

Ursel Scheffler

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Inspector Quizly:

The Mystery of Spooky Hill

The fake last testament

'I wish you a lovely holiday, Inspector!' says the shop assistant as she puts the gym bag with the new fishing equipment on the counter. 'I hope you have good fishing!'

'I hope so, too!' Inspector Quizly says with a happy laugh. 'This time I'm going to catch fish, not crooks!'

He whistles happily to himself as he leaves the sports shop in downtown Hamburg. At the weekend he and his nephew Martin are off on a fishing trip to Malente! Quizly had promised to take him there a long time ago. Now he just has to make a quick trip to his office to say goodbye to his staff and then he'll be on his way...

'Hello Inspector!' Sandy Sandman says, as he comes in the door. 'There was an urgent call for you. Lady Laura Lemon from Scotland. She says she's a personal friend of yours...'

'Lady Laura?' Quizly shakes his head. 'That must be the good-looking Scotswoman I met at the launching ceremony in the port last week.'

'Good-looking?' says Sandy Sandman with a frown. 'Hmm. She didn't sound good-looking on the telephone.'

'She invited me to visit her haunted castle in Scotland. Well, it's really her brother's castle. I thought it would interest my nephew Martin. He loves haunted castles!' Quizly says with a sly smile.

'She didn't say anything about an invitation on the phone. She only said that she's got a huge problem!'

'What kind of problem?' Quizly asks, a doubtful look on his face.

Sandy Sandman shrugs. 'She didn't want to talk about it on the phone, she said.'

'Okay, Sandman. If she calls again, tell her I can come the week after next.'

Then Quizly hurries into the room next door to say goodbye to his assistants Fred Chips and Peter Onion.

'Well, men? Do you think you can manage without me for a week?' he asks with a twinkle in his eye.

'You bet we can!' Chips laughs.

'Get a good rest and forget about detective work for a while!' Onion says.

'Say hello to Martin for me!' Sandy Sandman calls out as he is leaving. 'And send us a photo of you in a kilt!'

As Quizly is leaving the police station with his gym bag, he runs into a pretty young woman, a redhead, wearing a sporty, mint green suit.

'Inspector Quizly!' she cries, holding tight to her little straw hat to keep it from blowing off her head in the wind. 'What luck to see you here!'

'Lady Laura?' says Quizly, his eyes wide open in surprise. 'You're too late. I'm officially on holiday as of today.'

'I know. They told me all about it. But I thought that, well, maybe I could talk you into making your holiday in Scotland.'

'Where did you get that idea?' Quizly answers, surprised.

'You told me that your nephew Martin has always wanted to visit a haunted castle. Well, this is his chance!' She looks Quizly deep in the eye. 'Please!' she says.

'Well, I was intending to catch some fish, not be caught myself,' he replies.

'Fish? Fishing? Where is there better fishing than in Loch Lemon, right beside our castle. Scottish salmon! The best in the world.'

'But that's not the real reason you want me to come, is it?'

Lady Laura lowers her eyes. Her face takes on a serious look and she nods. 'No, I'm afraid it isn't, Inspector. I've got a problem.'

Quizly hesitates a moment, then sighs. 'Okay. But I've got a problem, too. I have to hurry. Martin is waiting for me. Can you explain what your problem is quickly?'

'My brother Percy passed away. Very suddenly. His last will and last testament has disappeared. If I don't find it, his doctor, Dr. Serafin, will inherit everything!'

'What about you?'

'My father disinherited me when I was seventeen. I ran away with a jazz pianist I met at the music festival in Edinburgh.'

'Okay, but that would make you the heir of your brother, not your father.'

'Exactly. But a letter was found in which my brother appointed that doctor as his heir. And I'm sure that's not true! I was with my brother after my father's death. He told me that he suffered from the strict upbringing by our father just as much as I did. He wasn't allowed to marry Roxanne, the woman he loved, only because she was the daughter of a coachman. Percy – my brother – knew that he was ill. I was to inherit everything if he died without children.'

She smiles sadly. 'I left my husband long ago, and I'm eager to return to Scotland now.'

'Hmm,' says Quizly. 'And what do you want me to do?'

'There was something strange about my brother's death. Dr Serafin didn't inform me about his illness. Supposedly, he didn't have my address.'

'Well, that was certainly careless of him. But that doesn't make him a suspect...'

'He had Pastor Donnelly come to see my brother when it was too late. It happened on the very weekend his butler Moses was on holiday. Bessy, the cook, had her free day

as well. The doctor was the only one at the castle when my brother died. Isn't that strange? And then there was a second last testament.'

'Are you sure about that?'

Lady Laura nods quickly. 'Percy was here in Hamburg in the first week of May. He told me that he had written his new will back in March. With me as heir. Most likely this guy Serafin got rid of it. Or it's still in the castle somewhere.'

'Why don't you look for it yourself?' Quizly asks.

