



In 2010 Boomwriter launched its first book competition  
at Pierce School in Brookline, MA.

Ken Haynes, the participating 6th grade teacher, decided that he would break  
his class up into groups of five students. Each group used the same first chapter  
written by Kim Girard, a local children's author.

This Book contains the four mystery books completed by the class.

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# **B mwriter Corp Publication**

## **Publishers**

Chris Twyman  
Ian Garland  
Ken Haynes  
Keith Woodward

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# The Case of the Missing Caviglio

## Book 1

Pierce School, Brookline, MA  
*Ken Haynes – 6th Grade Teacher*  
*Guest Author: Kim Girard*

Chapter 1 - Kim Girard

Chapter 2 - Jesse Barrett

Chapter 3 - Carrie Calkins-Tucker

Chapter 4 - Kaya Bos



# 1

Kim Girard

Detectives Nala Kiwi and Paul Puckett arrived at Charles Gatwick's gothic style mansion on the hill in a driving storm that changed from rain to sleet faster than Kiwi could wipe the mess from the squad car's windshield.

"Come quickly," said a flustered woman who answered the doorbell's thunderous gongs. "I'm Francesca Soiree. I called you a few minutes ago." Soiree was about 30, wore cat glasses and had wavy brown hair that spilled down her back and a jet black skirt that reached to her ankles. Soiree had worked for Gatwick, a renowned Italian art collector, for eight years. She was a connoisseur of fine art and a painter of fine baroque-style replicas (as Mr. Gatwick liked to tell anyone who toured his fine mansion on the weekend).

Today was Tuesday and Gatwick lived alone, so the mansion was eerily quiet and dark.

The officers followed Ms. Soiree into one of the mansion's fine salons. Gatwick, an octogenarian with a bad hip, sat crumpled in a red velvet chair, quietly sobbing next to his walker. "I'm ruined," he sobbed, his eyes rimmed red and his nose running like a drippy old faucet. "It's missing," Gatwick said, almost whispering. "My baby is gone. I have nothing."

Det. Kiwi was confused and turned to the old man. Soiree had reported a break in. Could Gatwick have a baby? At his age?

Soiree quickly responded. "He's talking about his painting. The Carraviglio. It's called "Child with Lute" and you probably know it. Christian's recently valued the painting at \$140 million and now it's gone, poof, just like that, despite what we thought was a top flight Web-based security system." Soiree shook her head and pointed to the empty space on the gold-embossed wall.

Kiwi and Puckett, whose smile revealed a gapped tooth that made him look silly when he was, in fact, the smartest cop on the force, knew the famous painting from their high school textbooks. They couldn't believe someone had broken into the mansion and just walked away with it.

"So what do we know?" Kiwi asked, her strong voice a stark contrast to her kid-like stature. She pulled out a small notebook and pencil.

Soiree did the talking for her distraught boss. “Mr. Gatwick’s driver, John Muldoon, was perhaps the only witness because I was in my studio painting with my music on when the theft occurred. Mr. Muldoon was pulling into the garage shortly after afternoon tea. He said he saw three men wearing ski masks racing from the mansion. He said two of them together were carrying a large black sack. They jumped into a white van with a battered back fender and sped off. Muldoon assumed, judging by the sheer size and squareness of the package, that it could only be a painting. When we checked the salon, the Carraviglio was gone.”

Gatwick shook his head. Kiwi had read recently in the local paper about Gatwick’s financial problems. He’d lost quite a bit of money in the stock market, she’d read. But still, he had all of these glorious paintings. She rubbed her chin.

“Anything else?” Puckett asked.

“One of the men waved an ax at poor Muldoon,” she continued. “Muldoon said he could not make out the license plate. But he’s quite blind - wears very thick glasses.”

“Where is Mr. Muldoon now?” Puckett asked.

“That’s a good question,” Soiree replied with a frown, shaking her long mane. “He was here earlier when he told me exactly what he saw. Then I called for help. But after I hung up he left the room. I thought he had gone to see to Mr. Gatwick, who was taking his afternoon nap. But he didn’t. He seems to have left the estate. And Mr. Gatwick’s Mercedes is gone.”



## 2

Je e Ba e

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“Well, do you have any idea when the car went missing?”

“Yes. It was right after Mr. Muldoon told me of his incident.”

“The one earlier today?” inquired Nala. And then to herself, “I must see if I can find holes in her story.”

“Yes, of course! I already told you that!” exclaimed Soiree, looking flustered. Then indignantly, “I have been telling the truth.”

“Where were you after Muldoon informed you?”

“Taking care of Mr. Gatwick.”

Said Paul Puckett, “Thank you for this session. We will leave you now, goodbye.”

Paul and Nala walked down Everett Street discussing what had occurred at the mansion. Together, they made a list of suspects. “That Mr. Muldoon guy, he goes missing along with a Mercedes,” stated Paul matter-of-factly.

“Yea.”

“And Gatwick, he might have a huge insurance claim.”

“Yea.”

“And Soiree, does she not like Gatwick?”

“Yea.”

“Why am I doing all the work?”

“You volunteered your opinions,” said Nala, and Paul just rolled his eyes.

“Anyway, let’s go to the motor registry station before it gets too dark.”

Soon the two were at the registry, a cool, dank, carpeted building that wasn’t more than a couple of rooms. They showed their badges to a stout, bespectacled woman who, with a startled expression, ushered the detectives into the record room. She explained, “I’m sorry about the paper records. We

haven't transferred all the files over to the computer."

"Okay. They are all in alphabetical order, I presume?"

"Yes."

The secretary walked out of the room, and as they searched around Nala began wondering, "What motives might this person have? Was it "stolen" by Gatwick for insurance?"

From the other side of the room Paul called, "Nala! I found Muldoon!" Nala came over to where Detective Puckett was crouched over a filing cabinet, reading a stapled bunch of papers. "Okay, here's what his registration says. He got his license when he was eighteen years old. His full name is Karl Lynn Muldoon, and he is fully licensed to be a professional escort. His health is perfect, and he is now thirty-five years of age." Brows furrowed identically, the twosome walked out of the registry, flashing the papers and, once again, their badges.

"What do you think?" pried Puckett.

"Well, all the evidence seems to fit the story."

"I know. Still, famous painting gone, then Mercedes gone. And just for good measure, prime suspect gone."

"Well, you have to have some serious insurance on that kind of thing," added Nala.

"Yea. Probably around two-hundred million."

"That may be," said Kiwi. "But he seemed pretty upset."

"Do you know how he got his fortune before paintings?"

"No."

"Acting, that's how."

"Oh."

"But, those two don't lift suspicion off of Soiree."

"Oh?"

Said Detective Puckett, "Nope, but motives? I couldn't guess."

"Well, I have a family to feed. I'll see you tomorrow at the station."

"See ya." And so, minds befuzzled and slightly annoyed, the detectives parted.



# 3

Ca ie Calkins-Tucker

As Detective Puckett paced the halls awaiting the arrival of Detective Kiwi, he was thinking of the places where Muldoon could be possibly hiding this \$140 million “Child with Lute” painting. Or could it have been that flustered woman, Ms. Soiree? Where in the world can you hide such an expensive, large painting without anyone else knowing? Then, without warning, the door burst open and there stood the soaking wet Nala Kiwi.

“I found something!” exclaimed the dripping, wet-to-the-bone girl. “It’s a note! It was just lying on the side of the road in a small puddle. It was in a position that, well it must have flown from a car!”

“But who did it come from?” Detective Puckett asked with just a tad of annoyance in his voice. “You know, I mean it could have come from anyone’s car! How do you know that it came from anyone that we should be interested in?”

“Would you just read the lett-”

“You really haven’t been doing much with this case have you Kiwi? I have been doing all of the work for you!”

