

OPERATION

SPARK



MADISON DENTON

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Elementary Winner of the 2016 Gallopade
Write Your Own Mystery Contest!

Dedication

I would never have been able to write this book without the support of my brilliant ELS teacher, Millicent Rice, and my encouraging librarian, Charlene Hubbard. They introduced me to this competition and helped build my confidence to write this story. Most of my inspiration came from my best friends, Kennedy Davis, Clara Payne, Gracie Stewart, Ainsley Turner, Gracey Greene, Cole Pittman, and Hayden Danner. They all comforted me during my insipid moments and stimulated my ideas for the characters. My parents also encouraged me.

I have a message for all of the aspiring young authors out there. People can tell you that you can't possibly write a remarkable book, but remember, don't give up until you can no longer see the road ahead of you. "Ambition is the path to success. Persistence is the vehicle you ride." - Bill Bradley

Printed March 2016

I woke up expecting to smell mom's fresh baked biscuits and bacon, but instead, I smelled a strong antiseptic smell. I opened my eyes to see that I was in a plain decorated room with an I.V. next to my bed. "Oh no! I'm in the hospital!" I thought to myself. I tried to get out of the hospital bed but found myself cringing in pain. Every part of me hurt. I immediately got back in place in the bed.

"What happened to me?" I questioned. I glanced at the information board hanging on the wall hoping that it would say something about my condition.

Patient: Athena Faye

Nurse: Sarah Black

Doctor: Ron Montana.

Nothing about my condition was listed on there. I lifted up my arm to see a minor burn streaked across it.

"Hello, my name is Nurse Sarah. How are you?" a tall red haired woman greeted. She had the kind of face that you could tell wore way too much makeup.

"I'm feeling good ma'am," I gulped. Not daring to say how much pain emitted from my burns.

“Great! You need help with anything?” she said, clearly not meaning it.

“No ma’am,” I replied. I was too tired to even think about my situation. I needed a nap. (My eyelids began to fall over my eyes like curtains fall over a stage concealing the actors from the audience.) In my case concealing me from my confusing day.

Dream: I found myself standing in an open field with my sister Ashley and my best friend Cayla. “Hurry up!” I urged. Cayla was behind me struggling to catch up. We were heading toward a large tree in the field. When I got there I sat down and opened one of my favorite books.

“Ugh, why are you reading that stupid book again? You are such a nerd,” Ashley snapped. She was 13, and we never got along.

“I enjoy this book, and I will read it as much as I please,” I countered. The dream suddenly went black. I heard a loud crack and a piercing scream. I suddenly realized the scream belonged to me.

I awoke with shock of what I saw. I turned on the television to take my mind off of it.

“Wrestling Nope Football No News why not,” I turned

on the news to see my little sister, Ashley, in tears. I gasped.

“I can’t believe it. I was making fun of how she read too much. Now I may never see her again!” She said trying to talk over tears. I turned off the television. I had too much to comprehend today. I called my nurse and ate some dinner.

The next morning I got Nurse Sarah to bring me some clothes. She entered with a purple hoodie, some sweat pants, and high tops. I quickly got dressed and proclaimed I would take a walk around the hospital. I did not feel as much pain as yesterday. I went to the food court and got some breakfast. When I sat down two similar looking people soon joined me.

The girl had long dark hair and was tan. Her eyes were dark brown. She had a friendly smile that showed she would be a very welcoming girl. The boy looked almost the same. His hair was dark and cropped off with tan skin and deep brown eyes.

“Hey, my name is Isadora,” the girl said when her brother suddenly interrupted, “and I’m Daniel.”

I giggled.

“I’m Athena. It’s great to meet you,” I introduced. “Why

are you guys in the hospital?” I questioned. Daniel pulled up his sleeves to reveal a severe burn mark as Isadora pulled her hair back showing a horrible burn as well.

“House fire,” They both said in sync.

