

**A TO Z MYSTERIES®**  
**SUPER EDITION #1**  
**DETECTIVE CAMP**

---

Ron Roy

Illustrated by John Steven Gurney

---



# A<sup>to</sup> Z Mysteries

Super Edition #1


## Detective Camp



by Ron Roy

illustrated by  
John Steven Gurney

A STEPPING STONE BOOK™

Random House  New York

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Text copyright © 2006 by Ron Roy

Illustrations copyright © 2006 by John Steven Gurney

All rights reserved.

Published in the United States by Random House Children's Books,  
a division of Random House, Inc., New York.

RANDOM HOUSE and colophon and A TO Z MYSTERIES are registered trademarks and A STEPPING STONE BOOK and colophon and the A to Z Mysteries colophon are trademarks of Random House, Inc.

[www.steppingstonesbooks.com](http://www.steppingstonesbooks.com)

[www.randomhouse.com/kids](http://www.randomhouse.com/kids)

Educators and librarians, for a variety of teaching tools, visit us at [www.randomhouse.com/teachers](http://www.randomhouse.com/teachers)

*Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data*

Roy, Ron.

Detective camp / by Ron Roy ; illustrated by John Steven Gurney.

p. cm. — (A to Z mysteries Super edition ; #1) "A Stepping Stone Book."

SUMMARY: While learning detective skills at a sleep-away camp, Dink and his friends uncover a real mystery involving stolen paintings.

eISBN: 978-0-307-49481-8

[1. Camps—Fiction. 2. Mystery and detective stories.]

I. Gurney, John Steven, ill. II. Title.

III. Series: Roy, Ron. A to Z mysteries Super edition ; #1.

PZ7.R8139Dg 2006 [Fic]—dc22 2005016675

v3.1\_r2

*This book is dedicated to Mike Darby and his family.*

---

—R.R.

*To Molly and Jesse.*

—J.S.G.

