

## Batya

"Now class, remember to do your homework. Class dismissed!" said Mr. Damer. He is my math teacher this year. I am Gilda Green. Me and my best friend George Hathaway, are going to lunch now...Oh wait! There is an announcement on the speakers. "Do ya think it's something important?" said George sarcastically. "um I-," I was interrupted by the principal, Mr. Howkins, booming voice, so loud, the whole school could hear it perfectly from 4 miles away. "Testing, testing! Hello, students and teachers! I've got some bad news! No football finals today. I'm not being all 'mean principal' on you; it's just the trophy was stolen." Pretty important, huh?" I asked sympathetically. George is on the football team and I felt really bad. "I know!" said George, suddenly enthusiastic. "We can figure out who did it! Ya know, like in those movies," It was a good idea, so I was in.

The principal's office is nice. It has a sofa, a candy machine (mostly for him), the "chair of shame", and a TV. "Here we are!" I said. George knocked on the large, green, door. "It's lunch! Go to the cafeteria!" Shouted Mr. Howkins. I said "we want to help solve the mystery 'of the missing trophy!'" "Yeah," George said, catching my eye "We are detectives!" "You are, well heres all I know. The thief is on the football team. Not you, George, someone else."

In the cafeteria, George and I sat at our friends table. Joey, Joel, Kate, Martha, and Nate are all on the football team with George. I'll stick to the brain olimpicks, thank you very much. "Yo!" Said George as if it made perfect sense. "Me and Gilda are finding out who stole the trophy""Yo, thats cool! Now we can have the game!" Said Joel Abrams, a 6th grader. He's pretty tense when it comes to football." Not yet, Joal!" said 5th grader Martha Ravensson."They still have to find it!" "Guys!" George said as if they were annoying little kids who argued all the time. "Who stole it? Which one of you took it?" George scowled."Principle-" "None of us stole it!" Joel shouted. "Yah!" Nate backed him of," Why would we ever steal it?" "I know!" Martha said with a "evil grin" on her face." You stole it, George.""Framer," snorted Kate.

"I can't believe my friends think I am a framer! It's so unlike them to do that!" George said, miserably. "Well," I said in one of those you-know-they-are-right-but-you-don't-want-to-admit-it voices,"They are right. Plus, you shouldn't blame your friends on something you know they didn't do." George seemed to consider my point."but how do I know that they didn't do it?" George said, trying not to show he thinks I was right. "You know," I started, "because they're your friends! They wouldn't lie to you!" "George? Gilda? Shouldn't you be in class?"

It was the principal. "george? Is this because of what happened at lunch? Gilda, go to class. George will be in my office for the rest of the day." Oh, no! George was going to be in the office, in the "chair of shame" till....the end of the day! Unless I could "bail" him out. This was a one-man job. No, a one-woman job. I'm a girl! A one-girl job. Yes! Now I'll have to multi-task, to get George out of prison, and get the thief sitting in the chair of shame.

Yes, I am spying on George to see the lock system. What, it might work. Wait! On the back of Mr. Howkins shirt, I saw a sign that said silver steelers. And, in the corner of his office, behind the candy machine, I saw the trophy. I can't believe it! Mr. Howkins is the thief!

I was on my way to history 202, or is it 101, whatever! Nate walked into me. He said "Oh, Gilda, where's George? I want to apologize for lying to Mr. Howkins with the team, getting George in trouble, and now he has to sit in the "chair of shame. I speak for my team!" Wow!

Nate apologizing!?!? I guess under all those big muscles, there is some sympathy. I said "It's fine! We just gotta 'bail' him out. BTW, Mr. Hawkins is the thief. His shirt says "silver steelers, We steal, we sell," and I saw the trophy in his office." "Woah!" Nate said in awe that I solved the mystery, "I know how we can alarm the school and save football, too!"

Soon the whole school was alerted, kids and teachers. Nate and the team "bailed" George out, while I told the school who the real thief was. Thankfully, they all believed me! Hooray! A happy ending. Mr. Howkins and all the other people in his crew were arrested, and Georges team won the football finals! Of course my Mom was worried about her "Gilda bean" who goes to school with a criminal which was the only down side since Mr. Howkins went to jail.

After the match, me and George decided to make a club for 5th grade detectives like us. We call it, The G&G detective club.