

The Case of the Broken Tumbler



Sterling Baldwin [https://
github.com/sterlingbaldwin](https://github.com/sterlingbaldwin)



Well Enough Alone



As with most things in my life, I should have known better at the time and kept my nose out of other peoples business, but what can I say, I'm nosy. The whole affair started during the waning hours of my previous greatest investigation, The Case of the Missing Xylophone Mallet.

Alen Greensberg, the best procussioninst in the schools marching band, had come to me

almost in tears the previous day. He was working hard to hold back his panic, but I could tell it was welling up like a dam ready to burst.

"Sarah, you've got to help me! I've been looking for it everywhere and the homecoming game is this weekend, there's no way I can play without it!"

He had the most annoying way of starting sentences half way through, like I already knew what he was talking about. "Hold on Alan, calm down and start from the beginning, what's going on?"

He takes a breath, taking a moment to compose himself before saying, "ok, so yesterday morning when I showed up at marching band practice before school, I got my whole uniform on and got everything ready, only when I went to get

my mallets out of my bag, they were missing! I always put them in exactly the same place, and in the last two days I've looked absolutely everywhere, someone is trying to ruin me!" I could tell he was starting to get worked up again, so I tried a different tact.

This really isnt worth my time, he can find his
own damn mallets

Missing Xylophone mallets just before the big
game? Sounds like foul play

Although Alan was in the same marching band as my best friend Macy, I really didn't want to get involved in his drama. It was obvious to me that someone in the band was trying to pull one over on him, a jealous rival percussionist looking to steal his spot, or perhaps a spurned girl just trying to get back at him for some perceived slight, but more than anything I knew this wasn't my problem. However, as the best known detective at Lake Wood High, it wouldn't do to have the word going around that I rejected a case. I saw an easy way out that would fix both these problems.

"Listen Alan, I'll see what I can do. What I need from you is a description of the mallets, and a \$20 retainer to get started and another \$20 when I deliver the goods."

"Ah come on, you're going to change me?"

I force a laugh, "hey, if they're not worth the money then they're not worth my time." I knew asking for the 20 would make him think, silently hoping he would back out.

"Relax, I can pay, I really need those mallets back, they're my lucky set and I cant perform without them." He rummaged through his bag, eventually coming out with ball of crumpled 1s and 5s. "They're about 10 inches long, wooden with blue felt tips. I've had them since I was a freshman, and I've used them in every show since."

I took the wad of loose bills, pushing them into the pocket of my hoodie, "I'll start asking around, and text you this after lunch if I can dig anything up." Of course I had no intention of

doing any such thing, since I already knew exactly where I would find what he was looking for. Just then, the first bell rang and the mass of bodies filling the hallways started to disperse into the rooms. Alan looked like he was about to say something, but I waved him off and started walking down towards Mr. Brackwords study hall in room 204.

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Wait, it looks like someone dropped their
notebook

back to the start



back to the start



FIN