# Contents

---

*Cover*

*Title Page*

*Copyright*

*Dedication*

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

Chapter 3

Chapter 4

Chapter 5

Chapter 6

Chapter 7

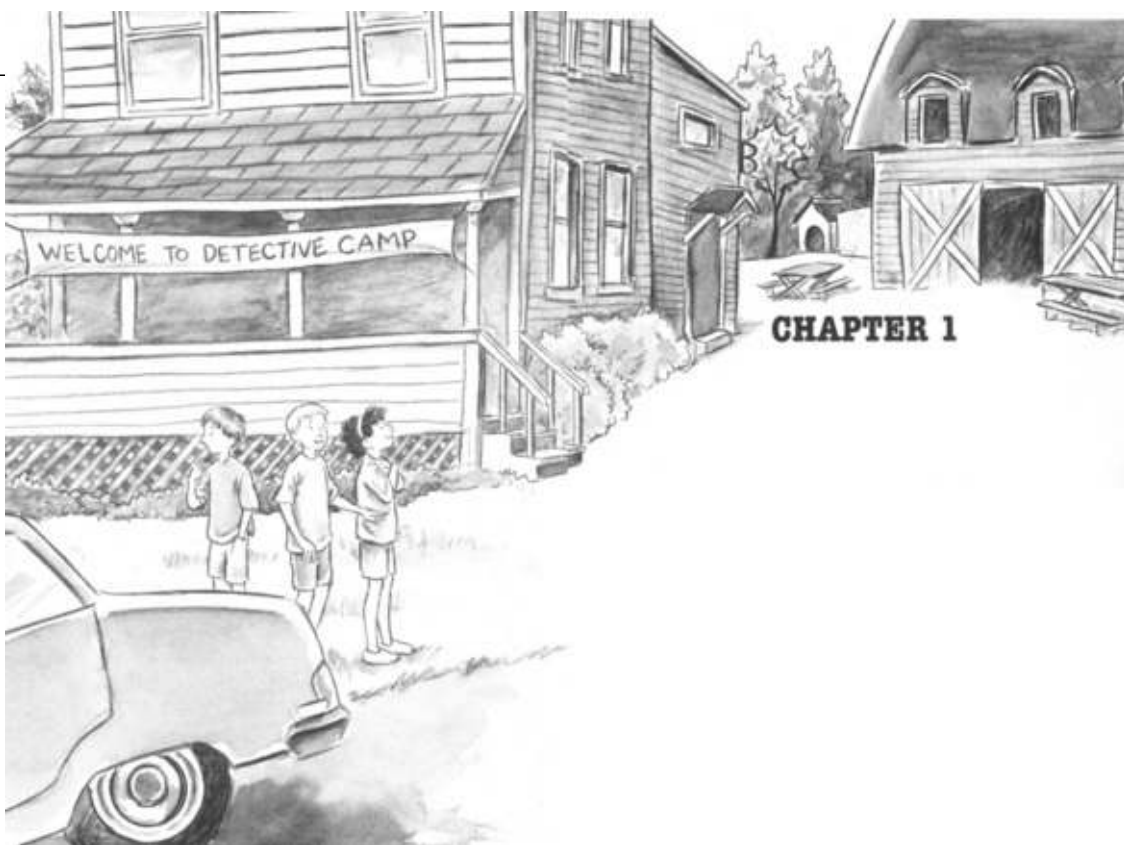
Chapter 8

Chapter 9

Chapter 10

*About the Author*





"Here y'are, kids," the taxi driver told Dink, Josh, and Ruth Rose. "Get out and stretch your legs and I'll fetch your luggage."

The kids stepped out of the taxi in Bear Walk, Vermont. They were standing next to a gravel driveway in front of an old lodge built of timber. A banner over the wide porch said WELCOME TO DETECTIVE CAMP.

Behind the lodge stood a red barn with its doors open wide.

Dink noticed a few picnic tables on the lawn between the lodge and the barn. Across from the driveway stood three log cabins surrounded by wildflowers, shrubs, and trees. Off to the side of the cabins stood a larger building. Dink noticed a sign that said WASHHOUSE. White arrows pointed boys to one door and girls to another.

"Where are we supposed to sleep?" Josh asked. Like Dink, he wore cutoff jean shorts and a T-shirt.

"Didn't you read the letter?" Dink asked, winking at Ruth Rose. "Josh Pinto sleeps in a bear cave." Dink's full name was Donald David Duncan, but his friends called him Dink.

Josh didn't say anything, but he made a goofy face at Dink.

"In those cabins, I guess," said Ruth Rose, pointing. "I see some other kids over there." Ruth Rose liked to dress all in one color. Today she wore pink from her headband to her sneakers.

"Tell me again why we're in Bear Walk, Vermont," Josh said, glancing around. "I'll be there are bears everywhere!"

"We came to Detective Camp because we love solving mysteries," Ruth Rose said. "Besides, none of us has been to sleepaway camp before. It'll be fun! We'll learn all about--"

"Yo!" someone yelled. The kids looked toward the cabins. Three teenagers were walking

toward them. They each wore a white T-shirt with DETECTIVE CAMP on the front and green shorts. Whistles hung from lanyards around their necks.

“Are you the kids from Green Lawn, Connecticut?” a tall boy with a buzz cut asked.

“Yes,” Dink said. “I’m Dink, and these are my friends Josh and Ruth Rose.”

“I’m Buzzy Steele,” the boy said, smiling. “You two guys are in my cabin, the one with the moose over the door.”

“And I’m Angie Doe,” the girl said. She had red hair in pigtails. “Ruth Rose, you’re in Fox Cabin with me. You’ll have nine roommates!”

The other boy had broad shoulders and dark skin. “I’m Lucas Washington,” he said. “Come meet Luke. I have Bear Cabin with eight more guys.”

“How many kids are here altogether?” Dink asked.

“Twenty-six,” Angie said. “Sixteen boys and ten girls.”

The taxi driver handed the kids’ packs and sleeping bags to them. “Have a good time,” he said, getting back into the taxi. Then he turned the cab around and pulled away.

“Let’s get you kids into your cabins,” Luke said, reaching for an armful of sleeping bags. “Everyone else got here this morning.”

They followed the three counselors onto the lawn. Stone paths led up to each of the three small porches.