“I’m not quite sure why I’m here. I ache everywhere and I have burn marks on me also,” I admitted. The twins and I both finished our meal. We all exchanged phone numbers and parted ways.

I was strolling through the hospital reading the names on the doors.

“Mark Smith, Maya Stevens, Cayla Johns ... Wait, Cayla!” I burst into the room that my BFF was in and choked on tears. Her leg had been amputated.

“NO!” I boomed. I reached over to grab her hand, but sparks had flowed from my hand when I reached her. I dropped to the floor in tears. I found myself not being able to breathe or move. I was having a panic attack.

I woke up in a room with Dr. Montana, Nurse Sarah, and the twins, Isadora and Daniel.

“She’s awake,” they murmured.

“That panic attack could have damaged your heart,”

Dr. Montana warned.

“I know sir, but my friend Cayla was in a room with an amputated leg,” I said.

“You shouldn’t have been snooping around in rooms anyway,” Nurse Sarah complained.

“I’m sorry,” I admitted. Dr. Montana and Nurse Sarah left the room leaving just the twins and me.

“Hey, you could have gotten yourself hurt. You might have had a heart attack and had to get surgery,” Daniel boomed with clear concern overwhelming his voice. His eyes twinkled. He stood strong looking at me with anger and concern covering his face.

“I know, but I was scared about my friend. If she had gotten hurt I don’t know what I would do,” I said. He looked down and frowned kind of ashamed of raising his voice at me.

“I understand. Our friends make us the kind of people we are,” he admitted. Daniel and I looked at each other for a while. His smile revealed perfectly symmetrical white shining teeth. I couldn’t help but smile back.

“Well, I hate to interrupt your little love bird session, but I need some lunch,” Isadora interrupted.

“Oh, yeah,” we both awkwardly agreed.

At lunch I got some Chinese takeout sushi and a soda. I sat down next to Daniel and Isadora. They both had tacos and tea.

“When I was in Cayla’s room something happened. When I touched her hand sparks flew from my fingers,” I said. They gave each other scared glances. I looked at them stunned.

“You seem very concerned” I said, “What are you guys hiding?” I questioned looking at Daniel who was biting his lip. He looked as if trying hard to keep a secret. I grinned.

“Let’s go,” Isadora exhaled as she dragged Daniel out of the food court.

Later that night I received a call from Daniel. He told me to meet him in the food court next to the McDonald’s. I did as he said and met him there.

“Hey,” he whispered.

“Hi,” I responded.

“So, you know how you don’t remember what got you here,” he said.

“Yeah,” I said.

“Well, Isadora and I know why you are here. Actually... the whole hospital kinda knows. It’s a big deal,” he explained. I looked at him confused.

“They called it Operation Spark,” he said “Your friend, Cayla, it struck her, too. That’s why those sparks shot out of your fingers.

When it happened, you developed some kind of electric bond with her.

She is in a coma now,” he revealed. He looked into my tearful eyes. I began to weep. Daniel pulled me into a comforting hug. I was distraught about Cayla but I began to triumph about the hug from Daniel.

We both returned to our rooms to get some rest. He kept saying, “When it happened,” I wondered, “What does that mean?”

“Operation Spark...” I trailed off as I slowly fell asleep.

I woke up the next morning wanting to just have a normal day. I was practically starving. I had woken up

early, so I decided to see if the food court was even open.

There was one restaurant that was open. The name of the restaurant was The Hungry Mexican. I strolled over to the building and stated that I wanted tacos. The waitress that had her blonde hair pulled up in a ponytail turned to face me. I was shocked to find that I knew this waitress very well. In fact, you could say she was like my Best Friend.

“Cayla” I burst. I reached over to hug her when she turned away and electricity shot through my body when I reached her. I was thrown across the room. I then remembered how we had an electric connection and that would happen.

“Who are you?” she questioned with an unfamiliar sass penetrating her voice.

I stared at her in confusion. “I’m Athena, your best friend.” I reminded her.