“Puckett, just read the letter!” Kiwi was really annoyed with Paul now. As they both unfolded the letter, they wondered if it would be of any help. At the very back of their brains they both had a tiny hope that maybe it would help. When they got the letter unfolded, without ripping it, the letter read:

*Dear Gatwick,*

*I know this might not be a good time to be telling you this, but I have decided to go on a vacation. This will be my one-week off of paid vacation that you promise us every year. It is my wife and my seventh anniversary, and we were excited to be away from work for a while. We were just hoping that we could borrow the Mercedes for a few days? Maybe a week at the most? This is the last time that I will be able to talk to you until the day of our return. This would just be a reminder that for*

*the next week to please ask for my brother's assistance when help is needed for driving.*

*Your lawful driver,*

*John Muldoon*

“Alright Kiwi, I admit it; you were right and I was wrong. You found a piece of evidence. Now let’s go to Mr. Gatwick’s and tell him about our find,” Detective Puckett said with a sigh of almost a hint of excitement to finally have found something helpful.

As they quickly approached the old mansion, Kiwi asked Puckett, “So who do you think the real stealer of the painting was?”

“Well I’m not sure yet, but for some reason I’m getting a feeling that Muldoon was sent with the painting to take it to some far off place where Mr. Gatwick wouldn’t find it…” Puckett sort of trailed off and left his thought hanging in the air.

“Yes, and…?”

“This is where this story takes a wrong turn. It just has to be a red herring. Muldoon couldn’t just drive away with a \$140 million painting in his back seat. There are security cameras to protect against theft! No, no, there is more to the story than just that, and I think our friend Mr. Gatwick was involved for the money he could make. Remember, he got his fortune from becoming an actor.” But that was all Puckett could explain before driving into the driveway. But outside there was no flustered Soiree like there was yesterday. In fact, Mr. Gatwick himself was standing outside waiting for them.

“Detectives, come quickly! It’s Ms. Soiree! She has gone missing! Just like that! She told me that she was going to the living room to phone you two wonderful detectives to please come over to our house to better discuss the situation. Obviously you got the call, but she never returned to the room! And what’s more, when I went searching for her she was nowhere inside or outside of the house!” This made Kiwi and Puckett exchange odd glances.

“And which room did you happen to be in when Ms. Soiree went ‘missing’?” questioned the unbelieving Puckett.

“Well, I was in the salon in which the painting was stolen from.” Charles Gatwick replied.

“And you say that Ms. Soiree was in the living room after you last saw her?” Puckett pressed on. “Are there any areas in the room which she was expected to be calling us from that might hold some secret clues or evidence?”

“No! I mean, umm, go right in. I’m sure you won’t find much but, umm, it is, umm, a little bit

messy, so if you would just give me a moment.”

“We can handle messiness,” Kiwi said with a bit of exaggeration. Mr. Gatwick cursed under his breath, but freely let the two detectives open the large doors to the mansion and search the rooms. They started off with the salon and slowly made their way from room to room making sure that they kept one eye on where Gatwick was travelling to.

When the two detectives walked into the last room, they were not pleased the last few rooms had provided little to no clues, or nothing of importance. But the last of the rooms did not disappoint. At the back of the room they kept one single rotting chair. Although this chair did not provide any evidence for the young detectives, what was under the chair was what they had been waiting for. There lay a little black handle sticking two inches from the ground, but had been completely covered by the little skirt around the bottom of the chair.

“Puckett, I think I just found the biggest clue yet. A trap door.” Kiwi said with a sound of disgust in her voice. And next to that door lay a map, and that map had every room in the house on it.

“So, what, Mr. Gatwick, do you have to say for yourself?”



# 4

Kaya Bos

The detectives turned to confront him to find him with his face on the floor.

“Mr. Gatwick?” Kiwi rushed to the little man’s side. Checking his pulse, she shaped her index and middle fingers to look like a gun and pressed it against his neck. Her fingers dropped, his pulse was faint yet he could be saved. She opened his mouth to begin CPR then recoiled, Mr. Gatwick’s breath smelled of rat poison.

“He needs to be taken to the hospital to have his stomach pumped! I will accompany the ambulance.” Kiwi rushed down the long hallway and turned into the first doorway to her right. A phone lay on a paint-splattered stool, an old style telephone. Kiwi stretched her hand out to spin the dial when she realized there was no jack. She searched the room to find it perfectly empty, the room that is. There was no painting, nothing on the walls, just the bare furniture and an easel, a Mac computer and a trash can. Sidetracked, she ran to the trashcan. A quick check confirmed her suspicions. Empty! She ran back out of the room to continue her search for a phone. Rushing to the next room she ran across the thick Italian carpet, her footsteps muffled. There, a phone. Kiwi pounced on it and dialed 911, the buttons making loud reports.

“911, what is your emergency?”

“An elderly man has consumed rat poison,” Kiwi gasped

“You will be trans-“ The voice cut off abruptly.

“Hello? Hello? Please, he could DIE!”

“Why yes, he could” Kiwi turned slowly to see the cat glasses of Francesca Soiree. The phone plug dangling from her newly manicured nails.

“I knew you were smart,” she smiled, her white teeth sparkling.

“Just not smart enough.” She pulled the gun from behind her back and pointed it toward Kiwi’s head.

Breathing out, Kiwi raised her hands above her head. Having taken a class on guilty conduct, she

said, “You have the right to remain silent.”

It took Soiree a moment to react. Smirking she replied, “Remain silent?” She began to circle Kiwi. She was going to spill her story, let one person hear her brilliant plan. She turned (a monumental mistake) to close the door. Then turned back to Kiwi, her face now haggard and tired looking, not the cocky person Kiwi had just witnessed.

“I love him,” she said simply. Letting out a long breath, she smiled. “I love him,” she repeated. Kiwi nodded her head; people sometimes spoke just to be listened to. Kiwi also believed that being loud might be her final move, if Soiree knew Puckett was there. Puckett, so lost and clueless at times...

“Muldoon...” Soiree continued, breaking Kiwi from the thoughts of her partner.

“Muldoon does not wear very thick glasses. He is quite young, my age. He was married at the ripe age of 28. He was my college sweetheart, but don’t get me wrong I got over him. But him being back here made me remember...” The woman burst into tears. Kiwi was sure to shift slightly to the right, away from the quivering gun barrel. Kiwi crossed her fingers that the story would continue. This was more complicated than she had realized.

“And then...and then... I found that note! That note was the start.” Her face had turned nasty again, and her voice became mocking. “It is my wife and my seventh anniversary, and we were excited to be away from work for a while.” She was quoting the note the detectives had found in the puddle...flown from a car window. “I needed to get away when I found the note and I took Muldoon’s car, him having taken Mr. Gatwick’s Mercedes. And on the topic of Mr. Gatwick,” Soiree had become overexcited, getting to the meat of the plan. Her eyes were wide when she confessed with a yell,

“I, Francesca Soiree Gatwick am the murderess of Charles Gatwick and the thief of the Carraviglio!” The door creaked open, but Soiree did not notice. Her eyes stayed on Nala.

“I made up the story to distract Gatwick, or “Daddy” as you might expect me to call him, and to get Muldoon thrown in jail for picking my sister Sierra over me!”

“Sierra! What have you done to her?” Kiwi yelled.

“Oh, nothing, in good time. Of course, the tragic death of my sister will not help their relationship and will set up beautifully my next plan. I will have inherited Daddy’s vast fortune and have landed that two-timer in jail.”

“But...why?” Kiwi asked.

“Why? Money does buy happiness, and Daddy never loved me anyway. The money from the insurance company will make up for the lost...moolah. That was not rat poison you smelled but downright poison. I dabbed a bit on his tongue to lead you off, but I also injected it into his veins.

He was beyond saving an hour ago.” Her eyes had become wild.

“And now you will be the next victim and will never see the light of day again.” Kiwi looked to the window to see the rain. That’s when Puckett jumped in. Soiree, startled, dropped the gun. The clicks of the handcuffs over her wrists were the best sounds Kiwi had ever heard.

“You’re under arrest,” Nala stated.

“Yes, you are,” said Kiwi holding up the tape recorder.



