

“...my trusty dog Firework is always by my side.”



# Jack and Firework:

## The mysterious case of the missing battery

I am pretty good at figuring out mysteries. I can always tell you who ate the last cookie and who was the last one in the bathroom ...phew. But I can't take all the credit. I don't solve these "crimes" alone — my trusty dog Firework is always by my side. Solving crimes isn't always easy when you have an older sister who is always messing up your cases by sticking her nose in your business. Her name is Gwyneth, or as I like to call her "The Snitch."

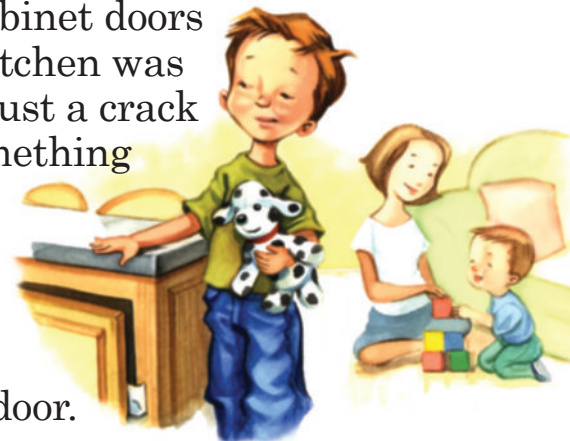
On this particular day, Firework and I were throwing a parachute man off the top bunk when I noticed my smoke alarm was open and missing its battery. Everyone in Mrs. Beck's 2nd grade class knows that a missing battery in a smoke alarm is trouble. After all, how can they let you know there's a fire if they don't work? Firework and I were on the case. I grabbed my notebook and started looking for clues.

**CLUE 1:** My baby brother Owen's pacifier was on the floor right outside my door.

I saw The Snitch coming out of her room, so I grabbed the pacifier and shoved it in my pocket. She gave me a dirty look and shut her door. I ran to Owen's room and it was empty...no sign of him or my mom, so I headed downstairs to the living room.

My mom and Owen were there playing with blocks — no sign of the battery anywhere. Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed that one of the cabinet doors in the kitchen was opened just a crack with something sticking out of it.

**CLUE 2:** Open cabinet door.



Upon further inspection, I found an empty pack of batteries inside.

**CLUE 3:** Empty battery pack.

As I bent down to pick Firework up (he had fallen while I was looking in the cabinet), I noticed something shiny. "Firework, you found a clue," I said.

**CLUE 4:** The Snitch's favorite bracelet.

I ran upstairs — it was the last place I wanted to go — but there was no other choice! The bracelet was hers, so I needed to investigate.

"Jack, get out of my room or you're burnt toast," screamed The Snitch. This is where the clues led me, so this is where Firework and I were staying. I tried to distract her by showing her a tiny tear in Firework's ear so I could get a better look around her room. Then I saw it — right there on her desk — in plain view — my smoke alarm battery!

"Gwyneth, how could you?" I shouted. "That is the battery from MY smoke alarm." "Oh that. I was going to give it back. I need a new battery for my game and we were all out. So, I grabbed yours," she said.

Hadn't she been to 2nd grade? I know she went to the fire station open house with my family every year. Didn't she know how wrong it was to take the batteries out of a smoke alarm? I tried to explain but in the end, my job was done. The case was solved and I turned her over to the fire safety police. Well, not really — I just told Mom and Dad.

"Gwyneth, how could you?"