'Because Serafin doesn't let me enter the castle! I got so angry with him that I gave him a tongue-lashing. That's why he doesn't allow me near the castle.'

'Then he surely wouldn't let me in either!' says Quizly.

'Oh yes he would!' Lady Laura smiles at him. 'The castle is haunted. It's rented to tourists in the summer. As a guest you'd be able to look around without attracting attention. Perhaps you can find the box with the family jewels. It has also disappeared. Of course Dr Serafin mustn't know that you are at the castle on my behalf.'

Quizly looks at her for a long moment. 'Well, I don't know,' he says finally. 'What will my nephew Martin say about it?'

'He's thrilled to pieces!' says Lady Laura. There's an obvious note of triumph in her green eyes. 'I've spoken with him about it already! I had his address because you asked me to send him my book about our haunted castle.'

'I have the feeling, my dear Lady Lemon, that you're so clever you don't need any help from me,' Quizly says, shaking his head.

'Does that mean that you will take on the case?' Lady Laura smiles.

'Not really,' murmurs Quizly. 'But I can't spoil Martin's fun, can I?'

'This, by the way, is a copy of the letter that now is supposedly the valid last testament.' She opens her purse and hands Quizly the letter.

Hereby I make my doctor, Dr Serafin, to whom I owe so much, my sole heir.

Spooky Hill, 3.5.2001

Lord Percy Lemon

‘Is that your brother’s handwriting?’ Quizly asks.

‘After so many years – I’m not sure,’ Lady Laura says with a loud sigh. ‘And it’s easy to forge somebody’s handwriting. For some time now I’ve only received email from my brother.’

‘If what you’ve told me is true, it’s plain to me that the last testament has indeed been forged,’ Quizly says in an angry voice. He hesitates a moment, then smiles and says, ‘Okay, I’ll take on the case.’

Calling on all detectives who can see clearly through the fogs of Scotland

Why was Quizly sure that the last testament was forged?

Find out how clever you are! Answer the red questions at the end of each chapter!
Check at the end of the book, if you got the right solution.

Gain **10** brainpowerpoints for the right answer in this chapter

Scottish moonlight, bats and a thieving ghost

'Man, Uncle Isidor! It's really cool here!' Martin says, his voice full of excitement, as they get out of the taxi that took them from the airport to the little village in the Scottish highlands.



In the moonlight they can see the old castle. Spooky Hill really looks like a haunted castle! There's light in some of the windows. But the tower, circled by countless silently flying bats, is wrapped in darkness.

A screech owl warns the nocturnal animals that newcomers have arrived. It is sitting on the branch of a beech tree at the edge of the castle pond.

The taxi driver sounds his horn twice, a signal to those in the castle that the new guests have arrived.

A thin, slightly stooped figure in a black suit emerges from the castle entrance. It is Moses, the butler.

‘A warm welcome to Spooky Hill,’ he says with a slight bow. ‘Can I help you with your luggage?’

He loads the suitcases onto a luggage cart that is leaning against the wall of the castle.

The butler stops in front of an oak table in the hall of the castle. There hang the keys to the rooms on iron hooks. On each key is a keychain with a little ghost hanging from it.

‘Would you like a room with or without a spook, Mr Quizly?’ the butler asks nonchalantly, as if he were asking whether Quizly would prefer a room with or without a bathtub.

‘With a spook, of course. With a great big spook!’ Martin cries quickly. ‘That’s why we’re here.’

‘In that case I would recommend the tower room, young man,’ says the butler and smiles in a fatherly way.

‘Are there a lot of stairs to get there?’ Quizly gives him a worried look.

‘Yes, but not to worry: fortunately Lord Percy’s father had a little lift installed. He had difficulty walking!’

The butler leads them to the narrow door of the lift, which is hidden between two coats of armour in the right wall of the castle hall. They get in and it takes them up...and up...and up.

‘Wow!’ Martin cries, as they enter the tower room. ‘A real four-poster bed!’ He plumps down backwards on the mattress.

'Your bed is here!' says the butler and presses a button in the wall. 'A real secret bed.' A sliding door opens silently and reveals an adjoining room.

'A secret door! Awesome!' Martin is beside himself with excitement.

'This castle is full of secrets,' says the butler with a sly smile.

His new guests seems to feel at home. He informs them that dinner is served from seven o'clock in the gallery of ancestral portraits. Then he turns and goes, leaving the two of them alone.

'I'm starved!' says Martin to his uncle, when they take their seat for dinner a half hour later.

'The pale Lady looking down at us, too!' Quizly laughs, pointing at the portrait of Lady Wimmermore on the wall above the soup bowl.

'Unbelievable! And that looks really real!' Martin points at the gold locket on her neck, glittering in the candlelight.

'It probably belongs to the family jewels,' says Quizly.

'Exactly,' says the butler, removing Martin's empty soup bowl. 'It belongs to the family jewels of the Lemon's. They disappeared under mysterious circumstances.'

After dinner Martin can hardly wait to return to the tower room.

