

# BEX FALCON

## AND THE MYSTERY OF THE BROKEN WINDOW

by Derrick Barnes • illustrated by Darnell Johnson



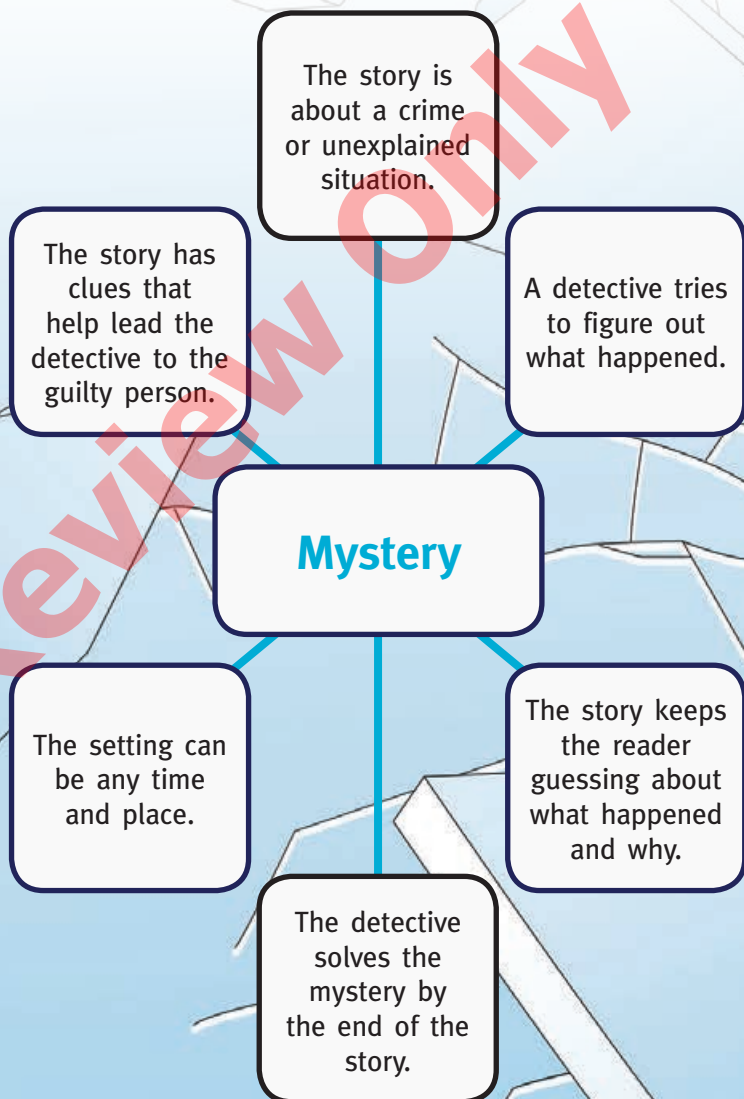
**MYSTERY  
LITERATURE**

**Level** **O/34**

**Lexile®** **680L**

# Mystery

Look for the genre features noted below as you read this book. Use the features to help you understand the text.



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# Kickball Battle

“We’ll be late, sis. Let’s go! It’s a big day for Team Thunderfeet!” said Zo Falcon, tossing his kickball in the air.

“Chill, little bro,” Bex giggled. “It’s just a game.”

“Just a game! Just a game!” Zo said, with a puzzled look on his face. He placed the back of his hand up against Bex’s forehead.

“Do you have a fever? Are you feeling sick? The only reason I’m playing is to win the championship! Nothing less,” he said.

“I’m fine, Zo. Just stop being an impatient jumping bean. Relax.”

Bex took one last look inside her backpack to make sure her detective kit was there. Then she zipped it up with satisfaction.

She had always enjoyed solving puzzles and was known in her school and neighborhood as Bex Falcon, Girl Detective. And now, she was the founder of her very own agency.



She smiled as she touched the gold lettering that spelled out the words “Golden Wings,” her detective agency.