“After you get unpacked, we’re all meeting down by Shady Lake,” Angie told the kids. “About twenty minutes, okay? Just follow that path, and the lake will be right in front of you. Ready to meet your cabinmates, Ruth Rose?”

“Yes!” Ruth Rose said. “See you later, guys.” She followed Angie into a cabin with a wooden cutout of a fox over the door.

“Later,” Luke said. He loped next door.

Buzzy led Dink and Josh through a door with a moose cutout over it. Inside the cabin, several boys were reading and playing board games. A shelf in one corner was overflowing with books and games.

Dink counted four sets of bunk beds. Near the door was a single bed. Dink assumed that was where Buzzy would sleep.

“Yo, guys, listen up!” Buzzy yelled. “Come and meet Dink and Josh from Connecticut.”



Six boys turned toward Dink and Josh. They smiled and, one by one, introduced



themselves and shook hands.

Dink tried to remember the six new names and faces: A black-haired boy named Bill Wong. A thin kid with braces called Hunter. Ian and Brendan, twins with blond hair so light they appeared white. Duke, a tall boy. And Campbell, a short blond kid with a big smile.

"If you need to wash up or use the bathroom, that's all in the big building on the other side of Fox Cabin," Buzzy told the boys.

"We have to go outside to the bathroom?" Josh asked.

Buzzy nodded. "Yep. The showers are there, too," he said. "And don't let the hot water run too long, or someone gets a cold shower! You all need to be down at Shady Lake in about ten minutes, okay?"

"Are we going swimming?" Hunter asked. "Are there snakes in the water?"

"No and yes," Buzzy said, grinning. "There are a few harmless water snakes, but we're not going swimming today. We're just having a meeting with all the other campers."

Dink and Josh headed for the only set of bunks not piled up with the other kids' stuff.

"I guess this one is ours," Dink said. "Top or bottom?"

"Top," Josh said, tossing his sleeping bag up onto the mattress. "That way, if a bear comes in, he gets you first."

Dink grinned. "Bears can climb, Josh," he said.

"I'll still take the top bunk," Josh said. He grabbed his backpack and climbed the ladder.

Dink unrolled his sleeping bag and fluffed up the pillow he found on his mattress. As he emptied his backpack, he glanced out the window just over his bed. He could see a wooden fence separating the lawn from deep woods.

He arranged his clothes in a cubby that already had his name on it. He set his toothbrush and other toilet articles on the windowsill. He'd brought a couple of books, which he stood next to his toothpaste. The titles were *Wild Animals of Vermont* and *Danny Doon, Boy Detective*.

Josh was on top, wrestling with his sleeping bag.

"Are you ready?" Dink asked.

"Almost," Josh said. "My brothers used this sleeping bag last, and they tied about a million knots in the string."

"Okay, let's hustle," Buzzy called out. "Moose Cabin is never late! Now let's go, little moosies!"

The other six boys stampeded out the cabin door and raced for the path that led to the lake. A minute later, Buzzy followed them.

Dink waited for Josh on the porch.



Josh snuck up behind Dink and said, “Come back inside. I want to show you something.”

“What?” Dink said as he followed Josh. “Come on, we’re gonna be late on our first day!”

“Look,” Josh said. He was pointing to a small wooden chest under Buzzy’s bed. It had a hasp, and the padlock was in the locked position.

“Josh, what do I care if—”

“After the other kids left, I saw Buzzy hide something in there,” Josh said. “He was really careful, like he didn’t want anyone to see what he was doing.”

“But Josh the snoop saw him, right?” Dink asked.

Josh nodded. “This is Detective Camp, right?” he said. “Well, I’m being a detective!”



## CHAPTER 2

Dink and Josh ran down the path. A couple of minutes later, they heard voices and followed them to the lake.

They found all the other kids sitting on tree stumps arranged in a big circle. In the center was a ring of rocks surrounding a pile of wood. A few yards away, a dock jutted out into the lake. There were several canoes piled upside down on the dock. Paddles stuck out from beneath each canoe.

Ruth Rose had saved two stumps, so Dink and Josh sat on either side of her.

