

Chapter Two

The Bandit Strikes

Lexi and I were glad that school was dismissed. Being in Mr. Weller's class at the end of the day was something I would not wish on any kid. Lexi hardly ever got flustered but I could tell she too had enough of Mr. Well. Adrienne, as usual, waited for us as we walked to the entrance of the school.

"What's up girlfriends?" Adrienne asked.

"Nothing much," I said, sounding deflated.

"What's wrong?" Adrienne asked.

"El señor Weller se metió con Abby y conmigo porque estaba hablando en español. Abby me defendió y él se enojó más con ella," Lexi replied.

"Is that true Abby," Adrienne asked.

I quietly nodded as other kids walked past us and began walking to their parents' cars.

"Well that does sound like Mr. Weller. Gosh, I can't stand that man," Adrienne replied.

"Neither can I," I began.

"Abby, ¿vas a preguntarle?" Lexi asked.

"Oh, yeah. Lexi wanted to know if you wanted to go bowling with her tonight," I said.

"And get smoked again," Adrienne laughed. "Of course I had not been in a while. So what the heck? I just need to call my parents and let them know so they won't be worrying. You know how they are."

"Of course," I said as I turned to Lexi. "Come with me. We have some preparations to make for your birthday party."

Lexi smiled. She was happy. As we all were. We were expecting to have the best time celebrating her birthday.

I wanted Lexi's twelve birthday party to be a special one. My mom and I took Lexi to the mall to go get her hair done, have a birthday dinner at her favorite restaurant before coming back and going to the bowling alley where Adrienne and I knew we would again get waxed by Lexi. She was just that good at bowling. I had no doubt that she would beat us again easily but Adrienne and I did not mind as we loved being friends with her.

Little did anyone realize that hours after the school closed and the last person left, usually Principal Macy or one of the custodial staff, a shadowy figure had lurked around the school grounds. No one had paid much attention to the school grounds as the figure completely dressed in black and wearing an equally dark mask that covered his face except for the two eyes that appeared to glow yellow while in the dark.

"Good evening Principal Macy," one of the custodians said.

"See you in the morning Bill," the principal said. "Don't be too late."

"I am about to leave myself sir," the custodian said.

The shadowy figure stayed in the shadows waiting as he first watched the principal leave then approximately ten minutes later he watched the last of the custodians leave the school as he locked the front doors. The custodian not suspecting anything went to his car and quickly drove out of the parking lot leaving the shadowy figure alone on the school grounds.

The shadowy man slowly began walking around and looking at the entire school grounds. He looked at the many cameras that stayed on recording even after the last of the staff left. He slowly took out a handheld device that he carried with him and began pointing it to the cameras.

The cameras immediately went off the moment the shadowy figure did this. He slowly scouted the entire school grounds ensuring all the cameras were disabled. Immediately afterwards he looked and saw that the school had an alarm. He took out another device and within a few seconds the alarm became disabled.

The shadowy figure took a crowbar and opened the front door with it. Once the figure was inside he again saw the many cameras that were scanning the hallways. One by one he disabled the cameras ensuring that nothing picked up his image. The school grounds was quiet as a mouse. No one knew or even suspected anything was happening. The shadowy figure continued to walk through the halls until a few minutes later.

Bingo the shadowy figure said as he found the cafeteria. The cafeteria was on the south end of the school and was furthest away from the entrance. The shadowy figure walked up to the cafeteria cash register and immediately pressed the button on the left to open it and much to his delight he saw cash in there.

How much was in there? The figure did not care as he immediately grabbed all of it and put into his pockets. This was done in less than sixty seconds. He again looked around ensuring no one was watching as he began looking for a secondary exit which he saw was on the other side of the cafeteria. He was taking no chance of getting spotted by going through the long hallways again he said to himself.

As quietly as he entered the school was as quietly he exited. No one would know a thing until the morning when everyone would again show up.

Lexi, Adrienne and I had a blast at her birthday party bowling tournament. To our surprise we actually did better than expected. Adrienne rolled a 193 and I rolled a 199 but Lexi

still beat us by 13 as she rolled a 212. A 200 for Lexi was common for her but Adrienne and I were proud of our schools too as that was the highest scores we both had ever rolled. Our happiness though would be short lived when we returned to school the next day.

When we arrived at school we noticed several police officers far more than the typical number we usually had on any typical day. I looked and saw swarms of police cars and trucks parked to the side including my dad's truck. For a moment excitement crawled down my neck seeing his truck as I hardly got to see him as he was asleep generally when I was at school and when I got home we would be working. Working the evening/late shift was not ideal but I knew my dad had to do it in order to provide for us.

I quickly got off the bus and ran to my dad who was talking with Principal Macy. My dad, Detective Michael Wilson, was a decorated veteran as well as a veteran detective in the police department. He was extremely tall and had light blonde hair and dark brown eyes, which my mom says is where I got my eye color from. My mom would tell me that I was a smoking image of my dad and I have also had many other people including some of my teachers tell me the same thing. He too was a quiet and reserved man which I guess is where I got those traits from. It was good to see him. He was not only my dad but he was my hero. He is my inspiration and part of the reason I want to become a detective when I grow up.

"Dad," I yelled as I ran to him.

"Abbigail," my dad said excitedly. "Good to see you. Love you munchkin."

"Love you too Dad," I replied. "I am curious what are you doing here?"

"Well, Abbigail it looks like I have a mystery to solve," my dad said.

"A mystery. What happened?" I asked.

"That is in part of what we have to figure out Abby. We need to figure out how someone

broke into the school, disabled the security cameras and system and stole money out of the cafeteria without being seen,” my dad began before being cut off by Principal Macy.

“Shhh,” Principal Macy scolded my dad. “We don’t need kids or anyone else to know hat has happened.” Principal Macy was a short heavy set man. In many ways he looked like a walrus to me. He had a long mustache that went down to his chin, short white hair and had dark piercing blue eyes that anyone who ever seen them could tell you when he was being serious or when he was joking as he often would do. This time I could tell he meant business.

“Yes Principal Macy,” my dad said as he turned to me. “Promise me Abbigail you will mention this to no one.”

“But,” I began.

“Promise me,” my dad again said.

I looked at my dad for a moment. He gave me the look-the type of look that he did not want to really give-that sad puppy eye disappointed look-but had to and of course he being my dad and hero I wanted to do nothing to disappoint him.

“Yes papa,” I said.

“That’s a good Abby,” my dad said. “Now go and do well in school.”

“Yes papa,” I said.

“You really think she will not say anything?” Principal Macy asked.

“She is my daughter and I am proud of her Principal Macy. If there is one thing that I am sure of is that she means what she says,” my dad said. “And don’t worry my lips are sealed too.”

“Very well Detective Wilson. You will have our support. Wrap it up quickly and quietly,” Principal Macy said.

“Yes sir,” my dad as he watched me enter the building to go to class.

I was not going to disappoint my dad. I told him I would not say a thing to anyone and I was not but I was also going to try to solve this mystery myself. I did not know how I was going to do that yet. I also did not know who I could quietly talk to and ask questions without me violating my oath to him or raising suspicions but I was determined to find a way. I had never been given a chance to solve anything and more than ever I wanted to prove to my dad and everyone else that I could solve mysteries too and this mystery was just too good to pass up.