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Dear Kind and Good Looking Agent,

I'm a fourth grade teacher outside of Philadelphia. "Dewey Mac and the Case of the Dog Gone Dog" is a book aimed at the children in my class who are not avid readers. They enjoy building, playing, and joking around. These are the kids who read Diary of a Wimpy Kid and helped propel that series to its legendary status. They will be excited by this book's straightforward and exciting storytelling of a world populated with wacky characters at every turn. This children's lit detective story is Encyclopedia Brown meets Diary of a Wimpy Kid meets MacGyver.

Dewey "Mac" McClain is a nervous middle school student that is every teacher's favorite, but he just wants to blend in. He uses his understanding of building gadgets to help him find the mayor's stolen dog, evade bullies, and deal with his crazy family. Once Dewey finds himself in too deep, he has to face his fears and find a way out. At the end, the crooks fall into every trap, leading them right into Police Chief Hammett's handcuffs in a scene similar to "Home Alone."

Throughout the book Dewey makes over twenty five different spy, joke, or just fun gadgets. He writes down how to make each one in his notebook; those pages are included at the end of the book. The gadget instructions are clear and made for children as young as eight to be able to make from cheap and common materials. The readers can easily build a microphone that

listens through windows out of an old toy, a room alarm, a stink bomb and whoopee cushion, a radio, a lie detector, use a laser pointer to listen through a window, and collect fingerprints. I brought many of these gadgets to this year's Maker Faire in NYC and won the Editor's Choice Award for how simple, educational, and fun they are.

Please consider representing this book. There is a need and a hungry market for a book like this, especially with boys 8-12. With the DIY, educational, and green markets growing, few parents or schools would pass up buying this book for their children.

Thank you,

Michael Carroll

### **Dog Gone Dog Summary**

Dewey "Mac" McClain, a flinchy middle schooler, is starting his own detective agency, not your likely James Bond-type. While on a field trip to City Hall he discovers that the mayor's dog is stolen. Dewey thinks nothing of this, until he overhears a conversation between Hal Byrne, the mayor's assistant, and Jimbo, the mayor's (not so) secret service about how the mayor deserves this and they will be meeting up later.

Motivated by his grandfather Charlie, Dewey decides to take the case and trades paper routes to start his investigation. While not expecting much, Dewey is almost ran over, gathers fingerprints, and talks with Mayor Zelecki, Jimbo, and Hal Byrne about Chase. He leaves the house sure that it was an inside job, but who? An address from a ripped page of Mr. Byrne's planner is his next step in cracking the case.

Dewey and his lead operative Ched, continue to follow clues and build spy gadgets. Dewey is painfully shy and awkward around most people. This is offset by Ched's jovial carefree attitude, which is his security blanket. Dewey brings the brains and Ched brings the guts. As the story starts to heat up, their friendship is tested. School bully Zinc schedules a fight, "playground, after school." Ched goes off to help make a diet soda and mint grenade, but never returns. Dewey feels betrayed until he goes home and finds a similar ransom note, this time for Ched.

Faced with the dognapping, the kidnapping, and a presentation in Mr. Robinson's class, Dewey starts to doubt himself. While stewing, Dewey watches the green diver in the game Mousetrap and relates to the stupid look, praying position, and eminent fall. He watches the Rube Goldberg machine, but the diver falls on the side of the bucket and while the trap is falling on the mouse, the diver spins in circles and gains its balance.

Dewey's confidence is rebuilt and he goes to work setting up his own "game" for the crooks. He first needs to get out of babysitting duty since his mean older sister has a date, easy solution: homemade whoopee cushion and stink bomb.

When Dewey goes to the rescheduled fight with Zinc, he faces his fear and recruits Zinc to help carry out his plan. The crooks go through a maze of traps leading them right to the police. Surprising everyone, except Dewey, it was Mayor Zelecki, who kidnapped his own dog in an attempt to gain sympathy and win the upcoming reelection.

Throughout the story Dewey makes over twenty-five different spy gadgets. All of these can be made by the reader for very cheap from common parts and little background knowledge with directions straight from Dewey's Notebook in the back of the book.