'Do you think the castle is really haunted?' he asks his uncle, after showering and creeping into bed.

Quizly grins. 'I hope so. Otherwise we'll demand our money back!'

'Let's leave the sliding door open, so the ghosts will be sure to see me,' Martin says.

Martin's wish comes true.

No sooner does the tower clock strike twelve than strange things begin to happen.

First he hears a distant howling, whistling and whining. Suddenly, a door creaks and a ghost without a head glides through the room, followed by a second ghost, a phosphorous-green lady moaning about her missing baby.

Martin pulls the blanket up to the tip of his nose and watches with wide-open eyes.

For a moment he thinks about fleeing to the four-poster bed in the adjoining room, where his uncle is fast asleep. But then he shakes his head. No way! After all, he's twelve years old, too old and too brave to flee from a ghost.



Inspector Quizly has no idea of what is going on. He has worked hard the past several weeks and is sleeping like a log. He continues to sleep as yet another ghost enters the room. This one is quiet. In the light of the moon that is shining through the tower window, Martin can see that it is looking into the clothes cupboard.

Then it flits over to Quizly's bed stand. After that, it comes toward Martin. He closes his eyes and pretends he's asleep.

He hears a door creaking softly, then a stumbling sound and someone cursing. When he opens his eyes, everything is normal again.

A haunted castle is even more exciting than Martin ever imagined it would be. He doesn't even dare to go to the toilet although he needs to really bad. And so it is almost morning before he finally falls to sleep.

'Well, that business about a spook was all just a big hoax!' says Quizly the next morning. 'I didn't see any ghosts, did you?'

'I sure did!' Martin says as he hurries to the bathroom. 'I saw three ghosts. I could hardly get to sleep after that!'

'I'm afraid I missed everything,' says Quizly, as if he were terribly disappointed. He bends down and picks up a little piece of white cloth. 'Hmm! Is this a piece of a ghost's shirt?'

'Right! That's why the ghost cursed as it went out through the door,' says Martin, returning from the bathroom. 'The shirt must have got caught on this nail.'

As they are getting ready to go to breakfast, Quizly looks for his wallet.

'Damn it! I know for sure I put it in the drawer of my bed stand after dinner yesterday!' he grumbles. Growing nervous, he rifles through all his suitcases. But the wallet is nowhere to be found.

'That's really annoying! Our travel money is gone! I'm afraid we'll have to investigate this. Confound it! When I paid for the taxi I had the wallet in my hand...'

'The ghost! I remember seeing it beside your bed stand,' Martin cries. 'I'm sure – it was the third ghost who stole your wallet!'

'Right. Okay, come with me. We're going to complain to the hotel manager about this thieving ghost,' says Quizly with a determined look on his face.

As Quizly enters the hotel hall with Martin, Moses, the butler, is busy sorting out the mail for the guests.

Quizly tells him about his missing wallet.

'I'd suggest that you tell our new boss, Dr Serafin, about this,' Moses says with a sigh. 'He's over there on the phone.'

As soon as Dr Serafin ends his call, the butler tells him that Quizly would like to speak with him.

'I was robbed last night,' Quizly says. 'All my travel money is gone!'

'Robbed? Last night?' Dr Serafin shakes his head. 'I hate to say this, but this is the third incident of this kind reported to me this morning,' he says. 'I'll see to it at once.'

He turns to the butler and says: 'Fetch Mr McStar and Miss Rose immediately, Moses. They are at breakfast. The time has come: I'm going to terminate their contract without notice!'

A few moments later, a lively young couple, both actors, enter the room.

Dr Serafin gives them a long dark look and says, 'As of now you're fired!'

'But – but - why so suddenly? We signed a three-year contract with Lord Percy!' McStar says.

'A thieving ghost stole this gentleman's wallet last night,' says Dr Serafin. 'Mr Springli from Zurich can't find his Eurocheques and the diamond earrings of Mrs Viehl from Portland are missing. I think that I have every reason to fire you.'

'You – you think we did it?' Mandy Rose is shocked.

‘I do,’ the doctor says in a cool voice. ‘Three counts of robbery. That’s reason enough to fire you!’

‘But you haven’t got any proof...’, McStar says in a shaky voice.

‘We’ll check that! Moses, see to it that their rooms are searched immediately.’

The two actors give Moses a pleading look, but he only shrugs his shoulders helplessly. Then he goes off looking for the head servant.

Half an hour later as Quizly and Martin are having breakfast Moses, the butler, joins them and says: ‘I’ve got good news for you. Your stolen wallet has been found in the room of the two “castle-ghosts”.’

A happy smile crosses Quizly’s face. ‘Many thanks,’ he says, as the butler lays the wallet on the table.

‘How easy it is to be fooled,’ says Moses in a sorrowful voice. ‘I never would have thought they could do something like that! Two years ago, the late Lord Percy hired them to be the castle ghosts. They played the part of the headless admiral and Lady Wimmermore every night and they were very good at it. And – the whole time nothing was stolen.

