quiet by day and then crying by night then there is something different at night. The crying is coming from someone, right?"

"Right," Penny concurred.

"So I think he's coming here at night, coming to the park and hiding somewhere else during the day."

"Yes, yes, yes," Jane chirped and flapped her arms about like an excited budgerigar.

"You could be right," Penny said thoughtfully.

"I'm right. I'm sure of it Mum. And here's my plan..."

Kitty discussed her plan with her mother who agreed and Jane begged to help so they talked some more.

"Well Kitty, you're in charge of this event," her mother told her. "God will help you get this done."

"Thank you, Mum."

Kitty was overjoyed at her mum's confidence in her abilities. "The plan is set! Let's go!" Kitty commanded.

Step one was to remove the flyscreen from one of the girls' front bedroom windows. Next Kitty changed. Then they waited.

When dusk ended and there were just enough shadows then Kitty slipped quietly outside the house. Jane kept vigil at the girls' window. The bedroom light was out and she watched in the darkness trying to see where her sister was going. The window was wide open so she could hear and be ready should Kitty Rain shout.

Meanwhile her mother, Penny, was at the front door. It was only slightly ajar so she too could hear straight away should Kitty yell out for assistance. The mother and girls had mini flashlights tucked into their pockets. They were ready.

Kitty crept ever so quietly into the park and found a place half-way down the left border. It was a spot with a perfect view of the park with not many trees blocking and she could see all the paths and the swings and things. She crouched low down and got comfortable lying under a bush. She had black, long pants on, a black t-shirt, black gloves, a black scarf around her hair, and she had blacky-brown stuff smeared over her arms, face, and neck. It was Vegemite: an improvised camouflaging agent.

"You look funny," Jane had said, "but you smell beautiful."

"Ha ha," Kitty had responded. "I smell like vitamin B."

"B for beautiful. Well soak it in," Jane had told her.

Kitty remembered more of the conversation about spreads and food...

"Do you think they have Vegemite on Christmas Island?" Kitty asked.
"You mean because of the food delivery troubles?" Penny asked. "Well I hope so."
"They have to," Jane declared. "We can't live without Vegemite."
"Ah actually we can. Remember Jesus is life, not Vegemite," Kitty told her.
"Vegemite is still a necessity," Jane announced.
"That's a big word for you, sister," Kitty joked with a smile.
"Necessity, necessity, necessity," Jane repeated.
"Well," Penny said, "Hopefully the people on Christmas Island have all the necessities they need."

...And now all camouflaged, Kitty lay under a bush near the edge of the park on the south side. She didn't move even when an ant and some long-legged bug crawled over her hand. She shivered as she hoped it was a bug and not a spider. The moonlight was dim: there were clouds about. The air was still. She was hot and perspiration gathered on her as she waited and waited.

Half an hour later, there was movement at the rear of the park. On a path that entered at the west from an alley between the houses a figure stepped cautiously—a small figure. Kitty held her breath.

The person sobbed. Kitty did a rapid intake of breath: the Crying Moon was here!

~ Chapter 7 ~

~ **The Plan to Catch the Moon** ~

Kitty Rain watched the small figure who wandered about the back of the park. He seemed to be moving aimlessly. Kitty was sure it was a boy. He moved a few steps then stopped and cried softly, moved a few more, then stopped again. He stretched his arms out every now and then and even bent down and sat down right on the ground. Then up he got.

"What do I do?" the boy whispered pitifully.

"What do you do?" Kitty Rain thought. "What do I do?"

Stick to the plan, stick to the plan.

"I must discern if he is approachable."

She quietly got up on her elbows and felt around for a rock. She threw it as far

as she could to the opposite side of the park—the north side. It didn't make it all the way (because that was too long for Kitty to throw) but it did make it so that the Crying Moon was between her and the rock. It made a muffled thud and then soft crackling as it rolled over some leaves. The crying person froze. He slowly turned towards the sound.

"He's scared by even small sounds. God I don't think he's approachable from the front. I think I have go up behind him."

