

# **“BROTHER CAN YOU SPARE A BROTHER”**

## **A Jimmy Finder Mystery**

**By**

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I thought it was going to be an early night. There weren't many dishes to dry and my home work was a piece of cake. I just slammed my notebook shut when there was a knock on my playhouse door. I was hoping it was just a friend coming to play a video game or two but I knew in my gut that it was the beginning of something bad.

I'd been around the block a few times which in detective talk means I've been doing my P.I. work for a while now, two years and change. But I still wasn't prepared for what I found standing in front of me. There were two of them and they were a matching set right down to the grass stains on their white sneakers. They weren't the first identical twins I'd ever seen, there's another set in our school, the O'Neil twins, but seeing these brothers up this close I knew what a mirror must feel like. This set of twins were new to town. They were about my age, a little shorter than me and they were nervous. Something was bothering them and it was my job to find out what it was, and to make it better. I'm not just your ordinary Private Eye. No, I'm a kid detective and we just don't solve mysteries, we try to put a smile on the face of the kids we work for.

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It was a long night. I read three books, had two rounds of warm milk, and said my prayers three times and I still couldn't fall asleep. It must have been eight o'clock before I finally nodded out. Even sleeping didn't help. My dreams were chock full of twins, bikes, scooters and baseball gloves. When I woke up it was late, 8 am. Good thing it was a teachers conference day and there wasn't any school or I'd be in deep trouble. But then again I might already be in deep trouble.

I was about to hop on my bike and ride to the park when I found a note on my bicycle seat. This time it was in crayon in big block letters, the first letter red the next black and so on. The note said, "If you really love your bike, I'd forget about this case and stay home and play video games." I don't know who wrote this note but they were mistaken if they thought Jimmy Finder kid detective would be scared off by a bully. Now I was more determined than ever to solve the mystery.

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Our next stop was Alex. For the second time in two days I was surprised, this time pleasantly. Alex was not Alex as in Alexander, but in Alex as in Alexia. She was as cute as a button with long straight black hair that shined brighter than a football helmet in a sports store window, and when she smiled I felt like I was sunburned all over, and even though her large blue eyes were darker than a bottle of grape juice this was business and I was a professional.

"I'm Jimmy, Jimmy Finder, and I'm a kid detective," I said as I handed her my card.

"Alexia, and I know who you are. You found my friend Liz's lost library book. How can I help you?" she said, her words so full of happy energy it was as if they were

bouncing. With Fred and Hank either talking at the same time or interrupting each other we somehow managed to tell her about the case,

“I didn’t see anyone near your bicycle at school. But I wasn’t there all day. I went to the zoo with my class.” she explained as she looked up at me. “But on Sunday I saw two boys near the twin’s scooters which were locked on the bike rack behind the movies.”

“What time was that?” I asked.

“Let me see,” she said thinking, “I went to the first show with my cousin Jenny. When the movie was over I remember looking at my little Mermaid watch. The little hand was on the one and the big hand was on the five. So it was one fifteen.”

“What did the kids look like?” I took out my note pad ready to write down their description. I didn’t get very far.

“I didn’t see their faces, but one of them wore a jacket with a ball or something on the back. I remember it was a pretty green jacket because it’s the same color as my comforter.” With every answer Alexia seemed to be cuter.

This time Hank asked the next question and it was a good one. “Do you remember what color the other kid’s jacket was?” But Alexia’s answer didn’t help.

“No, I’m sorry. There was a bush near the bike rack and he stepped behind it before I could get a good look at him.” She seemed disappointed and looked toward me for approval. I nodded and she smiled back.

Not to be outdone, Freddy jumped in with the next question. “Could you tell if the kids were together?” Again her answer didn’t help.

“No, I’m afraid not. They could have been just two kids getting their bikes.” She said looking back and forth between the twins and myself. I didn’t have any more questions, so I thanked Alexia and told her she helped us a lot. She seemed pleased which made me feel good about my job. When we left I made a mental note to find her lunch table.