“You two are late,” Ruth Rose said in a whisper. “Bad Moose boys!”

Suddenly a loud whistle pierced the air. Angie was standing on a stump with her whistle in her mouth.

“Welcome to Detective Camp!” she said. “Whenever you hear a whistle like this, you need to stop what you’re doing and listen. Later, you’ll be getting daily schedules. For now, the guys and I want to tell you what to expect over the next week.”

She turned and pointed toward the dock. “No one is allowed on the dock or near the canoes unless you’re with a counselor,” Angie went on. “You’ll get a chance to swim or canoe every day, starting tomorrow.”

Luke took over next. “Each day, you’ll also get a chance to do other camp activities like crafts, nature walks, stuff like that,” he said. “You’ll also learn detective skills from a real detective!”



A lot of the kids whistled and clapped at the word *detective*.

"You're expected to do camp chores, too," Luke continued.

"What kind of chores?" a girl with a long ponytail asked. "Like dishes and stuff?"

"No dishes, Jade, but you're expected to keep your bunks neat," Angie said. "And we sweep the cabins every day. Some of you may want to feed the chickens and collect eggs. We even have a vegetable garden, if you like getting your hands dirty. Anyway, the chores don't take long, and you can switch around so no one gets bored."

"When do we eat?" Josh asked, getting a laugh.

"Mealtimes are sacred around here," Buzzy said. "Mario is the cook, and he won't wait for latecomers. Breakfast is at eight, lunch at noon, and supper is promptly at five o'clock."

"We eat outside on the picnic tables by the barn, unless the weather is bad," Angie added. "If it rains, we don't eat."

Most of the kids went silent and stared at her.

"Are you kidding?" Josh asked.

Angie grinned. "Yes. We eat in the barn if it rains. So that's another chore, to help carry the

picnic tables inside if the weather looks bad.”

“When you’re not doing these camp things, you’ll have free time to relax, write letters home, whatever,” Luke said. “Okay, any more questions?”

“Wait, Luke,” Buzzy said. “We forgot to tell them the most important thing!”

“Oh yeah, what’s that?” Luke asked with a big grin on his face.

“The Marvelous Mystery Map!” Buzzy said. “Detective Robb will explain it all later. For now, we just want to clue you in that there’ll be a treasure hunt with a really cool prize.”

“Awesome!” a bunch of kids yelled.

“One more thing before we head up to the barn,” Angie said. “This’ll be fun. Break up into your three cabin groups. We want each group to decide on a cabin cheer. Try to keep it under fifteen words. Later, each cabin will get to yell out their cheer. Okay, get busy. You’ve got ten minutes!”

The kids all scrambled around to sit with their cabinmates. Dink and Josh and the other boys from Moose Cabin sat under a shady pine tree.

“This is so cool!” Hunter said. “I’ve never been to camp before!”

“Does anyone have any ideas for a cheer?” asked Billy.

“How about putting in something that rhymes with *moose*?” said Ian, one of the twins.

“Yeah, like *noose* or *goose* or *loose*,” his brother added.

“Or *juice*,” said Josh.

“Or *caboose*,” added Campbell.

“What about this?” Dink said. “HEY, I AM A MOOSE. I DRINK MY JUICE. AT NIGHT, SLEEP IN MY CABOOSE.”

“That’s sixteen words,” Duke said.

“I have an idea,” Campbell said. “MOOSIES ROCK! MOOSIES ROLL! MOOSIES RULE!”

“I like that better than mine,” Dink said.

“Everyone else does, too,” Josh said, grinning at Dink. “Let’s take a vote. If you like Campbell’s idea, raise your hand!”

Eight hands flew into the air.

“Okay, time’s up, everyone,” Angie announced a few minutes later. “If you didn’t finish your cheer, you’ll have time to get together with your cabinmates before supper tonight. Now we’ll head over to the barn and the lodge so you can meet the Darbys.”

In a long, straggling line, the kids followed the three counselors back along the path.

“Did your cabin finish making a cheer?” Dink asked Ruth Rose.

“No,” Ruth Rose said. “But we have some good ideas.”

“We did our cheer,” Dink said.