Kitty's heart was beating swiftly as she made her first move closer. She got up slowly, facing the figure while he had his back to her. He was backing away from the rock that had been thrown—backing towards Kitty. She walked stealthily towards him.

Then he stopped. She stopped.

Then he backed away from the rock-landing. She moved closer to him. So far, so good.

He stopped again. Kitty stopped too.

The boy started backing away again, while keeping his eyes searching the trees and bushes on the north side of the park. But he couldn't see anyone or anything. No animals either, not even a frog.

"Cane toad," he muttered as he continued to back away.

"I'm not a cane toad," Kitty thought. Then she looked at the Vegemite and thought, "Actually I probably look a bit like one right now."

The person continued to back away from the rock that had been thrown. Kitty stepped towards him. He stepped backwards and she stepped forwards. He stopped; she stopped. Closer and closer they came to each other.

She could see the back of him clearly now. He had light blonde hair like Brian Collyer had. He was thin like Brian was. He was in a school uniform too. She was positive it was him. He had to be the one responsible for the Crying Moon sounds and he had to be Brian.

"God help me catch him," Kitty prayed.

She saw that there were leaves on the ground in front of her. He was only three metres away. His back was still towards her. His blonde hair looked messy. He stopped. She didn't move. If she stepped any more he would surely hear the crackling leaves.

"It's now or never," she thought. "It's time to catch the Crying—"

"Moouooooon!" she yelled.

"Ahhh," the boy yelled.

"Go!" yelled Penny.

"I'm coming," yelled Jane.

Penny slammed open the door with great force and ran as fast as she could to assist her daughter. Jane jumped out of her window and bolted across to the park. Kitty flung herself at the small figure and he swung around but she contacted his arm. She grabbed tightly as she yelled, "Brian!"

The boy was crying uncontrollably now and pulling away. Kitty held on.

"Brian, Brian, Brian, is it you? Brian?" Kitty asked over and over.

Penny and Jane met her then. Kitty softened her hold on him.

"Is it him? Is he okay?" Jane asked impatiently. "Looks like him."

"Brian?" Penny knelt down and talked soothingly. "Hello Brian? So many people are worried about you. Talk to us. We want to help you. Brian?"

"Brian I'm sorry if I scared you. I just wanted to find the Crying Moon," Kitty told him."

"Wha—, wha—, what?" he stammered. He was confused. But he was really glad someone had found him. It had been scary on his own. He was sure his mother would be mad at him. But, oh, he missed home so much.

"You kept crying when the moon was out," Kitty told him.

"Never mind that now," Penny soothed. "Are you hungry? We want you to come and have some crackers."

"And jam on toast," Jane offered.

"Will you come with us?" Kitty asked. "Just to the front patio, to eat, to have some food and juice? You don't have to come inside. We'll bring food to you."

"Yes," he finally nodded, "food."

They walked him over to their house. He looked pale and thin in the light, and very tired too. Kitty's mum called the police and Officer Mullins came over immediately. They all chatted and ate, and Brian filled his tummy with everything he could think of except fruit, fruit juice or carrots.

"No jam. No fruit. No carrots. I don't want any more fruit," he said to Penny, Kitty, and Jane. Apparently he had eaten enough fruit and carrots over the last few days.

So Brian had crackers with sliced ham and cheese. He had Vegemite on toast too. He also asked for some nuts because he loved nuts, especially cashews, and luckily Ms West had some in her pantry.

Brian answered the officer's questions. Soon the boy's parents came over too. They all hugged and cried and then talked some more. Presently Brian began to doze on the outside bench seat he was on, so Mr and Mrs Collyer took him home to have a good night's sleep.

Kitty was tired too. As she got ready for bed that night, she thanked God for answering her prayers. She opened the window, because she really wanted to check things out and so she scanned the street and the front of the park, before looking at the moon. The silvery white-grey rock was still beautiful. She listened.

There was no more crying. She sighed a deep, long, satisfied sigh. Time for some restful sleep. She was asleep within two minutes and the smile on her face relaxed as dreams overtook. The moon didn't cry in her dreams that night. There was no crying at all.