Shaking his head, Moses turns to Dr Serafin.

‘What will we do without them?’

‘We’ll discuss that shortly,’ the doctor says. A moment later, he excuses himself from the table and takes the butler aside.

‘Don’t you know that my intentions about the castle have changed? I plan to turn it into a wellness clinic. Ghosts don’t fit into my plans.’

‘But most of our guests have come here because of the ghosts,’ the butler points out.

‘In that case we’ll have to find a quick replacement for them. If need be, you can play the part! You’ve got an old nightgown lying about somewhere, haven’t you?’

A little later, when the butler comes to clear off the breakfast table, Quizly says, 'Perhaps you weren't wrong about those two. I have the feeling someone else is behind this ghost business!'

Calling all quick-witted detectives

- a. Who does Quizly suspect? (perpetrator)
- b. How did the suspect reveal himself? (proof)
- c. Why did he do it? (motive)
- d. How did he do it? (execution)
- e. When and how did he lay a false trail? (deception)

(Maximum 5x3 = 15 brainpower points)

A big catch and a meagre grouse

'Lady Laura was right, after all!' says Quizly, breathing hard as he pulls in a huge salmon. 'These are the finest salmon in the world!'

'And what are we going to do with this beauty?' Martin wants to know.

'I'd say take it to the *Meagre Grouse*,' says a deep voice from behind them.

Surprised, Inspector Quizly and Martin turn and find themselves face to face with a priest on a bicycle.

'My name is Father Donelly and I hope I didn't startle you!' he says with a smile. 'You're guests at the haunted castle, aren't you?'

Martin nods his head quickly. 'That's right. We're ghost fans from Hamburg...'

'...and I didn't understand what you just said about a meagre grouse,'

Inspector Quizly says.

Father Donelly laughs.

'The *Meagre Grouse* is our village pub. It's on the other side of town. The cooking there was, to be honest, meagre indeed. But ever since Bessy, the former chef at the castle, came to cook there the fish is the best in the region.'

‘Chef at the castle – cooking in a village pub? How is that possible?’ Inspector Quizly says, shaking his head in surprise.

‘For several reasons, unfortunately,’ says the priest and suddenly his smile disappears.

‘Has it got anything to do with the new lord of the castle?’ Quizly wants to know.

‘You come straight to the point, don’t you,’ says the astonished priest.

‘Well, this morning we experienced first-hand how he treats his staff. I can imagine that he’s not a pleasant man to work for,’ Quizly says.

‘Serafin only thinks of himself. That was always the case. He makes people work for him and fires anyone who doesn’t suit him. In his clinic he has medical assistants who do his work for him. He himself spends most of his time riding, hunting or playing golf. He wants to turn the castle into a wellness clinic for the wealthy, and the meadow behind the castle into a golf course. Lord Percy would roll over in his grave if he knew about that! It was his intention to bequeath that meadow to our church.’

Quizly hesitates, then says quickly, ‘There’s a rumour that there was something suspicious about the inheritance...’

‘That’s true,’ says Father Donelly, struggling to hold back his anger.

‘Of course, if there’s no last testament...’, Quizly begins.

‘There was a last testament!’ Father Donelly cuts in. ‘I can swear to it. Lord Percy showed it to me.’

‘But it vanished mysteriously, didn’t it?’

‘Exactly. How did you know?’ the astonished priest asks.

‘Lady Laura told me,’ says Quizly. ‘She feels cheated, too! Can you keep a secret?’

‘That’s part of my profession,’ says the priest. ‘You know, the seal of confession.’

‘Lady Laura asked me to look for the missing last testament. She said her brother wrote it in March. Do you have any idea where he might have put it for safekeeping?’

‘In his desk. It was there when he showed it to me. But the next day there was only this letter in the drawer – the one in which Dr Serafin was made sole heir.’

'A fake?' Inspector Quizly asks, raising his left eyebrow.

'That's quite possible,' says the priest softly. 'Lord Percy trusted his doctor. He probably signed anything the doctor asked him to sign.'

'But it's no use if we can't prove anything,' Quizly grumbles.

'Wait a minute!' says the priest suddenly. 'Lord Percy said something about a copy he wanted to give me for safekeeping. Unfortunately, he didn't get around to it.'



Suddenly, there is the clatter of hooves on the gravel path behind the trees.

'Here comes someone else who doesn't care much for Dr Serafin!'

Donnelly points at a girl riding a black horse. When she draws near, the priest says, 'this is Ann, one of the orphans from the convent school. In her free time she takes care of Lord Percy's horses. She really liked the lord.'

Martin takes an instant liking to the girl. She is about his age and has curly sandy-coloured hair.

Ann jumps down from her horse and says hello to the priest. Then she gives Inspector Quizly and Martin a questioning look.

Donnelly smiles. 'These folks are guests at the castle,' he explains. 'We were just talking about the new lord of the castle.'

Suddenly, Ann's smile is replaced by a frown.