“Uh ... no you’re not” she countered hobbling out from behind the counter with an artificial leg.

“How ‘bout you just leave me alone creep.” Tears welled up in my eyes. I had never imagined seeing her like this.

“Okay” I sighed getting up and scurrying away.

I returned to my room and decided to watch TV for a while.

Later that morning, since the first time did not end well, I decided to go get breakfast. Everyone was awake now.

As I was walking down the hall, I stopped by Isadora and Daniel’s room to see how they were doing.

“You told her?!” a familiar voice that I recognized as Isadora’s snapped.

“Not exactly,” Daniel said.

“What do you mean not exactly?!” Isadora boomed.

“Well... I told her that she and Cayla have this weird bond and that it’s called Operation Spark you know all that stuff,” he said.

“You didn’t tell her that she got in here because she...” Isadora was cut off by the intercom.

“The food court will be closing in 30 minutes due to construction,” the intercom blared. I grieved the timing of the intercom silently and went on my way to the food

court.

When I arrived I made a mental note to not go to The Hungry Mexican. I strolled to a seafood restaurant called The Swordfish Diner.

I ordered the tilapia and tea and sat down. The twins didn't join me this time most likely due to their fight about the secret.

"The secret..." I repeated in my head. I decided to pass the time by trying to figure out the disaster that had landed me in this dreaded place.

"A spark could be caused by many things. You can spark a fire. Sparks can shoot from a plug in the wall," I wondered. "Maybe someone tried to catch the tree we were standing by on fire," I questioned. It was a risky guess but you know ... anything can happen.

I thought about it a little bit more. Then, it struck me. I was literally struck.

"Struck by lightning!" I proclaimed. I would have to question Daniel about it.

"Wait, he probably won't tell me because his sister will get mad" I said. I decided to take a walk.

I was outside of the hospital taking a stroll around the premises.

As I was walking, I noticed Cayla walking with an entourage of gothic girls on crutches. One girl seemed to have nothing wrong with her.

When she turned to face me, I then noticed that she had a scar stretching across her face.

“Hey, the look on that girl’s face when we tripped her and food got all over her was priceless” the scar faced female triumphed.

“Yeah” Cayla replied imitating a girl awkwardly falling. They all laughed at the imitation that Cayla made. They were laughing so hard that they didn’t even know they ran right into me.

“Watch it!” a girl on crutches with dark blue hair barked. Their alarming gazes all locked on me.

“I think this girl needs to learn a lesson” the scar faced girl declared strutting up in front of me.

“Yeah!” they all agreed.

“Let’s not get stupid ladies,” I said attempting to make them back off. They all laughed. One of the crutched

girls let her crutches fall to the ground and picked me up by the shirt. I was amazed at her strength. She threw me to the ground and tried to throw punches at me. I did the best dodges I could, but she was surprisingly quick. Cayla watched. Regret lingered deep in her eyes. I could tell that she knew me deep in her heart she just didn't realize it yet. They had been punching me for a while.

The scar faced girl got everyone to step back. She pulled her fist back hurling it at my face with all of the might she had. I had closed my eyes preparing for maximum pain when suddenly I heard her scream "STOP!" and stepped in front of me shielding me from the punch.

I realized that the punch had never happened. I opened my eyes to see Cayla standing in front of me with an electric force surrounding us. The scar-faced girl was wincing in pain from the shock she had received from the shield.

The girls ran away as quickly as they could leaving only Cayla and me. "How did I do that?" she said examining her hands.

"Long story," I told her causing her to stop looking at her hands and at me. I explained to her everything that I had learned and what I thought Operation Spark

might be.

“Wow,” she exhaled. She looked to be very overwhelmed by the story.

“Thanks for saving me back there,” I said. “Why did you do that? I thought you think I’m some kind of psychopath that thinks I’m your best friend,” I said.