~ Chapter 8 ~
~ **The Letterbox Lady** ~

The next day Kitty had work. She turned up and was so tired but she put in extra effort to do her job. During her lunch break she walked through the shopping centre when she happened to see the letterbox lady. The tall lady was sitting with a strong-featured man at a coffee shop, both of them deep in conversation.

"Say sorry," God told her.

"I don't want to," Kitty told him.

"Why not?" God asked.

"I'm scared," Kitty told him.

"I am with you forever, remember," God reminded her.

"Yes, yes. I am not alone."

Kitty took a deep breath and walked over to the couple.

"Hello, um," Kitty said nervously. "I want to apologise for the comments I made. And, and also, also the way you have done your hair is very pretty. And your shoes are pretty. And your coffee is pretty, um, I mean looks nice, um. Okay, well keep drinking your coffee, um. I'll go now. Bye."

She almost ran away and didn't give the lady a chance to say anything back to her at all.

"There you are God," Kitty prayed. "I said sorry. And I know I maybe could have done that better too. But I did it at least, okay?"

Later on, Kitty drove home and fell on her bed exhausted.

"Saying sorry is more stressful than carrying out camouflaged surveillance on a park. God, how can saying sorry be more stressful than a surveillance operation? Sometimes I think I need to rearrange my thinking..."

She dozed off rapidly and dreamt about a moon that started crying, then it

started laughing, then it put on some glasses which turned into letterboxes, and then the whole moon turned into the lady to whom she had apologised, and then the lady turned into a coffee mug filled with Vegemite, then jam. After that her dreams subsided into a placid, boring, cloudy blur and Kitty relaxed and rejuvenated her body. She slept and her Father God watched on contentedly.

~ Chapter 9 ~

~ The Possum in the Carport ~

"So Nathan," Kitty said sheepishly as she reached for another bread roll, "do you have any opinion on say, mmm, buffaloes?"

Jane burst out laughing while Penny and Mr and Mrs Eastly gave Kitty quizzical glances.

The Eastlys had been invited over for Sunday lunch by Penny West who had put out a simple buffet of rolls, salads, and sliced meat.

Kitty gave Nathan an innocent smile and he smiled back then turned to Jane. His brother, Cade, sat beside him and had his mouth open wondering how on earth Nathan would respond to Kitty now. Cade was so often shocked by these girls, especially Kitty. Jane was young and still behaved somewhat childishly. Kitty was near his age and she was intriguing, despite her sometimes unorthodox conversation. But both of them had vitality and spark: of that he was sure. How would his brother respond?

"Buffaloes are certainly a strong and beautiful creature," Nathan surprised both Cade and Kitty. "And, as one of God's creatures, need to be respected and looked after, though at times they can cause significant ecological damage."

"Wow," said Jane, obviously thinking Nathan was even better than she first thought.

"Oh," said Kitty, "okay then."

"Well, lucky we don't have them in Australia," added Mrs Eastly.

"No, we do," said Jane.

"Buffalo girl," Kitty scolded, thinking Jane could have spoken more politely.

"Kitty Rain!" Penny scolded, knowing Kitty definitely could have spoken more politely.

Jane giggled happily.

"Actually she's correct," said Nathan.

"Cade, close your mouth," said Mrs Eastly. She was a small woman, but

forthright and thus determined her young men would present themselves appropriately at this lovely invitation to lunch.

Cade was still shocked at how easily Kitty and Jane managed to shock the conversation. He shoved some food inside and closed his mouth.

Obviously his brother could handle both the giggling Jane and her fiery sister Kitty Rain.

"Sorry, but how did we come to start talking about buffaloes?" Mrs Eastly asked.

"That would be Kitty's fault," Jane told her.

"Fault?" Kitty said. "You mean my expert ability to direct conversation."

"More like stun the conversation," Cade remarked.

Ms Penny West, Mr Eastly, and Mrs Eastly all chuckled. Mr Eastly then cleared his throat.

"Well," he began, "Miss Kitty West, you certainly have some expert skills, especially when it comes to finding lost boys."

