



A Series Of Unfortunate Events.

A fanfiction by Grace and Samuel Chen.

It was 5 o'clock on a Wednesday afternoon. The Baudelaires arrived home to two police vans parked outside of their porch. The sirens were ringing, the bells were clanging, with the bright blue and red lights flashing luminously. Violet Baudelaire put Sunny down and ran straight towards the front door, with sweat already rolling off her forehead. In front of her, there stood her parents, both in handcuffs, two police officers, one tall and thin and one short and fat in their long navy overcoats, and finally a woman in a black suit.

“What happened here?” Violet semi-shouted. She never shouts. With a cranky three-year-old sister, who needs to sleep twenty-four-seven, Violet was already used to using her “inside voice”. Sunny and Klaus Baudelaire entered through the door, finally catching up with Violet. The woman in black walked towards Violet, placing her hands on her shoulder, patting it carefully. She muttered in a low voice, “Violet, dear, there’s something we need to talk about, privately. Is it alright if we step outside for a second?” Keeping her hand on Violet’s shoulder, the professional gave her a little nudge, and headed out towards the door. She could not have initiated Violet into her dismal new life in a gentler fashion. Violet closed the front door behind her and heard these exact words coming out of the woman’s mouth, “Before I explain what’s going on, let me introduce myself. Hi, my name is Abigail Eugene, and I work with social services.” Now hold on, are you sure you want to continue reading because this next part is relatively painful to hear? Well, since you’re still reading this, don’t say I didn’t warn you! “We recently got a report showing that your parents have been consuming large amounts of liquor every night, and display physical abuse sometimes. As a board, we discussed this matter and believed that it was in your best interests, *in loco parentis*, to put the three of you into foster care



for a bit, until there is further improvement.” Violet opened her mouth, but nothing came out. She was shell shocked.

It has been three days since the Baudelaire children had to part from their parents. It was a long, grey day, with the rain coming down in big, slow, dirty drops. The day they were moving into their foster home. Everything happened so fast, like a blur. “Do we really have to do this? Why can’t we just stay home with mom and dad? We’ve been living with them for the past thirteen years, and they’ve always remained in this condition. Barely anything has happened.” Klaus mourned during the car ride there. Violet gave him a glare from the side of her almond-shaped eyes, and he knew immediately that he should be quiet before Sunny started crying again.

They pulled up into the driveway. The walls were peeling and vines covered half the house. That was when the three knew it wasn’t going to be a pleasant stay. They were greeted by a lady, roughly in her mid-fifties, dressed in a khaki trench coat, and in heels. She glanced at the Baudelaires with a mysterious smile, whilst brandishing her arm in the air. “Hi kids! My name is Patty Satlin. I’m your new foster mother, and you can call me ‘Auntie Patty’. I’ve heard all about you guys on the calls with Abigail Eugene. Can’t believe I’m finally seeing you guys in person!” she exclaimed in a fairly fake voice. It was to an extreme that she didn’t even have to hide the intensity within.

Patty extended her white arms out wide as well. As her black sleeves poked out from her coat, the children were reminded of a bat taking off. She gently scooped up the children; together, they walked, or shuffled, through the majestic, yet shabby oak front door of the mansion. It clunked behind them. The lights were low inside but picked out the floral wallpaper and the bronze ornaments lying around on dusty, yet elegant curved shelves and tables. “Let us all take a seat in the kitchen,” Patty gently intoned. “We have much to learn about each other.”



She escorted them into the kitchen and pulled the chairs out, from underneath the counter. “Take a seat, would you like to have something to drink? I have orange juice, jasmine tea, and espresso. Take your pick.” The siblings eyed each other, and Violet responded with a quick, “Water, please.” Patty turned around and reached on her tiptoes to get three glasses from the cupboard. She reached over and filled the glasses with tap water. Not that there was anything with tap water, but the Baudelaires were used to drinking purified bottled water. Back when they were still living with their parents, they lived a life of luxury. Organic fruits and vegetables, purified bottled water, French tuition every other day, five-star hotels whenever they went traveling, etc. But drinking tap water already signified that their lives were about to change, immensely. They would not be living a luxurious and top-notch lifestyle anymore.

The clink of glass touching the surface of the table awoke the trio. They looked up and saw Patty with her cheesy smile. She announced, “Drink up!” There was lipstick stuck onto one of her crooked teeth. It was just an awkward silence for the next minute or so. By awkward, I’m telling you, it was extremely awkward. It wasn’t like the ‘wow loved your joke even though I have no idea what you just said’ awkward, but the ‘I don’t know who you are, and now I have to live with you’ awkward.