“Well, I felt bad for you so I decided to help. But don’t think that I believe your crazy story or that we are going to end up like BFFs,” she declare with obvious arrogance.

“Deal,” I said. We both left to go about our day regularly.

That day I had to get tests performed on me to see how I was doing. I entered the room that they had asked me to arrive at. When I walked in I saw Dr. Montana and a large table with straps on it. “Come in,” he said happily gesturing to the table.

He told me to lie on the table while they perform some tests. I lay on the table to then feel straps clasp around my arms and legs.

“This isn’t as comfortable as I expected.

“Oh yes, we just needed to take precautions. You know, you can never be too careful,” He said.

“Why do you need to be careful?” I questioned beginning to be a bit scared. He just nodded and put a mask over my face.

I woke up later alone strapped to the table with slits stretching down both my forearms. Blood was seeping from both my arms. I then felt a strong burning sensation.

“Aaaaaahhhh,” I bawled. I struggled to get out of the straps, but they were very strong.

“Oh my,” Dr. Montana said creeping out of the shadows.

I glared at him, “How did I get here?”

“Now is not the time for that question,” he parried.

Anger built up in me, “Now is the time for this!” I screamed.

Suddenly, I broke free from the straps electricity shooting through my body. I exited the room running to Daniel and Isadora. Just before I reached them, a sensation of exhaustion overcame me. I collapsed at

their feet. They caught me and immediately snapped me out of it. I showed them the incisions in my forearms. I explained what happened.

“Look,” Isadora said, “I know Daniel told you a lot of information about what happened, but I think you are ready to know what really happened.”

“You were struck by lightning,” Daniel said, “But it seems like more than just lightening to us.”

I got Cayla and introduced her to them. We all kind of developed a group of friends. Cayla began to lighten up on me. We started to become kind of friends, but she still didn't remember me.

We all met each other in my hospital room one day to talk about what had happened to Cayla and me. “I don't believe that it was a lightning strike. I think it was some kind of ... bolt of man-made energy,” I said.

“Yeah,” Daniel agreed.

“The only question is who created it,” Isadora inquired. We all returned to our rooms.

I later visited Cayla in hopes that she had remembered something.

“Hey,” I squeaked shyly.

She looked up from a book that she was reading and smiled, “You know I’ve been thinking about what you said about the whole best friend thing and ... I think I’m starting to believe you Faye.”

“What did you call me?” I questioned.

“Um ... I called you Faye. Is that okay with you?” she said a little scared that I was going to get mad.

“That is what you always called me before this happened,” I said merrily.

“I think I might remember calling you Faye,” Cayla said with equal glee. “Hopefully, I will start remembering more.” I returned cheerily to my room. I had dinner sent to my bedroom so that I could relax.

Next morning, I went to the food court to eat breakfast with the twins and Cayla. “I think I have a suspicion on who did this,” Daniel beamed proudly.

“Who?!” we all cried.

“Who is one of the smartest people we know currently,” Daniel probed.

“Isadora!” we all remarked.

“No. Dr. Montana!” he declared.

“Oh ... yeah!” we all grinned. I looked behind me noticing Nurse Sarah observing us and smirking with bright pink lip-gloss and blue eye shadow.

“Guys look!” I said telling everyone to look at Sarah. When I turned back around she was gone. They all chuckled and continued talking about our plan to storm Montana. Cayla got up to throw her food away. When she was turning the corner I noticed her looking shaken by something and getting pulled away by a tall female figure.

We had made a plan to storm Dr. Montana’s office and force some answers out of him. Cayla was late meeting us outside of his office. “Hey. You’re late,” Isadora snapped.

“I’m sorry but ... “ she was cut-off “No buts’ we have to get in there,” Daniel retorted.

“We want some answers, and we want them now,” we roared as we burst into Montana’s office.

“What ... huh? I don’t know what you’re talking about,” the doctor said puzzled.

“We know you made that weird chemical bolt thing strike Cayla and Athena!” Daniel said with rage and alarm.

