القيادة العامة لشرطة الشارقة
Sharjah Police Headquarters

The Mystery of the Grey City



Author: Maryam Al midfa

Illustrations: Zobida Al Tallaa

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Sharjah, United Arab Emirates

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Story (The Mystery Of The Grey City)

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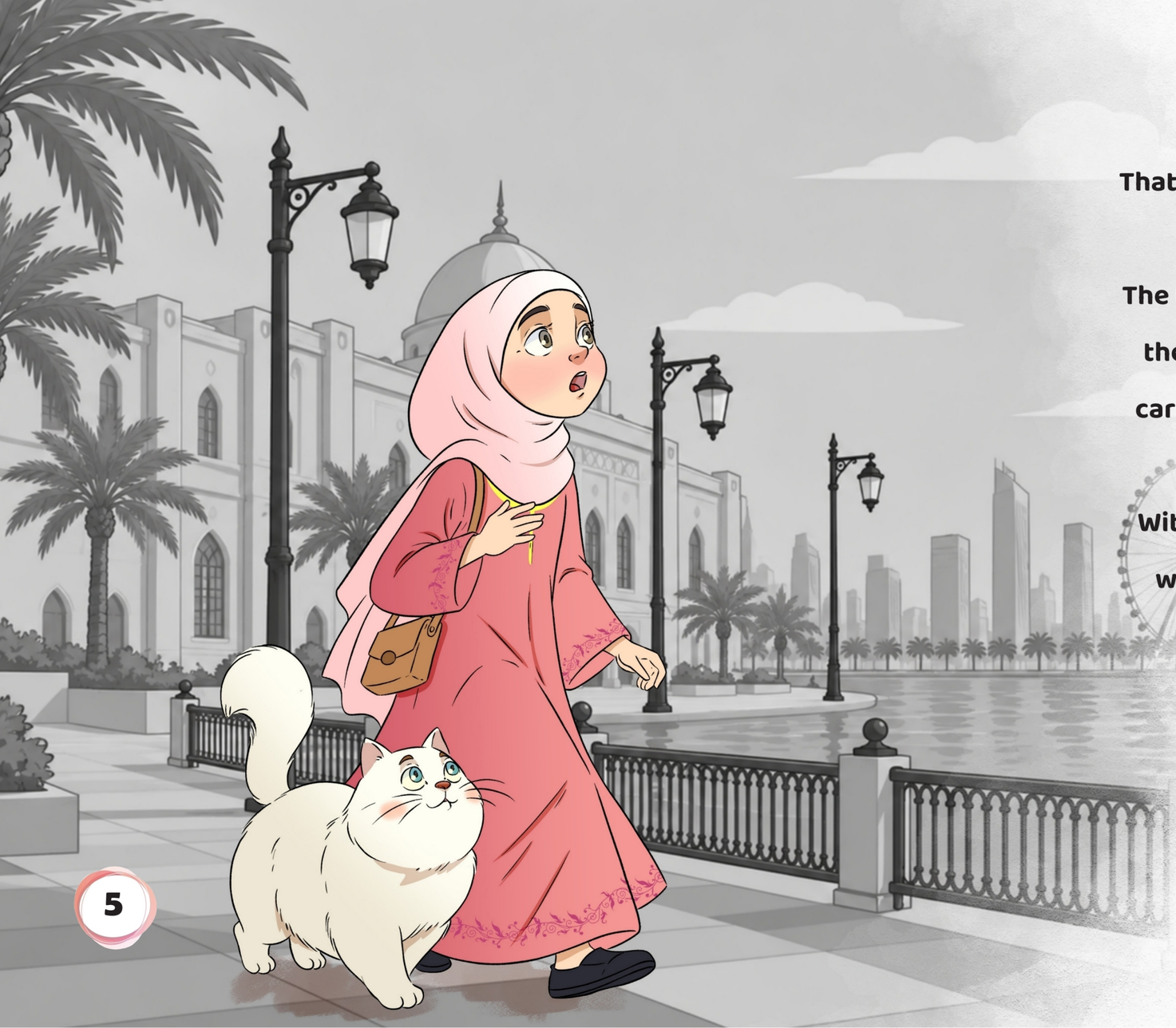
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The Mystery Of The Grey City

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That morning was like no other. As the sun came up, people walked out of their houses and couldn't believe their eyes

The trees had turned grey, the flowers lost their bright colors, and the sky looked dull and faded. Even the traffic lights and police cars were covered in a gloomy shade of grey. It was as if the city had turned into a lifeless old picture!