“You did? Tell me!” Ruth Rose begged.

Both boys shook their heads.

“You’ll have to wait,” Josh teased.

The group went around the lodge to the barn. It was bigger than Dink had thought when he first saw it. There was a long extension in the back. Through the open doors, Dink could see archery equipment hanging on one wall. There was a big empty space in the middle of the barn floor, and in a corner sat three potter’s wheels and shelves holding craft supplies.

“Okay, campers, gather around,” Buzzy yelled. “This is where you’ll come for any craft activities. We eat on those picnic tables over there. Around the side is the chicken coop and

Mote's house.”

“Whose house?” one of the girls asked.

“Remote is a goat,” Buzzy said. “He’s the camp mascot. He once chewed up the Darbys’ T remote. Since then, everyone calls him Remote, but I call him Mote the goat.”

Suddenly a large red rooster strutted around the side of the barn. He had red and black feathers and a fierce-looking beak. He stopped when he saw all the strangers.

“And this is Ronald the rooster,” Luke said. “He and Remote are buddies, but he’s not very friendly with anyone else. So watch out!”

Ignoring everyone, Ronald began scratching the ground for bugs and worms.

“Next we’re going into the lodge,” Angie continued. “The Darbys are excited to meet you. Remember, this is their home. They love reading mystery and detective stories, so they decided to create this camp.

“This is its first year, so it’s sort of an experiment. They hope to have even more kids here next summer.”

Buzzy held the back door open and everyone filed into the lodge. They walked into a large, bright kitchen. A tall man wearing an apron was standing at a worktable, chopping vegetables.

“Hi, I’m Mario,” the man said. “I do all the cooking, so be nice to me! And on your way out, grab a cookie. I’m taking a batch out of the oven in three minutes.”



Mario’s head was completely bald, and he wore a red bandanna as a headband. He had a large brown mustache that curled up into pointy ends.

“Thanks, Mario!” everyone said.

“Let’s go into the great room,” Angie said, passing through a doorway.

They all gathered in a huge room filled with sofas, tables, lamps, and more books than

small library. Most of the walls had bookcases, and they were all stuffed.

Several paintings hung on the walls. Some were so old and dirty that Dink couldn't tell what he was looking at. But others were bright and clean, as if they'd just been painted.

Dink noticed Buzzy peering into a cabinet with glass doors. On the shelves inside were dozens of small animal figurines. They were metal and gleamed softly like the silver teapots Dink's mom used only on holidays.

Just then they all heard a screeching noise. A door slid open, revealing an elevator. As the kids stared, a man and a woman walked slowly off the elevator. They both had white hair and wore glasses. The woman used a walker.

Their wrinkled faces lit up when they saw the gang of kids.

"Hello," the man said. "I am Michael Darby. This is my wife, Bessie. Welcome to our home!"

The couple walked among the campers, shaking hands.

"I'll try to remember your names, but forgive an old lady if I forget!" Bessie said.

"Oh, excuse me," another voice said from behind the group.

They turned and saw a woman coming down the central stairs. Her black dress matched her hair, and she wore rose-colored glasses. She rested one pale hand on the banister as she paused at the bottom of the stairs.

Dink thought he'd never seen such white skin before. Then he realized the woman was wearing white rubber gloves.

"I am Mademoiselle Musée," the woman said.



### CHAPTER 3

“Mademoiselle is living in Darby Lodge while she cleans our poor old paintings,” Bess Darby said. “How are they coming, my dear?”

The woman bowed slightly. “Very well, Mrs. Darby,” she said with a French accent. “On a few more, and then I will be gone and you will have your dining room back again.”

“May we watch you clean a painting?” Ruth Rose asked.

“Perhaps,” Mademoiselle Musée said. “If you have some free time later, come to visit me, yes? Mr. and Mrs. Darby, do you have a moment?”

“Of course, Mademoiselle,” Mr. Darby said.

“Okay, gang, let’s get some of Mario’s cookies,” Luke said, heading back toward the kitchen.

As Dink followed, he noticed that Buzzy was no longer in the group. Shrugging, Dink kept walking. As he entered the kitchen, he smelled something wonderful, and his mouth began watering.

