

Chip and the Night Prowler

By Nadia Ridsdale (10 yrs)

1

“Well, well, well,” said the grey haired Policeman as he opened the door to our little shed at the back of our garden. He was wearing his blue uniform that said ‘Local Police’. His shoes were shiny black and he had a surprised expression on his face as he looked inside the old, broken down, brown shed. My Dad had just rung the policeman because late last night he had seen a flickering light in the back of the garden.

I better introduce myself. I’m Chip Thomas. Well, my name isn’t really Chip; everybody just calls me that because I totally adore chips. My real name is Olivia. I live in a small village in New Zealand called Waiterere, it’s by the seaside. Our house is on the front of our property and out the back there are a large number of trees. At the back of them is a little shed.

Well, I better get back to where Mum, Dad, the Policeman and myself were standing at the shed. The Policeman saw a bag of salted chips,

“This must be our intruders snack. Oops, I should have known they’re Chips snack aren’t they?”

Mum nodded. She was used to having the police around to speak to me, though she hated all this mystery stuff. I’m only twelve but the police call me Junior Detective, sometimes ‘Nosey’ because once I’ve seen something weird I’m onto it.

Bob the policeman got out his light to examine the dirt that had been scuffed into the shed.

Bob asked me, “Are these your footprints Chip?”

“I don’t think so.” I answered. “My shoe print is spotty and this one has zig zags.”

“Your right, Nosey Chip,” he said.

When Bob left, Mum and Dad went into the house but I stayed. I went to get my torch from under the box I use as a table. I lifted the box aside.

“My torch!” I exclaimed. It wasn’t there! I knew I’d put it there. I’m very careful about these things.

As I walked back to the house I saw Mum and Dad talking to a man. I could only see the back of him. I hid behind the bushes eavesdropping. To find and solve mysteries I

eavesdrop and watch. I can't help it I just have to.

The man was wearing a wig, there was short brown hair and under it a long thin strand of black hair. He asked to use the phone. Once they were inside I went inside too. The man was on the phone. He was wearing dark glasses.

"Good idea," he said into the phone.

"Mum," I said, pretending I didn't know about the man.

Before I could ask her who he was she said, "This man needed to use the phone to call his friend because his car broke down."

Now the man was saying, "Did you get it? I must have dropped it. It said 22...Yep that's right."

Number 22, our house number.

When he hung up I noticed a pink cord hanging out of his pocket.

"*My torch,*" I thought!

"All good?" Mum asked.

"Yes," said the man as he darted off.

Once he got outside I snuck into my room and looked out of the window at an angle that he wouldn't see me. I discovered there was no broken down car only a motor bike that he sped off on.

2

I went to my shed. I sat on my yellow spotty pillow and started to think as I ate my chips. Well he is the one, the torch thief, the night prowler and he wants something from our house. I have to go and see Eric. Eric is my good friend. He likes the same things as me just not chips! He helps me out with mysteries and man can we get up to mischief together.

I grabbed my blue rusty bike and rode round the corner and passed the shop and up his driveway. I knocked on his white door. I started thinking about the 'man'. My thoughts were interrupted by Eric's Dad.

"Hello, Miss Chip," he said. He had red hair like Eric and blue eyes.

I replied, "Is..."

"Yes," smiled Mr Folden. "Eric is upstairs."

"Thanks," I giggled as I ran passed him and up the stairs.

The door opened and there was Eric with a huge grin over his face.

"Hi, I saw you out the window. Come in."

I walked into his bright red and blue room.

"Your face," he sniggered. "You have a mystery." He shut the door.

"You're right and you are about to be invited to help me. But first you will have to hear my

story and your mouth will water with excitement.”

We both fell about laughing.

I explained about Bob the policeman, my missing torch, the man in the wig and the phone call.

“Wow,” Eric exclaimed. That’s what he says every time I tell him about mysteries. We planned to meet up the next day.

3

In the morning I thought I would go to the beach. A swim might get my mind straight. I was nearly at the beach when I saw a man on a motorbike.

“Oh my gosh,” I whispered to myself. It was the same man who had used our phone! Short brown hair, dark glasses...Wow! It’s the one! I’ve got to follow him! I’m not going to keep up with him! The number plate!

I read it carefully, “ZK333, ZK333, red motor bike, red motorbike.” That’s easy to remember.

I ran to Bob’s office. “Bob. Bob!” I shouted. I saw Bob smiling as I ran around the corner.

“Who owns a red motorbike with the number plate ZK333?”

“Hey, hey slow down. What’s up?” He laughed with a confused look.

I explained.

“Oh, okay, I’ll type in my pass word.” He clicked some buttons. “You know I’m not supposed to do this don’t you?” He stopped typing.