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Children's Lit  
Detective  
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# DEWEY MAC and the DOG GONE DOG

or Green Diver

by

Michael Carroll

*To invent, you need a good imagination and a pile of junk.*  
Thomas A. Edison, inventor

## **Chapter 1: Caught in a Trap**

“Ched, we have a problem here. I’m trapped in the warehouse and I’m surrounded by fifty men. They know that I’m the one who stole the Johnson file. As my lead operative in K.I.D.S., I need you to send the apache helicopter. I’m going to karate chop and kung fu kick my way out. I’ll see you on the roof in five minutes. Hold on. What did you say Edward Q. Quagmire?”

I made a rocky sound with my voice and said, “Dewey, you beat us two times before. Last time we had fifty men and you out-ran us. Now, we brought fifty go karts with M-32 grenade launchers, free electron lasers, and attack crows. You won’t escape this time.”

I tilted my head back, smiled, but didn’t make a sound.

“Scratch that, make it three minutes. Hi-ya, ya-ha, hee-ya, Jackie Chan to your face.”

I did my best roundhouse-kick, back-kick, side-kick karate combination. With my last kick I tried to get my foot as high as I could, over my head. I thought I had it. I kept stretching, but then opened my eyes. I tried again and shot my foot into the air. This time I started to feel myself falling backwards. I reached my hands out, but it was no help. I hit the ground and my Walkie Talkie Lookie fell off.

I shook my head and looked around to make sure nobody saw me fall. My newest cardboard prototype invention, the Walkie Talkie Lookie, a pair of sunglasses with a walkie

talkie attached, fell off. All of a sudden I heard a scream, a real scream. It came from the kitchen. I ran in and saw my mother standing on the counter, breathing heavily. Her hair was more frazzled than normal.

“Dewey, stop right there. You might scare him away. He’s under the table. Be very still and very quiet,” screamed my mom.

“Mom, what in...”

Dewey was interrupted with a loud, “SHHHHHHHHHH!”

“Mom, do you even realize that you are yelling now?”

“SSSHHHHHHHHH!”

I debated about asking this, but eventually curiosity took over, “What are you doing?”

“I’m trying to catch this runt of a mouse. This little thing is eating all of our food in the closet. I need to show this mouse that this is my kitchen! My kitchen!” she answered.

I bent my knees and saw a small tan mouse with peach ears and a brown spot near his head under the kitchen table. It didn’t look scared. It didn’t even seem to notice the crazy lady standing on the kitchen counter.

“You have messed with the wrong lady!”

The lady who raised me and taught me everything I know jumped off of the counter and let that motion carry into her swinging of a magazine at the mouse. The poor thing looked up and saw what I can only imagine is the scariest thing it has ever seen, my crazy mother. It ran towards its hole, which was on the other side of my mother. She swung again. The mouse hit the brakes and looped-back around in the other direction around the kitchen table. My mother kept chasing it. It did one lap and then had nothing in between it and home.

Once my mom realized she had been given the run-around from the mouse she yelled at my dog, “Franklin, get him. Sic ‘em boy.”

Franklin sat there and turned his head sideways slowly to look at my mom. He did nothing.

The mouse reached freedom.

“That scurrying fur ball keeps eating all of our food. He doesn’t even hide anymore. He does anything he wants. I can’t afford to have him continue to eat everything. Remember that bag of bagels I was able to buy for only twenty-five cents with my coupons?” my mom asked.

My mom loves her coupons and her sales. All the money she saves, she puts into a jar in our kitchen. “Well that thing ate a hole right through the bag and ate them. That was a once in a lifetime deal. I’m never going to find that again.”

“Well why don’t you try and catch it?” I asked.

“I have. I set all of these traps. I’m trying to. That thing just doesn’t fall for the traps. It’s too smart,” she said.

I admired the mouse for being sly and getting away and also for getting the best of my mom. I didn’t want him to meet his maker, and have his maker be my fanatical mother.

“I can catch the mouse,” I said.

“You really think you can catch this thing? I bought the best traps at the dollar store and it still escapes every time.”

I looked at the trap. Across the side there was a cheap decal that said Mouse Killer 3000 and a cartoon mouse on its back with Xs for eyes.

“These traps are junk. I can make a better one.”

My sister Janice walked into the kitchen. She must have just finished her daily rant on her cell phone about who she just can't stand and why. It usually lasts longer.