Within minutes, the police station operations room was flooded with calls. There was no fire, accident, or theft, but a mystery nobody had ever seen before:

All the colors in the city were completely gone!



Police patrols spread everywhere

Officers gathered evidence and checked security camera footage,

but no one could figure out what had happened

Jawaher was a -١٣year-old girl

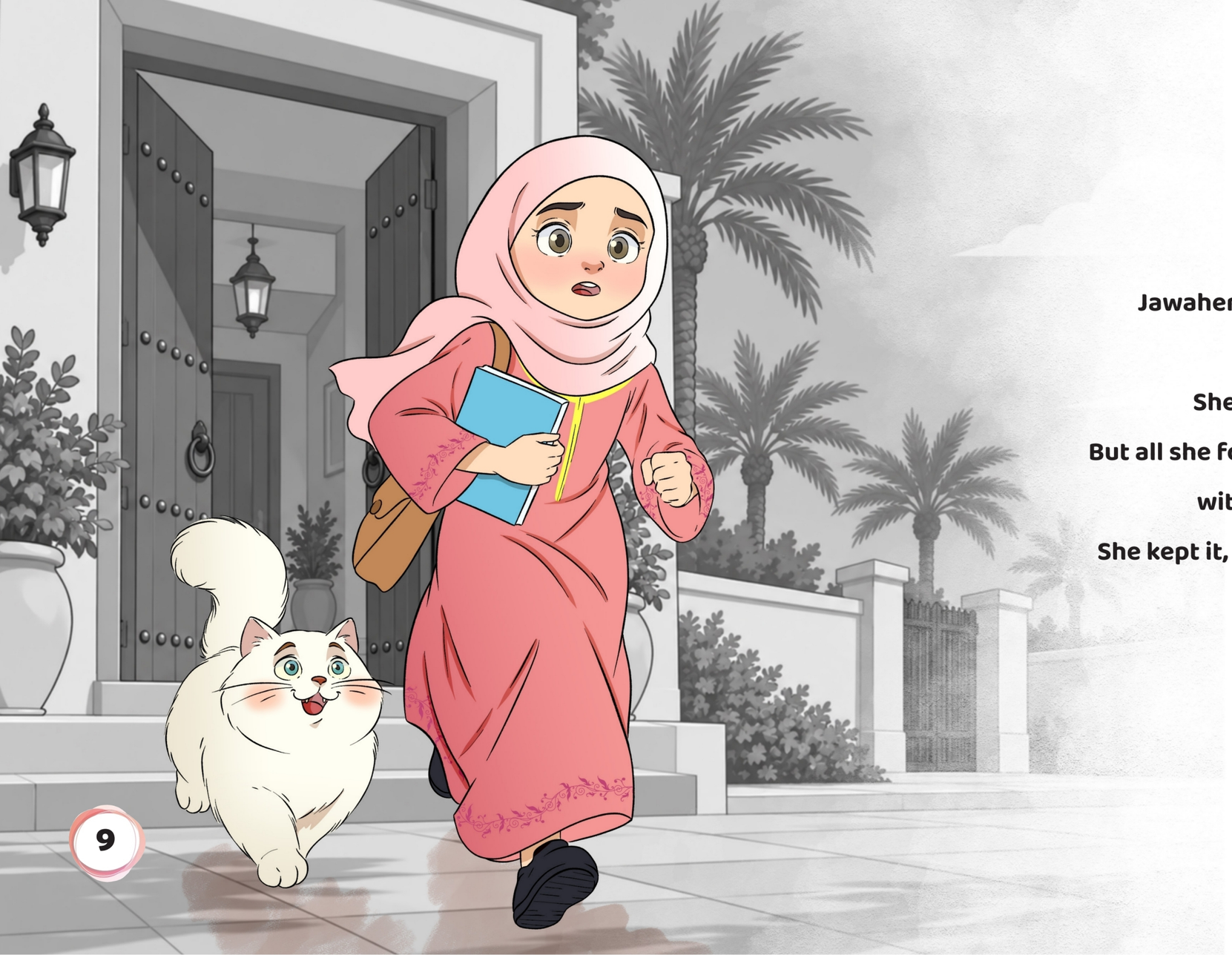
who dreamed of becoming a police officer

