

*The Case of*

Harry Keebler, Where Are You?

by Maria and Toni Gallagher

(Parker Jourdon and T.C. Lemay)

CHAPTER ONE

Stranded in Philadelphia

I don't know why I let Julie Jeanette Johnson talk me into this. That is her real name, by the way. But <sup>awkward</sup> she doesn't like to be called J.J., just Jay. Also, she's no relation to me, although everyone thinks she is because we have the same last name. I'm Sandra Johnson but I prefer being called SJ, because in second grade, I despised this girl named Sandra. Through the years, the hatred has worn off but the name hasn't.

We were talking on the phone one day, and I don't know how, but we got to talking about ol' Harry. Of course I had been thinking of it all along, but Jay brought it up first. "We ought to see Harry," she had said. Then I let her talk me into it. So we are going.

Some people get all the luck. Harry gets to move to California, see all those rich and/or famous people, ride horses and he even <sup>has</sup> a swimming pool, built in! I get to live in Philadelphia with all the factories, warehouses and high school dropouts. All I've ever ridden is a bus, and the closest thing to a rich/famous person I've ever met was Gene London in third grade. So you can see, I am not one of those lucky people.

Dear Harry,

H! Remember your two buddies from Philly? Well, we're coming out for a visit (Aren't you thrilled?) Hope you can put us up for a few nights. (Otherwise, we might end up in some shady hotel!) We'll be arriving in about five days. We'll call you when we get there (unless we get lost.) Have fun! (Wish us luck!)

J. Jeanette Johnson & friend (SS)

Jay wrote that note. She's fond of writing long notes with lots of parentheses. I like to make my notes short and direct. Normal people get confused easily and short notes are easier for them to comprehend.