

A Ruff Day For Jimbo!

On a chilly winter afternoon at Big Future Primary, the serenity was shattered. As the bell rang for lunch, an urgent message rippled through the corridors: Jimbo, the beloved therapy dog, had *vanished!* Mr. Brown, a kind-hearted headteacher, gathered the children in the playground, his voice trembling. “We must find Jimbo! He brings joy and comfort to most of us.”

Mr. Brown had called the local detective straight after saying this. Soon after, a mint condition, black BMW arrived. Two people simultaneously exited the car and walked up to Mr. Brown. “Hello, Harvey. I hear you have a problem,” said the detective.

“Greetings, Elisha and Valentino.” Elisha Stonock had the skill of being extremely observant. Valentino Farkas was a dog lover and was the only person who would help Elisha for free.

“We have three prime suspects,” Mr. Brown explained, “Elliot, who is afraid of dogs, so might have tried to get rid of him.”

“I see,” muttered Valentino, noting the information about Elliot.

“Miss Hamilton’s dream is a dog but she doesn’t have enough money.”

“Too broke to afford dog,” Valentino said to himself, still taking notes.

“And finally, Kyron, he’s been smuggling bananas and has previously mentioned testing whether Jimbo likes bananas.”

“OK,” said Elisha, “let’s see them.”

Mr. Brown led the two detectives to the dinner hall, past Miss Hamilton’s room, which was covered in blue tack on the walls, as if posters had been taken off. One was still there. Past Miss Hamilton’s student’s lockers, including Kyron’s, which was slightly ajar and had numerous bananas. “Here you go. The three main suspects.” said Mr. Brown. The detective duo saw a dirty blonde haired boy, an angry-looking woman and a ginger boy with an incredibly neutral face. “The ginger’s Elliot. The other boy is Kyron. And the woman is Miss Hamilton.”

“OK,” replied Elisha.

“Elliot’s been near Jimbo a lot more recently.” Mr. Brown explained.

“My parents want me to get over my fear of dogs,” said Elliot smoothly.

Miss Hamilton’s face was scrunched up like a stress ball being stepped on, her face was tomato red; Elisha thought she was probably going to throw a tantrum.

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Kyron had the face of pure innocence. “By the way, Elisha, if Kyron lies you’ll know,” Mr. Brown told Elisha.

“He won’t have to,” said Elisha. “I know that look. He’s innocent. Let’s look behind that poster in Miss Hamilton’s room.”

Everyone left the hall and entered Miss Hamilton’s classroom. Dust was gathering on the posters on the floor. “I thought it was strange that Miss Hamilton’s room looked abandoned but there was still one poster left,” commented Elisha. The poster was removed by Elisha to reveal a golden retriever in a hole in the wall. “Well, Miss Hamilton, you have been proven guilty,” Elisha added, pulling Jimbo out.

“The Blackpool police force have done it again! We’ve solved yet another crime!” exclaimed Valentino.

“I have,” Elisha protested, “what help did you provide? Ah yes, you made notes.”

“I also presented and created the presentation on why we should get this case.” argued Valentino.

“Fair point,” Elisha replied, ending the conversation, “Till next time.”

And so, the case of the missing therapy dog was solved.