



Safe's Not Safe

by Eli Housman

Chapter 1: Summer Friends

Nothing ever happens here. I have gone on so many field trips that I know the town inside-out, right to the best hiding space.

"Jim, EVERYONE knows the best hiding spot is that old bunker under the dumpster! You can't hide there! They'll find you within five minutes." said Samantha (A.K.A. Sam).

Sorry, I didn't introduce myself (not that I wanted to). I'm Jim Rouge, 14, and I like mysteries. Too bad I won't get a real one. I live in Far Phoenix, AZ, a town 6 miles off Phoenix. That's Sam, and she's a know-it-all. Any grade below A++ and she goes berserk. I'm also with my annoying friend, Eric. He (and me, thankfully) is on a B average.

"Yo, Jimmy!" yelled Eric. "Get your butt over to my pool! We're having a -"

"Let me guess," I said. "Big cannon-ball contest?" B.C.C.s were one of the 6 things to do in summer. The others were taking a nap, food, basketball, taking a nap, and video games.

"Fine," I said. "Just don't break the diving board this time."



After the B.C.C. (Eric won, only because he broke the diving board again), we needed something to do.

"Take a nap?" asked Sam.

"Basketball?" suggested Eric.

"Video games?" I said.

"Go to the Bank Museum?"

YES! The Bank Museum was a really cool place. It had all of the town's history (my favorite subject) plus a ton of diamonds and rubies on display. Best of all, the world's biggest diamond, that cost 2.2 million bucks. It's in a high-security vault with 2 guards outside at all times, plus the four armed guards inside. You have to check your ID with a bank official to get in. They go in there with you. But it looks AWESOME. So we head off to the museum.

Chapter 2: The Bank Vault

After looking at all the diamonds and emeralds and huts and plaques, we're finally outside the vault. A banner reads, "Home of the world's largest diamond! Worth more than 2.2 million dollars!" Too bad there are even more slow-downs than I expected. First, Eric (and the rest of us) can't find our ID cards, but then we realize we left them at home. But, in my defense, we were in a hurry to get there and we didn't have time to go home. We met back up at the museum.

"You can go in as soon as those tourists come out," she said. "They're probably wasting gigabytes on a million pictures." They were because we waited an hour or two before the guard said, "I'm gonna check on those tourists. You kids go take a walk."



During the walk, I was thinking about the diamond. Every time I see it, I'm still amazed by it. It shines so much it looks like the Sun. It's about as tall as me, with height added by a glistening metal stand.

After the walk, we come back inside. The receptionist says, "That guard has been in there for an hour. I'm going to check on him. You kids come with me. I'll get the tourists out."

She unlocks the vault and we step inside.

"AAIIIEEE!!" It's not a pretty sight: shattered glass, four drugged people, and the guard standing there rooted to the spot, frozen at the sight. But worst of all --

"It's gone!" the receptionist shouts.

"Boss is gonna kill me for this." the guard says.

"What's gone?" asks Eric.

"Can't you see?" I say. "The diamond is stolen!"

Chapter 3: A Mystery

I immediately started looking for clues. There were shards of broken glass(probably from the case that used to hold the diamond), a piece of tape(odd) and a military ID card. I thought the guy in the picture looked vaguely like the tourist husband unconscious on the ground.

I decided to wake him up. I have the best person in the business for doing that.

"Eric!"

"Yeah?" He replied.

"Do your thing."

"Okay." Then he-

This piece of text has been removed from the book, because if anyone read it aloud, it would blow the audience's eardrums just trying to reach the volume the character achieved.

Have a nice day.

-! The guy sat up so fast he nearly did a front-flip. He caught himself, then jumped into a battle stance, reflexes on 12/10. It was the same for every single person in the vault (except the already conscious people). All that from a guy who sleeps in till noon.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, sir, but is this yours?" I asked as I held out the ID card.

"Wha? Darn it! Gimme that!" He snatched the ID card out of my hand and stormed out of the vault, grabbing his wife by the hand. "Come on, Suzy."

"Man." Eric said, "Nice guy."

"And you were polite and everything! Why was he so mad?" asks Sam.

"Well," I say to Eric, "he might be mad because you woke him."

"I woke him! What's the big deal!" defends Eric.

"You woke him.. In a voice that could have woken a person in a three-month coma." says Sam.

"That was too much."

"Fine, but back to the point. Why was he so mad, Jim?"

"I don't know." I say. "But we definitely have a mystery, and it's our job to solve it."

(To be continued...)