When she heard on the news that the police were asking residents

to report anything unusual. She decided to help in her own way

she thought:

«I won't interfere with the police work, but if I see something important, I'll report it to them.»



Jawaher grabbed her notebook and went outside

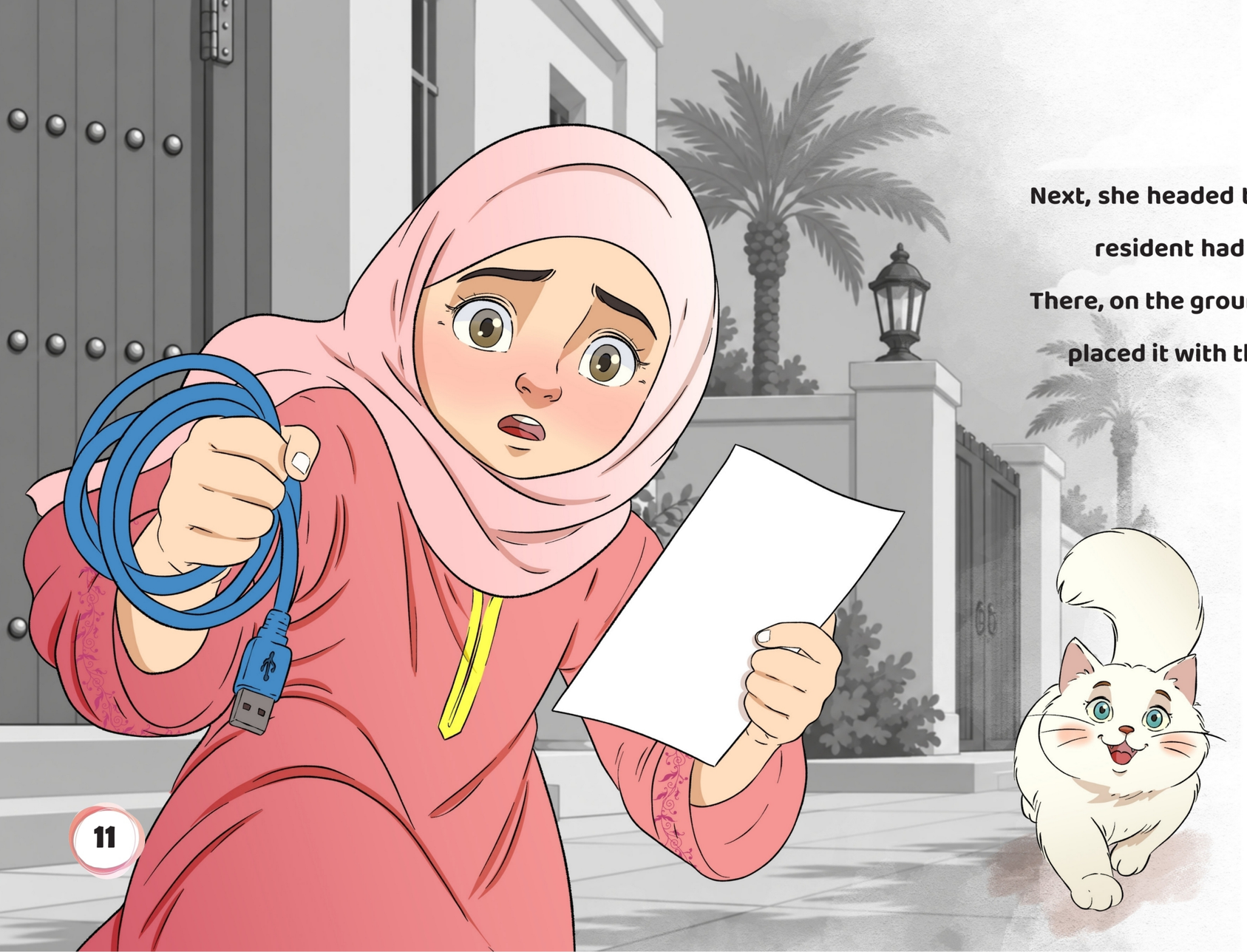
with her playful cat, Simba.