"Oh really, you think you can. What, with your cardboard?" asked Janice. These days I forget what her voice sounds like when she isn't sarcastic or attacking.

"Yes, I can make a better mousetrap, and a safer one."

"How can it work? Nothing you make ever works. It's all kid stuff toys. Like those sunglasses with a toy taped on toy-thingy."

"That's my walkie talkie lookie. It's just a prototype. I'll make it work.

"You're the prototype."

I rarely understand her, "Janice, why don't you go and be mean at the mall."

"Don't you mean popular. Jealous much? And I think that's a great idea. Mom, I'm going to call some friends and go to the mall. Later."

Janice left the room and without saying a word and I went back to my detective office. I found a shoe box, two straws, and some tape. After some thought, I put the shoebox upside-down and cut a little door on each side and taped the top so it swings open. On the inside of the door, I taped a straw that was wider than the door; this will allow it to only open in and hopefully trap the mouse. I added a cardboard toilet paper tube as a chimney. On the side I wrote, "Mouse Catching Factory: A Place for Nice Mice."

I placed the trap on the kitchen floor near the mouse hole. Inside the trap and near the doors I deposited little chunks of peanut butter.



## Chapter 2: The Scene

Ever since I could crawl, I wanted to be a detective. I have spent my life spying on others, either eavesdropping, stalking, or following. I read all of the great detective novels: Harley Boys, Steiner Brothers, and Indian Jones are my favorites. I'm just not like those guys at all. They're brave, tough, and fear nothing, like Ched. I fear, well, most everything.

I use the playroom, my sister and I used to share it, but now a playroom is on the large list of "dumb things," as my new detective office. I just made a sign for the door that says, "Dewey Mac Detective, I'll Solve your Case, I'll Crack your Crime, Rate Negotiable, I Accept Food, Hablar un Poco Espanol" I do speak a little Spanish. This should help broaden my clientele. Right now, that list is one.

My dad hired me to find out who kept putting dog poop in his newspaper's vending machines. It took me 45 minutes to solve. I could have guessed and saved myself the time. It was Zinc Vanderwyck, the school bully, and his cronies: Charlie Brine, JJ McConkey, and Robert Krooken.

I told my dad, and then I told him I wanted nothing to do with Zinc Vanderwyck.

### Chapter 3: Testing, Testing: 1, 2, 3

I woke up and got out of bed with one quick motion. I went into the kitchen to see if my trap worked. I rounded the corner, gazed in and noticed: the trap had moved from where I placed it on the floor. I approached it slowly, carefully, and quietly, listening for a scuffle or a chirp from the mouse. The peanut butter was gone. I didn't want to just pick it up, because then the mouse would scurry away. I walked to the other side and that's when I noticed that there was a hole chewed into it. How stupid of me? I caught the mouse, but it easily chewed right through the cardboard.

I was able to catch it, which I'm proud of, but mom and Janice would just make fun of me because it escaped. I hid all the evidence that I ever tried to catch the mouse and got ready for school. If Janice found this it would make her day to tell me how stupid and childish I am. Hopefully everyone forgets that I said I could catch the mouse. I double checked that the trap was far enough in the trashcan and covered with trash so nobody could see my failure.

My best friend Ched and I sat next to each other on the bus for our field trip to City Hall. Ched is rarely seen out of khaki pants and a T-shirt. Ched only wears about twelve different shirts, today's choice: Angry Birds. He is funny, jolly, and says anything to anyone without caring about what might happen. Ched is named after his two grandfathers Charles (I have a grandpa Charles also!) and Edward. The first time he called my house, my mom didn't believe that was his name, she was insistent on calling him, "Chad."

As seventh graders, this is our first year at Overbrook Middle School. All of my friends from elementary school are starting to change, for the worse. They all act tough and too cool for

everything, and don't even say "hi" to me in the hallways. Most people used to like to talk about sports. Now, all they want to talk about are girls, girls, and girls. There is not much to talk about there. Girls are nice, but they make me feel like I ate too many tacos, that's it. Everyone is turning into zombies, girl zombies. Instead of eating the living, they have a different goal; they walk around with only one thing on their mind – talking to girls. It must be something in the water at Overbrook. I'm bringing in bottled water from now on.