"Yes," said Penny proudly as she was genuinely impressed with her daughter and how she had handled herself. "It was a very good thing you did. Mr and Mrs Collyer are very thankful."

"How is young Brian doing?" asked Mrs Eastly. The small woman's eyes were filled with compassion over this boy she had never met but had heard so much about on the news.

"He's doing well," Kitty told her. "They have transferred schools to one which has a better anti-bullying program."

"Is that Jackgum East Primary? We went there," Nathan said.

"Yes, I think so," Kitty answered.

"Well, he was glad to be home," Penny told them. "Officer Mullins, one of the police officers on the case, he gave us a call and told us Brian is doing well and passed on more thanks from his parents."

"What did he live off? Did he just live in the park? I don't get it," Nathan admitted.

Jane jumped up and down in her seat and Nathan smiled at her in a brotherly manner. Kitty wondered what Nathan was thinking about her sister. Sometimes he seemed to almost enjoy Jane's attention and conversation but at other times he just seemed way more mature and distant from the adolescent Jane.

"He hid in the park at night," Jane explained. "Just at night. He walked around and stretched his legs and—"

"And cried," Kitty interrupted.

"Yes and cried," Jane said, then continued. "But daytime—during the day, he hid in the carport of one of the houses around here. It belonged to an old lady with two old cars and a big old sofa, an outside sofa. And he slept on the old sofa during the day, or he tried too. She never even saw him (the old lady I mean) because Brian was behind the old cars. She used to sit on the old sofa with her husband and have lunch looking at his old cars, 'cause he loved classic cars. But he died, so she didn't use the sofa anymore. She didn't even know she had a runaway in her carport."

"Apparently she thought a possum was eating her fruit from her fruit basket," Kitty mentioned.

"And carrots," Jane added.

"Instead of a possum it was Brian," Mrs Eastly said. "Well at least he had some good food for all those days."

"It shows some good initiative anyway, that he located a food source," Cade mentioned.

"Yes, yes. Good scouting," Mr Eastly concurred, then asked Kitty, "And what about you? How did you actually find him?"

"Yes, it's so extraordinary that you did," Mrs Eastly said enthusiastically. "And such a good deed."

"Well I—" Kitty began.

"She covered herself in Vegemite," Jane butted in knowingly, but with a big grin as she dug a knife into a jar of the spread to put on her bread roll.

Kitty grabbed a jar of blueberry jam.

"Ha ha ha," Kitty and Penny laughed because of the looks on the Eastlys' faces.

"Oh enough is enough," Cade announced.

"No, no, no, she did. She really did," Jane giggled. "Well at least four or five smudges. I got to put it on her cheeks, I did!" Jane took a bite and grinned broadly.

"It was for camouflage purposes," Kitty explained.

"Camouflage?" They were all laughing.

"Okay, okay," Nathan said joining in with the laughter. "Sure, sure. But then wouldn't you have scared the boy? He might have thought you were a gangster if you were camouflaged and all."

"Yes and no," Kitty calmed down. "But he definitely didn't think I was a gangster."

"How do you know? Did you ask him?" Cade questioned.

"I didn't need to. He told me what he thought I was. Actually he thought I was a toad."

They all burst out laughing again.

"Well, well, well," Nathan stammered, "at least he didn't think you were a buffalo!"

"Possums, toads, and buffaloes! Oh my, what funny talk," Mrs Eastly declared, her eyes merry with the comedic conversation.

The laughter continued and Kitty looked dreamily at the sky where clouds were dotted about and she imagined one rather big fluffy one was a giant floating buffalo. It slowly dissipated into white fluffy blobs... Things had worked out really well. But there was more to do. She felt a stirring in her spirit.

*~ Chapter 10 ~
~ S. I. R. Begins ~*

Kitty was drumming her fingers on the kitchen bench. Her mother waited patiently, knowing that Kitty wanted to say something but just hadn't worked out how to say it.

"Mum," Kitty murmured.

"Yes, darling," her mother replied.

"It's not enough."

"What's not enough?" Penny Meredith West asked her daughter.

"Finding Brian," Kitty stated.