# The Case of the Missing Cavaglio

## Book 2

Pierce School, Brookline, MA  
*Ken Haynes – 6th Grade Teacher*  
*Guest Author: Kim Girard*

Chapter 1 - Kim Girard

Chapter 2 - Vivian Eggleston

Chapter 3 - Kaya Bos

Chapter 4 - Jason Lederman



# 1

Kim Girard

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"Come quickly," said a flustered woman who answered the doorbell's thunderous gongs. "I'm Francesca Soiree. I called you a few minutes ago." Soiree was about 30, wore cat glasses and had wavy brown hair that spilled down her back and a jet black skirt that reached to her ankles. Soiree had worked for Gatwick, a renowned Italian art collector, for eight years. She was a connoisseur of fine art and a painter of fine baroque-style replicas (as Mr. Gatwick liked to tell anyone who toured his fine mansion on the weekend).

Today was Tuesday and Gatwick lived alone, so the mansion was eerily quiet and dark.

The officers followed Ms. Soiree into one of the mansion's fine salons. Gatwick, an octogenarian with a bad hip, sat crumpled in a red velvet chair, quietly sobbing next to his walker. "I'm ruined," he sobbed, his eyes rimmed red and his nose running like a drippy old faucet. "It's missing," Gatwick said, almost whispering. "My baby is gone. I have nothing."

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Kiwi and Puckett, whose smile revealed a gapped tooth that made him look silly when he was, in fact, the smartest cop on the force, knew the famous painting from their high school textbooks. They couldn't believe someone had broken into the mansion and just walked away with it.

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“Anything else?” Puckett asked.

“One of the men waved an ax at poor Muldoon,” she continued. “Muldoon said he could not make out the license plate. But he’s quite blind - wears very thick glasses.”

“Where is Mr. Muldoon now?” Puckett asked.

“That’s a good question,” Soiree replied with a frown, shaking her long mane. “He was here earlier when he told me exactly what he saw. Then I called for help. But after I hung up he left the room. I thought he had gone to see to Mr. Gatwick, who was taking his afternoon nap. But he didn’t. He seems to have left the estate. And Mr. Gatwick’s Mercedes is gone.”



## 2

Vivian E leston

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“Gone? Why would the Mercedes disappear?” asked a bewildered Puckett.

“I don’t know. When I saw he and the Mercedes were gone, I looked out the window and saw his little blue Toyota driving away! He was supposed to stay here with Mr. Gatwick,” she said.

“This Muldoon character might be involved. We will look into him. What is his address?”

Ms. Soiree gave them his street.

“Ok, we can live off that for now.” Puckett moved towards the door.

“Uhhh Nala?”

Nala was still standing in the middle of the room, with a calculating look on her face. “Can we have Mr. Muldoon’s license plate number?” she burst out.

“Why yes, but why do you need it?” asked a bewildered Ms. Soiree.

“Just extra clues, merely procedure,” said Nala vaguely, swatting away questions like flies in the air.

“I will go get it off his documents. Just one moment please.” Ms. Soiree exited the room, her heels echoing loudly on the hardwood floors.

“Nala, what are you up to?” Puckett questioned. “This has nothing to do with the painting.

“You’ll see. Just be patient,” Nala whispered fiercely.

“Here it is!” Ms. Soiree exclaimed upon reentering. She handed the detectives a paper with a copy of Mr. Muldoon’s license plate. “Will that be all?”

“Yes ma’am. We will come back soon for further investigation. The roads are flooding as a result of this rain. Goodbye!” The two detectives left the house. Nala’s long legs moved in far strides ahead of Puckett.

“Nala! Wait up!” he puffed. “Will you tell me why we need the plate number?”

Nala halted before Mr. Gatwick’s garage, causing Paul Puckett to crash into her and fall over.

“Oh Paul! I’m so sorry, I wasn’t thinking about you! Are you alright?” she gasped, trying hard not to laugh at the indignant figure on the ground at her feet with mud in his face and his hat over his eyes.

“I’d be better if I knew what this is about!” he said, pulling himself up. “Why are we at the garage?”

“We need the scoop on the Mercedes,” Nala said, moving towards the door to the garage. “We need to look for any evidence of who took and-Oh!” Her eyes popped open in surprise. “The Mercedes is back!”

“What in the world? But someone stole it!”

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Later that day, Nala and Paul sat in Nala’s living room discussing the missing painting over popcorn.

“Mr. Muldoon is a very obvious suspect, but maybe it is too obvious. I have a hunch he is not the answer to this crime.” Nala pondered.

“Why would he even want the painting? The Carriviglio is so famous anyone would know he had stolen it.”

“Well, what are our clues? Three men in a white van supposedly stole the painting after afternoon tea. John Muldoon was the only witness, but after a talk about what he had seen with Ms. Soiree he had disappeared, and the Mercedes was gone.”

“I still think it’s ridiculous that anyone would steal it. There aren’t even any copies! No one has access to it but people close to Mr. Gatwick.” Paul mused.

“Close to Mr. Gatwick.....Copies.....” Nala mumbled to herself.

“Nala? Are you okay?”

“Ms. Soiree!” she yelled knocking the popcorn through the air.



# 3

Kaya Bos

After getting up, popcorn cascading down her front, Nala grabbed Puckett's hand.

"Come!" she ordered.

The drive back to the estate was the scariest Detective Puckett had ever experienced. After switching on the siren, his partner had driven pell-mell through the craziest rush-hour traffic. Puckett didn't dare ask his partner what was going on but contented himself with biting his tongue to keep from screaming (his partner had a history with cars that involved the word "totaled"). After reaching the property Nala flung the car door open and sprinted to the door, but stopped. Puckett was still inside the car recovering. After slowly opening the door, he was violently sick on the blacktop. Then wiping his mouth, he looked up to see his partner with her head in her hands. He got up and promptly slipped in his own bile, this was not a good day.

"Puckett..." Nala only called loud enough for Puckett to hear. "We're too late."

"Too late?" Puckett looked bewildered, he had never seen his partner like this. "What do you mean too late?" He walked up behind his partner and could not withhold a gasp. The door was hanging off the hinges and there were the unmistakable holes of the bullets from a hand pistol, one from the police station and the kind Puckett had on his right hip.

"And so it begins..." said Puckett a grim smile on his face. He wasn't the best on the force for his impeccable sense of style; he knew his stuff. Detective Kiwi turned to him, her eyes rimmed with red.

"Soiree," she said again and she stepped over the threshold of the ancient house. Although the floorboards creaked, the house seemed untouched inside. Kiwi walked into the kitchen, her normally light footfalls dragged and made quite the racket as she stepped onto the linoleum. She stopped, looking puzzled she ran into the parlor. Puckett stood waiting for his partner to come to the conclusion he had come to when she had entered the kitchen. There was nobody home. Nala came to a stop in front of her partner, a few strands of hair plastered to her forehead.

"But..." she gasped. "There's no one home"

Puckett nodded. He walked forward, his steps muffled by the thick Italian carpet. He walked up to the place where the painting had hung; it looked bare and sad without something. "Soiree," he mumbled. "Soiree!" he had it. It was all so simple. His partner had been on the right track but... the door off its hinges. It explained everything! All they needed was someone who had close contact with Gatwick and...BOOM! He understood now. His partner had not thought Soiree was the thief but the victim herself. If that was so then who was the thief? Well, the answer was simple enough. He grabbed his partner's hand and ran back to the kitchen. He looked into the sink and ran to the cabinets, and there sitting next to two pink china tea cups sat an iBook G4 with its lid partially closed.

Kiwi began to protest, "Bu..." But Puckett stopped her. Reaching past her, he shifted the laptop to the left and there illuminated by the glow sat a black hand gun.



# 4

Jason Lederman

The two detectives pulled out their guns, and Nala slowly pulled out a cloth. Paul nodded as Nala reached toward the gun. She carefully grabbed it using the cloth, wrapped it up and put it in a plastic bag.

“Here, I’ll take it,” said Puckett. Nala nodded as Paul slowly placed the bag in his backpack. “All set.”

“Okay, let’s go check out the rest of the house,” Nala said cautiously. Paul nodded, and the two detectives walked out of the kitchen. “Let’s split up,” said Nala, “You go to the second floor; I’ll check the first floor. We’ll meet on the third floor once we’re done looking around.”

“Okay. But wait, what are we looking for?” replied Puckett.

