

Chapter One

Lexi and Abbigail

Ever since I was a young girl, maybe like since I was five or six, I have always wanted to be a detective. I have always enjoyed trying to solve puzzles and mysteries. Watching my dad go to work, do research, go to many places, and investigate different types of crimes helped inspire me. I always admired what my dad did though my mom would always tell me that his job was too dangerous. She was afraid that I would become a detective myself and get myself hurt or worse killed by one of the criminals I would be chasing.

Oh, I am sorry. How rude of me to begin chattering without introducing myself. My name is Abbigail Wilson though everyone calls me Abbi. I am eleven years and will soon be entering the sixth grade. I am a short girl for my age, one of the shortest girls in the class, am slender though I have recently began trying to eat more to gain a little weight. I have light blonde hair and dark brown eyes. For the most part I am one of the most reserved kids in the class. Hardly talking much or hanging out with the crowd though I did have two good friends that I spent a great deal of time with Adrienne and Lexi.

Adrienne and I had been real good friends since we were in kindergarten. We met the first day we went into Mrs. Thompson's class and we have been inseparable since. Lexi, having just moved here recently from Mexico, became my second and most recent best friend. Like with Adrienne, Lexi and I became fast friends and have been inseparable. The three of us would always hang out with each other and when trouble came, which it did often for us especially in Mr. Weller's classroom, we would have each other's back.

Compared to me and Lexi, and to everyone else as well, Adrienne was extremely tall. Despite being nearly twelve she was nearly six feet tall. She had dark brown silky hair which went past her shoulders and light emerald color eyes. She was a little bulky, not fat, as she did play softball and had been lifting weights to stay in shape. Lexi and I would go to all her games and cheer her on when she played. Unlike me, Adrienne and Lexi had no problem talking or letting their feelings be known to all who would listen.

Lexi, believe it or not, was even smaller than I was. She had darker colored skin. If you were to look at Lexi it would appear to you as being dark brown. She was petite like I was and like Adrienne had dark brown silky hair that ran past her shoulders. She was also slightly more energetic and more popular amongst the other students than Adrienne and I but we did not mind. Still, we were as Mr. Weller called us 'The Three Musketeers'. Where one was you would also find the other two.

"Oye. ¿Qué pasa? ¿Quieres salir?" Lexi asked as Mr. Weller approached.

"What did I tell you about that Lexi? English in here," Mr. Weller said as he walked by as he was passing out our science tests back.

"Jerk," I said. Mr. Weller, either did not hear my remark or he did not care as he continued to pass out exams.

"¿Y qué hay de Adrienne?" Lexi asked.

"I am not sure about Adrienne, but I sure do. After class I will ask Adrienne. I don't think she will mind," I replied. "Which speaking of which what did you want to do Lexi. Given you are the birthday girl it is only right you chose."

"Quiero ir a los bolos si eso está bien contigo. No he estado en mucho tiempo y quiero mantener mis habilidades", Lexi replied.

“Indeed you do. Last time we went Lexi you smoked us,” I said.

“Fumado. Solo te he vencido por treinta alfileres,” Lexi said, with a smirk on her face. She knew she was good at bowling and was not afraid to show it or remind us of it.

“Thirty. I remember seeing a score over 200 beside your name and me and Adrienne were barely able to crack 160,” I said. “But given that it is your birthday Lexi, sure why not?”

“Gracias,” Lexi said.

“What did I say Lexi? English,” Mr. Weller again said, this time louder.

“Mr. Weller, you know good well Lexi does not speak much English,” I protested.

“She should learn it. She is here at school after all,” Mr. Weller shot back.

“And you should learn some respect,” I shot back. I was horrified. The words had come out of my mouth before I could close it.

“That’s detention for you Abigail Wilson,” Mr. Weller said, smiling almost pleased at himself. “Geeze, I wonder what your police officer father will say about this when I call him and tell him that you were smarting off to your teaching.”

“Knowing that it was you he would say ‘Good job’,” I again said before thinking. I could not believe it. That was the second smart remark I made to him within moments of each other.

“You sure are cruising for an office visit,” Mr. Weller replied. “I tell you what Abigail Wilson. I know you want to become a police officer like your old man. If you don’t change your attitude you will never make it.”

“I will too,” I protested.

“Grade wise Abigail you are fine. One of my top students in fact. But one of these days you are going to learn grades are not everything. How you approach people matter. Your attitude and being smart to me, yeah I will admit as a kid it probably is funny, but adults frown on it. You

will find out in the real adult world you cannot just make snide remarks whenever you do not get your way,” Mr. Weller said.

“But,” I began.

“But nothing Abbigail. I know Lexi is your friend. And that is good. Lexi needs all the friends she can get too. But what she needs to do is learn English. And she will only get better the more she practices it. I get you and Adrienne can understand her and can communicate with her. I also get she understands what you are saying which tells me she knows English a lot more than she is letting on,” Mr. Weller said.

“Listening is not the same thing as speaking sir,” I said.

Mr. Weller said nothing for a moment as he put his hands on his hips and gave me a big frown of disapproval. I also said nothing else for the moment as I knew if I did, I would only make things worse than they would already be.

“And you are doing a lot of that too which is unusual for you Abbigail. Usually you don’t say a word in class and now three times you have smarted off to me,” Mr. Weller added. “I do not know what it is going to take Abbigail. Hopefully you realize there is a time and place for everything and arguing with your teacher at school is not one of those times. That is going to get you in trouble. Like office referrals or detentions. But if you pull the same stunt as an adult, as a police officer or detective, with your supervisor do you know what they are going to say to you?”

“What?” I asked.

“You’re fired. You are no longer needed,” Mr. Weller said harshly. “That means you are out of a job. No longer a police officer. A detective. Your dream goes down the drain.”

“¡Basta!” Lexi protested.

“It’s okay Lexi,” I replied.

“Well, I tell you what Abbigail,” Mr. Weller said. “I am feeling generous. Given that it is your friend Lexi’s birthday consider this my warning. No detention today, no phone call, but argue with me again it’s all that and an office referral. Now pack up your bags and get ready to go home.”

“Yes sir,” I said.

I sighed with relief. My goal of becoming a police officer and detective was still intact. I still though would have to survive the last few weeks of elementary school, then middle school and then high school. Still a long time away I thought to myself but all was not bad. I was not going to be in trouble even though I would have deserved it. Lexi said nothing else as Mr. Weller continued passing out the exams.