'It's a good thing I wasn't sharing your chat,' she says. 'I can't stand the man.'

'Why's that?' Inspector Quizly wants to know.

'Because he's a two-faced, arrogant –'

'Ann, please. Watch your language!' warns the priest.

'Yeah, well, as I was saying, you can recognize his true character when you see him riding. The way he mistreats the horses.'

'Not only horses,' Martin adds. 'He's not very nice to his staff, either.'

Ann nods. 'Yeah, and I don't think he's a good doctor. He maybe won his title in a lottery, if you ask me. What's more, he didn't treat Lord Percy correctly...'

'Slow down, child!' the priest cuts in. 'Those are serious accusations, accusations you can't back up.'

'But I can prove that he cheated me. Lord Percy promised to bequeath my favourite horse Stella to me. On our last ride together! He said that he had written it in his last testament. He also wanted to give me a locket for my birthday. 'Cause I remind him of someone, he said.'

'His sister, probably,' the priest says, nodding.

Suddenly, Ann's voice turns sad. You can see that she was very fond of the Lord.

'Yeah, and then, all of a sudden, the box with the family jewels was missing...'
Quizly nods his head slowly. 'Okay, but we still don't have any solid evidence,' he says. 'We'd have to find the original last testament – or at least the copy Lord Percy told Father Donnelly about.'

'But how? Serafin doesn't allow me in the castle,' Ann says in a loud voice.

'According to him, a stable girl stinks and has no place in the castle. Think of that! I used to be there every day.'

'We'll see about that,' Martin says and gives Ann an encouraging look before turning to his uncle. 'Won't we, Uncle Isy?'

'Indeed we will,' murmurs Quizly. 'If need be, I'll do a little spooking in the castle at night myself.'

They continue to talk a while, then Father Donnelly says, 'After you finish fishing you should really drop by our pub. It is amazing what you can hear there when you keep your ears open. But stay on the street. The path through the moor is too dangerous if you don't know the way.'

After that, he says goodbye, gets on his bike and rides off.

Ann climbs on her horse and rides off, too.

'I think I just had a bite,' says Martin and tugs on his line. Whatever is on the other end is very heavy. Martin can't pull it in alone so his uncle helps him.

But not even the two of them are able to pull the fish out of the water.

'There's only one possibility: either you've got *Nessy* on your line or your hook is caught on bottom!' says Quizly. 'Do you remember the time we had an old stroller on the line?'

'I'm going to take a closer look,' Martin says. He takes off his t-shirt and jumps into the water.

A moment later he comes to the surface, blowing like a whale. In his right hand there is a large box covered with seaweed.

Quizly notices the coat of arms on the lid and says, 'I'll eat my shoes without ketchup if that isn't the missing box of the Lemons'.'

'It's empty,' says Martin, disappointed.

'Of course,' Inspector Quizly says with a little smile. 'The thief emptied it and then threw it into the lake.'

'He didn't want to leave any clues,' Martin adds.

'Right! And that's why we're going to put it right back where you found it. If someone sees it in our room, they'll think that we are the thieves.' Quizly thinks a moment then says, 'I've got an idea...'

'Hey! Do you see that writing?' Martin cries, pointing at the lid of the box. Inspector Quizly takes out his magnifying glass and says, 'Hmm. Ycrep & Enaxor. And beside that is a heart. It looks like a pair of lovers wrote this.'

"Funny names", says Martin. "Maybe old Celtic?"

Just then, Quizly has another of his well-known brainwaves. 'The inscription is not as old as it looks at first glance! It can't be more than ten to twelve years old. One of the names belongs to someone we are dealing with. We'll have to find out what the other name means.'

After that, he throws the box back into the water. With a gurgling sound it sinks slowly into the dark water beside the wharf.

Calling all detectives who are good at calligraphy

What is the meaning of Ycrep & Enaxor? Who can already decipher the two names and guess what they refer to?

At the Meagre Grouse

'What a beauty!' cries Bessy the cook, as Quizly hands her the magnificent salmon at the door of the pub. 'You don't intend to eat it all by yourself, do you?'

Quizly laughs. 'Of course not. Everyone is welcome to join us!'

'I'll do my best to prepare a real feast,' says the chubby cook. 'But it'll take a while.'



‘In the meantime, we can make some funny photos, Uncle Isy!’ Martin says.
‘See that photo wall next to the pub? When you stick your head through that hole, you look like a real Scotsman.’
Quizly smiles. ‘Good idea! That’s the picture of me in a kilt I promised to send Chips, Sandman and Onion!’

Next to the pub a young man is polishing his Harley Davidson.
‘Can I sit on it?’ Martin asks, pointing at the Harley.
‘It belongs to Dr Serafin. But if you only want a photo, he sure wouldn’t mind,’ says the young man with a big smile.