“Clues! Mr. Gatwick, Soiree, anyone,” said Nala. Puckett nodded. While Paul Puckett climbed the stairs to the second floor, Nala Kiwi investigated the dining room.

The dining room was a very large room. It could seat twenty-five people at the table. Nala looked everywhere. There was nothing in the dining room but then she reached the salon, the scene of the crime! She quickly scanned the room; Nala let out a loud screech, and just like that she fainted.

Meanwhile, upstairs Paul Puckett had checked the bedroom and was in the middle of checking the bathroom when he heard it. It had to be Nala. There was no one else in the house as far as they knew. Puckett tightened the grip on his gun and rushed downstairs. He took a quick peek in the kitchen where they had been standing just 10 minutes ago. The room was empty so he checked the salon, and there lying on the floor was Detective Nala Kiwi.

Paul rushed over to Nala and started to shake her. She soon woke up uninjured but in great shock because above the fireplace mantel was, the Carraviglio! Paul’s eyes opened wide, and he rushed over to the painting. Nala had recovered and was standing on her feet.

“This is definitely it,” said Nala. “I’ll stay here and guard the painting. You go upstairs and look for more clues.” Paul nodded and then headed upstairs for the second time. This time, he checked the

3rd floor. First, he headed into the guest bedroom. He took a quick peak, and then he saw it. Half stashed under the bed was a package. Paul pulled out his gun and cautiously made his way over to the bed. He put on his gloves and carefully picked the package up.

Then Detective Paul Puckett slowly made his way down the stairs. As soon as it was possible to see the salon, Nala looked up at him. Her eyes opened wide. Paul explained everything that happened upstairs (even though not much did), and then the two detectives drove off to the police station with the package.

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Once Paul found the package and it was opened up at the police station, John Muldoon became a major subject. The detectives knew that John Muldoon had been lying about the men and the black sack. It was his alibi. The painting that Paul found was in brown packing paper.

What closed the case was when the detectives arrived at the mansion after discovering at the police station that the package contained the real Carraviglio, was a perplexed Soiree standing in the lobby. She soon revealed that John Muldoon had hired her to forge the Carraviglio, and she was to pick up the real painting that she had stored once John Muldoon had kidnapped Mr. Gatwick. Now John Muldoon and Soiree were both going to prison. The Carraviglio was back in the salon, with a perfect tested security system.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a few days after the crime had been solved, and Paul Puckett and Nala Kiwi were at Mr. Gatwick's mansion for afternoon tea. Mr. Gatwick had gone to his car to fetch something when the two detectives heard a scream. They both jumped up on alert. They both walked over to the garage and found a sobbing Mr. Gatwick next to his car. "I-I-I bought you both a painting for your help," stuttered Mr. Gatwick, "Not as expensive as the Carraviglio, of course, but valuable nonetheless." Nala nodded, as if she knew what was coming, "And now," stuttered Mr. Gatwick, "An..and now, it's gone!"



# The Case of the Missing Cavaglio

## Book 3

Pierce School, Brookline, MA  
*Ken Haynes – 6th Grade Teacher*  
*Guest Author: Kim Girard*

Chapter 1 - Kim Girard  
Chapter 2 - Katherine Marciniak  
Chapter 3 - Vivian Eggleston  
Chapter 4 - Jiyeon Lim



# 1

Kim Girard

Detectives Nala Kiwi and Paul Puckett arrived at Charles Gatwick's gothic style mansion on the hill in a driving storm that changed from rain to sleet faster than Kiwi could wipe the mess from the squad car's windshield.

"Come quickly," said a flustered woman who answered the doorbell's thunderous gongs. "I'm Francesca Soiree. I called you a few minutes ago." Soiree was about 30, wore cat glasses and had wavy brown hair that spilled down her back and a jet black skirt that reached to her ankles. Soiree had worked for Gatwick, a renowned Italian art collector, for eight years. She was a connoisseur of fine art and a painter of fine baroque-style replicas (as Mr. Gatwick liked to tell anyone who toured his fine mansion on the weekend).

Today was Tuesday and Gatwick lived alone, so the mansion was eerily quiet and dark.

The officers followed Ms. Soiree into one of the mansion's fine salons. Gatwick, an octogenarian with a bad hip, sat crumpled in a red velvet chair, quietly sobbing next to his walker. "I'm ruined," he sobbed, his eyes rimmed red and his nose running like a drippy old faucet. "It's missing," Gatwick said, almost whispering. "My baby is gone. I have nothing."

Det. Kiwi was confused and turned to the old man. Soiree had reported a break in. Could Gatwick have a baby? At his age?

Soiree quickly responded. "He's talking about his painting. The Carraviglio. It's called "Child with Lute" and you probably know it. Christian's recently valued the painting at \$140 million and now it's gone, poof, just like that, despite what we thought was a top flight Web-based security system." Soiree shook her head and pointed to the empty space on the gold-embossed wall.

Kiwi and Puckett, whose smile revealed a gapped tooth that made him look silly when he was, in fact, the smartest cop on the force, knew the famous painting from their high school textbooks. They couldn't believe someone had broken into the mansion and just walked away with it.

"So what do we know?" Kiwi asked, her strong voice a stark contrast to her kid-like stature. She pulled out a small notebook and pencil.

Soiree did the talking for her distraught boss. “Mr. Gatwick’s driver, John Muldoon, was perhaps the only witness because I was in my studio painting with my music on when the theft occurred. Mr. Muldoon was pulling into the garage shortly after afternoon tea. He said he saw three men wearing ski masks racing from the mansion. He said two of them together were carrying a large black sack. They jumped into a white van with a battered back fender and sped off. Muldoon assumed, judging by the sheer size and squareness of the package, that it could only be a painting. When we checked the salon, the Carraviglio was gone.”

Gatwick shook his head. Kiwi had read recently in the local paper about Gatwick’s financial problems. He’d lost quite a bit of money in the stock market, she’d read. But still, he had all of these glorious paintings. She rubbed her chin.

“Anything else?” Puckett asked.

“One of the men waved an ax at poor Muldoon,” she continued. “Muldoon said he could not make out the license plate. But he’s quite blind - wears very thick glasses.”

“Where is Mr. Muldoon now?” Puckett asked.

“That’s a good question,” Soiree replied with a frown, shaking her long mane. “He was here earlier when he told me exactly what he saw. Then I called for help. But after I hung up he left the room. I thought he had gone to see to Mr. Gatwick, who was taking his afternoon nap. But he didn’t. He seems to have left the estate. And Mr. Gatwick’s Mercedes is gone.”



## 2

Katherine Marciniak

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There was a moment of silence, an awkward one in fact. The sound that probably kept the conversation flowing was when Mr. Gatwick rose from his chair and limped away, uttering mournful cries. It must have been then that the detectives and the connoisseur snapped into action.

Or maybe, perhaps, it was the youth who bolted into the room with a frightened look on his face who ran into Detective Puckett, which caused the conversation to go somewhere. In a matter of seconds, Puckett was on the floor while the youth stumbled away from the detective.

“Dwayne, what’s going on?” Soiree shrieked, jumping away from the two males. Soiree’s eyes darted from youth to detective.

The youth looked up at his surrounding for the first time, and his frightened face turned into a relieved smile. He shook his head, “I’m sorry, Soiree. I just heard voices in this room and a tormented cry, so I assumed that the thieves had come back for yet another painting. Boy, am I glad I was wrong!”

Kiwi examined the boy with great curiosity. He was about twenty years old, wore a normal orange t-shirt, had tan capri pants and a necklace with a charm on it. When she took a closer look at it, she noticed it was a cross. She watched as Dwayne held out his hand to help Puckett off the floor.

“The name’s Dwayne Penvellyn, I’m the caretaker in this museum. And you must be the detectives Soiree had told me about.”

“Yes, I’m Detective Puckett, and this is Detective Kiwi.” Puckett gestured towards Kiwi, “Soiree didn’t talk much about you.”

“No wonder,” Dwayne responded, “I wasn’t at the mansion at the time of the crime. I was just returning from the dock - headed to the museum with a couple of million dollar paintings that Mr. Gatwick ordered when Soiree called me and said that someone had stolen the Carraviglio. I came just a couple of minutes before you two did.”