She began her search in the public park.

But all she found was a grey paper stuck in tree branches.

with a circle and faint lines drawn on it.

She kept it, feeling that it might be a piece of the puzzle.



Next, she headed to an old abandoned building after hearing that a resident had told the police About a strange light near it

There, on the ground, she found a small piece of shiny blue wire. She placed it with the paper and began piecing the clues together.

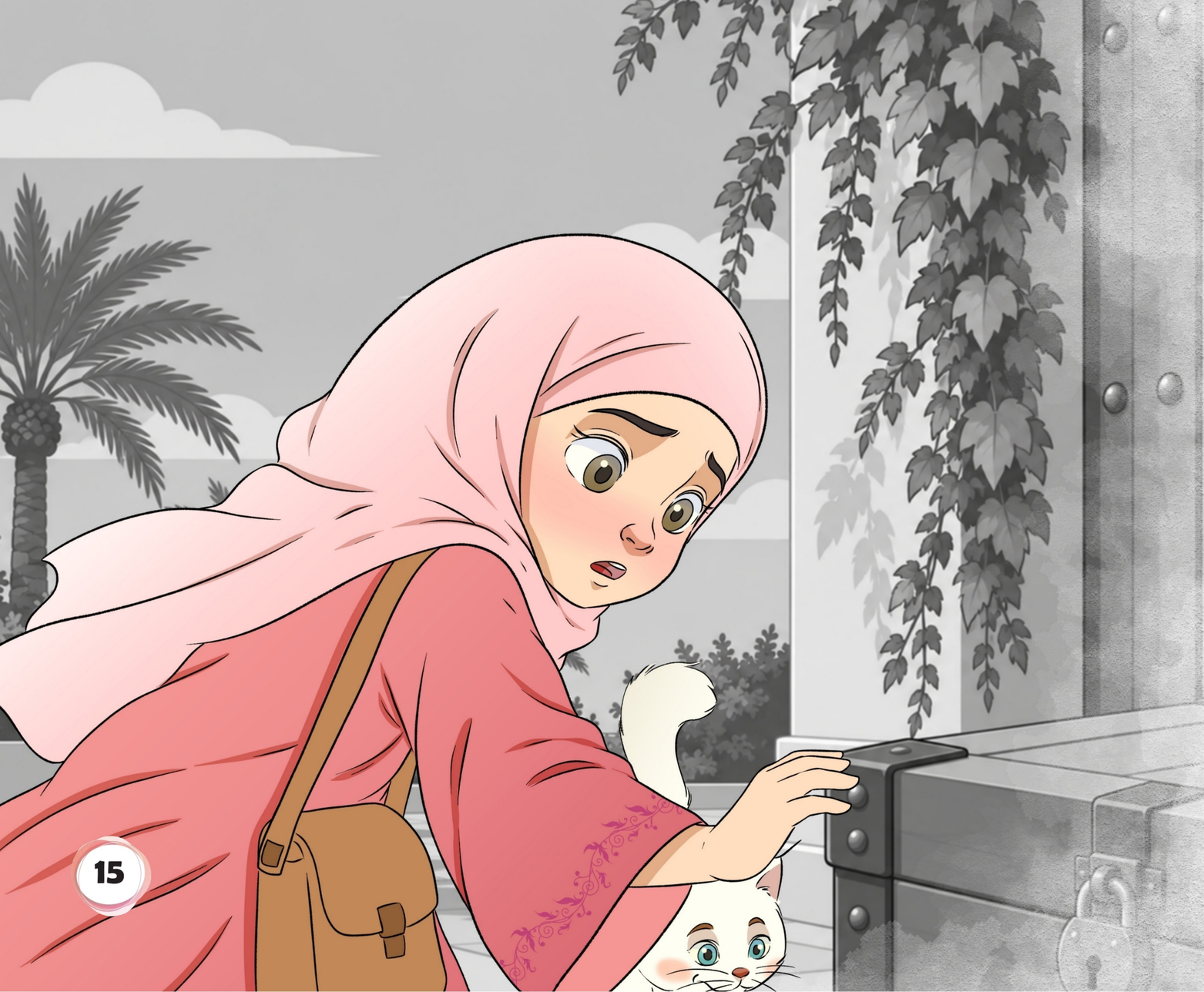


On their way back, Simba suddenly stopped.

She sniffed the ground and started meowing again, trying to draw Jawaher›s attention to something. Jawaher moved closer and saw tiny colorful drops spilled on the road.

She bent down and thought:

«These drops weren›t here before. They must lead me to the secret behind this mystery."



Jawaher drew the trail of the drops in her notebook and followed them carefully.

The trail ended right at an old iron door half covered with climbing plants, as though it were hiding a secret

She walked up quietly and found an old wooden box sitting in front of the door. At its center was a round button with writing on it: «DO NOT PRESS!»

Her heart raced, and she felt both curious and scared

She noticed wires running from the box through the iron door, She remembered the blue wire she had found in the abandoned building She realized that the clues were beginning to come together



She thought:

«This box definitely has something to do with the disappearance of the colors But I'd better not touch it. I'll call the police.»

Jawaher took out her phone But at that very moment, Simba was chasing a little grey butterfly, She jumped over the box and pressed the button with her paw! Instantly, the ground trembled slightly, and a bright white beam of light shot straight into the sky. Little by little, colors started coming back, and happy cheers echoed across the city



At that exact moment, the old iron door slowly creaked open.
A man walked out holding a strange device.
with dangling wires and glass tubes dripping colorful drops.

