

The Mystery at Black Rock Beach

... Franny Fiorella Fly, the sassy yet sweet, punk rock princess of the famous Fly Family series is all grown up! From her flashy ears freshly adorned at a local piercing parlor to her ripped Blue Barry Jeans, she struts into the room like she's 12 going on 20. Franny is eager to celebrate her seventh-grade graduation with a trip to Hawaii but what begins as innocent Fly family fun, quickly turns into an adventure that is more than what she bargained for! In a time of despair, Franny discovers there's strength in numbers, power in uniting against what's immoral, and the importance of counting her blessings.

Chapter One: Black Rock

Hours had passed since Franny stepped off the plane and into paradise. The warm, island winds blew her thick, autumn curls into the air. As a flurry of buoyant tendrils danced freely about the humid breeze, the self-assured 12-year-old cracked a sly yet still sweet smile.

It wasn't easy being a rock and roll loving princess, but it was the one thing Franny did best. She was a sassy fly, had an opinion about almost everything, and could sing the lyrics to every Fussy Finches song in the band's blues rock catalogue.

Pebbles tucked below the ocean's surface seemed to sit in awe of Hawaii's beauty. Gently, Franny kicked a few motionless pebbles with her feet. The milky stones stirred in the sand, a few of them floating upward in the salty water before drifting carefully back down. Fonzy cupped his hands, and scooping them down into the shallow sea, splashed his sister.

Cool, wet drops trickled past Franny's nose. The scenic landscape reminded her of a lyric in her favorite Counting Flies song — the one where Furdam Flurtiz wraps his summers up in a half-eaten burger and hides them from the world. Oh, how she longed for this summer to last forever. Like thick molasses, she tried to scoop the

gloppy sand from the shoreline. Chunks of it fell in between her fingertips and piled up on the ground just long enough to form the tiniest, messy pyramid before being swept away with the tide.

"Look flies!" Frederick cried, pointing to the crest of Black Rock, nestled in the heart of Kaanapali on the island of Maui. Franny, Fonzy, and Fillmore Fly followed their father's orders, turning abruptly in the direction of the majestic yet jagged rock. Assigned the name Pu'u Keka'a by ancient Hawaiians, the rock was home to a plethora of unshackled, free-thinking spirits who traveled great distances to witness its grandeur.

Insects awaited their turn at impressing the onlookers, oblivious to the scary trajectory — an 18-foot drop from Black Rock's peak to the ocean's surface. One by one, flies vaulted fearlessly off the rock's coal black texture, descending all the way to the swirling, salty, abyss below. Frederick stared off into the distance, honing in on muffled splashes as the insects landed, their wings parting small sections of the ocean with undeniable force.