“How strange, the dock is awfully far away.” Kiwi raised an eyebrow at the caretaker.

“Oh yeah, I know. But there’s a shortcut through the mountains, which is faster.” Dwayne answered casually.

“I think you heard about the mysterious disappearance of John Muldoon. He’s supposed to be Gatwick’s driver. Does he know about this shortcut?” Puckett rubbed his chin curiously.

“Sure he knows the shortcut. But I didn’t see him on the road if that’s what you’re getting at.”

Kiwi sprawled some notes down on her notebook, then looked up at Dwayne and Soiree, “Is there anyone else that works in this museum? It seems hard to operate a museum this large with just four people.”

Dwayne nodded, “Why yes, Ethel Myers works here too. She’s our maid and cook. She’s currently in her room right now crying. She’s too hard on herself.”

“Crying? Good heavens, why is she crying?” Soiree asked startled with a horrified look on her face. “Oh my... crying?”

“Is this twenty questions or something? Soiree, if you were the one on security duty when a burglary happened, wouldn’t you be freaked out that Mr. Gatwick might blame you? Fire you? Sue you?”

“Hang on a minute, do you mind if we start from the beginning? And what about this security business? What was a maid doing near a security system?” Puckett caught Kiwi’s eye, and he mouthed to her to get ready to write some notes.

“Oh, I forgot to tell you!” Soiree exclaimed, “All of us have access to the museum’s security system. Each of us needs to be on security duty at least once a day. When we all leave the mansion, we make sure that the security alarm is on.”

“What happened was this,” Dwayne interrupted. “Ethel was at the security system and left because of a “mysterious clanging sound” upstairs. She was only gone for say, I don’t know, four minutes? That’s what she told me when I arrived. Anyway, when she came back the Carraviglio was still there according to the security camera. Moments later, she heard John yelling. Soiree was the first to hear the news and dashed into the salon, and in fact it was true that the Carraviglio was stolen. Soiree then called the police and told them about the men in black who supposedly stole the painting. The police then called you two to investigate the case.” Dwayne paused for a second to catch his breath, “Ethel heard John too and ran to Soiree who had already finished calling police. Soiree then called me. I was almost at the museum when she called me, so when I got there I heard the story from Soiree who was also telling it to Ethel. Then Ethel started to tell her story, and she got all weepy. She tried to hide her tears, but I saw them.” Dwayne shifted his weight onto his other leg uncomfortably. “Anyway, I ran up to the security room to check the cameras and they showed that the painting was gone.”

Soiree continued, “When she told us that the painting was on the security screen when John came in, we were all so confused! And not only that, but John had disappeared!”

Kiwi cleared her throat, “I have a feeling someone has been fiddling with your cameras. Either that or the men were just a distraction to get Ethel off the security watch, so that someone else could steal the paintings.”

At that moment Kiwi’s walkie-talkie beeped. She picked it up without hesitation, “This is Detective Kiwi. How may I help you?”

It was Officer Cox from the police, “We just wanted to inform you that we have caught the men Soiree described.”

Kiwi’s face lit up, “Really?”

“Yes, but strangely enough, when we opened the black sack that they possessed we found no painting, only a cardboard box. I’m sorry but I have to go.” And just like that he hung up.

And once again, there was dead silence...



# 3

Vivian E leston

“A cardboard box!” Detective Puckett finally exclaimed, breaking the frozen ice of the silence. “Are you serious? Why did he have a box?”

“Well, we can figure that out soon. But what puzzles me is the way the cop acted who called me. That was officer Cox, but she hung up really fast. And even weirder, it didn’t sound like her at all! In fact.... that was a guy! I should call them back and see what that was about.” Detective Kiwi reached for her belt.

“Don’t worry, I’m already on it.” Detective Puckett said, his hand on his belt. “I’ll call headquarter— Hey! My walkie-talkie’s gone!”

“And so is Dwayne!” Ms. Soiree said. “Where could he have gone?”

“Did someone say my name?” a voice asked. Dwayne came back through the doorway chewing on a bagel. “I went to get a snack. Is that acceptable?”

“Yes, we are just wondering if you have seen my walkie-talkie.” Detective Puckett said cautiously.

“Walshy-tockey?” Dwayne asked with his mouth full of food.

“That’s strange,” Detective Kiwi thought to herself. “He sounds nervous or like he’s trying too hard. Then again, you can never tell when the person in question has a bagel crammed in their mouth.”

“Dwayne! You’re being disgusting! You’re getting crumbs all over Mr. Gatwick’s art gallery!” Ms. Soiree scolded. “You know that if anything gets on these paintings, it could break Mr. Gatwick! Please clean yourself up!”

“Sorry,” he said wiping his hands on his pants. Detective Kiwi gave a small gasp.

“What is it Nala?”

“Oh... I just realized the time. We better head on back. We’ll look into Muldoon and the painting. I’ll call you up if we find anything. Goodbye!” And she dragged Detective Puckett out of the room.

Back at Detective Kiwi’s house they looked at profiles and clues. Puckett had questioned her on her

strange behavior, but she had clammed up like her mouth was covered in sticky glue.

“Let’s see, we have Mr. Gatwick, Mr. Muldoon, Ms. Soiree, Ethel the maid and Dwayne.”

“Uh... yes. Now what are our clues?” Puckett asked, scribbling down the names.

“Mr. Muldoon saw the men in black run into a car with a black sack. The...Now who could that be?” Someone knocked on the door again. Detective Puckett walked over to the great front door and opened it wide into the starry night. A timid looking woman peered in.

“Excuse me, are you Detective Puckett?” she asked in a surprisingly strong voice considering how scared she looked. I am Ethel, the maid from Mr. Gatwick’s house. I...I need to tell you something.”

“Oh! Come on in!” said the surprised detective.

“Ethel, Mr. Gatwick’s maid came to tell us something.” Detective Puckett explained to Kiwi.

“Oh yes, sit down. We were just thinking about the case when you knocked,” Nala offered cheerfully.

“What did you want to tell us?”

“Well, ah, I...”

“Yes Ethel?” Detective Puckett prompted.

“Have you met Dwayne?” The maid asked abruptly.

“Why yes. He seemed very nice, but slightly clumsy and careless and at the same time uneasy. He mentioned you.” Detective Kiwi remembered noticing how uncomfortable the young man had seemed.

“Well, the thing is...I don’t know if this would be at all important to you, but I heard a conversation between Dwayne and John Muldoon earlier in the week when I was in the kitchen and then wandered into the pantry. I heard John and Dwayne come in arguing quietly. John is Dwayne’s uncle so I thought nothing of it, until I heard John whispering quietly, ‘It’s no big deal. Just go with it. I need this money to pay for my health and mortgage. Just help out, you can be in the back shadows the whole time. That’s it!’ ‘No way!’ Dwayne whispered. ‘I’ll help you earn the money instead. You can’t do this!’ Just then I walked out of the pantry and they went silent. Later on, this afternoon just before you left, I went down to the kitchen again to start up dinner because the cook is sick. Halfway down the stairs, I stopped! Dwayne was in the kitchen with his back to me, but I heard him mumbling to thin air about paintings and a cardboard box! I...I know this sounds silly, but I hope it might help!”

“Why of course!” Detective Kiwi cried. “That proves it! I wasn’t sure, but what you said makes total sense!”

“Nala, what are you talking about?” Puckett exclaimed.

“Oh, I didn’t tell you because I wasn’t sure, but when Ms. Soiree told Dwayne to stop eating his bagel, the one he got while we were on the walkie-talkie about finding no painting just a cardboard box, well, he wiped his hands on his pants to get the bagel crumbs off and as he moved his hand it lifted his shirt. Clipped on the edge of his pants, I saw your walkie-talkie!”



# 4

Jiy n Lim

Detective Puckett's eyes widened. "Could this mean...?" He stopped, stumbling himself onto a chair. Kiwi put her hand in front of her mouth, falling into a deep puddle of thoughts. The room was silent.

