

The Conor Brown “Detective Files”

The First (and Last) Entry

By Naif Almajed

As I sat down drinking black coffee - the drink of mature people - a young boy, 6 or 7, I deduced, walked up to me and said, “I need your help! My teddy bear was stolen!”

Although I didn’t know it at the time, those words would spark a huge conflict and flip my life upside-down.

My name is Conor Brown. I am a 12-year-old young adult from Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. I have medium length brown hair and deep blue eyes. I have a small family: I live with only my mother and father. I have no siblings. I wrote this book because every time a detective writes something, they call it “The Blank (insert full name) Files”. Even before this “case”, I always acted like a young adult. The Case of the Lost Teddy Bear was an extremely important event in my young life. Let me tell you all about it.

I asked the child, “Why are you coming to me? I’m not a detective or anything like that!”

He replied, with a childish grin, “You’re drinking coffee. What kid would be drinking coffee? A detective one!” He made it sound final, like any kid who drinks coffee must be a detective. Which, I guess, isn’t a bad assumption.

“All right, you got me,” I said, with a slightly sheepish grin. “I do act a little different from your average 12-year-old. But I am not a detective nonetheless.”

“Well then, I guess I’ll have to go to the house across the street from where you live,” the child said with an unexpectedly manic grin in his young eyes.

At this point, I became extremely frustrated. He was talking about Bill Kind Guy! (More on him later.) I was so frustrated that I didn’t even wonder how he knew where I lived. “The kid that lives there is so immature! He couldn’t find a missing teddy bear if it was dancing in front of him, shouting, ‘I’m a missing teddy bear! Find me!’”

The child seemed pleased, surprisingly.

And what’s *your* name anyway?” I spat at him. I was starting to lose my temper.

“I’m Eli. Eli Jamieson,” said the young boy named Eli.

“Okay, *Eli*, this is your last chance. Go away right now, please!” I said in a voice of determined calm, although a small piece of me was busy wondering why he hadn’t asked for my name.

“No,” he said shortly.

“You know what? Fine.” I was about to blow my stack, as they say, even with my adult-like manner of speaking, acting, and basically everything else. Except for my temper, I guess. Or maybe not. I don’t know for sure. “I’ll help you, but in two cases. One: You pay me 50 bucks on the *dot*. Two: You shut up and stop being annoying.” I really had crossed the line. This was such a young kid and I was much more polite than this. Usually. I tried again. “Well, maybe not the second one. That wasn’t such a nice thing to say. But I do need pocket money and so you will pay me. Please?” I noticed that my last word was more of a squeak than anything else.

“Yeah, fine,” Eli said in a high-pitched voice. “My parents have a lot of money. Fifty dollars is nothing to them. I can borrow some.”

“Okay then,” I said with a slight frown, as I wasn’t 100% sure he really could pay me. “Come over to my house tomorrow at 4:00 P.M. *sharp!*”

“I’ll try,” Eli replied, and walked out of the cafe.

In reality, I was doing it just as a recreational activity, not because I *really* cared about his missing teddy bear.

When he came, half an hour late, by the way, I asked him the first question that popped into my mind: “Where and when did you last see it, Eli?”

Eli thought for a moment, then replied, “Um... in room 17 at school.”

“You bring a *teddy bear* to school?” I asked incredulously.

“Don’t even...!” said Eli, although I noticed his cheeks reddening.

“Well, maybe someone at school stole it as a prank,” I said, although I personally wouldn’t have done something so immature and useless. “Did anyone in your class ever make fun of it?”

“No,” he said.

I looked at him.

“Fine, Fine! Alex and Freddie,” Eli mumbled. But then he brightened. “You know, I just realized two things! First, they’re close friends, so they could have worked together to take it. And second, I saw Freddie beside my cubby, even though his cubby was on the other side of the class. I asked him why but he didn’t answer! Maybe he was trying to take Fuzzy!”

I knew Freddie and Alex. They were the siblings of two of my not so favorite people, Bill Kind Guy (Think it's ironic? Think again. It's an anagram of "bullying kid".) and Jay Birdseye. They bullied me a lot, to be honest.

"Wait, who's Fuzzy?" I asked, even though I thought I knew the answer.

"My teddy bear! I thought detectives should be able to guess using clues!" he spat at me, proving me right.

"I have two things to tell you: One, I guessed that, although I didn't say it. Two, I'm not a detective."

"Ok, ok, let's just get back to finding my Fuzzy," Eli said.

"Sure, young man," I said, with a mock bow.

Eli told me many things that day, including, but not limited to, things about his teddy bear. He told me about his class, his family, and many other things. He even gave me his address "in case of emergencies". Although some things he said might have helped me (Like: my parents really don't like Fuzzy), he told me just as many things that were useless. (Like: yesterday I went to the mall and bought a bag of books about gorillas. He actually said that!) Basically, he told me his whole life story, although it wasn't too long. Just three and a half hours. (Sarcasm totally intended.) I wrote it all down in a spare notebook I found in my attic and decided to try to connect the dots.