He looked confused and scared, checking around fearfully. Jawaher realized that this man was the key to the mystery. She hid behind a tree and remembered what she learned in school: «Never approach dangerous people but report to the specialized authorities.» She called the emergency number ٩٩٩, gave the police her exact location, and watched from a safe distance. Police patrols arrived quickly and surrounded the place professionally.The man tried to escape, but the officers arrested him within minutes.



One of the officers came closer to him and asked:

«Who are you? And why did you take away the city›s colors?»

The man looked down and said sadly, «My name is Salem. I›m an inventor. I've been living alone for years.

I used to see everyone happy while I felt sad, so I created this machine. I just wanted people to feel the way I felt.»

The officer said,

«Sadness does not disappear when we pass it on to others. It fades when we ask for help and make a fresh start."

Salem looked at the city as its vibrant colors returned.

He sighed and said,

: «I was wrong. I should have used my inventions to help people, but instead I hurt them.»

The officer smiled and said,

«Admitting your mistake is the first step to making things right.»



A few days later, the police honored Jawaher for quick thinking, staying alert, and following the correct procedures. The Police Chief smiled and told her: «You did great by reporting to the police and helping us solve the mystery.» He looked at Simba and laughed, then added, «I think Simba deserves an honor too!»

The Police Chief gave both Jawaher and Simba membership in the «Junior Friends of the Police» team.

As for Salem, he began a new journey under the supervision of specialists and started inventing devices that served the community. Ever since that day, the story of The Mystery of the Grey City was told to everyone, reminding them that cooperating with the police helps protect the community.

For Jawaher, that adventure marked the beginning of her journey towards achieving her dream of becoming a police officer.



A city without colors... a mysterious puzzle... and clues

that lead Jawaher and Simba to a hidden secret!

Will they uncover the truth?

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