

The Missing Tiara Mystery

The BeeBopDaLooLa Tiara was one of the most famous tiaras ever. Not only was it expensive, it was the only one in the land that had diamonds which looked just like giant sweets. It was so special that no-one wore it and it was kept in a really secure glass cabinet at Inkpots Towers.

Then, one night, many years ago, the tiara was stolen. Detectives has spent years trying to solve the mystery but remained baffled.

The mystery had stayed just that – a mystery. Until now...

It all started when Amber, Sophie and Milly had a sleepover during half term. They were very, very bored and had complained a lot to Amber's mum.

"You need a challenge, girls," she had said. "A half term adventure. When I was your age, we were always having adventures."

The three girls were not impressed and had been more than a bit grumpy as they went to bed.

However, in the morning, they came downstairs to find a big white envelope on the doormat – addressed to them all and marked TOP SECRET.

Who could have sent it?

Milly – who was the oldest of the girls – ripped the envelope open with slightly trembling fingers.

Dear Amber, Sophie and Milly (the letter said)

The mystery of the BeeBopDaLooLa Tiara has still not been solved. Some new information has come to light and, as you are sensible girls, it has been decided that you should investigate further.

Three suspects need to be looked at VERY CAREFULLY:

Miss Trimble – Tawny Owl at Brownies – where does she go on her long holidays?

Mr Wilson – the postman – why does he always have a camera with him?

Mrs Buckwheat – the cake lady – why does she never make coffee and walnut cakes any more?

All these suspects are known to have really liked the tiara – you will need to investigate them carefully.

Remember to stay safe.

We will send you more instructions soon.

The letter was not signed. There was just a giant question mark was at the bottom of the page:



The girls gave out a collective gasp and then all started talking at once.

Amber decided to take charge.

“We need a plan,” she said loudly. “Let’s get some paper and make some notes. My mum knows all about this mystery – she talks about it a lot.”

“We should interview her first then,” suggested Sophie, sensibly.

“I’m hungry,” said Milly, rubbing her tummy. “We need breakfast!”

The three girls marched off purposefully to the kitchen to interview Amber’s mum and – more importantly – get something to eat.

TO BE CONTINUED