"What do you mean? You found him. There's no-one else crying in the park. It's over."

"No. I, I need to do more."

"What more can you do?" Penny sounded a little exasperated and her green eyes looked upset. This had been a strange adventure her daughter had gotten herself into and now that it was over she was more than a little relieved. But as she started to get upset she felt God tell her to calm down. So she did and thought some more.

"There isn't much more you can do. Well you can pray for him. Ask God to strengthen him and put good friendships in his life. Brian could do with some good friends. That's about it. Trust God to look after him."

Kitty waited politely until her mother had finished.

"No, it's more than that," Kitty explained. "It's the case."

"The case is closed, over, solved."

"Mum, I know that particular case is solved. But, I want more. Not more lost people. But to help lost people or any people that need help. I want to start a helping

business, a helping to find lost people business and anything else that's lost. I want to start an investigation business. I want to do more stuff like that: more cases."

Her mother stopped what she was doing and looked her daughter squarely in the eyes. After a few seconds she commented.

"And how exactly will you do that? And what about your job at the optometrist? And, and wouldn't it be dangerous?"

"Mum, Mum. I will be okay. God will protect me. I will keep my job and do this on the side. I've even thought of a name for it."

"What's that?" her mum queried.

"Kitty's S. I. R. which stands for Surveillance, Investigation, and Research. I want to help more people and I will be good at it. It's what God wants me to be, I'm sure. I love mysteries and investigations and working out what's what."

"I believe you," her mother said slowly, thinking deeply about her daughter. She really didn't want her daughter doing stuff like that on her own. And yet she knew Kitty was certainly skilled and perceptive with details and figuring things out. "You are a regular little investigator. Well, not so little any more. You're an excellent investigator Kitty Rain. You are, yes, you are."

Jane came into the room.

"What are you?" she asked, a little bit curious.

"I'm an investigator and a mystery-solver. Let's go!"

Kitty skipped away happily and headed outside towards her car. Jane ran after her.

"Wait for me, Kitty!" she yelled. "I'm coming too!"

The green Holden Commodore was parked on the street and the engine came to life. Kitty was taking Jane to the shops for supplies including spreads, bread, and all the necessities. The girls smiled: happy and hungry.

"Time for shopping," Kitty said.

"Way, way, way past time for food. I vote for lunch. You can get the dinner time food."

"That's fine," Kitty murmured. She indicated then eased the vehicle out and drove off.

Their mother stood there and breathed deeply and put her faith in God and his ability to direct her dear children.

"God bless you Kitty Rain and all your investigations," she whispered.

And God heard her prayer.

~ And so the next adventure begins ~

~ Books by Ohroara ~

The Kitty Rain series includes:

- Kitty Rain 1: The Mystery of the Crying Moon*
- Kitty Rain 2: The Mystery of the Tall Fog*
- Kitty Rain 3: The Opal Princess Puzzle*
- Kitty Rain 4: The Mysterious Maths Thief*
- Kitty Rain 5: The Frog Puddle Investigation*
- Kitty Rain 6: Jane's Birthday Burglar*
- Kitty Rain 7: The Chase and the Coughing Coffin*
- Kitty Rain 8: Crisis at the Castle of Belkavia*
- Kitty Rain 9: Gum Tree Park Thief*
- Kitty Rain 10: Lost Scavenger Hunt*

and more...



*Kitty Rain books and
Ohroara's songs
available from:
www.ovkor.com*

*Ohroara's website:
www.ohroara.com*



Kitty Rain 1: The Mystery of the Crying Moon



*She ever-so-quietly
opened the window
an inch.*

*Sob, sob, sob. Clear
as day—the sound
of crying.*

*“That’s it,” Kitty
thought.*

*“Someone’s out
there and I’m going
to find out who.”*

*Kitty Rain is a
God-believing mystery-
seeker. Along with her younger
sister Jane, her mother Penny, and
the handsome Cade, life is full of surprises.
When a new mystery unfurls, Kitty will do what she
can to piece together all the clues. What is in store for her?*

ISBN: 978-1-922937-00-1