“Okay kids, I see what’s going on here. The nurse loaded you up on too much medication. Let me just escort you back to your room,”

Montana said calmly.

“No!” I said pinning him on a table.

“Sarah! Help!” he screeched.

“Oh my,” Nurse Sarah said getting me off of him, “Looks like you got into a little bit of trouble.”

“Where is Cayla?” I said confused.

“I don’t know, but you children should be punished for what you did to Mr. Ron,” she sneered. “Go pick up some lunch then go right back to your rooms.”

We all left to pick up lunch when I announced, I’m searching for her.”

“I want to go with you!” Daniel affirmed.

“Okay,” I said, greatly delighted that he offered to go.

We retrieved our lunches, delivered them to our rooms and scurried down the halls.

“Let’s search her room” Daniel advised. I agreed and we crept into her room. We searched high and low but were yet to find her.

“Do you think she just wandered off or Montana got her?” I queried.

“Neither!” he peeped, pointing behind me to a room where we heard muffled screams emitting from it.

We ventured into the gloomy room to find Cayla secured to a chair with a blindfold and duct tape covering her mouth. We ripped the duct tape off of her mouth and began to remove the blindfold and untie her from the chair.

She opened her eyes and looked at me. She began using sign language. I remembered that we had decided to take sign language lessons together to help us grow as friends.

“Her memories came back,” I stated.

“How do you know?” Daniel asked.

“Long before this, we had decided to take sign

language,” I explained. “The only question is; what is she saying?”

She continued making signs with her hands.

“Her tongue was cut out. The woman is planning to extract our powers and discard our lifeless bodies,” I translated.

“That’s morbid,” Daniel said.

“Who is it?” I asked.

Before she could move her hands to sign, electricity shot from her to me.

“Ouch!” I whimpered.

I looked at the tape that had a lock of red hair and a tiny pink smudge.

“Follow me,” I motioned them to the door.

“Where are we going?” Daniel asked.

Cayla just smirked.

“We have to go in there and let me speak to her for a second.

Next, Daniel will punch her in the gut while we both touch her sending a shock through her body. Then report her to the authorities.

“Who?!” Daniel boomed with frustration.

We ran to the food court and saw Nurse Sarah sitting down cheerily drinking tea.

“Oh ... I knew you would bust me eventually,” she scoffed.

“Why did you do this to us? First, you use something to imitate lightning somehow. Now, you kidnap Cayla and CUT OUT HER TONGUE!! Why?” I probed struggling to contain my wrath.

“Darling, I had a scientific discovery. I had found a way to get superhuman powers into a human. I had to test it on somebody so when I saw you and your friends out in my field I thought you were the perfect test subjects. The other girl that was with you managed to escape quicker than you and ... “ she lunged over to Daniel and injected a needle into him before Cayla and I managed to shock her.

“Ugh,” Daniel howled.

A light bluish color started spreading from his arm to

all over his skin, soon turning his skin light blue. He inhaled deeply turning the air whitish. We both could not breathe as he inhaled. A large wind gust blew everything including us away from him. The original color then returned to his skin. He got up and looked at us scared.

“What did she do to us?” we all questioned.

Dear Mrs. Marsh,

This would be a story that needs a sequel. They become a threesome superhero group called the “The Storm Alliance”.

Isadora becomes jealous of her twin’s powers and becomes evil searching for something to cure him. Daniel and Athena start dating. I hope you enjoyed my story and I might write the sequel.

P.S. Daniel’s powers are wind manipulation



My name is Madison Denton.

I am 11 years old and live in Georgia with my mom, dad and my eight animals. I enjoy, writing, singing, playing violin , piano, and karate. I love playing with my seven month old Border Collie, Carlee. I am fascinated by literature and have dreamed of getting a book published for many years.

SO MANY QUESTIONS AND SECRETS - WHO CAN THE KIDS TRUST?