If someone is ever having a normal conversation and a girl walks by, they quickly change topics and say, in a deeper voice, something like:

"I can't believe Fowls fumbled the ball on the goal line and (Kristen Shepherd, hot cheerleader, walks by) it just makes me so sad when I know that there are dogs at the pound who just might not ever find a home. And it just breaks my heart to hear about starving people, too. I wish I could just give all of the people who are starving a nice dog to comfort them." Then when I join in and say logical like, "Well, if they are starving, I mean starving to death, like about to die, wouldn't they just eat the dogs, so they live." Then everyone acts disgusted that I brought up a point that makes complete sense! I don't get it. I'm not saying I would eat a dog. I'm just saying that the idea of giving starving people cute puppies makes no sense.

Mr. Robinson stood at the front of the bus. It's early November and I'm sure he is thrilled that it is sweater weather. The man seemingly goes the whole school year without repeating any sweaters. He wears them until about April or May; he isn't happy when he has to give them up. Today's pattern looked like a kid's finger painting with red, yellow, and green. He spoke to the students on bus, "I'm very excited for our upcoming trip to City Hall. I want to give a special thank you to one of your classmates, Brian Byrne, and to his father, Hal Byrne. Mr. Byrne is the

Mayor's assistant and helped us schedule this field trip and setup a meeting for us with ... Mayor Zelecki!"

Mr. Robinson waited for a reaction, didn't get one, then continued, "Well, thank you very much Brian. While we are here you should be thinking about which local government job you would like to research and give a presentation about."

The students moaned. Nobody was looking forward to this project, especially me. Mr. Robinson turned to me, "Right Dewey, it should be a fun project?"

I sank into my brown bus seat and thought about how much I hate presentations. I can't stand being in front of my class. These are the people I will be spending the next five years with. One mistake, a fart, an awkward itch, a voice crack, I'll have to live with that for the rest of school. I enjoy learning about science, not politics. I get pretty good grades and because of that every teacher thinks I like school. I don't. I'm just good at it, I don't want to fail. Teachers are always too excited to have me in their class. I didn't say any of this back to Mr. Robinson, I just smiled and nodded.

I muttered to Ched, "This stinks. It's October and the teachers already think I'm their teachers pet."

Ched turned to me and said, "Well, it stinks worse for Brian."

I turned around to see Brian Byrne sitting alone and sweating. I realized why he was sweating when I saw him get hit in the back of the head by a juicy spitball, thrown by Zinc Vanderwyck. He is in our grade this year because he failed seventh grade last year. I heard a rumor that at the end of the year he returned all of his textbooks to his teachers with pictures drawn on every page, every single page. He mostly drew black eyes, missing, teeth and goatees, but I heard on some he drew boy and girl parts. He changed the title of the books too, *History*

became *His Underpants*, *Social Studies* became *So Boring*. I don't think he thought of something for Science. I heard that Greg Fredo told the principal on him once. Well, Greg has not been at school ever since.

I watched as Zinc got another spitball ready. He was speaking loudly so Brian could hear him, "Ahh, it takes just the right amount of loogies to make a good spitball. Too much juice, it falls apart. Too much not juice, it doesn't go splat enough."

As soon as Zinc went to throw it Mr. Robinson stood up and said, "Stop right there, Zinc."

The whole bus became silent and still.

"You mean you want me to stop the bus. I can't stop this bus from here, he he he, I ain't driving." Zinc said sarcastically. Only his three cronies laughed.

Ched leaned over to me, "Yeah, but I bet he has his driver's license."

Mr. Robinson started to walk back to him while holding the bus' trashcan. "No, I mean I want you to stop throwing spitballs." He held out the trashcan, "Throw it out. Now!"

"What do you mean? I ain't throwing no spitballs."

"Then what is in your right hand?" asked Mr. Robinson.

"Oh this," he opened his hand and revealed a spitball. "I just found this on the floor and I was looking for a place to throw it out. Like, yeah. That's what happened," said Zinc.

"Nice try. Throw it out."

Zinc threw the spitball in the trashcan with more effort than needed. Mr. Robinson grabbed the spiral-bound notebook off Zinc's lap and said, "I'll return this to you later. I don't want you making any more spitballs on this bus."

Mr. Robinson looked at the notebook and noticed that there were a lot of papers stuffed into the back of it. His curiosity opened it up.

