

This story is about a girl named Jasmine, who wants more than anything to be a detective. But she can't because she is too young. So, her friend Jack comes to her each time there is a mystery that can't be solved and they both try to solve it.

THE MYSTERY SOLVERS

"Psst! Over here!" I turn my head to see who is calling me, it's Jack.

"Concentrate on the lesson." I say, hoping he'll turn around and listen, because all I have been focusing on lately, is the newest mystery on the news. The bell rings and I rush out of class to talk to Jack.

"What's wrong?" I say.

"Look, you remember the latest case on the news? Well, it seems that it's impossible to solve it. The FBI and the Interpol can't seem to figure it out."

"That's our Cue!"

Later on that day, I texted Jack and he said-

Jack;

Do you have all the notes we took today in class?

Me:

You didn't write it?

I bet its because you were thinking of the case.

Jack:

Sorry! Meet me at 7th street at the park. Code 2298

I told my mom I had a case going on. I tell my parents about the cases we work, because my dad's a cop, and my mom has connections all over the world, just in case we need refuge. She's a spy. My parents understand and are cool.

I headed towards the park. Code 2298 means that we meet in our office, you probably guessed where it is, in the park. Our office is in an abandoned RV, which is big enough for us to install computers, couches, etc. My parents and I share the office, you know.. just in case.

"What took you so long?" asked Jack.

“ finishing my homework”

“Okay, if you see this location on the map, the man who made all this happen is hiding there.” We have locators even in the most unknown places ON EARTH.

“ Wait.... What’s the status on the case, my mind just blanked out thinking about my birthday coming up soon.”

“ The status is that, there is a heist who is stealing all the paintings that cannot be recovered, re- made, or revived. His first strike was out in the white house he stole a painting that a colonist painted for Abraham Lincoln, and the FBI and Interpol cannot even find a solution.”

“okay. Do we have a name?”

“ Roberto Gratis. Mona Lisa is his ancestor.”

“Age?”

“ 45.”

“ Why in the world should he be a heist if his family was related to Mona Lisa?”

“I don’t know, that’s what we have to find out. But I think his family wants to be rich and have their family painting of the Mona Lisa.”

I headed home and told my parents about the status. The next morning, it was a Saturday and, Jack called.

“Hey, what’s up?”

“Nothing, just woke up, ate breakfast and ready to get started.”

“ listen, I think it would be best if I go visit you.”

And he hung up. 2 seconds later, I heard the doorbell. As soon as I opened it, it was Jack.

“Hey, why did you hang up on me so quickly?” I led him towards the kitchen.

“ That’s the thing, I just realized something, the FBI monitors every ones conversations, and if they find out your mom is a spy and we solve cases, they will put us in jail”

“But we would save the world and be heroes.”

“That’s what you think, listen, there are hackers all over the world, if they see our conversations, they may get to it quicker than us!”

That left me in suspicion. I got up, went straight to my bedroom, changed into my ‘field’ clothes, and went to the field with Jack. My mom had drove us to where the heist lived, my dad protected us, honestly, I think that we make an awesome team. The heist lived here in Minnesota, in a place that can never be located.

We pulled up in the nearest parking lot, my mom has people all over the world! In the neighboring house, was Mr. Watson, who worked with my mom. My dad was in Mr. W’s house, he told us to put on a earpiece that allows him to hear what’s going on just in case he needs to go in. The plan is to talk to the heist, make him confess, and that’s my dads que to arrest him and hand him over to the FBI.

My mom starts heading in, she is in a costume just to protect her identity. Jack and I are sweating and shaking due to nerves, but we always do this. I quickly do a handshake with him, to comfort him, and now we both feel ready. Jack and I promised to do a hand shake or something comforting, so we don’t get nervous.

“Who are you?” says the heist.

“ We’re the people here to make you confess, and put you to jail.” Jack says

“Ah, I see. Good luck, I won’t let out a word.”

“We’ll see about that.” I say. I see my mom in the background, taking all the information as possible to hand over to the FBI in a flash drive.

“ We know that you have committed crimes. You have stolen paintings that are impossible to replace.”

“ you have no proof.”

“Yes we do.” Said my mom opening a room full of paintings

“ very good you caught my precious babies!”

My dad came in along with the SWAT team, just in case he escaped. We got him to confess, somewhat. But the good news is that he is in prison and won’t steel something again.

All the paintings were given back to the museum, Jack and I were so happy that with teamwork, friendship, and a little bit of back up, a lot can happen.