“Come on, Bex! Let’s go,” Zo said as he ran out the door.



“Make way for the Patingos’ Backyard Kickball champions,” Zo announced. He jumped off their porch as Bex locked the door.

The Falcons made a beeline through several backyards to reach Jamie Patingo’s house on Webster Avenue.

Bex’s best friend, Jamie, had one of the biggest yards in the neighborhood. Every kid on the block knew that it was the perfect place to play after school. Lately, kickball was the game of choice.



Bex, Zo, and their friends had worked hard together to create the perfect kickball field in the Patingos' backyard.

In the middle was the pitcher's mound, which was actually a round snow sled. The bases were made up of a Frisbee, an old toy airplane with only one wing, and a seat cushion. Home plate, which was close to the house and right where the patio bricks met the grass, was an old checkerboard.

As Zo strutted beside his sister, he held the big red kickball under his arm and flung the cape of his favorite superhero outfit behind him.

"What's that stuff?" Bex asked, pointing to shimmery pink dust on her brother's hands. "You even have it on your shirt."

"It's from the rubber ball. The Mighty Zo's mighty bouncy kickball! No biggie. No mystery here for you to solve," Zo teased.

"Ah, but that's where you're wrong, little brother," laughed Bex. "There's *always* a mystery to solve."

# Heads or Tails?

Bex unlatched the gate while Zo hopped on a trash can, jumped over the fence, and yelled, “The Mighty Zo has arrived!” His cape flapped in the wind.

“Team Thunderfeet is here!” cheered Jamie, running toward her friends and teammates. She gave them both a big hug. “Let’s get this game started.”

“We’ve been waiting for a million minutes,” said Caesar, a kid from Bex’s and Jamie’s class at Rockwood Elementary School. Caesar, wearing his team’s uniform—blue shorts and grayish-blue T-shirt—was on Team Kick Crew, the other team.

“Yeah, Bex, I thought that you either gave up or were still trying to solve the mystery about how we scored so many points on you in the last game,” joked Twyla, another member of Team Kick Crew.

“Noooo. Not Bex Falcon,” kidded Russell, a boy who sat behind Bex in class. He was Team Kick Crew’s captain. “I’ve known her since kindergarten. She wouldn’t quit on anything.”



“You know me so well, Russell,” Bex replied. “Good luck to everyone, especially us!”

“JAY-meee, let *me* play on your team!” said a little voice behind her.

Jamie turned to find her kid brother, Bruno, wearing black and orange, Thunderfeet’s colors, with a begging look on his face. “No, Bruno! No. We’ve already discussed this,” she said.

“Why not?” Bruno demanded, arms folded.

“Well, because we’re all older.” Jamie pointed to her teammates. “You’re only six and you could get hurt.”





“Hey, Bruno, why’d you want to be on a team with a bunch of kids who can’t play, anyway?” a voice asked from the other side of the yard.

The players on both teams turned to see Cody Reed hanging over Jamie’s fence with a big grin on his face.

They all knew he was just mad they didn’t want him on Team Thunderfeet. He was a sore loser and a bully.

“Can’t I play? Maybe I can referee ...” Bruno begged his sister.

Cody started to imitate Bruno. “Leave him alone, Cody!” the kids all shouted.

“Whatever,” Cody said, and walked off.

Jamie wrapped her arm around her brother’s shoulders. “Bruno, why don’t you toss the quarter to decide which team kicks first?”

“Cool,” Bruno brightened up.

Team Thunderfeet and Team Kick Crew faced off. Everyone shook hands. The Patingos’ Backyard Kickball Championship was on!

Bruno tossed a quarter high into the air. “Tails for Team Thunderfeet!” he shouted. “First kick goes to you.”

“Now get inside, Bruno,” Jamie said, shooing him from the field. “You don’t want to get hurt.”

The game began, and Bruno walked toward the house with his head down.

Zo kicked the ball for his team first. His ball went high into the sky, but Russell was able to get under it.

“Nice catch, Russell,” shouted Twyla.

