

48 HOURS

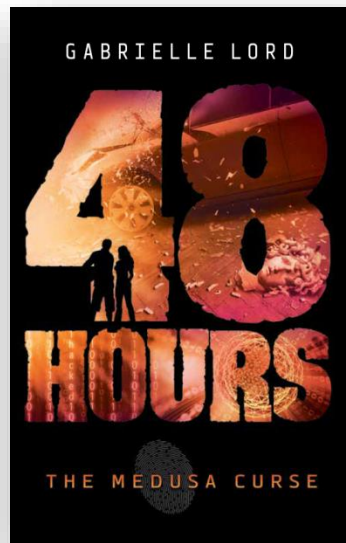
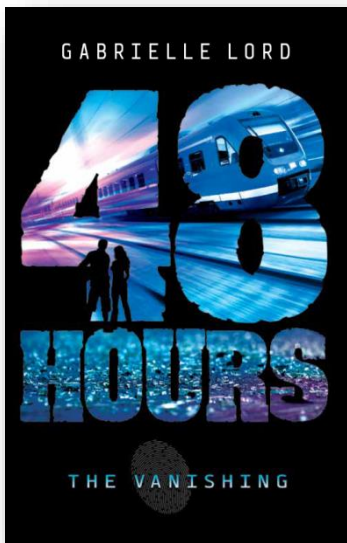
THE VANISHING THE MEDUSA CURSE

Gabrielle Lord

Series Fiction | Ages 12+ | Paperback | 5 x 7 ¾ | 240 pp | \$6.99

Vanishing ISBN: 978-1-61067-865-0 LOC: 2018958283 | Curse ISBN: 978-1-61067-866-7 LOC: 2018958284

One kidnapping. One cold case. Two amateur investigators.
Only 48 hours to solve the crime...



- Author of bestselling *Conspiracy 365* series.
- High school rules; CSI tools.
- 48 hours to collect the evidence, profile the criminal, save a life, stop the crime. The clock is ticking!
- Friendship, science, mystery, suspense.

THE MEDUSA CURSE

Maureen continued, echoing Jazz's thoughts. "It did seem a bit odd. But it probably belonged to one of the exhibition sponsors."

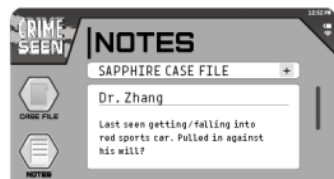
"Did you notice anything else unusual?"

"Now that you mention it, Dr. Zhang did seem to stumble when he got into the car. It was dark, though. I thought he must have tripped." Suddenly she looked anxious. "Oh dear, do you think he might have been attacked? Pulled into the car by force?"

"We don't know," replied Phoenix. "But it's possible. Nobody knows where he is. Not even his family."

Maureen's face had gone white. "I'm such a fool . . . I should have remembered this earlier. Look, I have to go. I need to speak with the police. You two stay safe!"

Jazz and Phoenix made their way to a small grassy area just outside the museum. Jazz opened up CrimeSeen. "Now we have a new Point Last Seen," she said, making notes on what Maureen had told them.



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"What if that car was the one used in the raid? I wish we'd had more time in the Velocity wing before the security guards and police got there," Phoenix said. "I would have collected mud from the tire tracks."

"Then you would have deliberately interfered with the crime scene. I've just finished a book about crime scene protection and we came close enough to interfering last night as it was, walking around like we did." Jazz's avid reading of true crime books and forensic studies sometimes got on Phoenix's nerves.

"Under the circumstances, I think it would have been justified," he argued.

"It was bad enough that you fell over and landed right in the . . ." Jazz stopped, staring at Phoenix excitedly.

"Footprints!" they said together.

"We have a soil sample," hooted Phoenix triumphantly. "There'll be dirt traces on my jeans. Let's head back to my place and take a closer look."

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Jazz and Phoenix jumped on a bus. It stopped just outside Phoenix's house. As they got off and prepared to cross the road, Jazz noticed a blue van. She looked closer and did a horrified double take.

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