Pleased with the photos they’ve taken, Inspector Quizly and Martin enter the pub half an hour later. A lively discussion is taking place. McStar and Mandy Rose are talking about what had happened to them that morning. The large crowd is hanging on every word.
‘...for sure someone hid the loot under our mattress,’ says McStar in an angry tone of voice.
‘...and then Dr Serafin just kicked us out!’ says Mandy upset.
‘Right in front of the hotel guests – that was embarrassing, I can tell you!’ McStar adds excitedly, with a glance at Quizly and Martin.
‘That needn’t be embarrassing,’ Quizly assures him, looking closely at the faces before him. ‘My nephew and I are sure that you haven’t got anything to do with the robbery. Someone tried to frame you. Do you have any enemies at the castle?’
‘None that I know of,’ answers Mandy Rose.
‘And Dr Serafin was always friendly to us – before that happened!’ McStar adds.
‘But I had the feeling today that he was happy to get rid of you. Perhaps that little incident with the robbery was the chance he’d been waiting for.’
‘Little incident? We’re ruined!’ McStar cries angrily.
‘We’re homeless and jobless,’ sobs Mandy Rose. Tears glisten in her eyes. There’s no-one at the *Meagre Grouse* who doesn’t feel sorry for the two of them.

Cathy Fry is one of them and she decides to put in a good word for them with her boss. She is Dr Serafin's receptionist and often eats lunch in the pub because the food in the clinic isn't good. Serafin is always very attentive to her. Almost too attentive sometimes, she thinks.

'Dinner is ready!' shouts Bessy and kicks open the swinging door with her foot. She is carrying the beautifully cooked salmon in small portions on a large platter.

'Enjoy your meal!' Quizly shouts. 'Come on. There's enough for everyone.' As Bessy is putting a lovely piece of salmon on Cathy Fry's plate, she notices the locket on Cathy's neck.

'That's a pretty trinket you've got there, Cathy,' she says. 'Is it new?'

'My boss gave it to me for my birthday,' she answers, turning red. It's costume jewellery. He bought it in Paris when he was at the medical congress there.'

'I'm not so sure about that,' whispers Quizly to his nephew Martin. 'If I'm not completely mistaken, we've seen that locket somewhere before!'

'I know what you mean,' says Martin. Then he tucks into his meal.

The talk around the table is all about ghosts and monsters. And naturally about Nessy, who draws crowds of curious tourists and reporters every summer.

'It was only natural that *Nessy's* sister *Lessy* became the famous spook of Loch Lemon. 'That's what gave Lord Lemon that idea about the haunted castle. It turned out to be a huge success, too,' the landlord adds proudly.

'It gave us a good job, that's for sure,' McStar sighs.

Martin, sitting next to McStar, leans over and whispers, 'Did you know that besides you and Mandy there was a third ghost last night? I got a good look at it!'

'Really?' McStar's eyes open wide. 'Who was it?'

'Dunno. It was hidden under a white sheet.'

'I'm afraid 99% of all ghosts look like that,' McStar says, shaking his head sadly. 'That's no help to us.'

‘Not so fast,’ says Inspector Quizly. ‘Every little detail is important. When we finish here, I’d like to have a look in the case you keep your ghost costumes in.’

Questions:

1. Why does Inspector Quizly want to look in the actors’ case?
2. Where had Inspector Quizly seen Cathy’s locket before?

1. He’d like to see if any of the ghost costumes have a hole in them.
2. In Lady Wimmermore’s portrait in the portrait gallery.

(5 and 5 =10 brainpower points)

THE CODED FAX

Because it is raining that afternoon, Martin and his uncle are able to hang around in the castle library for hours without arousing suspicion.

Quizly takes advantage of the situation to browse around the bookshelves without attracting attention. But there’s no trace of the missing last testament.

‘Serafin is a rogue, that’s for sure,’ says Martin.

‘Right, but we still can’t prove it,’ Inspector Quizly sighs.

At that moment, Moses the butler comes in carrying a silver tray with a sheet of paper on it.

‘A fax. It just arrived,’ he says. ‘But it’s written in a strange language.’

‘It’s an ancient form of old Pekinese,’ Quizly says with a grin. ‘A friend of mine is a linguist.’

He winks at Martin. Quizly knows that the coded fax is from his office in Hamburg. All of the faxes sent to him when he is away are coded by *Kryptofix*, his special coding program.

‘May I?’ Martin asks and takes the fax. He loves to decode secret messages.

WW BSTYVA, BSLB BSP MCBWPÜ VYZEA XZÜP

LAV LMZCB BSP APNÜPB ÜZZX

TQ SP SPATBLBPA LAV LMZCB ÄZZÄPÜ. AA*) (Kryptofix Code)

(written in code, must be decoded, free App www.kryptofix.de*)

Within minutes, Martin hands Inspector Quizly back the decoded text. "It was easy. I used your Kryptifix*) - Decoder", he says.

‘Great. Let’s begin with the butler,’ Quizly says.

Calling all specialists in secret writing

1. Can you decode the fax, too? (use the Kryptofix App!)
2. Who is LL?
3. Who is SS?

The mystery surrounding the secret cabinet

Moses the butler is very reserved at first. He refuses to give any information about his former and his current employer.