Mario stood by his worktable, smiling. In front of him was a platter piled high with war cookies.

“One to a customer,” Mario said. He twirled the ends of his mustache and wiggled his dark eyebrows. Everyone laughed and took a cookie as they filed past.

Outside again, the kids sat at the picnic tables and ate their cookies. Suddenly a white and brown goat shot around the corner of the barn. He had a beard, short horns, and pointy black hooves. Ronald the rooster was perched on the goat’s back, flapping his wings.

“Everyone, this is Remote!” Angie said. “I think he wants a cookie. Watch this.”

The kids all stood up as Remote—with Ronald on his back—approached the kitchen door. He butted the door with his head. A few seconds later, Mario appeared with a cookie in his hand. He gave a small piece to Ronald and fed the rest to the goat.



“Awesome!” Josh said.

---



“Okay, kids, there’s an hour left before supper,” Luke said. “If you’re not unpacked, that would be a good way to spend the time. If your cabin needs more time coming up with your cheer, you can do that. We’ll all meet here at five o’clock.”

“What do you want to do?” Josh asked Dink and Ruth Rose.

“Fox Cabin is having a meeting to finish our cheer,” Ruth Rose said. “If we get through before five, I’ll look for you guys.” She got up and joined a bunch of girls at another table.

“Why don’t we go exploring?” Dink asked Josh. “There’s woods behind the cabins.”

Dink and Josh headed for the cabins, then walked around toward the back. “Wait a second,” Josh said. “I want to grab my sketchbook.”

They climbed the steps to the porch and pushed open the screen door.

Buzzy Steele was kneeling on the floor next to one of the bunk beds. He jumped up when he heard Dink and Josh come in. Looking embarrassed, Buzzy moved toward his own bed.

“I dropped my pen,” Buzzy said. “It rolled under Hunter’s bed.”



Buzzy lifted some papers off his own bed and showed them to Dink and Josh. "These are the daily schedules. You guys want to tack one to the door? I'll bring the others over to Angie and Luke."

Handing Dink the paper and a thumbtack, Buzzy left the cabin.

"That was weird," Josh said after Buzzy had gone.

Dink glanced at the schedule. "What?" he asked.

"Buzzy snooping around in here, that's what," Josh said.

"Josh, he wasn't snooping," Dink said. "He lives in this cabin, and he was getting his pen. You're the snoop."

"Yeah, so where is this pen he said rolled under the bed?" Josh asked. "He wasn't carrying it when he left."

"Come on, we only have forty-five minutes," Dink said. "Let's go see what dangerous animals are sleeping behind our cabin."

At five o'clock, all twenty-six kids were seated at the picnic tables by the barn. Angie, Luke, and Buzzy carried platters of food and pitchers of milk to the three tables. Everyone chattered as the food came out.

Buzzy stood on his bench and blew his whistle. All eyes turned to him.

"Hi, guys," he said. "I hope you're ready with your cheers. Let's have one now, one before dessert, and one down at Shady Lake later. Okay, who wants to be first?"

“Moose Cabin!” yelled Campbell. The eight boys from Moose Cabin stood up and made a circle.

“MOOSIES ROCK! MOOSIES ROLL! MOOSIES RULE!” they all shouted.

Everyone else clapped or whistled.

“That was great,” Luke said. “Okay, let’s eat!” They all began passing platters of hamburgers and rolls.

Suddenly a scream came from the kitchen. Before anyone could react, the door flew open and Mademoiselle Musée rushed outside. “My ring!” she cried. “It is gone. I left it on my worktable, and it has vanished!”

Mario came up behind the upset woman. “We can search,” he told her. “Could you have left it somewhere else, maybe on the sink when you washed your hands?”



“No!” Mademoiselle insisted. “It was on my table in the dining room. I take it off because the stone cuts the rubber gloves I wear. I put it there this morning!”

Every kid stared at her.

“My—my parents gave me that ring,” Mademoiselle Musée wailed. “I’ve had it since I was a little girl.” Then she turned and walked back into the lodge, wringing her hands.

