

BY EVAN JACOBS



THE SEVENTH SENSE

A decorative title box with a hand-drawn, ornate border featuring floral and scrollwork motifs. The text inside is centered and reads "THE HISTORY OF THE VINTAGE ROSE ANTIQUE SHOP". The background of the page is decorated with faint spider webs.

THE HISTORY OF THE VINTAGE ROSE ANTIQUE SHOP

The story begins with a sorcerer named Ervin Legend. He had a talent for making money. While traveling, Ervin bought items all over the world. He would have called himself a collector. Others might say hoarder. Once he grew tired of things, he sold them for a profit. "One man's junk is another man's treasure," he used to say.

Eventually, Ervin wanted to settle down. His home was in Scarecrow, California. But he needed somewhere to put all of his things. Ervin opened the Vintage Rose Antique Shop in 1912. It was a place to keep his collections. His wife, Visalia, inspired the shop's name. She loved roses and kept them in vases all over the shop. "Roses mask the smell of old things," she would say.

After the shop opened, Ervin kept traveling. He collected pieces to sell from all over. In 1949, Ervin and Visalia went to Cairo, Egypt. While there, the couple disappeared. Nobody knows what happened to them. Some say Ervin's love of sorcery might have been to blame. He may have looked into something he shouldn't have.

Family members took over the shop. None were quite like Ervin, though. Without his passion, the business began to fail. His sister believed it was cursed.



In 1979, the Legends put the shop up for sale. Rose Myers bought it. She was odd, like Ervin. Her passion for old things was like his. "Everything has a story," she would say, with a twinkle in her eye. From a young age, Rose had looked for bargains. She would resell things for a profit. Buying the Vintage Rose was her dream come true. The place was old. It was filled with odd treasures. Plus, Rose was part of the name of the store. It seemed like this was meant to be.

Rose ran the shop for 40 years. When she passed away, it closed. The business had been left to her nephew, Evan Stewart. He was Rose's closest living relative. The Stewart family moved to Scarecrow. They reopened the shop in 2019.

Today, the shop still holds many treasures. Collectors come from all over. Some have purchased these mysterious relics. Are they magical? Do they watch over the store? We may never find out. Or will we?

CHAPTER 1

SHADY JIMMY

Later, Shady Jimmy!” Tyler shouts. “Bring that smartwatch tomorrow, dude!”

“For sure!” I bite into the pastry he just gave me. Tyler agreed to give me one of these every day after school for a month. The deal was that if he did, I would give him a smartwatch that I didn’t want anymore. But there’s one problem. We’re at the end of the month, and I don’t have the watch. In fact, I never did.

It’s really just a problem for him. The situation doesn’t bother me at all. I snicker every time I think about it.

The name “Shady Jimmy” makes me laugh too. It comes from all the deals I make with students here at Scarecrow Middle School. Sometimes I keep my promises. Other times, I don’t. That’s why people think I’m shady. They never know if I’m going to uphold my end of the deal or not. Honestly, I make so many deals that I can’t keep track of what I owe to whom.

“Hey, Jimmy!” A girl named Megan runs to me from across the school’s front lawn.

For a moment, I think of pretending like I don’t see her. I could just mix in with the crowd of students on the lawn. Megan would have a hard time finding me. But I decide to talk to her instead.

“What’s up, Megan?” I ask.

She folds her arms across her chest. “Where’s the Always Again shirt you promised to give me?”

Oh, that’s right. She traded me a retro Rubik’s Cube for that shirt. Megan is small. She’s about the same size as my little sister, Nina. Both girls love Always Again clothes. I was going to take one of my sister’s shirts and give it to Megan. But I can’t figure out how to sneak into Nina’s room. This deal is more trouble than it’s worth.

“I’ll bring it tomorrow,” I lie.

“You said that yesterday!” Megan snaps.

“I promise!” Quickly, I walk away.

Megan calls after me. I’m far enough away now to pretend not to hear her.

I try to think of a different way to get a shirt for Megan. *Maybe I could trade with another student. Who else wears Always Again clothes?*

It’s possible that I have a shirt for Megan in my

room from another trade. Maybe it's buried under something. But what if I've already promised the shirt to someone else? I try not to trade items that I'm slated to give to other people. When I've done that before, it was because someone wanted to punch me for breaking a deal. Thankfully, no one has tried to fight me yet. People just continue coming to me. My reputation for being shady has not stopped business from flowing. I must be keeping just enough of my promises to give people hope that I'll deliver.

Maybe I have the whole school wrapped around my finger, I think. The entire town might want to do business with Shady Jimmy one day. I'm good enough at what I do for that to happen. Scarecrow, California is a small town anyway. Expanding my operation here should be easy.

Scarecrow is such a silly name. This town was nothing but strawberry fields and swamps long ago. But birds started eating the farmers' seeds. To combat this, farmers put up scarecrows to keep the birds away. That's how the town got its name.