After going over the conversation many times, I realized that I couldn't find it by myself. However, I knew someone who could. His name? Well, nobody actually knows, but we call him U.K (not for United Kingdom, but for unknown.). He was the neighborhood detective, and a

detective he was! He could find stuff that had been lost since, like, forever! I went to U.K.'s house and knocked on the door.

“Hello. I just wanted to ask if you could help me find something,” I told U.K. once he opened the door.

“Huh? Oh, yeah, sure. Come in,” he told me.

I walked in. My immediate impression of his house was that it was messy. Everything imaginable was on the floor. Books? Check. Food? Check. *Baby?* Check, of course.

Almost as if he could hear my thoughts, he said, “Yeah, my little sister escapes all the time from her crib. Anyway, you wanted me to help you find something?”

“Yes. A... friend of mine lost their teddy bear. I need your help. Should I tell you everything?”

He nodded. “Sure. It’s not like I have anything good to do.” Then, he got up, tossed a bag of microwave popcorn into the microwave, and sat patiently in front of me.

As soon as I told him about how Eli had gone to the mall yesterday (I did say I was going to tell him everything, after all), U.K. said, “Stop. Stop right there. I know where to find it. So, go to the mall, find the biggest trash can, and, on top of it, you’ll find the teddy bear.”

I was suspicious. “Why would it be there?”

He brushed off my question, saying, “Don’t question the master. But I need 20% of whatever money you get from your client. No negotiating. Now go! I need to ponder the mysteries of the universe.”

I left, somewhat confusedly, but still happy with myself. I was going to find Fuzzy for Eli!

When I went to Eli's house, I finally knew what he meant by: "My parents have a lot of money. Fifty dollars is nothing to them." They probably wouldn't notice if he took a thousand dollars! Their house was like a mansion! The swimming pool was bigger than my whole house and then some! Okay, maybe not. But still! I found Eli lurking behind a huge tree. I strode up to him and told him where his teddy bear was.

Eli jumped on the spot with joy when I told him where it was, but he didn't ask how I knew. He just ran flat-out to the mall with me running right behind him. When we arrived to the mall, I found the biggest garbage can but, on top, no Fuzzy. I walked up closer - maybe Fuzzy was just really small? He wasn't. I did, however, find a small note saying, "I tok the tddy ber. Com 2 the prk at 3:00 P.m. to gt it bck."

"Wow," I said to nobody in particular. "I guess this guy really doesn't like vowels."

To Eli, this was nothing. "Yay! We did it, we did it, we did it, hooray! -"

"Don't go singing a kid's show song, please, Eli," I told Eli.

"Awwwwww," he said.

"Now, I'll go to the park at three, but first, I want my money. Give it to me, please, Eli."

"Oooookay," Eli whined.

We went back to Eli's house and I picked up the money. I was going to deposit it at home, but first I had to give some to U.K. I went to his house and dropped off the money. He seemed especially cheery, surprisingly. Anyway, I went to the park at 2:55, just to be safe. I waited until 3:20, but still nothing. Then, I realized that there was a small note, just like the one in the mall, on a swing. It said, "Srry i coudnt do it tday tmorow mayb? at the high scool? thre p.M agan." *This guy should participate in a spelling bee. Great spelling!* I thought sarcastically. I went anyway, though. The same thing happened. Then at the public pool. Then the police station. That one was a bit scary. I was worried they were going to arrest me, even though I had done nothing wrong! Anyway, the last note said to be at my own house! I got home from school and, taped to the front door, was a small paper. *Here we go again*, I thought. I looked at the paper but I realized something was wrong. Actually, to be more accurate, right. There were no spelling errors!

It read, "Tricked you! Must have been fun going on a wild goose chase! From Bill, Jay, and Daniel (Eli's big brother). (And U.K!)"

I was *fuming*. How dare they trick me? Me, Conor Brown! I stomped to Eli's house and found Eli holding a specific something. (Hint. Two words. Starts with "t". Rhymes with "ready stare".) It was his... teddy bear! And who was with him? Bill, Jay, and another boy I assumed to be Eli's brother, Daniel. Although, to be fair, it seemed like my guessing skills weren't that good.

"Trust me, you guys are in trouble. I'll show you." Whoops. I don't think I should have said that.

I ran off to my bicycle and pedaled home without stopping, much to the annoyance of many drivers. I ran into my room and slammed the door.

I really *was* going to show them. I just didn't want to tell them that, because then they'd *know*. The things I did to try to get back at them for everything *they* did to me started a huge conflict. But that's a story for another time. I won't be able to call it the "Conor Brown Detective Files", of course, but I'll find a title. "Conor Brown's Diary", maybe?...