Dink looked at Josh, who nodded and raised his eyebrows. Dink knew then that Josh was thinking the same thing he was: could the missing ring be hidden in Buzzy Steele’s locked chest?

“Come on, guys, let’s finish our supper,” Angie said. “I’m sure the ring will turn up somewhere.”

Just then the goat came around a corner. He sniffed the air, then trotted up to Dink’s table with his mouth open.

“Maybe the *goat* took the ring!” one of the girls cried. “Last summer, my cousin’s goat ate

his watch!”

“How could Remote get in the lodge?” one of the Bear Cabin boys asked.

“Him? He sneaks in all the time,” Mario said. “The lock on this door hasn’t worked years. He just butts it open. I have to keep the food up high so he doesn’t steal it all.”

“I’ll call a vet later,” Luke said. “Maybe we can get Remote x-rayed!”

When Dink looked up, Josh was staring at him. He was slowly shaking his head back and forth.

A few kids began talking, and the tension slowly drifted away.

“Okay, who wants to do a cheer next?” Buzzy called out. They had finished the burgers and were waiting for dessert.

“We will,” one of the girls answered.

The ten girls made a long line across the lawn. Then they split into three groups. Ruth Ro and Jade made up the first group. The next group had three girls, and there were five in the last.

All ten girls stood straight, facing the picnic tables. Suddenly they all moved at the same time, changing their bodies into different shapes.

At first, no one could figure out what the shapes were supposed to be. Each girl looked different as they all bent their backs, arms, and legs.

Then one of the boys from Bear Cabin yelled, “I know! They made letters. It spells out GO FOX CABIN!”

Then everyone else saw it, and they all began to cheer, “Go, Fox!”

“That was terrific,” Angie said. “It was the best silent cheer I’ve ever seen! Now let’s have ice cream!”

Luke and Buzzy brought tubs of ice cream from the kitchen. They went around the table scooping vanilla or chocolate into bowls.

“Save room for s’mores later!” Angie called out.

“While you’re eating, I’ll read you tomorrow’s schedule,” Luke said.

He read from a sheet:

“7:00—RISE AND SHINE

8:00—BREAKFAST

9:00—STRAIGHTEN BUNKS AND TIDY CABIN

9:30—MARVELOUS MYSTERY MAP TREASURE HUNT

10:30—DETECTIVE SKILLS WITH DETECTIVE ROBB

12:00—LUNCH

1:00—REST, WRITE LETTERS

1:30—CAMP ACTIVITIES. This is when you get to swim or do archery and stuff.

3:00—AFTERNOON CHORES

4:00—FREE TIME

5:00—SUPPER

6:00—CAMPFIRE

8:30—QUIET TIME IN CABINS

9:00—IN BED

9:15—LIGHTS OUT.”

“How will we remember all that?” Ian called out.

“You’ll find a copy of the schedule tacked to your cabin door,” Buzzy said. “Now who’s ready for a campfire by the lake?”

---



## CHAPTER 4

“Do you think someone really stole Mademoiselle Musée’s ring?” Ruth Rose whispered to Dink and Josh. They were hiking toward the lake.

“I do,” Josh said. “And I have a good idea who.”

“Josh thinks Buzzy Steele did it, right, Josh?” Dink said.

“Buzzy? Why?” asked Ruth Rose.

“He was sneaking around in our cabin,” Josh said.

Dink shook his head. “He wasn’t sneaking, Josh. He lives there, remember?” he said.

“Is anyone in your cabin missing anything?” asked Ruth Rose.

“Not yet,” Josh said. “But I’m keeping my eye on him.”

At the lake, kids were already sitting on the circle of tree stumps.

“Let’s sit together,” Dink said.

They found three open stumps and sat. Luke and Angie were crouched by the ring of rocks, lighting a fire under the wood. Minutes later, a nice little blaze was going.

Dink took a deep whiff of the burning wood. It smelled great. The sun was behind the trees, and long shadows snaked along the beach. A few early fireflies were blinking among the tree branches.

“Okay, let’s hear the Bear Cabin cheer!” Angie said. “Then we’ll make s’mores!”

