

# ***THE LOST FRIENDS***

**A Jimmy Finder Mystery**

**by**

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Did you ever find yourself alone with all your toys and no one to play with? No matter what friends you call they either can't play or their mom tells you they're not home and she doesn't know where they are and when they're coming back. Even you're best friend can't be found and his bike is not in his garage. And when you ask your parent's to play a game with you they're either too busy or too tired. Well, that's how it was for me last Saturday. I'm Jimmy Finder, kid detective and that was the day I found myself smack dab in the middle of my own mystery.

The day started off great. My mom made my favorite breakfast, waffles with real maple syrup, a glass of rice milk and a box of apple juice. After a half hour of watching cartoons I was ready to crack a case or put in a full day of hard playing. That's when it all started going down hill faster than a teenager on roller blades.

For my birthday, which was on Friday, my mom and dad had given me two new video games, a super duper controller, a remote control truck, and a high powered magnifying glass for my detective work. But it was the video games and truck I wanted to play with, and I really wanted to share them with my closest friends. Not even a kid detective like myself could imagine what was going to happen next.

I called my best friend Henry and five rings later his mom picked up the phone.  
“Hello,” She said pleasantly.

“Hello, Mrs. Jacobs, it’s Jimmy Finder, “ I said holding the phone against my  
cheek.

“Good morning Jimmy, if you’re looking for Henry he’s not at home. He went to  
his cousin Mike’s with his dad early this morning, “ she said nicely.

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Veronica is my friend and the girl I’m going to marry, when I’m old enough and if she  
says yes and if she doesn’t move away.

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“Hello, Jimmy Finder, kid detective,” I said, hoping it was a friend wanting to  
play instead of a new case.

“Hi, Jimmy,” Veronica said.

As usual when Veronica talks to me I happy, like every present I open up is a toy.  
I was hoping she wanted to come over and play. “How can I help you kid?” I sometimes  
call her kid because on TV I once heard a detective talk to a pretty girl that way.

“The other day after school I left my GameBoy over your house,” She answered.

“I have it right here.” Not only do I put my things away. When a friend leaves  
something at my house I put it in a place where I won’t lose it or forget it.

“Could you bring it over my house this afternoon –“

Before Veronica could finish I spoke up. "I'll bring it over right now with my new video games. You'll love the —"

Before I could finish Veronica added. "I'm sorry but I won't be home this weekend, but my mom will be there for a little while at one o'clock, so you could leave it with her." As she said that I could felt my jaw hit my desk. And Veronica heard it. "What was that knock I just heard? Is someone at your door.?"

"No." I just dropped something.

"Will you do that for me?" She asked.

"Sure...Sure. No problem kid," I said trying to sound like a hard boiled detective. Hard boiled in detective means tough as nails which are made of iron, but I really felt more like pudding at that moment.

"Thanks bye." And for the second time that day I was left with only a dial tone.

I wasn't so excited about my new toys anymore. Friends are a lot more important than toys and mine were disappearing faster than a snowflake on your tongue. It was time to find out what was happening. I put Veronica's game boy in my coat pocket, tied my shoes, buttoned my coat, put on my hat and was out the door and on my bike before my heart could make another beat.