"Mrs. Myers," Nala suddenly spoke out. "Would you mind assuring Mr. Gatwick that we will be visiting the mansion tomorrow morning."

"Sure thing," Ethel Myers replied. "I might as well get going now."

"Goodbye."

The maid smiled and walked towards the front door.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next evening, the detectives and Officer Cox arrived to the mansion where Mr. Gatwick, Soiree, Dwayne and Ethel had been waiting.

"Good evening," Puckett greeted. "We'd like to inform you that we finally solved the mystery of your missing Carraviglio."

Gatwick started galloping with joy. Dwayne chuckled. The octogenarian lost his balance, but luckily Soiree caught him before he fell.

"And that," Puckett continued, ignoring the chaos, "the criminal is in fact in this very room."

Soiree turned pale and dropped Gatwick, which caused him to scream in pain. Dwayne laughed boisterously.

Kiwi sighed. This was going to be a long night. "Calm down, let us explain. But before that we need to lock the doors and you aren't allowed to leave the room, not even to get a bagel."

Everyone nodded, and Officer Cox locked the doors.

"This morning, we asked the police for some help with our investigation." Nala paused then continued sarcastically, "And together we found John Muldoon! He's a unicorn!"

“Huh? Who’s John Muldoon?” Gatwick exclaimed.

“Exactly! He doesn’t exist.” Puckett said. “There aren’t any John Muldoons around this neighborhood. We found a hole in your story, Ms. Soiree. You said Muldoon saw the three men running with a sack, but it was pouring yesterday; we couldn’t even see the traffic lights clearly. How can a man with horrible eyesight be able to identify such details in an incredible rain? Impossible!”

Soiree bit her lip. Kiwi squinted her eyes and said, “Excuse me for pointing out, but Mr. Gatwick I see you’re wearing a hearing aid. Why weren’t you wearing one yesterday?”

“Oh, I napped with them off but I couldn’t find these dregs afterwards. But I couldn’t worry about that, my baby was missing!” Mr. Gatwick replied.

Nala continued, “Ms. Soiree, you took away Mr. Gatwick’s hearing-aids while he was asleep. Last evening he was not commenting, responding, or reacting to any of us. He never gave eye contact either. We understood his sorrow, but the real reason for Gatwick’s odd ignorance was his poor hearing!”

Soiree said in a thin voice, “I… I’m sure I misplaced them before. I swear, I have no intention of robbing Mr. Gatwick.”

“We did realize,” Cox claimed “that you were the one who called us. If you were the criminal, you wouldn’t have dug your own grave. We know you didn’t come up with the whole John Muldoon scenario on your own.”

“The thief,” Puckett said “stole the painting while Soiree was in the studio. When she panicked and called the police, the thief explained what was happening and conspired her into his scheme. He tried conspiring Ethel as well, but that didn’t really work out since Ethel was our big breakthrough. Ladies and gentlemen, the thief is…him!”

Puckett’s index finger pointed directly to Dwayne. The room fell in silence. Then Dwayne suddenly burst into laughter. “HA, HA! Are you kids filming a movie or something? I am innocent, period.”

“Mr. Penvellyn,” Nala called. “When we contacted Ethel today, she said she knows nothing about the clanging noise, a security camera or crying in the kitchen. She was at her daughter’s graduation until 5pm, and Soiree called the police at about 4 pm. And we did in fact find Ethel’s name above “parents” in her daughter’s college application. In your job application, it said that you have experience with technology. You must’ve messed up the security camera, shut the security system off, and stolen the Carraviglio.”

“Wait!” Dwayne jumped in. “Ethel told you all of that? Why would you believe her?”

Kiwi shook her head. “Ethel only told us where she was that day, so she wasn’t sure what really happened. She did tell us a few things last night. Muldoon and Dwayne arguing, and Dwayne

mumbling about a painting and a cardboard box near the kitchen.”

“We deduce,” Paul spoke “that that was both truth and a lie. And both of the two pieces of information were red herrings. This afternoon, she admitted that she made up the part where Muldoon and Dwayne talked. She expressed lots of hatred toward Mr. Penvellyn, telling us that she didn’t want him to lure her into his scheme. The part about mumbling was true. Last evening, an unfamiliar voice that claimed itself to be police through Nala’s walkie-talkie called. I looked for my walkie-talkie to check with Officer Cox, but it was missing. Dwayne came in right then, holding a bagel. It’s obvious that he stole my walkie-talkie when we crashed into each other, then called Nala afterwards. That’s when Ethel heard him.”

“If Dwayne has Puckett’s walkie-talkie, it means that the detectives are correct!” Cox stated.

Dwayne denied, and Nala slowly took out her walkie-talkie and called her partner. She spoke into it, “Hello, Mr. Thief. Busted!” Such simple words let themselves out from Dwayne’s pocket. The police grabbed Dwayne immediately and took away Puckett’s walkie-talkie.

“Dwayne, you thief!” Gatwick yelled. “Give my baby back!”

“It’s halfway across Italy.” Dwayne spoke mischievously. “I sold it for millions. Soiree has half of the money.”

The officers grabbed Francesca as well. She was more depressed than ever. Gatwick was stupefied.

“You traitors!”

That is when Officer Cox quickly took the detectives out of the salon before anyone started cussing. “Alright, the police will take care of the rest. Way to go, detectives! The dinner is on me. How about some pizza?”

Nala’s sarcasm struck again, “Really? Pizza?”

“Oh, what the hey,” the officer rolled her eyes, “make that Chinese food.”



# The Case of the Missing Cavaglio

## Book 4

Pierce School, Brookline, MA  
*Ken Haynes – 6th Grade Teacher*  
*Guest Author: Kim Girard*

Chapter 1 - Kim Girard  
Chapter 2 - Will Neubauer  
Chapter 3 - Isabelle Hanson  
Chapter 4 - Rosie Jacobs



# 1

Kim Girard

Detectives Nala Kiwi and Paul Puckett arrived at Charles Gatwick's gothic style mansion on the hill in a driving storm that changed from rain to sleet faster than Kiwi could wipe the mess from the squad car's windshield.

"Come quickly," said a flustered woman who answered the doorbell's thunderous gongs. "I'm Francesca Soiree. I called you a few minutes ago." Soiree was about 30, wore cat glasses and had wavy brown hair that spilled down her back and a jet black skirt that reached to her ankles. Soiree had worked for Gatwick, a renowned Italian art collector, for eight years. She was a connoisseur of fine art and a painter of fine baroque-style replicas (as Mr. Gatwick liked to tell anyone who toured his fine mansion on the weekend).

Today was Tuesday and Gatwick lived alone, so the mansion was eerily quiet and dark.

The officers followed Ms. Soiree into one of the mansion's fine salons. Gatwick, an octogenarian with a bad hip, sat crumpled in a red velvet chair, quietly sobbing next to his walker. "I'm ruined," he sobbed, his eyes rimmed red and his nose running like a drippy old faucet. "It's missing," Gatwick said, almost whispering. "My baby is gone. I have nothing."

Det. Kiwi was confused and turned to the old man. Soiree had reported a break in. Could Gatwick have a baby? At his age?

Soiree quickly responded. "He's talking about his painting. The Carraviglio. It's called "Child with Lute" and you probably know it. Christian's recently valued the painting at \$140 million and now it's gone, poof, just like that, despite what we thought was a top flight Web-based security system." Soiree shook her head and pointed to the empty space on the gold-embossed wall.

Kiwi and Puckett, whose smile revealed a gapped tooth that made him look silly when he was, in fact, the smartest cop on the force, knew the famous painting from their high school textbooks. They couldn't believe someone had broken into the mansion and just walked away with it.

"So what do we know?" Kiwi asked, her strong voice a stark contrast to her kid-like stature. She pulled out a small notebook and pencil.

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Gatwick shook his head. Kiwi had read recently in the local paper about Gatwick’s financial problems. He’d lost quite a bit of money in the stock market, she’d read. But still, he had all of these glorious paintings. She rubbed her chin.

“Anything else?” Puckett asked.

“One of the men waved an ax at poor Muldoon,” she continued. “Muldoon said he could not make out the license plate. But he’s quite blind - wears very thick glasses.”