Everyone cheered as the eight boys from Bear Cabin stood up and formed a circle. They threw their arms around each other’s shoulders and put their heads together like football players in a huddle.

They began to chant:

“WE’RE THE BEARS! WHO CARES ABOUT BEARS? WE DO! WE DO! WE DO! BEAR CABIN! BEAR CABIN! BEAR CABIN!”

All the rest of the kids cheered, stomping their feet in the sand.



“I know that was more than fifteen words,” one of the Bear boys said. “But the girls didn’t use any words, so we borrowed a few of theirs!”

“Great job, guys,” Buzzy said. He and Luke passed out graham crackers, marshmallows, and flat chocolate bars. Angie gave each kid a stick with a pointy end.

“In case you’ve never made a s’more before, listen up,” Angie said. “First, break a cracker in two pieces and put a hunk of chocolate on one half. Then roast your marshmallow. When it’s golden and a little mushy on the stick, plop it on the chocolate and slap the other half of the cracker on top. It’s delicious!”

The kids took turns roasting their marshmallows. Pretty soon everyone had sticky lips and fingers. Instead of sitting on their stumps, a lot of the campers were lying in the sand, gazing into the fire. The sky had grown dark, and the stars were bright over their heads.

“While you kids are digesting your s’mores, we’ll tell you about the Marvelous Mystery Map,” Angie said. “You’ll be meeting Detective Robb at breakfast tomorrow. He drew a map that leads to a special treasure, then he ripped the map into twenty-six pieces. Luke, Buzzy, and I hid them all over the camp. Each of you has to find one piece.”

“How do we do that?” asked Josh.

“Alphabet clues,” Luke said. “Buzzy, Angie, and I wrote the letters of the alphabet on twenty-six cards. Each of the map pieces will be found in a place that begins with a certain letter. To help you out, we put a clue on the back of each card. You’ll each pick a card out of a hat tomorrow.”

“I don’t get it,” Campbell said.

“Okay, here’s an example,” said Buzzy. “Suppose your card has the letter *W* on the front and a piece of bark taped to the back. Where would you go to look?”

“I’d go to the woodpile!” said Ruth Rose.

“And you’d be right!” Buzzy said.

“Cool!” Campbell said. “It’s a treasure hunt!”

“You’ll work in teams,” Angie went on. “There are twenty-six of you, and you should form into teams of three or four kids. Remember, your goal is to find all twenty-six pieces of the map and put them back together. The treasure’s location will be on the map.”

“When do we start?” asked one of the girls.

“It’s on your daily schedule,” Angie said. “At nine-thirty, right after your morning chores, come up to the picnic tables to get your clue cards.”

Suddenly Luke jumped on his stump with a banjo in his hands. “Who knows ‘The Washerwoman Song’?” he yelled.

No one answered.

“Well, we do!” said Luke. “Come on, Angie and Buzzy, let’s teach it to them.”

While Luke plucked the banjo strings, all three sang:

*“Way down south, in a wild, wet place,  
There’s a wishy-washy washerwoman washing her face.  
Here’s how the washerwoman washes her face.  
She waves her arms all over the place.  
She wiggles her rear  
and pulls her ear.  
She shakes her toes  
and scratches her nose.  
And that’s how the washerwoman washes her face!”*



- [download Zeus Is Dead: A Monstrously Inconvenient Adventure online](#)
- [download The Complete Business Process Handbook: Body of Knowledge from Process Modeling to BPM, Volume 1](#)
- [download online Shiloh for free](#)
- [Encyclopedia of Women's Health pdf, azw \(kindle\)](#)
- [click Magic Time here](#)
  
- <http://monkeybubblemedia.com/lib/Guards--Guards---Discworld--Book-8-.pdf>
- <http://anvilpr.com/library/The-Complete-Business-Process-Handbook--Body-of-Knowledge-from-Process-Modeling-to-BPM--Volume-1.pdf>
- <http://thermco.pl/library/Top-10-London--Eyewitness-Top-10-Travel-Guide-.pdf>
- <http://www.netc-bd.com/ebooks/Principles-of-Ethics--Anthology.pdf>
- <http://musor.ruspb.info/?library/Magic-Time.pdf>