‘Discretion is a must for a butler,’ he says.

‘That’s fine. So you won’t tell anyone that we’re here on behalf of Lady Laura, the rightful heir of Spooky Hill,’ says Inspector Quizly.

‘Oh!’ whispers the butler. He tries to hide his shock but cannot. ‘Can you prove that?’ he says in a shaky voice.

‘Lady Laura said we should say the secret word ‘pooper’ to you. It’s a word that means something only to you.’

‘Pooper?’ the butler repeats and smiles from ear to ear. ‘Yes, I know that word. It’s the name of the guinea pig Lady Laura kept in her room, a secret from her very strict father.’ He looks at Martin, then at Quizly. ‘I believe you now. How can I help you?’

Quizly smiles. ‘There must be a secret room in the castle. Lady Laura thinks that the Lord hid a copy of the testament there.’

‘A secret room? Most likely there is one. Where it is exactly – that’s something only a lord and his eldest son know. But Lord Percy didn’t have a son, and he passed away before he had the chance to tell his sister about it.’

‘Do you have any idea where the room could be?’

The butler hesitates before answering. He looks around to make sure no-one is listening, then whispers, ‘No, uh, yes, of course. The entrance must be hidden somewhere in the library. I remember one evening when I brought him his glass of port wine. Lord Percy had been sitting at his desk in the library a moment before and suddenly, he was gone. I placed the glass and the carafe on his desk. Shortly after, he came from the library and asked me for biscuits and tea. He had a stomach ache, he said.’

‘You mean he was in the room but you didn’t see him?’

The butler nods quickly. 'I even called him and he didn't answer,' he says. 'There must be a secret door in that room somewhere.'

'Are there construction drawings of the castle?'

The butler shakes his head. 'Not to my knowledge. But perhaps they are in the secret cabinet. In the course of history, there were many battles and attacks on the castle. Almost all the palaces and castles in Scotland have got some secret tunnels or secret rooms. That was of vital importance in times of war. Of course, no-one except the lord of the castle knew where they were.'

A little smile appears on Inspector Quizly's face. 'I think I'll be the one to haunt the castle tonight. I'm going to take a close look around.'

'You could take my place as the castle ghost,' the butler suggests. 'I have to admit that I don't feel comfortable in that ridiculous role.'

'I'm an experienced ghost. I was the part of a ghost on my last class outing,' Martin says. 'Can I come along?'

'That might be a good idea,' Quizly smiles.

The butler fetches two white sheets for them. After that, they retire to the tower room for a dress rehearsal.

'You look really weird, Uncle Isy! A ghost with a pot belly!' Martin pulls his uncle over to the mirror and lets out a loud laugh. 'Inspector Roly-Poly! If only Mr Chips could see you now.'

'Shhh!' says Quizly in an angry voice. 'Not so loud or we'll be exposed before the ghost show even begins.'

Quizly takes off his costume quickly and hangs it on a clothes hook in the bathroom.

'On the way to dinner we're going to take a close look at the rooms we'll be 'haunting', so we don't miss anyone,' Quizly says. 'I promised Moses that.'

That evening there is a candlelight dinner. Again, the table under the portrait of Lady Wimmermore is reserved for Quizly and his nephew.

‘Take a good look at that picture,’ Quizly whispers, pointing at the portrait.

‘You were right. The locket looks just like the one Cathy Fry was wearing,’ Martin says.

‘What can we conclude from that?’

‘Either there are several lockets like that or – ‘ Martin’s eyes opened wide – ‘it’s from the family jewels!’

‘Right you are, my friend!’ Quizly says, nodding.

‘That would mean that Dr Serafin didn’t buy it in Paris, but took it from the jewellery box.’

‘Could be,’ Quizly says.

Their desert is an ice-cream sundae topped with whipped cream. A smile lights up Quizly’s face. It’s his favourite kind of desert. Soon he is down to his last spoonful.

He wipes off his mouth with the napkin and says to Martin, ‘And now let’s go and see if we can make Dr Serafin nervous.’

He gets up and stands on his chair in order to study Lady Wimmermere’s locket with his magnifying glass.



Dr Serafin observes what Quizly is doing, he shouts: 'How dare you! Get away from those portraits! They are valuable originals!'

'I was only taking a closer look at that locket. It's very unusual...' Quizly says.

Serafin turns around quickly and hurries off. Martin watches him as he stops at the end of the gallery and talks to Moses, the butler.

Shortly after, Moses serves the coffee. When he reaches Quizly, he whispers, 'What were you doing with that portrait? Serafin said that you put your hands on it and now I have to remove it to have it restored.'

'Wonderful! He's getting nervous,' replies Quizly, rubbing his hands gleefully.

Question

What does Dr Serafin's reaction indicate?

Dangerous spooks and ghosts

The clock in the castle tower strikes midnight.