“And Zinc, why do you have a book full of pictures of ladies from an underwear catalogue. I can tell this is going to be a long year for the two of us, again. We’ll talk about this when we get back,” said Mr. Robinson.

“Dat ain’t my notebook. That was on the bus before I got here. I found it. It ain’t mine.”

Mr. Robinson held it up the blue notebook, it said “Zinc’s Notebook” across the top, and questioned, “You found it? It isn’t yours, huh?”

Mr. Robinson walked back to his seat as Zinc continued to make excuses up for the notebook. Then he stared at Brian Byrne and mouthed the words, “This is your fault. You’re through,” while cracking his knuckles.

I hope to someday solve “The Mystery of Why People are Bullies.”

## Chapter 4: City Hall

Mr. Byrne greeted us as we left the bus with an emotionless, “Hello kids. Please come this way into the William P. Bugglebug Hall, the largest room at City Hall.”

Ched and I sat together near the back of the hall. Brain Byrne was trying to sit as far away from Zinc and his cronies as possible. Ched waved him over to sit with us.

“What are you doing? You’re going to get us clobbered! Zinc will beat us up if we are helping him,” I said.

“Zinc has never actually beat anyone up. He just talks about it all the time,” replied Ched. Even though I have never seen Zinc fight someone, I didn’t want to be the first.

Brian said, “Hey guys. Thanks,” as he sat down. I looked and Zinc didn’t realize that we were harboring Brian. Hopefully he doesn’t find out.

Mr. Byrne, Brian’s father, started to speak, “Our great mayor was supposed to be here, but,” he looks over each shoulder, “he is not here. So I’ll tell you a little history of this building.”

Mr. Byrne droned on about dates, events, and told bad jokes in a rehearsed way. Nobody listened.

Just when the presentation was at its most painful, Mayor Zelecki walked on the stage and interrupted Mr. Byrne by saying, “Sorry, I’m late.”

He would not be able to be described as a skinny man, but he didn’t seem too concerned with that because he walks with his chest out. I enjoy watching his campaign videos for this upcoming reelection. He’s also always saying expressions that make no sense and speaks in an accent that I’ve never heard before, especially from someone who has lived in Stoney Fork their whole life.

Annoyed, Mr. Byrne took out a piece of paper and said in a rehearsed monotone, “Everyone, please rise to your feet and welcome the mayor of Stoney Fork. He has been on CNN & N and hosts his own public access show called, “Mayor May Not, The Mayor Zelecki Forum on Wednesdays from three to four. Please, welcome, Mayor, Zelecki...”

The adults in the room cheered. This woke most of the kids up and they instinctively joined in. The name Zelecki has been known in this town for a long time. Many of the stores in the center of town are owned by different Zelecki family members: Zelecki’s Stop and Shop, Zelecki’s Go and Rent, Zelecki’s Hardware, Zelecki’s Software, Zelecki’s Dollar Store, and Zelecki’s Hundred Dollar Store. The town has mixed feelings about the Zeleckis, and this year’s election is going to be a close one.

The mayor walked to the podium and said, “Hello, boys and girls. Welcome to City Hall. I’m happier than a pig in the slop house that you’ all are here. We are going to talk today about how our government works. It’s best described as an ant farm of bull dogs, but with the hens out of the hen house, of course.”

“Huh?” Ched and I looked at each other.

The mayor was followed by a large man dressed in a black suit, black shoes, black glasses, and a large black cowboy hat. I bet me had black socks and underwear on too. As he walked out behind the mayor, he kept staring at the students, squinting his eyes like he was looking into the sun.

Ched asked Brian, “Who is that man in black?”

“I think that is Mayor Zelecki’s secret service guy,” answered Brian.

“If he is secret service, then why is he wearing such a big hat? He’s hardly a secret,” said Ched.



“I thought only the president had secret service. Why does he work with the mayor?” I asked.

“I’m not sure, probably because he has all the money in the world and wants to be president someday,” answered Brian, “I wonder if I can hire him to protect me from Zinc.”

I turned around to make sure we were not being watched before I asked, “Why Zinc after you?”

“He feels like we wouldn’t have to do this project on the government if it wasn’t for my father setting up this trip. I even tried to see if my dad would cancel,” Brian said.

