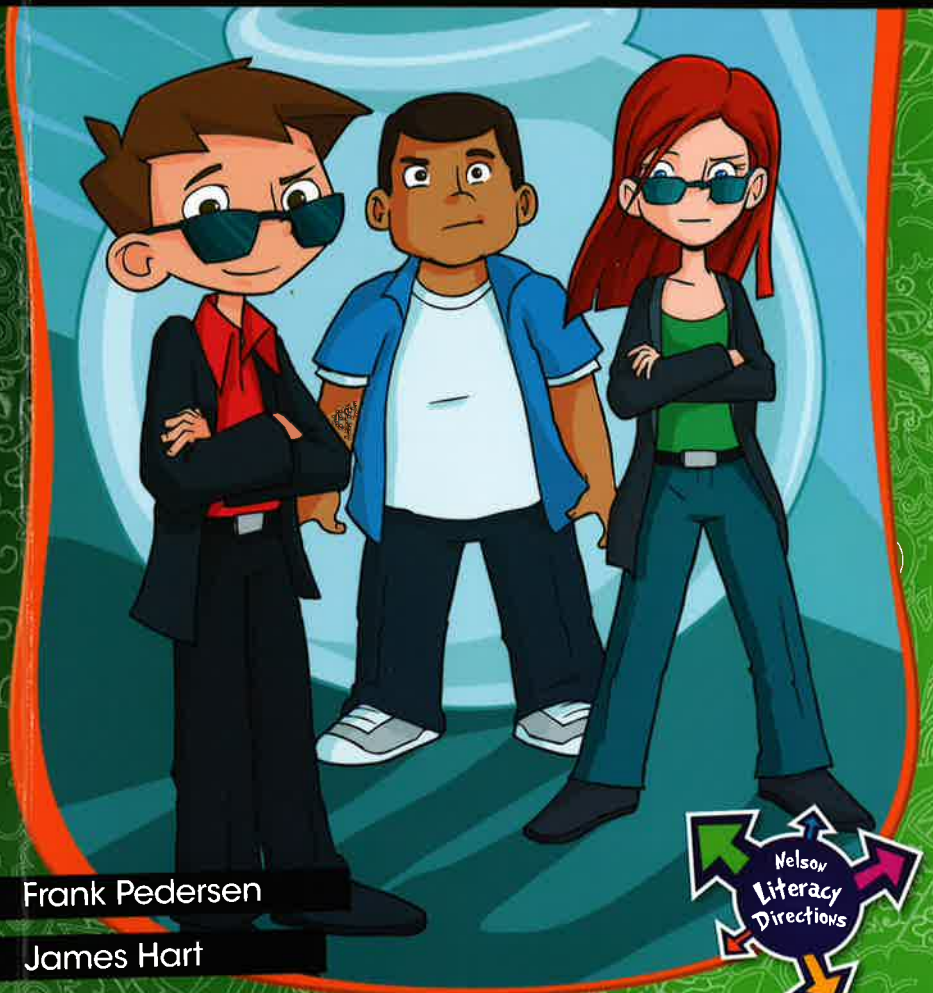
CSI: Classroom



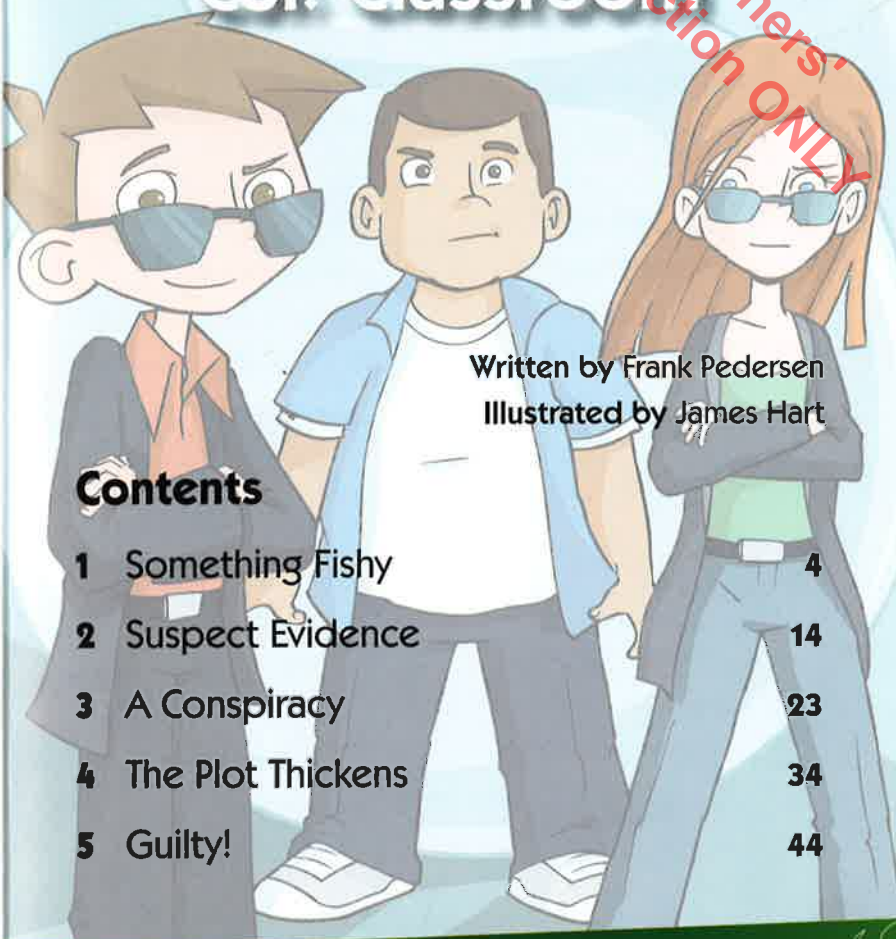
Frank Pedersen

James Hart

Nelson Literacy Directions

For teachers' inspection ONLY

CSI: Classroom



Written by Frank Pedersen
Illustrated by James Hart

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Meet the Characters

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Dwayne Pipe

A classroom crime-scene investigator.