I'd usually laugh out loud at that ridiculous story. But I can't right now. I'm constantly getting text messages. They're nonstop. The buzzing is making my head spin as I walk home. Everyone wants to know

when I'm going to give them what I owe. At least no one has confronted me in person since Megan.

“Shady Jimmy,” someone says.

I look up from my phone to see who it is. To my dismay, it's Damon. The huge boy is approaching me. We're in front of Scarecrow Plaza. It has all kinds of shops and stores. If Damon tries to hurt me, maybe I can take cover in one of those places.

BUZZ, PANIC, LIE

Hey, Damon.” I try to smile. My phone continues to buzz with texts.

Then I remember what I got from our trade. I love the *Clan Castles* video game series. Damon gave me a book with cheat codes. It explains how to beat all the levels for each game.

I have no idea where I put that book. It might be somewhere in my cluttered room. But who knows? Maybe I traded it away.

In the deal with Damon, I told him I would give him an original Nuwave Game Bud that still works. That was the most popular handheld video game console of the early 1990s. Some argue that it was the best of all handhelds. A Game Bud that works could still be worth money today. Unfortunately, I never had one to trade with Damon. But I just couldn’t resist making the deal.

“I want my *Clan Castles* book back!” Damon shouts. “Or give me the Game Bud now!”

Damon is known for being tough. He has won plenty of fights.

I try not to sound afraid. “Well, I don’t have the book or Game Bud on me right now.”

Usually, I can talk my way out of anything. But I don’t think Damon wants to hear excuses from me today.

“Get one or the other.” He grabs my shirt. Then he pulls me closer to him. “Or I’m going to break your face!”

Sometimes, I stutter when I’m nervous. “I’ll have the G-G-Game Bud for you tomorrow.” Damon’s dark eyes are terrifying. I can’t even look at him. “You don’t w-w-want to hurt me, Damon.”

“Why don’t I?” He grits his teeth. “You’re such a liar Jimmy. You lie to everybody. I’d be doing everyone a favor!”

“Um, well, if you break my face, then I c-c-can’t give you the book or the Game Bud. I’d be in the hospital. People will wonder w-w-what happened to me. I won’t tell on you. But what if somebody s-s-sees you? What if they get you on video? You could get in b-b-big trouble. The stuff isn’t worth it.

Especially when I'm going to bring you the Game Bud t-t-tomorrow."

I have no idea where all of that came from. Sometimes, *I'm* even surprised at how I can talk myself out of bad situations.

Damon glares at me. He lets go of my shirt and pushes me away. "You better have the book or the Game Bud tomorrow, Shady. If you don't, I'm coming for you."

My voice shakes. "Sure. I promise."

Damon stalks away.

I take a deep breath. Maybe that will help me calm down.

Now I'm so rattled, I just want to go inside any store. I need something to help me stop thinking of what just happened. It would also be great to get out of sight from anyone I may owe.

My phone continues buzzing with texts. I don't want to look at any of them. I'm in no mood for working out those situations right now.

What can I do about Damon? I wonder. I'll give him something else that he'd want as much as the Game Bud or book. But what?

I wander into Vintage Rose Antique Shop.

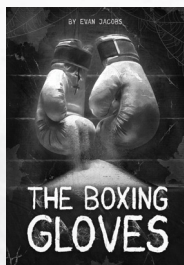
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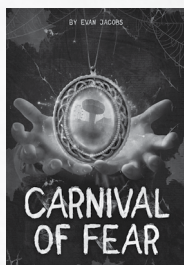
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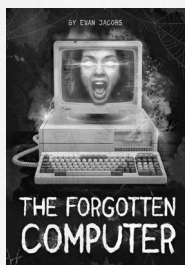
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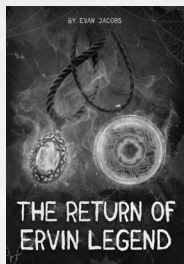
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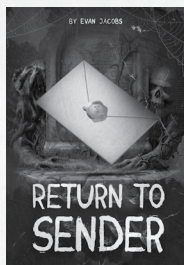
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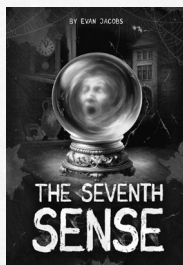
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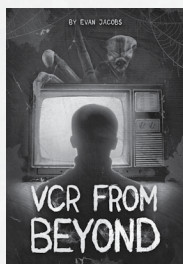
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VINTAGE ROSE MYSTERIES

THE SEVENTH SENSE

Jimmy's deals at school have earned him the nickname "Shady Jimmy," and he's fine with that. Then he discovers a mysterious crystal ball that shows real fortunes. Jimmy sees a chance to go from shady to legendary. Soon he's basking in power and respect, until the ball reveals something that he didn't bargain for.

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