“Don’t do that. Once Zinc realizes he has power over you, he’ll keep bullying you. A few years ago Zinc found a letter my mom wrote me in my lunch box. So, he read it to everyone at lunch. It hurt, but I just laughed it off. Within a week, nobody remembered it. I think everyone was just surprised he can read,” said Ched.

“I guess that is good advice,” replied Brian.

“Don’t worry, we’ll protect you,” Ched said.

“How?” Brian asked.

“I know karate.”

Ched did his best karate impression to try and make Brian laugh. He ended up accidentally hitting the back of Jane Appleton’s head. It worked.

“Sorry,” said Ched to Jane. She rubbed her head. Hopefully for her sake it doesn’t leave a mark. That head can not possibly grow any bigger.

The man in the large black hat kept his back to the mayor and kept walking backwards. He watched the audience of twelve-year-olds as if they were convicted felons. The man was so worried about the crowd, that he didn’t even realize how close he was to the mayor. He kept

getting closer and closer with every step backwards. The mayor didn't realize either. Anyone that was bored started to watch as the man in the black hat was closing in on the podium, and then it happened, he swung his hand up to shade his eyes from the spotlight and, "Crack!" He knocked right into the podium causing the microphone to fall and make a deafening thud through the speakers.

We couldn't hear what the mayor was saying, but I could tell he wasn't happy. Mr. Robinson rushed up to try and help. They continued to talk and try and fix the microphone. Nothing was working. Then I saw Mr. Robinson look out into the crowd. I knew exactly what he was going to do next.

He cupped his hands and yelled, "Dewey McClain, where are you? We need your expertise and technology skills to fix this microphone." I sunk in my seat. I don't think girls are attracted to microphone fixing skills. How is anyone supposed to be cool ever in their life after that!

He kept waving his hands in the air while saying, "Dewey, hello, Dewey. We need you. I see you next to Ched," he leaned towards the mayor, "Dewey can fix anything."

I was trying to hide, but it did not look like Mr. Robinson was going to stop. Then I heard Zinc yell, "Yeah Dewey, why don't you run up there." I wasn't exactly sure what the next sound was, but it sounded like Zinc was hocking a loogie for a spitball. I grabbed my book bag and ran up there as fast as I could. I heard some laughs and jeers.

"Dewey, the microphone is broken, can you fix it?" asked Mr. Robinson.

I looked at the many pieces; there was no fixing this microphone.

"I can't fix this, but I can make you a microphone pretty easily," I said.

“Now how does someone go and make themselves a microphone. You’re joshing us, right?” said Mayor Zelecki.

“No, a microphone is pretty simple. This one is like a carbon microphone, like from old telephones, the ones with the ear pieces and cones.”

“Well I’ll be a bunny at the dog track.”

“All I need to build this microphone is a box of paperclips. I have the rest.”

The mayor looked at the man in black, “Well, twinkle toes, go get some.” He did not look happy.

I broke open two pencils and removed the rod of graphite from inside them. The man with the large black hat came back with the paperclip box and gave it to me. Then he gave me a death stare. He must not be happy with me right now.

I used a paper clip to poke four holes in the box that the paper clips came in, two on each side and equally spaced. I broke off a piece from each graphite rod to make them the same length. I inserted two rods parallel to each other and through the holes in the box. I took one of the graphite scraps and laid it across the parallel graphite pieces and then wrapped a paperclip around the end of each graphite piece sticking out of the box on just one side. I connected one paperclip to the battery and then connected the battery, with a paperclip, and the paperclip on the other piece of graphite to the microphone jack.

As I was building, Mr. Robinson kept telling the mayor about me, “This is Dewey. He is one of the best students at Overbrook, Mayor. One time he built a radio out of a safety pin, a razor, and some wire. Right there in the science lab. It was really something else.

[“Turn to page # to see the pages from Dewey’s notebook on how to make a Foxhole Radio.”]

I just acted like Mr. Robinson wasn't talking. I didn't know what to do or say, so I did and said nothing.

I didn't want to test it out. "Mayor, here you go. This should work."

The mayor leaned into the former paperclip box and said, "Hello, hello."

It wasn't the clearest microphone, but it worked. The adults in the room clapped.

