

# THE LUCY WILSON MYSTERIES

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS



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# A PARTRIDGE IN A PEAR TREE

Lucy lay on her bed. Just a few moments earlier, she had collapsed and fallen to the floor. Luckily, Hobo was at hand and caught her before she hit her head.

Hobo had rung for Mr and Mrs Wilson. Before she fainted, the room had filled with a large electric blue flash. Hobo thought it was wise to call Dame Anne too.

It wouldn't take long for them to arrive. Anne had already called Mrs Wilson to tell her she would be joining them.

As Lucy lay on her bed, her body was twitching. She came out in a sweat and jolted her legs.

Hobo tried to calm her down, hoping she was just experiencing a nightmare.

As the minutes passed, she started to call out people's names. First, it was his name, then Nick,

Mr Wilson, and Dean. Just a few moments ago she had shouted Anne.

Hobo wiped Lucy's brow and covered her with the duvet.

'Oh, Luce, what's going on?'

*Beneath the curly hair, the freckled skin and the strong bones, Lucy was still thinking. Her mind still ticking over. Her external existence may have been safe in bed, but within her mind, I was there.*

*Hobo was wrong, this was no dream. Lucy was fighting for her life.*

*Annoyed at how well she had performed, I whirled up a storm of snow. It formed into a giant hand and I pulled her from the countryside.*

*She fought back, but nothing she could do would hurt me.*

*I placed her on a chair. It was small and red. I plucked it from one of her memories.*

*I placed the palm of my hand on her forehead and started to absorb. Around us, in the vast white void, items materialised.*

*The sofa was from her living room; a small table next to it came from a doctor's waiting room. The lamp came from an old lady's house, and next to it sat a book. It was scruffy-looking and had Lucy's name written in big letters on the front. Underneath were the words 'Year 2 Maths'.*

*I surrounded us with large paintings, all snippets of her life. Her school friends from London, her family, different creatures and, weirdly, a giant spider on Coronation Street.*

*'I know you're awake,' I said. Lucy opened her eyes and frowned.*

*'Who are you?' she asked.*

*'I'm the one who sent you stalking soldiers, spirits of steam and suspense stories. Saw supporters snooze to synthetic sounds, snuggle to saintly sweet Santa and scrapping swans. Surprising snacks, seasonal sightseeing and saddened squaddies. Sinful spuds striking, snow with spellbound sparrows, and finally, slaughter. I'm a narrator, the Narrator.'* I raised my arms in the air like a circus ring master. Another picture appeared around us of a clown in a mirror.

*She looked over and I could see she knew what that meant.*

*'Those pictures, they're memories?' she asked.*

*'Yes, I'm not a cruel person. If you're going to die, then you should be surrounded by your memories,' I said. 'I hope I picked the right ones.'*

*I genuinely meant it; it wasn't her fault she had to die.*

*'If you have seen my memories, then you know what I have done, what I have fought off, and how I have saved myself and this planet countless times.'* As she spoke, her voice grew stronger, and she pulled at the skipping ropes that tied her to the chair.

*'I know what you've done. I play with words and can see there should be a lot of words about you.'* It was true, the stories I could absorb would be immense. If only I could stick around.

*'What's the name of your species?'* she asked.

*'What a weird question. Why do you ask?'*

*'I want to add it to my list of victories.'* She had a smug look on her face.

*'I'm not here for the pathetic reasons those beasts are. I already live on your planet and my kind has for millennia. We have seen your puny lifeforms crawl from the oceans into the parasites you are today.'* I stepped closer to her, towering slightly and making her feel like the insignificant human she was. *'You won't see me singing and dancing to pop songs, marching the streets to upgrade humans or even playing catch. I have one goal...'*

Next to Lucy, a small blue jar appeared.

*'This!'* I held it up. Its smooth blue-glazed ceramic edge felt soft and comforting. I ran my fingers around the lid. *'This will give me my freedom.'*

*'Like a genie?'*

*'No, not like a genie! What do you think this is? Disney funded?'*

This girl was trying my patience. She seemed so confident. Everything she had been through seemed to make her stronger.

*'This candy jar contains sweets known as the Pear.'*

*Once I've collected enough stories, it should release its fruit, and I'll have the power to leave you. But something has happened.'*

*'Leave me?'*

Mr and Mrs Wilson arrived at Lucy's bedside. Hobo decided the best thing he could do was make a cup of tea.

When he returned, Lucy was still on the bed. Her eyes were closed and she was muttering words. It was like she was having a conversation on a phone and her parents could only hear one side.

'I want to add it to my list of victories,' Lucy said, sternly.

'Albert, what do you think is up with her?' Mrs Wilson asked.

Mr Wilson just continued stroking his daughter's head.

'Like a genie?' Lucy piped up; it made Mr Wilson jump slightly.

Dame Anne joined them in the room. Mr Wilson frowned and sighed.

Anne rushed over to Lucy and started taking small devices from her bag.

'Hobo, tell me again, what exactly happened when she fainted?'

Hobo repeated the story he had already told Mr and Mrs Wilson.



'And where is this magazine now?' Anne asked. Hobo pointed to the bottom of the bed.

Anne scanned the cover with her device. It beeped a few times.

'Lucy isn't the only life form in her mind. It seems there is some kind of parasite in her. There are no signs of it on the magazine now,' Anne concluded.

'Will she be okay?' Mr Wilson asked.

'I am not sure. This isn't a cold or flu. This is a creature. For all we know, Lucy could be fighting for her life,' Anne replied.

At that moment, Lucy muttered something that frightened her friends and family.

'Leave me?'

