

Dear Friend,

You won't believe the day I've had! Remember last week? When my Grandma came to stay? Well it all makes sense now! It started like any other day: my mum wakes me up, after five minutes I crawl out of bed to have breakfast and I find we've run out of the cereal I feel like that morning.

"Post!" my mum called, walking into the kitchen. "Electricity bill, water bill, phone bill....aha! Jake, this one's for you!" she chirped happily.

I opened the letter cautiously, taking care to not rip the envelope, and read it.

Jacob,

I know that you probably feel quite confused about what I told you last week, so I'll explain more carefully this time: my friend Sonja owns an antique shop in Overton (called the Rusty Bucket), and I need you to pick up a certain piece from her. Just wait outside the shop at four thirty pm and say that you have come for the minara.

Love,

Grandma xxxxx

It went smoothly enough (although I had to shout quite a bit for Sonja to hear what I was there for) and by the end of the day the piece, a dark circular chunk of gold with a sphere of amber at the centre, was in the post and on its way to Grandma.

After that I went home and received news that an extremely precious and rare Egyptian staff head had been stolen from the Rusty Bucket at four twenty pm, just before I arrived at it!

Your best buddy,

Jacob Clay

P.S. I think the thief's name was something like "Sunyar" maybe?

P.P.S. she is believed to have had an accomplice codenamed "the grandmother".