“Let me just tell you how things are in here. If you’re under my roof, I expect you to understand and follow my rules.” Patty began to explain, in a tough, yet moderated voice. The mood in the kitchen suddenly switched - and twitched. It wasn’t as calm and casual anymore. Klaus looked up and blurted out, “What are they? Should I get a notebook and write them down?”

“What do you think this is? A writing class? There are only six rules you have to follow. Is that a lot for you? Oh, sorry, I forgot you’re nine and don’t understand anything.” Patty bellowed at Klaus. She continued, “One, never talk over me, or talk back to me. It’s disrespectful and rude. Two, what we talk about stays between us. It’s the basic rules of privacy. If you blabber around, there will be unwanted consequences. Three, you must all follow my commands. You’re under my care now. Four, you must all accomplish your daily list of chores, with no complaints. As



you complete them, absolutely no snooping around is allowed. Which brings me to the next rule. Five, both the basement and the top floor of the house are prohibited. Don't even think about entering. Do we all understand?" Slight nods came from Violet, Klaus, and even baby Sunny. "Sixth; it's not all about discipline, however. I wish to offer you a wonderful opportunity to take part in a plan I have been nurturing for some time. I know that you are uniquely talented children, and I wish you to use your skills to obtain some very valuable art for me."

"Research? That does sound interesting..." Klaus replied, very, very quietly and steadily. "Well, we are going to have to forcibly unburden the city museum of art which, I assure you, rightfully belongs in my hands. You are going to help me construct a device to open a passageway to this art and flee with it." The Baudelaires were not very worldly children. They did not see this coming. It took a few moments for what she was truly requesting to sink in. It was too horrifying to contemplate.

The trio sat down wearily; their long journey, over land, and mentally, tired them out. They felt helpless after their "conversation" with Patty. Sunny was already sleeping, despite the chills that they all felt when they entered the house. Patty was in the kitchen getting them some snacks. Without her there, the siblings felt more comfortable. There was just something about her, that screamed: "RUN!" Violet surveyed the room they were in. There were claw marks on the floor, though Patty had no pets; she shuddered to think of what or who made them.

"Here, have some of my famous grilled cheese toasties!" Patty's cheerful smile walked into the room. Baby Sunny woke up with a jerk at the sudden noise. All three kids could smell the sandwiches. Their mouths watering, Violet reached for one; she tore off a tiny piece that had dripping cheese and held it out to Sunny. She reached out for it and nibbled it. "Yum, yum!" She showed her teeth and gobbled the whole piece up. But the taste of bread and cheese managed to cover up the crushed Ramelton. Seeing her plan succeeding, Patty chuckled to herself, "Stupid kids."



Just as he was reaching for his third sandwich, Klaus suddenly felt the urge to fall down and sleep. His back became jelly and down he went, off to dreamland. Violet was next; she put out her hands to balance herself, but the room began spinning. “What is happening? Help me!” She cried desperately. Patty just laughed. The world darkened, then turned darker and darker. Until the only light was non-existent.

“Violet, wake up!” Violet shook her head, trying to clear out the stars. Klaus’s voice brought her back to reality. She was cold, it was dark. The only light available was the light under the door. THE DOOR! Violet ran over there, tripping over Klaus’s lying body as she did so. “Ouch!” She fell against the hard, cold surface of the door. But no knob was there! She stretched both arms as high as possible. But still nothing! A possibility was in the back of her head. And it was related to... Patty! It was HER! Pounding the door with both fists, Violet tried to break the door down. “You think I hadn’t tried that before?” Klaus’s voice sounded out. Violet leaned against the door and slid down to the ground.

Now, reader, you may want to stop reading from here. I’m warning you. Are you sure you want to know what happened next? Fine, I warned you.

Violet felt something sticky as soon as her hands touched the ground. Then, a heavy ball rolled over her hand. A ball? She was afraid of what it could be. Then, she heard scratching, ticking and chattering, gathering around her in the darkness.

A silent scream was building in Violet’s parched throat. Violet could finally see! Her eyes adjusting to the brightness, she stumbled around. Finally, she could make out the chittering shapes moving on the ground. Rats!



“Help!” Klaus cried and jumped up. Trying to shake off the rest of the animals from his body, he scanned his surroundings. Firstly, dried blood on every surface. Secondly, four bleak walls with a ceiling light in an ugly, artificial yellow, boring into their eyes. The rats came from a small corner hole. They all scurried away from the siblings as soon as the lights sputtered into life. Unsqueamish Sunny reached out with both hands, trying to catch one of the rats.

