

## 8.

## WE'RE ON IT!

TIME: Thursday, 11:14

PLACE: Eiffel Tower Townspeople's School in the town of  
Townspeople

DAYS LEFT TO INSPECTOR'S VISIT: 5 (yes, yes, still five)

Domas and Tomas were two students in class 4b, well known in the school for being excellent detectives. Though they were quite different in terms of both appearan-

ce and character, they worked together really well. The boys were like two characters in a police comedy – one was serious, the other spaced out.

But it will be easier if you learn a bit about each one. Let's start with Domas:

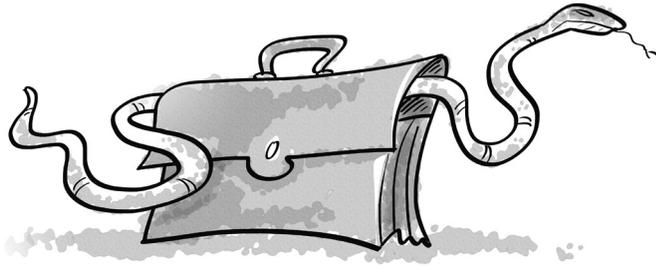
- Before doing something, he thought it through very carefully. Even when he needed to go Number One, he spent half the class planning how to the teacher for permission to leave the room. One time he rehearsed for so long that it got to be too late to go to the bathroom.
- He always had a mint in his pocket because he was convinced that, if you're speaking to an important person or dealing with an important matter, you should smell fresh.
- He preferred to assemble, divide, yank out a root or raise something a degree than write compositions or answer teachers' questions like: DOMAS, WHAT WAS THE SUBJECT OF THIS PASSAGE TITLED "PASSAGE ON THE TOPIC OF THE TOPIC OF THIS PASSAGE"?

- He had a sturdy build because, when he wasn't counting or solving some case, he liked to drop by the pool, and at home he had two light weights which he lifted 186 times every morning.
- So Domas was serious, but Tomas was as far from serious as broccoli is from a caramel gummy. Here's a bit about Tomas:
- It was easy to confuse him with a racing bike because he was as thin as... a racing bike. And not because he was too lazy to lift weights in the mornings – his mum and dad were thin, his grandparents were thin, and his great-grandfather was carried off by a fall breeze.
- Before saying or doing something he didn't bother to think, so, while Domas was thinking about the bathroom, Tomas had time to run over there seven times.
- He always carried a notepad in which he jotted down comments dictated by Domas or his own thoughts. And there were usually some chocolate candies in his pocket, because when he ate them Tomas' brain started working like some professor's. At least that's what Tomas thought.

- During Math class he wrote poems and dreamt about Lithuanian class, when the teacher would turn to him and say: HERE'S AN ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU, TOMAS – READ THIS 3,294-PAGE BOOK BY TOMORROW AND PRESENT IT TO THE CLASS.
- So, now things should be a bit more clear. And if they aren't, take a look at the illustration on page 54. Let's go back to the principal's office, where Domas and Tomas have just found out about their assignment.
  - Everything's clear, decided Domas, and turned to his partner. – Write this down – QUESTION JANITOR. By the way, Mister Principal, to complete this assignment we'll have to miss Lithuanian [ENGLISH?] class...
  - And Math class! – shouted Tomas.
  - I'll inform your teachers. What's most important is that the broom be in Valius's hands before the inspector comes to the school, in time for him to sweep the hallways...

The principal stood up and shook the detectives' hands. And on his way out, Tomas turned and said to Principal Loser:

– You have a pet corn snake at home.



– But... how do you know? – asked the principal, confused.

– Because, when you were putting on your shoes this morning, it slithered into your briefcase, and it just crawled out of it. – Tomas glanced at the briefcase by the principal's desk, and he and Tomas slipped out of the office.

– So where do we start? – Domas asked his assistant when the two stopped in a quiet spot in the hallway.

– From the beginning, – said Tomas in a serious voice.

– Just read what you wrote down while we were in the principal's office... – ordered Domas.

Tomas pulled his notepad from his pocket.

– First – QUESTION JANITOR. Second – MISTER PRINCIPAL, TO COMPLETE THIS ASSIGNMENT WE WILL NEED TO MISS QUITE A FEW LITHUANIAN CLASSES. Third...

– That's enough, I got it. Thank you. In that case, as of tomorrow – we're on it!

Domas and Tomas gave each other a high five and walked off in different directions – Domas went toward the school exit, Tomas into the depths of the building. But he quickly realised that classes were over, so he hurried home.

## 9.

## SMS TEXTING

TIME: *Thursday, 18:49*

PLACE: *chapter nine*

DAYS LEFT TO CHRISTMAS

INSPECTOR'S VISIT: *divide*

*10 by two*



TOMAS. So when tomorrow are we going to question the janitor?

DOMAS. Don't know. We'll see tomorrow.

TOMAS. Well around what time?

DOMAS. I really don't know.

TOMAS. By I need to know now!

DOMAS. Why now?

TOMAS. My mom is asking...

DOMAS. You want to miss the Math test, right?

TOMAS. Well yeah. You know how it is with me and Math...

DOMAS. And with me and Lithuanian. There's a dictation tomorrow.

TOMAS. Ok then. We're going during Math.

DOMAS. No, we're going during Lithuanian.

TOMAS. During Math.

DOMAS. During Lithuanian.

TOMAS. Math!

DOMAS. Lithuanian!

TOMAS. OK.