“Where is Mr. Muldoon now?” Puckett asked.

“That’s a good question,” Soiree replied with a frown, shaking her long mane. “He was here earlier when he told me exactly what he saw. Then I called for help. But after I hung up he left the room. I thought he had gone to see to Mr. Gatwick, who was taking his afternoon nap. But he didn’t. He seems to have left the estate. And Mr. Gatwick’s Mercedes is gone.”



## 2

Wi Neubauer

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Charles Gatwick led them upstairs to where the painting use to be hung.

“My baby was hanging over this beautiful fireplace. The crooks in ski masks knocked over this expensive stool and stepped on my antique couch to get the masterpiece down.”

“They apparently didn’t bother with keeping it in mint condition,” said Paul, leaning down to look at some flecks of gold paint. “They hit the frame against the wall in no less than 13 different places,” he said as he examined the walls and floor.

“The painting must also have been damaged from the back,” said Nala. “The back covering is still stuck to the wall. You glued it on, right?”

“I did,” said Gatwick as there was a break in his sobbing. “I could never put holes through my baby!”

“Well, thank you for calling us. We have had enough clues to make a slight idea of what happened,” said Nala. “We are really sorry about your loss. Can I have your information, so we can get back to you? I assure you that we will do all we can to make sure that your painting gets found and returned. Thank you very much.” Nala and Paul pulled on their bulletproof trench coats and slowly descended down the stairs, leaving the sobbing Mr. Gatwick in his upstairs sitting room.

As the two detectives drove back to the police station, they silently went over the facts in their heads. As Nala drove on a high ridge overlooking a soggy town, a roar of an engine could be heard from a side street.

All Nala could see through the side mirror was a blinding set of lights that flashed at them. As she swerved to the side to avoid it, she saw the white van with a battered bumper that had been described earlier. As the big van flashed past their Crown Victoria, the two detectives saw two men in ski masks through the van’s windshield.

As the detectives’ car was pushed at the edge, it caught one of the guardrails and flew through the wooden safety precaution. The car flew off the ridge and into the soggy darkness...

The next day...

Nala and Paul had woken up in the hospital. Nala could sit up, but Paul was in bad shape. He couldn't move from his upright position, and he could barely move his jaw. Nala had explained everything to the Police Chief, the S.W.A.T. team commander and her boss. Her boss had immediately sent out five S.W.A.T. units after the white van when the crumpled Crown Vic had been found at the bottom of the ridge. The units hadn't found them, yet.

Nala's boss was currently explaining the current situation to both Nala and Paul. They would obviously need someone to replace Paul for the time being. The doctors predicted that he wouldn't be out of bed for a week at the least.

"So I present Cristiano Ronaldo, the newest member to the force." Ronaldo had been in the corner the whole time. He wore a dark grey suit, sunglasses, and surprisingly, Nike sneakers.



# 3

Isabelle Hanson

Nala stared at Paul, his eyes burned with frustration and fury. She too was angry with the decision, but she knew there was no other choice but to hire someone else to help her finish solving the mystery? Nala glanced up at Ronaldo, his dark hair slicked back into a small ponytail. Besides his worn-out Nike sneakers, he seemed pretty professional. “Don’t worry, Paul. We’ll figure it out.” Nala said softly, bringing her eyes back down to the helpless Paul. But as the words rolled off her tongue, she suddenly regretted it. Maybe she wouldn’t be able to solve the mystery. The more she thought about it, the more doubts came to mind. Now that she thought about it, she’d never solved anything without the help of Paul. Nala stared at Paul in silence, until something caught her attention.

“You’ll start tomorrow,” Nala’s boss concluded nodding at Ronaldo and then nodding in Nala’s direction. Nala nodded looking down at herself. Her left leg was broken in two different places. Her right arm was broken, as well as a couple of ribs. She sighed, raising her eyes to meet Ronaldo’s and seeing that he had taken off his sunglasses. She stared deep into his eyes; there was something strange about the way he was looking at her. He didn’t look at her in pity. Instead, he looked at her like he was saying, “I told you so.”

The next day Nala was put in an electric wheelchair and was just getting the hang of it when Ronaldo entered the room. The second his Nike sneakers entered the room there was an angry silence. After yesterday’s encounter Nala wasn’t too keen of Ronaldo. She thought there was something very fishy about him. Eventually the nurse was able to scurry them out to the parking lot, where she helped Nala into the squad’s new Crown Victoria.

Nala sat looking out the window watching lush pastures go by; she needed to concentrate. Since the day of the accident her head had been a jumbled up mess, and it didn’t help that she didn’t trust Ronaldo. “I need to trust him or else there’s no way I’ll solve the mystery,” Nala whispered to herself unconsciously.

“What was that?” Ronaldo’s deep voice made Nala jump. “I couldn’t hear what you said.”

“Just talking to myself,” Nala said turning to look at Ronaldo. She realized Ronaldo looked rather handsome. He had a sharp nose, dark eyes, perfect cheek bones and a light scar around his eyes.

“What did you say to yourself?”

“Nothing,” Nala said turning her head back to the lush pastures. She could feel her wall of uneasiness building, what kind of person is nosy enough to ask what you were saying to yourself. “Maybe I’m just being paranoid,” Nala thought to herself.

Soiree was the one to greet them at the door of Gatwick’s mansion, and the first thing that came out of her mouth was, “Where’s Paul?”

Nala stood or rather sat at the door of Gatwick’s mansion trying to make the words come out. “He couldn’t come today,” Nala said. It was all that she could manage out of her throat.

“Okay,” Soiree said raising an eyebrow in Ronaldo’s direction.

Nala turned to see that Ronaldo had put on his sunglasses. “It was a dark gloomy day why did he put on his sunglasses? That’s rather peculiar,” Nala thought to herself.

“Oh, I’m so glad your back!” Gatwick cried limping toward Nala with his walker, barely acknowledging Ronaldo. “Hey, what happened to you? And where’s Paul?”

“I was in a car accident with the men in the ski masks.” Nala said, ignoring the other question Gatwick had asked.

“Oh my goodness! You can’t be serious, are you sure it was them?”

“That’s what I saw,” Nala answered.

“Well, where are they and where is my painting?”

“That I haven’t figured out yet,” Nala sighed while pulling out her notebook filled with notes from the first day of the case. She flipped to the second page and scanned her notes, realizing something that she had not noticed before and thought about what had happened in the last couple of days. She shook her head, a grin spreading across her face, “Mr. Gatwick, I think I’ve sol-” But before Nala could finish her sentence there was a horrifying scream coming from upstairs. Nala and Gatwick’s jaws dropped at the same moment, and they both rushed to the stairs. Nala threw herself out of the electric wheelchair and started crawling up the stairs with Gatwick following steadily behind her. Finally, Nala reached the top of the staircase where she automatically headed for the room in which the Carriviglio once was. Nala pushed open the door to find Soiree bound up in the corner with an envelope at her feet. Nala freed Soiree then picked up the envelope, ripping it carefully. The letter inside only contained four words and were written in a hurry. The letter said, “I told you so...” and it was signed, “Cristiano Ronaldo.”



# 4

Rosie Jacobs

“No!” cried a voice.

A flustered man had burst into the study and grabbed the note Nala had dropped. He was on the older side, with graying hair, and wore a gray suit. He gave the impression of extreme ordinariness.

“Ronaldo, where did he go?” cried the man. There was silence after he had spoken, for no one knew.

Then Nala, who was standing awkwardly, asked, “Could someone please get my wheelchair? And who are you?”

Everyone made their way downstairs, except for Ronaldo who had disappeared. As they walked down the stairs the man said, “I’m John Muldoon, Mr. Gatwick’s driver. I’m sorry, Soiree. This is all my fault.”

“Nonsense!” exclaimed Soiree. “This mess is not your fault.”