“Please,” I begged.

He sighed. “I’ll go and ask the Sergeant.” He left the room.

I looked at the computer screen. It said PASSWORD accepted. I quickly typed in RED

MOTOR BIKE ZK333. It said Andrew Grey, 9
Rosemary Place. I heard foot steps. Bob!!! Eeek. I
quickly pressed the escape key and stood up.

“No,” Bob said. “Sorry”.

4

I walked around to Eric's house. He was playing in the garden with a ball.

"What's up?" He said.

I explained about the motorbike. We went inside poured lemonade and grabbed a chocolate biscuit.

"Andrew Grey, 9 Rosemary Place. Let's walk slowly passed his house and look for clues." I suggested.

We walked the two streets to Rosemary Place. Outside number 9 Eric pretended to trip over so I could have more time to look. I took a long look at the garden. There was a small, square, two storey house with curtains shut on all the windows. I saw a little piece of paper near the letterbox. I ran and grabbed it. I swung back to Eric.

"Come on." I helped him up.

"What did ya get, what did ya get?" He jumped up and down excitedly.

"I don't know it might just be paper." I felt it in my pocket. "I'll get it out when we are at my house.

When we got home we went to my room. I kicked empty chip packets out of the way. I got the paper out of my pocket.

“A note!” I gasped. I read it aloud, “Collect goods from 22. Under the house. Find red X and push.”

“Oh my gosh!” I shouted at the top of my lungs.

“Shhhh,” Eric warned me. “We have got to get whatever ‘it’ is before someone else does.”

5

We walked outside and went round to the private side of the house.

“I’ll go first,” I said.

It was dark and cobwebby when we slid under the house.

Eric got out his torch and shone it round, “Look! There’s a box!”

“A red X,” I whispered excitedly.

We wriggled faster to the box.

“The note said to push,” Eric whispered.

“Okay on the count of three...1...2...3...!”

“Wow!” Gulped Eric.

I gasped, “The missing designer dress! It was on the news last night!

“The one with 473 diamonds?” Eric asked.

“Yep!” I answered. “I’ll run inside and get a plastic bag to put it in.”

I squirmed out and ran inside.

I must have looked excited because Mum said, “What’s up?”

“Oh, um” I thought fast. “I just won a bike race with Eric.”

“What’s the plastic bag for then?”

“Oh nuts,” I thought. “Oh the bag, um it’s for a kite! We are going to tie it to a piece of string and fly it on the beach.”

“Ok, have fun!” Mum smiled.

I walked casually over to the door. Then when Mum couldn't see me I dashed round the corner and slid under the house to see Eric examining a diamond.

“Got it.” I whispered.

“Good. You took ages.” Eric said.

“I know,” I snorted. “Mum was suspicious.”

“Right, let's get this thing to Bob.”

We ran along the road. We came to the corner of the street puffing and ran straight into Andrew!!!!

“Ahhh,” we all screamed.

“You should learn to be more careful!” He growled angrily at us.

“The dress!” I thought. A corner of it was sticking out of the plastic shopping bag.

“Hey, girl, you're from 22 Beach Rd! What you got there?” he asked in a threatening way.

I clutched the bag tighter. Andrew grabbed my arm. Eric kicked him in the shins. Andrew yelled in pain and let go. We ran passed the shop and up the hill to the Police Station. We knew he wouldn't follow us there.

Eric followed me to Bob's office.

“Bob!” We both shouted. “Look at what we've got.” We quickly got out the dress.

“The...” Bob hesitated. “The... The missing designer dress!”

6

Three weeks had passed when Bob called Eric and me to go to the Police Station. He said that he would tell us the news about Andrew Grey.

Bob looked at the Sergeant and spoke, “Andrew, who used to be a good local is now a crook. He is part of the Catwalk gang who get others to steal designs and diamonds for their own labels.” The Sergeant nodded.

I started to think, “So when Dad saw the light in the garden it must have been Andrew hiding the dress. He must have found my torch, looked in the shed and decided to hide it under the house. When he came to use the phone he would have been looking for the note he thought he’d dropped the night before.”

“That’s right. Now it’s time for the best bit... Your reward Chip and Eric.”

We smiled, “Oh, we don’t need one.”

Then just as we said that, Millie Anderson the famous clothes designer walked round the corner and laughed, “Yes you do!!!”

We gasped and stood up to greet her.

She was wearing a lovely summer dress that had lots of glitter and orange flowers on it. She had two of her shopping bags. One was for Eric and one was for me. Inside was a designer

wetsuit each!!! They had our names printed in bright green letters. Mine had little stars on it and Eric's had spots. The background was red; it would stand out while we were surfing!!

“Thank you so much,” we grinned.

“No, thank *you!*”

THE END