Shandy Lear

A classroom crime-scene investigator.



Louden Clear

A classroom crime-scene investigator.



Barb Dwyer

A teacher (and suspect).



Seymour Leggs

A principal (and suspect).



Janitor John

A janitor (and suspect).

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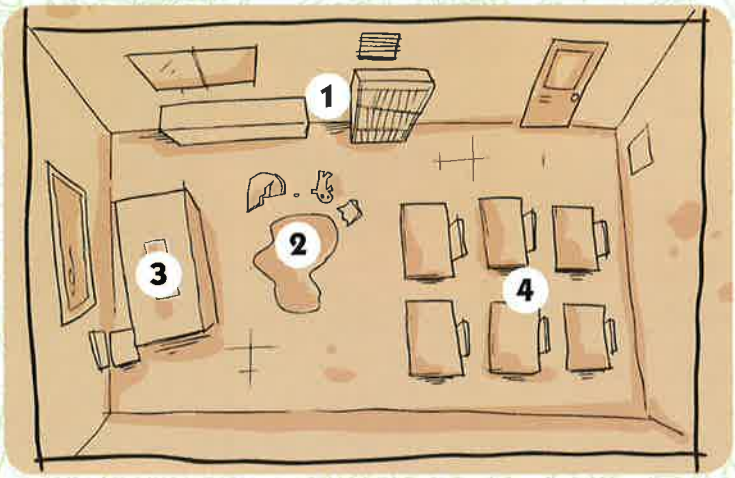
Dear Reader

Everyone likes to watch TV crime shows, where teams of highly trained investigators solve impossible crimes. Crime-scene investigation, or CSI, requires attention to detail, some lucky breaks and some very colourful characters who seem to say hilarious things, even when they're trying to be serious. It's the perfect recipe for a book, just like this!

Frank Pedersen
Author

POST CARD

The Crime Scene



1. A bookcase (the victim's usual place of residence)
2. The deceased's final location
3. The teacher's hideout (AKA "her desk")
4. Classroom desks (deserted, no witnesses)

CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATION CASE 379336 CONTAINS EVIDENCE DO NOT TAMPER

1 Something Fishy



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Lifeless, the body sprawled at a crazy angle across the carpet, surrounded by a damp stain. A single accusing eye stared sightlessly at Dwayne Pipe.

Dwayne whisked off his sunglasses and, with a grim look, knelt down beside the victim to investigate. Reaching out a hand, he touched the victim.

"Just as I initially suspected," he murmured, consulting his wristwatch and carefully noting the time. Then Dwayne dialled a familiar combination on his mobile phone.

"Dwayne," answered a female voice. "What's happening? What's wrong?"

"Shandy," growled Dwayne. "What's happening is something altogether fishy. Assemble the investigation team. Right away." Dwayne heard Shandy Lear, his premier forensic assistant, gasp.





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"I'm heading there immediately," said Shandy, breaking the connection.



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Delicately, Dwayne Pipe picked up the recently deceased goldfish and, with his remaining hand, replaced his sunglasses on his nose.

He surveyed the classroom, knowing its empty furniture would soon be filled with students, inadvertently contaminating important forensic evidence. His detached professional eye completed the preliminary examination. The bookcase, where the goldfish bowl had until now been kept, seemed relatively undisturbed, apart from a puddle of greenish water. Above the bookcase, the classroom's air conditioning vent was blowing a steady stream of cool air. Below, a solitary book lay on the floor. Dwayne examined it closely for fingerprints and, finding none, replaced it on the bookshelf. His carefully trained eye kept returning to the upturned goldfish bowl, and he noticed a fateful sign on the wall that someone had written during a classroom project.

"Fish are cold blooded," declared the sign.

"They certainly are," nodded Dwayne in grim agreement. "And this, therefore ... is a cold-blooded crime."

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Beneath a canopy of eucalyptus trees, the gleaming bicycle sped towards the school, twisting and turning to avoid the possum droppings littering the asphalt cycleway. Gripping the handlebars tightly, Louden Clear impatiently manouevred his bicycle past other unsuspecting riders pedalling towards Gandwilli School. The urgent text message received from his colleague, Shandy Lear, had alerted him that he had to get to school before the other kids that morning.

Louden Clear stared at the text message the instant his mobile phone bleeped. What could Shandy mean? Then it dawned on him. No matter which way he looked at it, the message could only mean one thing. He really did have to get to school before the other kids that morning.





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"Dwayne," insisted Shandy, her voice full of urgency, as she burst into the classroom. "I must examine the body before Janitor John receives notification of this."

Dwayne and Shandy hurriedly exchanged meaningful glances. The moment Janitor John was informed of a deceased goldfish in Room 7, he'd hurry to the classroom. This was, technically, his jurisdiction. A short flush later, the intrepid investigators would lose their victim forever.

"The victim's body," indicated Dwayne, "is over there."

Looking serious, Shandy advanced upon the bundle of damp tissues Dwayne had carefully placed on the nearest desk. She gingerly peeled off the tissues. Even after examining plenty of deceased goldfish during her investigative career, she still hated this moment. Steeling herself, she tried to remain professional.