

Penelope

PENELOPE. No worries! Hold on a sec I need to do a post.

Penelope holds up her phone and records herself.

You will never believe where I am standing right now! The mansion of Vera Braxton, the woman, the myth, the legend, the greatest mystery writer in the history of humanity and my personal hero.

She gives a little squee!

I am fangirling so hard right now. Okay, this place is *intense*. To get here you have to go on a ferry an hour off the coast of Nova Scotia. I am dead serious right now. Waves. I vomited like seven times, but it was *worth it!* And I am here to compete in the Vera Braxton twenty-four hour Deadline Challenge—to write a new murder mystery in twenty-four hours, and the winner gets...

She makes her own drum roll.

A book deal!

This has been my dream forever. When I was a kid I used to write little mystery books and put my name on the cover and everything, and just think: It could actually happen. Aaaaah! I'm gonna vomit again.