*'Yes, Lucy, leave you.' I summoned a chair next to her. 'Something happened to us. My species, the Ridge, do not have a body like yours. We are sentient. But when passing through your house, a spark connected us. I'm trapped within you, and there's only one way to get out.'*

*'Which is?'*

*'You must die. Our neuroelectric wavelengths are bonded and I can't break them. I've tried and tried, filling the jar with stories about Santa, birds and Christmas puddings.'* I sat down next to her. *'I'm exhausted. I've tried so hard,'* I said with a sigh.

*'What can I do to help?'* she asked. I looked up,

*confused by the question.*

*'Lucy, I've told you. You must die.'*

*'How many stories did you try?'*

*'Eleven.'*

'I can tell you more. I can tell you about giant spiders, ghosts, Quarks and shape-shifting teachers. I can tell you about my grandad and everything he did. Me and my friend Hobo helping hypnotised pandas, the Children of January, and the Bledoe Cadets,' Lucy said.

Lucy's family watched her as she listed everything that had gone on in her short life. Anne listened to every word, hoping the teenager wouldn't divulge any national secrets.

Hobo grabbed Lucy's hand.

'Tell it about the Quark in the arcade,' he said. 'Or how we defeated the Great Intelligence. Don't forget Billy Bandril.'

Anne realised what he was doing, she grabbed Lucy's other hand.

'I can tell you about Yeti, Dominators, my scientific breakthroughs,' she urged.

*Lucy could hear the echoes of Hobo's voice.*

*'There was a Quark in an arcade...'* she began to explain.

*The candy jar next to her glowed in a blue hue,*

*similar to the sparks that connected me to Lucy. I listened to everything she had to say. I could feel the power rush through me.*

*'But then there's Mum and Dad. I could tell you how we moved to Ogmores-by-Sea, or the time...'*

*'...my dad slipped on a grape in Sainsbury's and knocked down a whole display of jam.'* Albert looked embarrassed when Lucy gave away his secret. It had only been him and her at the supermarket, and she was bribed with a Kinder Egg to keep it under her hat. But he could see his daughter brightening up. Whatever she was doing, it was working.

*'Remember the Christmas when you opened a present, and all that was inside was a box of biscuits. You threw it to one side and it fell open, and inside was a watch and chocolate. Grandad had tricked you?'*

He grabbed her arm, followed by Tamara who sang. It was the songs she had sung to all of her children. It was in a strange language that she didn't even know but it was beautiful.

*'Mum once walked through the wrong door in a shop and was escorted out by security for being in the back room. I have so many friends. One is called Paula; another is called Jenny. I have seen Australia, travelled back in*

*time, gone to the far ends of the future.’ I could feel the power of the jar. It cracked! The blue lid crashed down to the floor.*

*Miles and miles of branches, trunks and leaves burst through the ceramic candy jar. It trusted itself into the air and stretched up so high I couldn’t see the top.*

*Every branch produced beautiful pears, and I knew what I had to do. I started to eat.*

*I could feel the power within me. It felt refreshing.*

*The tree continued to grow and I started to climb. Lucy carried on talking, but I couldn’t hear. My world was filled with that blue light.*

*My whole being was released. I could feel it.*

Lucy jolted upright in her bed, her friends and family were knocked sideways, each losing their grip. Her hand slammed down on a book and she opened her eyes.

Once more the blue spark ignited the room.

Lucy blinked a few times, not knowing where she was. She didn’t have much time to think when her mum pounced on her with a hug. Hobo, Anne and her dad all joined in.

Dazed and confused she looked around.

‘Where am I?’

‘You’re at home. Oh, my precious baby. You’re at home with your family.’ Mum squeezed extra tight.

\*

*A few days after, Lucy was midway through another Christmas adventure, but that, my friends, is another story.*

*But what of me, where did I go? Well, unfortunately, my story was not quite over. When Lucy awoke, her family were all holding her. I couldn't risk transferring to one of them and being stuck again.*

*I slammed down Lucy's arm and felt the warmth of a loved book. I could feel the words within and I could bask in the thrill of the story. Which is how I can now talk to you. I am the voice in your mind. The one that reads every word. I can make you think of anything I like. Sheep! See, now you are thinking of sheep. Mince Pies! Slippers! Christmas Presents! Love!*

*I am part of you, but don't worry. I have no interest in killing anyone. I can live happily within your mind. I can spark memories for you. I can read books with you, watch TV and listen to audio stories. Just keep me entertained and you will have nothing to worry about.*

*I'm glad you got to read this. These are my memories. One day I will get some poor soul to write them down, they can get it published and the world will know about Lucy Wilson and the Twelve Days of Christmas.*

**THE END**

*Available from Candy Jar*

## **The Mystery of Lucy Wilson: Apocalypse Tomorrow by Steven Walton and Shaun Russell**

Lucy Wilson's adventures in time have taken her to some strange places. Dangerous places, faraway places... But none so strange and alien as where she finds herself now... The 1990s.

Pokémon battle in the schoolyards. Tamagotchi roam the streets. And a giant spider from a ruined future looks to spark an apocalypse that, technically, has already happened.

Timelines converge and realities shattered as Lucy's exile in time reaches its epic climax. And in the end, it all comes down to one question: who's better, 2Unlimited or Adamski?



*Also available from Candy Jar*

**The Lucy Wilson Mysteries:  
The Best Christmas Ever by Chris Lynch**

Christmas is the busiest time of the year, but this never seems to be a problem for the monsters and aliens that visit Lucy Wilson over the festive period!

Alongside her best friend Hobo, Lucy discovers one of her grandad's old secrets, investigates a creepy haunted mansion, and gets a visit from a mysterious goatman called Krampus, who takes bad children away.

This is a collection of three stories set over the Christmases of 2018, 2019 and 2020. Defending Earth doesn't stop for anything, not even Christmas! But which Christmas is the best one ever?





Listen to the Spotify Christmas list. Updated daily.