‘3 Year Old Girl Gets Eaten By Rats: leaving nothing but bones’, an old news headline that she read a few years ago, flashed into Violet’s mind. She leapt out - her determination to save baby Sunny blocked out the thoughts of what would happen if she failed. If she failed to help Sunny. If she failed to make her parents proud. If she failed to protect her siblings. Then, a loud sound came from behind her. She froze midair, and dropped to the ground.

“Hello! My babies, have you reconsidered?” A sweet voice of pure evil rang out. On the ground, Violet turned around and saw the wicked woman. She proffered a few slices of bread and some cups of water on a tin tray. A scroll was daintily rolled up thin under arm, like the long cigarettes in holders ladies used to smoke. Baby Sunny stretched out both arms to Patty, mistaking her for their mother. Klaus was still standing up, but after all that happened, he had a blank look in his eyes.

Patty spread out the sheet and Violet saw that it was the blueprints of somewhere - somewhere with a grand entrance and high ceilings. Aha! In small, scratchy letters, it was titled, “The Macabre Museum Of Art”. Under “Violet” were those words, “bomb” and “tunneling device”. “The Melancholy Maiden” was their target. It was highlighted with a sharpie and the location of it was put in the middle with a red dot. Patty gestured to it. “I need you to get that for me. “So...you want us to do something illegal?” Violet said in a small voice. “Precisely, and I expect you guys to cooperate nicely.”

“NEVER!” Screamed Klaus on the ground. “You sure? Because there is stuff in the basement that you will never want to find out about.”



“Sure, sure. We are just so scared of you.” Klaus’s voice was dripping with sarcasm.

Right then, Patty reached out and grabbed Sunny with one arm. Sunny started crying. “I guess you don’t need her anymore!” She quickly walked out and just as she was shutting the door, Violet screamed as the image of Patty’s mirthless smile filled her mind.

“I knew you would change your mind. And now, can you make a holdable drill?”

Within a few hours, the siblings were bent over their workbench, piled high with dog-eared blueprints. They had managed to coax Patty out of the room by making loud noises which led to Sunny crying. Obviously, Patty had never been with little children before.

After a while, four shiny hazmat suits were made. One of them was tiny, two others were kid-sized. The last one, however, was reasonably bigger than the rest. The biggest one had something that the others didn’t. Or rather something that it doesn’t have.

Luckily, the rats had disappeared faster than they appeared. But the blood was still there. All three kids were huddled in the corners away from the door. The lights had been flickering on and off for a while.

Klaus had been crouched over his computer that Patty threw in the room for a long time. He had been researching the blueprints that Patty gave them. He found a vent. He made a note to enter from there. He also found a natural gas heating system, bulging ominously in the interstice right underneath “The Melancholy Maiden”. Plus, he discovered that plenty of “The Macabre Museum Of Art” was covered with silent tripwires. It was a great miracle that Patty didn’t see it. A plan was brewing in his mind.



Klaus stepped stiffly over to Violet, trying to walk as innocently as possible; subconsciously, he felt like Patty was looking over his shoulder. But his voice was cooler than ever as light reflected on his glasses, hiding his shining eyes.

“I need you to do this...”

It was a dark, foggy night. The rustic old car was parked in the underground car park of the museum; it was supposed to be burned after the heist, after all. The four sat with hunched backs, their masks scraping the dusty car ceiling, awaiting the perfect time, to sneak up towards the vent. Raspy wind echoed through the empty, cold, concrete husk. The only warmth was in the siblings’ hearts. “This is it. You kids better not bring me down, because I’ve been wanting to pull off this heist for the longest time. So don’t even try to mess with me, or you will all be in deep trouble.” Patty snickered at the Baudelaires.

They ensured that their hazmat suits were secure. There was a deafening silence as the four padded in their soft boots to the vent, but their hearts were pounding. Klaus swung his bag over his shoulder and strapped it to his chest. He unzipped the back pockets and pulled out his chunky drill. He handed it to Violet, who quickly unscrewed the door of the vent. She lifted the heavy grate and gently placed it onto the floor, preventing a loud clattering sound. Violet looked around one more time and underneath her breath, she whispered, “We’re clear, let’s go in.”

