FOCUS ON THE FAMILY PRESENTS



CASE FILES



THE NEMESIS

16 MORE MYSTERIES TO SOLVE YOURSELF

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Jones & Parker CASE FILES

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BOB HOOSE AND STEPHEN O'REAR



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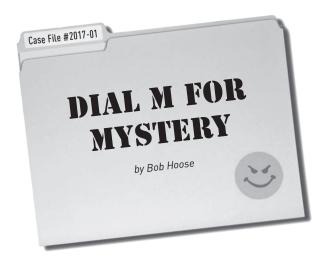
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 $A_{\rm NY}$ Detective worth her salt eventually meets someone determined to outsmart her.

Matthew Parker and I sat at our usual table in the lunchroom of Odyssey Middle School when our friend Jeremy approached. He'd been showing off his new AppleBerry phone all morning, so I figured it was now our turn to hear about live video chat and other special features. But then I saw the frightened expression on Jeremy's face.

"It's for you," he said quietly, handing me the phone.

Matthew and I both looked puzzled. Who would call us on Jeremy's phone?

I set the AppleBerry on the table and switched it to speaker mode. A robotic voice rang out, grabbing the attention of anyone within earshot.

"Hello, detective," the caller said. I opened my mouth to respond, but the voice continued.

"Don't bother asking questions, Miss Jones," he said. "You don't know who this is, but I know you. So do exactly what I say, or I'll destroy your friend's phone."

"Please help!" Jeremy begged, sitting next to me.
"My mom gave me this phone for Christmas."

"Can you really break an AppleBerry without touching it?" I asked Matthew.

My sidekick shrugged. "Not sure. I haven't seen the latest version up close until now."

"Oh good, the tinkerer is there too," the voice snarled.

"What do you want?" Matthew asked, glaring at the phone with suspicion.

"From you? Not much," the caller replied.

"Check your watch. We're going to see how quick your partner is. I have a mystery for you, Miss Jones. Only you. Understand?"

Dial M for Mystery

I looked around the room, trying to spot anyone who might be making this strange call. A few kids had their phones out, but I could see their lips

moving while the voice on the AppleBerry stayed silent. So it didn't look like it was anyone in the room.

A crowd had gathered, as curious and surprised as we were.
Everything was moving so fast, making it hard

to focus. If Jeremy's phone was actually in danger of being destroyed, I was going to have to beat this caller at his own game. For now, at least.

"I understand," I said at last. "Tell me the mystery."

"Walking down the street, you discover George lying facedown," the voice began. "He's cold to the touch and squashed flat. A bird rests on the back of his head."

The kids around me winced at the gruesome image. "So tell me, detective," he said with a sneer, "what happened to George? Start the timer, Matthew!"

All eyes turned to me. As the seconds ticked by, my brain began to tick, too, running this way and that.

George. That's a name you don't hear much these days, I mused. It must be a famous George. Famous, facedown, and . . . flat?

That was the bit that puzzled me. Flat? Why is he flat—and cold. And what's with the bird on the back of his head? Yuck! A flat, famous George with a bird on his—

Then it hit me.

"George is a quarter!" I shouted excitedly.
"George Washington's head is on the quarter,
which is obviously flat. And a metal coin would
feel cold if it were lying outside in this January
weather. As for the bird, before 1999, every quarter had a presidential seal on the back in the
shape of an eagle."

"Great thinking, Emily!" Matthew grinned. Jeremy sighed with relief.

"Ah, but we're not done yet," the caller said. "To prove how well I know you and your slow-moving intellect, I already guessed exactly how long it would take you to solve this simple puzzle. Do tell, what does the stopwatch say?"

Dial M for Mystery

"Twenty seconds," Matthew replied. "Which is pretty quick if you ask me."

"I wasn't asking. Now, Jeremy? Flip your chair." Jeremy stood and slowly turned over his chair.

A note taped to the bottom of the seat read

20 seconds.

The kids around me gasped.

"Who is this guy? How does he know so much?" Jeremy stammered.

Matthew glanced at the note on Jeremy's

chair, then smiled at me with a knowing look. We had cracked the case.

"Hang up, Jeremy," I said. "I've heard enough to know that this mystery caller can't break your phone. He's nothing but empty threats."

"What?! How dare you—" the voice shouted as I ended the call.

Jeremy clutched the AppleBerry to his chest. "I sure hope you're right," he said, "or my phone's gonna be a scrap-pleberry!"

"Don't worry," I said. "This trickster's smart,

but he doesn't control as much as he wants you to think. Let me show you."

* * *

How does Emily know the voice is bluffing? What are the clues? Turn to page 116 to read the solution!

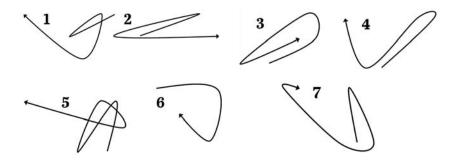
Twisted Text

Drag your finger across the letters on the phone keypad to spell out the following words:

block, dial, mobile, number, phone, ring, voice.

Then match your finger's path to the correct squiggle.





7. number

Answers: 1. phone; 2. dial; 3. block; 4. voice; 5. mobile; 6. ring;