Mysteries in the Valley Issue 1: The Calm Before the Storm

September 18th:

It wasn’t long before Clint Harlow had boarded onto the next ferry ride loaded with the moving trucks

filled with his belongings to Lavender Valley, Newfoundland. Hours had gone by and everybody on the

boat were about ready to sleep. However, Clint had decided to break out his grandfather’s acoustic

guitar playing his favourite tunes as he gazed the stars and clouds above him and the landscape he

passes before he finally gets himself ready to rest for the next day. The ferry’s horn had awoken Clint,

startling him in the process while the captain of the ship announces: “Good morning, ladies and

gentlemen. We will be arriving on the Atlantica Docks located on the Eastern side of Lavender Valley,

Newfoundland within an hour’s time. We hope you enjoy your ride.” “An hour, huh?” Clint responded.

“Well, better get a move on then.” With that established, Clint had gotten himself into some fresh new

clothes, bought a cup of hot coffee, and met up with his hired movers as they discuss on how they’ll be

unloading the trucks from the ferry. All the attended tourists and new bound citizens had gathered as

the ferry was ready to board on the Atlantica Docks, soon after, a fairly, formal dressed gentleman had

approached the ferry, and little had Clint knew, it was the Mayor of town. “Welcome! Welcome

everybody to Lavender Valley! I am Mayor Benjamin Lynn, and I’m so glad to see some new faces in

town.” With the mayor giving his introduction to everyone on the boat, he had then decided to give us

all a tour around town, pointing at the different landmarks and giving a brief history lesson in how this

town was founded in 1874. “Approximately a hundred and forty-six years ago, three travelling

prospectors had a vision to create a new community of their own within a small rural land away form

the big and evolving cities such as New York. Where residence of this newly formed town will still

maintain the feeling of being in the open country as far as the eye can see. Though this town has seen

some changes over the years, it still remained the same as it was built in everyone’s heart.” Pretty

touching and straight to the point Clint thought. Soon the tour was over, and the mayor had to attend to

the people who plans to move into town, starting with Clint. “Tell me good sir, what brings you to a fine

town such as this?” “Well Mr. mayor, I was given a workplace opportunity by your newspaper company

to one of the many photographers and article writers within the establishment.” “That sounds great!”

the mayor responded. “I hope to read one of your articles on the daily press one of these days.”

“Thanks.” Clint simply said. Soon after as Mr. Lynn is introducing himself to other passengers, Clint was

ready to board his moving trucks off the ferry and into his new apartment where he met the landlord.

“Excuse me, can I help you with something?” “Yeah, are you the landlord?” “Why yes I am. My name is

Debra Lawrence. Pleased to meet you.” “Good to see you too.” Clint replied as they shook hands. Debra

takes Clint to show him where exactly his new apartment is. “Here is your new home, Mr. Harlow.” She

shows him around the apartment, and hands him his key. “I certainly hope you’ll enjoy your stay.” With

Debra gone, Clint got the movers to help him place everything from the truck and into his home. An

hour went by and the move was finished. Clint and the movers got in their trucks and boarded back onto

the ferry where Clint would pay for the help and said his goodbyes. At last, the ferry was heading

onward towards its next destination which then left Clint to head to his new home and get some shut

eye for the next morning. Clint’s alarm had woken him up to get him ready for the day waiting for him.

He gotten himself freshened up, he got on his fine clothes, gathered his resume and was ready to go. As

soon he exited his apartment, there was a neighbour on their way elsewhere also until he introduced

himself to Clint. “Hi! You must be the new neighbour, right?” “Yeah, Clint Harlow. I just moved in the

other day. You are?” “Sid. Sid Kowalski. Nice to meet you.” As they both shook hands. Sid asks What

brings you here Clint?” “I was given an offer to work at a local newspaper press in town. You heard of

it?” In which Sid had Responded with “I actually happen to work there believe it or not.” “Oh cool! Mind

if I walk with you?” “Sure, not a problem.” As they left for work, they both started to carry a

conversation so they can get to know each other well. “So, what story are you working on, Sid?”

“There’s gonna be a little league baseball game going on today and I was assigned to take a photo of the

teams and writing an article on it.” “Sounds like fun.” “Did you use to play baseball?” “Yeah. I was

alright, never made it to any big games but I played it for the fun of it, like any kid would.” “Nice. What

else did you do?” “I mainly just played guitar.” “Someone taught you to play?” “Yeah, my grandfather

taught me. He even left me his handmade guitar before he passed several years back. So, what about

you? What do you do for a hobby?” “I mainly just watch slasher films and wrestling matches.” Before

they could carry on with their conversation, Clint and Sid had just arrived at the Lavender’s Daily Press.

“Oh good, we’re here!” Sid states. they walk into the building. “Ok, I’ll go introduce you to the boss, Mr.

Harrison. He’s a nice guy once you get to know him more.” “Okay. So is it just straight down here or..?”

Clint asked pointing towards the door in front of him. “No, that’s the janitor’s office. Mr. Harrison’s just

up here at the top of these stairs. Follow me.” Clint proceeded to follow where Sid was pointing him to

the owner’s office is.