They lined up into a single file, like ants, and began crawling into the dark, stuffy tunnel. With Patty leading, followed by Violet, baby Sunny, and finally Klaus at the back. Step by step, they reached the end of the vent, coming to a stop. Patty bellowed, “Klaus, darling, are you sure this is the right path, because I don’t see a path for us.”



“Yes, this is the correct path.” Klaus replied, whilst looking down at the map of the whole museum he drew. “There should be a maintenance ladder that leads us right into the Art Conservation Room.” The kids exchanged a knowing glance.

After what seemed like forever, they saw light at the other end of the tunnel. The light from the art conservation room, heavy with clashing colors as moonlight from a tiny window, washed over the grate and the cold-eyed statues in the room. Sunny pointed at it and said “kagabooba”, which meant something like, “look, we’re almost there. I can finally breathe fresh air at last.” Again, Violet methodically unscrewed and lifted the grate. In front of them, was the main art conservation room of the museum. This was where all the artifacts were cleaned and restored.

“Thank God. I am out. Now listen. We have to be extremely quiet and keep a low profile. Klaus, access all the security cameras in the museum, and switch them off, just for ten minutes.” Patty instructed. Without further ado, Klaus began hacking into the museum security system on the laptop he knew he would find in a corner. After entering the home screen of the computer, he coughed and looked at Violet. She responded with a slight nod and slowly walked towards the front of the room, where all the light switches were located, then leaned against the wall.

“Alrighty, all finished here.” Klaus looked up at Patty. That was when Violet leaned back and clandestinely pressed the silent emergency button with her elbows.

Patty eyed the door and began walking towards it. Again, Klaus was at the back of the line. On his way out, he picked up a small tank of sodium bicarbonate. For those of you that don’t know, sodium bicarbonate is a chemical, mined from a rock named nahcolite near volcanoes, that is used to clean artifacts, such as statues. S.B. is blinding to the eyes, when coming in direct contact. When heated, it creates evaporating carbon dioxide. But to get back to our miserable tale, Klaus was rather discrete, and stuffed it into his bag within the split of a second.

The hallways of the empty museum were dark. Dim lights were installed on the ceiling, making it somewhat easier to see in the dark. But at the same time, they were just bright enough to make



out the figure of each statue. At last, they arrived at the room where the “The Melancholy Maiden” was located. It seemed so pure and serene, perched on a white marble plinth. Patty cackled. “I’ve been waiting for this moment forever. It feels unreal, as if something from a...” Before Patty could finish her sentence, the museum alarm began to sound. The rooms were drowned in twisting scarlet light.

Without a second thought, Klaus yelled out, “Secure all hazmat suits and masks.” He dropped his backpack onto the ground, and pulled out the drill, and the tank of sodium bicarbonate gas. With a jab and a screech, he drilled a hole in the canister and flung it at Patty

Hold on, before we continue, are you sure you want to continue reading? Because I’m warning you that the next part is very dark. If you’re still reading this, all the best to you! The tank burst open, releasing the toxic gas. A white cloudy gas filled the room. Patty instinctively slapped her hands over her eyes, but it was a wasted effort. There was a small hole in her suit. It was previously poked by the siblings. Immediately, her eyes turned red, and tears came streaming down.

Without thinking twice, Violet lifted baby Sunny off the ground, and yelled, “Run!” They dashed towards the door, with Klaus as a rearguard. Klaus took one last look at Patty Satlin, let out a sigh, then ran after his siblings. They were free, and finally out of Patty’s care. The plan they had planned since the beginning of all this, had succeeded. The past couple of months had been beyond horrifying for the Baudelaires; no strangers to horror.

The trio stood in front of the main entrance of The Macabre Museum Of Art. They rapidly pulled off their hazmat suits, and began examining the huge lock that was tied around the handles of the door. Sunny screeched, “Galazaba”, which meant “I got this!”. Klaus and Violet backed away, and allowed Sunny to do her job. The baby reached for the heavy metal lock, and began shredding it into smaller bits with her teeth, like usual.



There was a loud plop. The broken lock fell onto the marble ground. Violet and Klaus stood in front of the two sides of the door, and pushed it open. A galaxy of red and blue light blasted the hard granite face of the museum and blinded the children.

In that moment, a flashback came to mind. The moment they arrived home from the park, they were greeted by Abigail Eugene. Receiving the news that they had to be given to the welfare services, because of their parents' drinking addiction, and violent actions. The exact moment where all this began, and which they had to solve themselves. They had made it.

Police officers ran up the steps of the museum. Reporters were standing all over the plaza, behind the barrier of police tape. It was 2AM, yet the city still seemed wide awake.