

The Bark's Gone Silent

Chapter 1 - Missing

On a snowy winter afternoon at Hamilton Primary, the serenity was shattered. As the bell rang for break, an urgent message rippled through the corridors - Poncho, the beloved therapy dog, had vanished! Mr Seven, the chilled-out headteacher, gathered the children in the playground and said with an upset tone, "We must find Poncho, he brings joy and comfort to us all."

A while later, Mr Seven called the famous detective, B. Hudson. "Help!" said Mr Seven when he picked up the phone, "Our dog is missing!"

"I'll see what I can do, Mr Seven." B.H arrived in a black Ferrari LaFerrari with tinted windows and the doors opened, revealing his tall, slender body. Mr Seven greeted him in the school reception and told him that he found a post-it note on the desk in his office, it said:

We have your
Dog :)



With an eyebrow raised, Mr H explained that the culprit had made a ransom note so that they couldn't see their handwriting. Soon after, a strange noise that sounded like a whimper was heard. "That's Poncho!" Mr Seven said, "He's somewhere around here!"

Chapter 2 - The Bark

The bell rang for lunch and the children went to eat. Mr Seven and B. Hudson had 45 minutes to find clues before the children went back to class. They were walking down the corridor and saw a dark green coat with fur on it. They also found a yellow cloth, "That's for a pair of glasses," B.H told Mr Seven, "It should probably be in a case but, oh well." They tried looking for where the sound might have come from and opened all of the smaller rooms and looked through all of the classes but they only found a couple of mops and a puddle of something in one of the closets. A child, called Mason, went down one of the corridors and B.H looked at his coat. It was the one that Mr Seven had seen before! "Have you got a pet at home?" B.H told Mason.

"Yeah, he's a husky and he sheds fur like it instantly regenerates on his body, that's why there's tons of fur on my coat." he replied, "Why? Do you think I stole Poncho?" "No," Mr Seven said before B.H could say anything.

"Why did you think Mason took Poncho? He's already got a dog at home," Mr Seven asked with an eyebrow raised. B.H explained that Huskies have grey and white fur, not brown. Poncho was a little sausage dog - those dogs have brown fur, not white. Mr

Seven was furious! Mason probably took Poncho but where was he? “We can’t automatically assume that Mason took the dog - we need more evidence. The bell rang for the end of lunch and the children went back to class, “Ugh, this is going to be even harder because the children are back in class,” The headmaster said.

“No, it’s going to be easier, Mr S; We can look in the dinner hall now.” B.H replied confidently, “The dog might be there because the children-”

“Wait! What’s this?” Mr Seven asked, pointing at a trail of liquid on the floor, “It’s going to Mrs Hamilton’s office.”

Chapter 3 - Mrs H

Mrs Hamilton was a great teacher - sassy but good at teaching, funny but does lots of work, helps children but also lets them get on with learning, you know the type. She is also the type of person who loves dogs. When Mr Seven and B. Hudson saw the trail of strange liquid, they slowly approached her office. The door was slightly ajar so they could go in without a key and saw a ball of fur near a dog bowl. “That’s Poncho’s bowl!” Mr Seven exclaimed, “Oh wait, Mrs Ham takes care of him when he isn’t with the children.”

“But if it was being kept in a room somewhere, wouldn’t the floor be dry?” B.H interrupted. Mr Seven went straight to Mrs H in the staff room and told Mr Hudson to arrest her. “She took Poncho!”

Chapter 4 - Poncho Is Safe

B.H listened to the headteacher, obviously extremely angry and heard him say, “Mrs H doesn’t have a dog at home but has dog fur on her coat. She is right next to my office as well, that’s why I heard a bark earlier. She brings Poncho to her office just after the children come back to class after eating lunch, that’s why the floor was wet.”

“Good job, Mr S, but you forgot one key detail. She always talks about how she wants a sausage dog but can’t get one. I also saw her rub Poncho on Mason’s coat so we would think it was him.”

After all of that was said, Mrs H congratulated them for finding it out and B.H arrested her. It was then that they had found out that they still didn't know where Poncho was. “He’s here!” exclaimed Mason. “He’s safe and sound, back in the hands of someone who wouldn’t steal them.”