DOMAS. Not OK.

TOMAS. We'll go during Lithuanian.

DOMAS. And during Math.

TOMAS. OK!

READER. Can we go on to the next chapter?

WRITER. For sure.

# 10.

## NEXT CHAPTER

TIME: *Friday, 07.57*

PLACE: *Townspeople's School in the city of Townspeople*

DAYS LEFT TO INSPECTOR'S VISIT: 4

Domas had now been standing by the school timetable for a good ten minutes. He and Tomas had agreed to meet fifteen minutes before class started, and now there were only three minutes left.

The boy pulled his cell phone from his pocket and was about to send his friend a text, but he saw a new message on his screen:

**DON'T QUESTION THE JANITOR OR  
IT ALL END BADLY FOR BOTH OF YOU**

The message had been sent from an unknown number.

– This is getting interesting, – said Domas, staring into the distance, when Tomas finally got there.

The other boy didn't quite understand what his friend was talking about. He followed Domas' gaze and saw a coffee machine and a girl putting money into it.

– It looks pretty simple – you put in a coin, pick your beverage and the machine quickly makes it. Nothing new, – Tomas explained politely.

– That's not what I was talking about...

– Oh, not about that girl? Monika. And I was thinking it's strange that she's buying hot chocolate from the machine when her mother works in the snack bar.

Domas opened up the message he'd gotten and stuck it right under Tomas' nose.

– Wow, that's pretty serious. But it's never too late to learn.

– What are you talking about? – asked Domas, having just about lost his patience.

– About the errors, – said Tomas seriously, and went on:

– In the second word there should be a T instead of the I, JANITOR is misspelt, and then...

– Someone's threatening us, – said Domas, cutting off the language lesson. – Who could it be?

Tomas grabbed the cell phone from his friend's hand and read the message again.

– The answer is simple – it's some student who's doing really badly in Lithuanian.

– But there are a lot of those in this school...

– The Lithuanian teacher could definitely help us, – decided Tomas, and then they both saw that Valius had just entered the school.

– Let's go, – Domas tugged his friend by the sleeves and they both followed the janitor.

Valius turned toward his closet. A few seconds later Domas and Tomas were there too.

– Good morning, Valius, – said Domas, with Tomas standing behind him.

– Hi there, kids.

– We’re trying to find out what happened to the broom, and.... – Domas started explaining, but was interrupted.

– I already know, the principal told me.

– And we’d like to ask you a few questions.

– You can ask away, but I don’t know anything...

They all sat down on a bench. Tomas pulled his notepad and a pen out of his knapsack, and Domas began the questioning.

– So... When and where did you last see the broom?

– Hmm, I’ll have to think about that.

Valius was silent for a few moments.

– You have dandruff, – said Tomas, breaking the silence.

– Me? And how do you know?

– Because you keep scratching your head.

The janitor ran his fingers through his hair a few more times and placed his hand on his knee.

– The last time I saw the broom was on Friday. I can also remember clearly that I was called to the cafeteria, where two boys had decided to have a fish finger eating competition...

– And when did you notice that it wasn’t there any more? – asked Domas, continuing the questioning.

– On Monday, this Monday... I got here, opened the closet, and the broom wasn’t there any more.

– What time was that?

– On Monday, – replied Valius.

– And what day was that? – asked Tomas, his eyes moving from the notepad to the janitor.

– About eight thirty.

– Does anyone else have a key to your closet?

– No. No one else.

– And what kind of broom was it – a regular one or a flying one? – asked Tomas.

The janitor, confused, turned to Domas.

– My colleague is asking what the broom looked like...

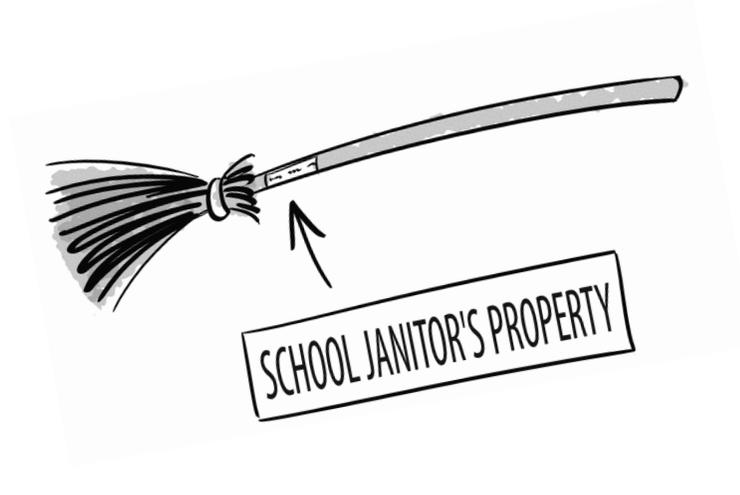
– Long, red. Black bristles...

Realizing that Valius wasn’t going to get any more specific, Domas asked:

– Did it have any distinguishing features?

Valius scratched his head a bit.

– There was this little piece of paper with some printed writing on it, attached with tape.



Domas stood up, and Tomas followed his lead.

– That'll be all this time, thank you, – said Domas. He shook the janitor's hand, and the two young detectives turned to go.

Tomas paused for a second.

– By the way, you should try mayonnaise! – he shouted in Valius' direction.

– What? – asked the janitor, surprised.

– Mayonnaise – rub some into your hair and you won't have any more dandruff! It helped my mom.

The boys disappeared and soon found themselves in another chapter.