“I’m afraid it is,” said John as they all settled down on the couch in the living room. “Ronaldo seemed like a really great guy. I met him at a bar, and we became close friends. I guess I let some details about the paintings here and the security system slip, and then Ronaldo asked me if I would help him steal the Carraviglio. I angrily refused, but Ronaldo told me that I would regret it if I didn’t help him steal it. He said he would frame me to get me fired, but if I helped him he would find a way to blame someone else. I went looking for Ronaldo, but I couldn’t find him. That note was for me; I know it. I saw Ronaldo coming down the stairs a minute ago, after you screamed Soiree, smiling. I ignored him because I thought he had already gotten what he considered sufficient revenge, because he must have done something bad to Soiree. He must have tied up Soiree. Do you know if he tied you up?”

“I had gone upstairs again after the detectives arrived and was standing here painting, and suddenly someone snuck up behind me and grabbed me!” exclaimed Soiree. “The person, I think it was a man, tied me up, gagged me and blindfolded me. But the gag wasn’t in right, so I spat it out and screamed. The man shoved it back in and then ran from the room.”

“That must have been Ronaldo!” groaned John. “He got a job at the police station to make it easier to frame me. He must have tied up Soiree and then run away!”

There was silence for a moment. Then Soiree suddenly cried, “Oh, I’ve been so stupid! I should have known that the robber was in the house after he tied him up. I should have told you to go find him!”

“But I haven’t heard cars leave,” said Mr. Gatwick. “Ronaldo would find it easy enough to hide once he got down the hill. We live near the city, unfortunately.”

There was silence for a few moments. Finally Nala said, “I’m sorry John. I know you did it. I don’t want to get you in trouble, but Ronaldo has not done anything and you are not being truthful with us. I know you must have stolen the painting.”

“I’m sorry John,” said Nala. “But I don’t think that you’re telling the truth. I don’t think that Ronaldo ever came upstairs. Also, you’re the only one who claimed to have actually seen the robbers even though you’re nearly blind! That’s if Soiree was telling the truth. Also, why would an art thief damage what he stole? In addition, you could have easily tied up Soiree if you were waiting upstairs.”

There was silence in the room, aside from Soiree’s gasp. John’s face turned pink, then red and then an unsettling pale. He stared at the gun on Nala’s belt for a moment, as if calculating if he could outrun bullets. Finally he said, “All right, I did it. But I only did it because I was so short on cash. I needed money.”

“So, you stole the Carriviglio?” asked Nala.

“Yes, I already said that, I got a job here to try to steal the Carriviglio. But I figured if I was going to steal it, I could try to frame Ronaldo. But he had the same idea I guess. I tried to pull it off the wall, but had to bang the wall out of shape to get it off since it was glued. My only partners were thugs, because Ronaldo and I had just had a big fight and were really mad at each other. I bought a white van to transport the painting to the man buying the painting.”

“Why did you tie Soiree up?” asked Nala.

“I guess I was angry with Ronaldo, so I tried to get him to go upstairs so I could make it seem like he had tied up Soiree. I even offered him half the earnings from the painting if he would, but he refused because he didn’t know why and thought it was a trap.”

“And where’s the painting?” asked Nala.

“I don’t know. I’ve already sold it.”

Mr. Gatwick let out a wail of grief.

A month had passed since the Carriviglio had been stolen. Nala had finally tracked down the man John had sold the painting to, and the painting was finally back in Mr. Gatwick's grateful hands. Nala and Paul were well again and back at their office, and John was in jail. They hadn't found Ronaldo.

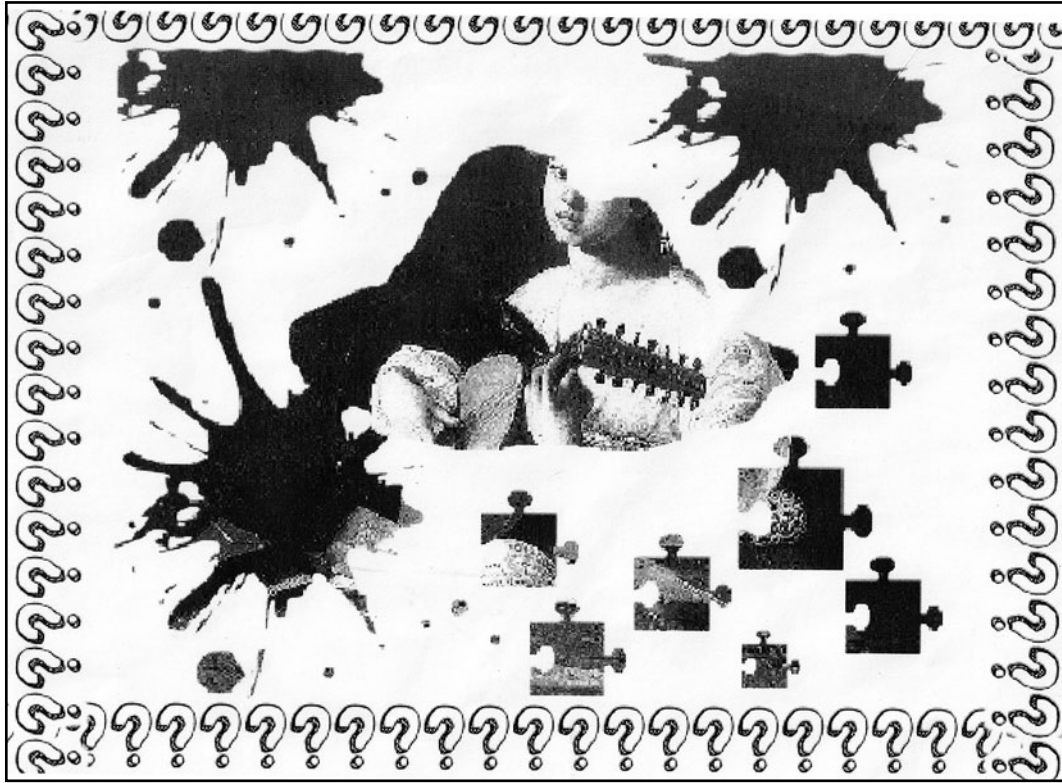
Soiree and Mr. Gatwick were happy to have the painting back. Nala was glad to have her pay raise, and Paul was happy to have his ribs healed.



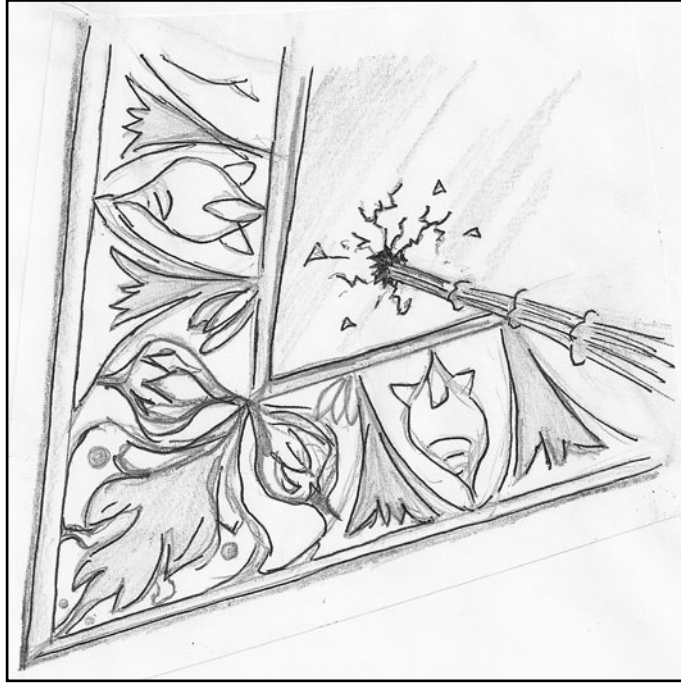
# Illustrations By The Authors



Abby Hryniewicz



Jiyeon Lim



Kalyani Twyman



Katherine Marciniak

## **A dditional Participating Authors**

Rory Conway

Hannah Baker-Lerner

Abby Hryniewicz

Juliette Shoemaker

Maia Sutton

Kalyani Twyman

Cierra Wright

Arthur Chen

Priscilla Chung

Jesse Clements

## About Kim Girard

Kim Girard is a freelance writer and the mother of a Pierce first grader.  
She reads everything, including the back of cereal boxes.

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