

Gooberville Detectives

I'd been a detective in Gooberville for a while when Chief Fartsy pulled me into her office.

"I want you to train the new guy," she said. I looked out into the police station to see who she was talking about and spotted someone so young he looked like a kid, no more than three years old at most.

"Not interested." I grumbled and turned back towards my desk.

"I'm not asking. You're doing it," said Fartsy. "And I have a new case for you both." I rolled my eyes as I took the file and walked towards the kid. "Come with me, I've got a case to solve," I said as I walked by him. He was bouncing up and down with excitement. "Ok! Yes! I'm Colin. What's your name?"

"I'm Alex. But you can call me Detective Qualex." I said without looking at him and we walked out the door.

The file said there had been weird reports coming from Booger Beach so we started walking there. When we got there we walked up to the lifeguard, named Hurl.

"Thank goodness you're here, Detectives," said Hurl. "Something strange is going on."

"Tell me what you know." I said.

"Well, I was out on the beach last night and saw bright sparks in the sky."

"Can you tell me more about them?"

"They were red and yellow and... orange maybe."

"Oh!" shouted Colin. "I think I know what that is. It's a phoenix! I was just reading about them. They are like a firebird that blazed across the sky."

I rolled my eyes again. "I don't think so. If we had phoenixes at Booger Beach I would know about them."

"Oh, no, Detective Qualex, phoenixes are magical. Maybe it hasn't wanted to be seen yet."

"Sure, kid. Let's go talk to one of the shop owners from the file."

We walked over to the surfboard shop, Surf til You Barf. The owner was happy to talk to us.

"Duuuuude. I heard whistling last night. It was so loud it kept waking me up. And I was going to go surfing early this morning so it was really annoying."

Colin was practically squealing. "No one's ever heard a phoenix! Maybe they whistle!"

I had to admit, he had a point. But I had to talk to one more person.

We went over to an old house that sat just behind the dunes. An old man named Butch lived there. He was upset it took us so long to come talk to him and had called the police station over and over. "I smelled a burning smell last night. It was so strong I was coughing and couldn't stop."

"Ok. Did you have a fire going in your fireplace?" I asked, looking around.

Butch snorted "Who sets a fire in July? It's too hot!"

"Ok. Ok" I said. "We're looking into it."

"I knew it!" shouted Colin when we were back on the beach, "It is a phoenix."

"I don't think so." I said calmly. "Butch just reminded me of something."

"Really?" asked Colin.

"Yes. It is July. And," I said checking the date of a newspaper laying in a recycling bin. "Today is July fifth. Which means yesterday was July Fourth. And people set off fireworks on July Fourth. So the lights, smell, and sounds probably came from fireworks."

"Oh" said Colin, looking a little disappointed. "That makes sense. But I wish it was a phoenix."

"So did I, but the truth is important," I said.

Just then, I got a call from Chief Fartsy. "We solved the mystery of Booger Beach, Chief." I said. "Great, now I have another case for you. People at the shopping mall keep hearing mysterious voices and can't figure out where they are coming from."

"We're on it," I said, nodding to Colin.

"Really? I can come, too?" asked Colin, bouncing, of course.

"Oh yes, I like your imagination."

The End.