"Well, I'll be. You made a microphone out of pencils. Man, oh, man, that is the bee's knees. Great job kid."

"No problem." I started to walk off stage.

The mayor leaned away from the microphone and asked, "Well, how'd you pull this rabbit out of a hat?"

Everyone looked at the mayor in confusion.

"How does this thing here work?"

"The pencil's graphite acts in a similar way to carbon granules in an old carbon microphone. The first piece, the one lying across, it vibrates when I speak. The other two act as resistors and slow the flow of the electrons, or electricity."

Everyone acted like they knew what I was talking about.

The mayor spoke into the microphone I made him and said, "Let's put our hands together for..."

He looked at me, but I didn't understand why. Then Mr. Robinson said, "His name is Dewey Mac."

"Let's give it up for Stewey Mac," finished the mayor. I didn't bother to correct him. ["Turn to page # to see the pages from Dewey's notebook on how to make a pencil microphone."]

I walked off the stage to behind the curtain to only a few cheers. Once I was no longer hit by the bright lights, I sighed. I didn't want to go back to all of the students. They don't really like it when another classmate saves the day and makes a boring presentation continue. Nobody, except for Ched really appreciates my science skills. Oh and my teachers. I continued to stand behind the curtain, far enough back that none of the students could see me.

The mayor was starting to wrap up his speech as Mr. Byrne, Brian's father, bumped into me while he hurried on stage to the mayor. He seemed very concerned about something.

He tried to get the mayor's attention by doing a loud whisper of, "Mayor. Psst."

The Mayor didn't hear him at first, but then tried to ignore him. Mr. Byrne hurried closer and repeated, "Psst. Mayor. Psst." Before Mr. Byrne could reach the Mayor, a lady came running past me and onto the stage. You could tell she had been hysterically crying because her makeup was running down her eyes making her look like a zebra. She ran over and fell into a hug from the mayor. Between squeals and sobs she would say, "They took Chase, our doggy dog! They took him, Bubbie. How could anyone? How could they?"

The Mayor leaned towards his new microphone quickly and said, "It seems like someone has taken our beloved dog Chase. The fox is in the hen house. I'm sorry, but we are going to have to cut this talk short, boys and girls."

He started to leave the stage with his sobbing, snorting, and snotting wife, but then he went back to the microphone, "We have shirts for everyone. Thank you for coming. Don't forget the shirts Hal." He continued off the stage on the opposite side.

At this point Mr. Byrne was standing near me. The mayor's (not so) secret service agent joined him.

Mr. Byrne said, “Don’t forget the shirts. Well I’m not the forgetful one here. Good luck finding that dog. You’re going to need it.”

The man in black replied, “Yeah, he’s going to need a lot of bucks, I mean luck.”

Both men laugh.

Mr. Byrne, “What goes around comes around mayor. OK, I’ll see you later tonight and we can work out the details.”

The man in black said, “Sounds like a plan.”

Nobody else was around to hear that and I don’t know if they realized I did.

Mr. Byrne went over and talked to Mr. Richardson and then asked for everyone’s attention, “We have decided to continue your tour since you have traveled so far. This incident with the Mayor’s dog, I’m sure it will be resolved soon. Please form a line and follow me.”

Mr. Byrne and Mr. Robinson led the class away.

The mayor poked his head out from behind the side stage’s curtain and said, “Don’t forget to give them the shirts, Hal.” He then went back to comforting his wife, “It’s going to be OK, shnoopy. I promise. We’ll find him. It’s just like the scorpion and the frog. We’ll find ‘em.”

As soon as enough of the students passed me, I walked from behind the curtain and jumped off the stage. Ched was waiting for me.

He whispered, “I hope their dog is OK.”

“I’m sure it is just lost in the woods and will turn up. Mrs. Zelecki is just overreacting,” I said.

“You think so?” asked Ched.

“Yeah,” I said, but I kept thinking about what Mr. Byrne and the man in black said. I wonder what they are meeting up about.

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5. Cigtar – a cigar box guitar
6. Sister Catcher – an alarm for a room that triggers a sound
7. Get Well Soon Speaker – turn a musical card into a speaker for an ipod
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20. The Interrogator 3000 – make your own lie detector



21. The Intrickogator 3000 – a machine that looks like a lie detector, but you control if the person is “lying” or not
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