Kid Spy Story Contest

The Nilesgrove Mysteries: The Missing Principal

It was a normal day at Nilesgrove Intermediate School. The morning announcements were about to begin, when Ms. Pearl, the school's secretary, suddenly appeared on the TV looking flustered. "I have an urgent announcement!" Ms. Pearl shouted. "Our principal, Mr. Darnoc, has gone missing!"

My best friends, Marcel and Via, both looked at me with wide eyes. "Marcel, Averi, and Via, please report to the main office immediately!" she yelled. When we got to the office, Ms. Pearl, with her usual red frizzy hair, motioned for us to sit down. "I know you three children are the top detectives in the *Mystery Solvers* after school club. I could use your help finding Mr. Darnoc. Also, this note was found on Mr. Darnoc's office door. I need you to help me figure out what it means." Ms. Pearl said.

"Let's meet after school in the cafeteria to try and find a potato sack in the kitchen." Via said.

After school....

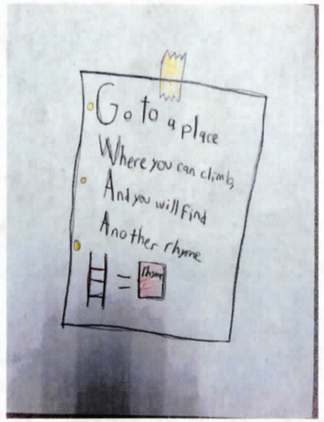
"Where do you think the lunch ladies store their potato sacks?" I asked.

"I heard that they keep them outside in moldy crates." Marcel said. So off we went to check behind the school.

"There they are!" Via shouted. We picked up the first sack and ripped it open.

"Nope!" I said after rummaging through the smelly potatoes.

After checking 19 more sacks, we finally found the second clue. "Of course the LAST sack had the clue." Via moaned as she rubbed her nose and we all looked at the next clue.



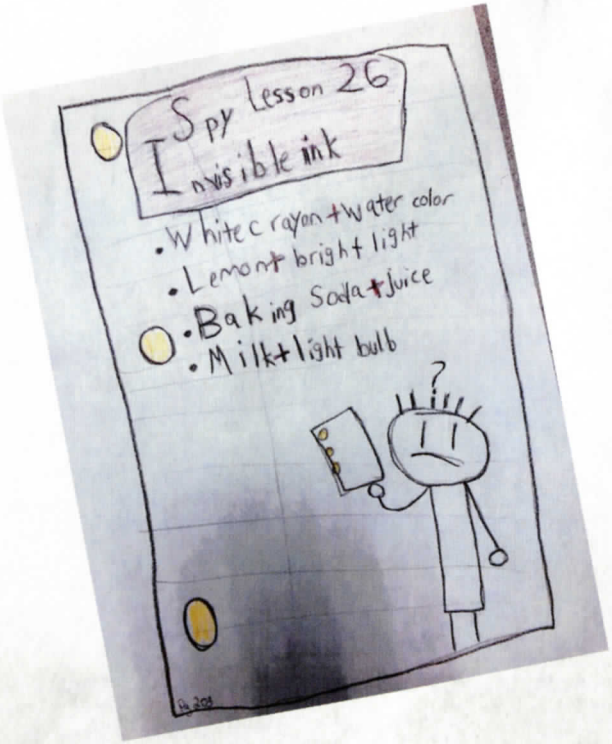
"Where can we climb?" I wondered aloud. Marcel tipped his glasses as he thought about the layout of the school.

"Doesn't the schoolyard have three jungle gyms?" he asked. We looked at each other with wide eyes, and dashed toward the schoolyard. We turned the corner and almost ran into the mighty Nilesgrove Newt statue. We each honored our beloved mascot by showing our biceps, doing the historic Newt Squat Dance, and chanting "Newts, Newts, Newts!"

"Look--on the monkey bars!" I squealed with excitement. We hurried over and pulled the paper clue through the bars. We all looked at the blank piece of paper with confusion.

"Why would the clue tell us that there'd be another clue here but they leave us with a blank piece of paper?!" Via snapped. Suddenly, a light bulb went off in Marcel's head.

"I've got it!" he shouted. "Remember the lesson on Invisible Ink in our club?" Marcel asked, "I think I wrote down ways to reveal messages in my Spy Notebook."



I whipped my notebook out of my back pocket and frantically flipped to page 203 to scan the page.

"Hmmmm, it does smell unusually sour." Via said."