‘Come on!’ Inspector Quizly says to Martin. ‘It’s time for action!’

A moment later two ghosts, one small and the other roly-poly, scurry through the dark corridors of the castle.

They visit the rooms of Mrs Viehl, Mr Springli and four or five other guests who signed up for the “*Real Ghost Experience*”.

‘I think we’ve attended to everyone,’ Quizly whispers to Martin. ‘Now it’s off to the library!’

Using his special little detective laser-torch, Quizly searches every square inch of the bookshelves.

‘There must be a hidden door! The lord had dissapeared when Moses brought him his port wine,’ he whispers.

‘I found an old key. It was here – in this Chinese vase! Is it to the hidden door?’ Martin says, pointing at the vase.

‘Could be. But look over here. Do you see these marks?’ Inspector Quizly flashes his torch on the floor. Martin nods when he sees the semicircular scratches an the wooden floor.

‘Could they be from a revolving door or something like that?’

‘Quite possible! And that old encyclopedia over there looks quite worn...’

Inspector Quizly takes the old book from the shelf and suddenly smiles.

‘Well, well. Aren’t we clever!’

He points to an old-fashioned lock on the back panel of the bookshelf which becomes now visible behind the book. ‘Give me the key from the vase!’

And lo and behold, the key from the Chinese vase fits perfectly in the old lock. Quizly has to twist and turn it several times, but then it clicks and opens the lock. He presses on the book shelves a moment and suddenly, a section of the shelf swings open onto a long, dark passageway.

'Wow! Really scary!' Martin's eyes are open wide.



Inspector Quizly shines his light into the passageway. He sees a small room. In the middle of it, there's an oak desk with a stack of old documents. A candle on the table indicates that there is no electric light.

'Follow me!' whispers Inspector Quizly as he worms his way into the passageway.

The stuffed elk hanging over the desk shows that the lord was a passionate hunter. Next to it hangs the coat of arms of the Lemons' with a unicorn, a dragon, a bridge and a lemon. Above the bookshelf full of old books there are several spider nests.

Inspector Quizly glances at the dusty documents on the desk. He notices some old construction drawings and a bundle of love letters from Lord Percy to a certain Roxanne. They are twelve years old. But what he was looking for is of more recent date.

He is so busy searching through the old documents that he is unaware that someone in the library has been observing his every move.

He opens the desk and there, right before his eyes, is the last testament!

'Dated March of this year, just as Lady Laura had said,' he says to himself as he slips the document under his ghost costume.

Just then, the secret door closes and the lock snaps shut.

The sound of mocking laughter can be heard.

Shocked, Quizly and his nephew run for the door. But it is too late. The key grates in the lock.

'The key! We left it in the lock! How dumb can you get?' cries Martin.

A muffled voice on the other side of the door sneers, 'Go to hell! The Spooky Hill ghosts have met their master!'

'Damn it!' Inspector Quizly is furious. 'We're caught in a trap!'

'Is it Serafin?' asks Martin.

Quizly nods. He has no doubt that it's Serafin who got them into this hopeless situation.

The room is oppressively small and sticky.

'We've got to get out of here fast. Otherwise we will really be ghosts soon,' Martin murmurs.

'Keep cool, my friend!' says Quizly. He lights a candle and says, 'We don't want to run down the torch batteries.'

Together they push on the secret door, but it doesn't move an inch.

'High quality workmanship,' Quizly says with a twisted smile.

'Hey! Take a look at the candle,' Martin cries. He has noticed that the flame is leaning to one side, just as though there was a light draught coming from the right side.

'Is there perhaps a gap in the wall? Another way out?' Quizly hesitates a moment, then takes the candle and moves along the wall. And there it is: a gap between the bricks in the wall with cool air coming through.

'If that isn't the back door for spiders and cockroaches, it just could be an emergency exit!' he says hopefully. 'That would make sense. There were always escape routes in these old secret rooms. Otherwise, the residents of the castle would be caught in their own trap, just like we are now!'

'All we have to do is find it,' says Martin in a shaky voice.

'I got it! The construction drawings!' Quizly cries and begins searching through the stack of documents on the desk.

Soon he finds what he's looking for: the plan of the library-floor.

'Behind the library there seems to be a double wall. The dotted red line is most likely the escape route.'

'Oh, great!' Martin says ironically. 'It leads through the vault to the moat around the castle. But how do we get there?'

‘Maybe this can help us,’ says Inspector Quizly, pointing at a weather-beaten inscription on the wall.

‘The same saying we saw on the family coat of arms over the desk,’ says Martin. ‘*Per aspera ad astra* – what does it mean? Is it a magic spell?’

Quizly shakes his head. ‘Nope. It’s Latin and it means, “Through the night to the light”,’ he explains. For a long moment, he thinks about what the words could stand for.

Suddenly, his face lights up and he smiles.

‘The coat of arms shows us the way to the light!’ he cries. He takes the coat of arms down from the wall. Behind it someone has sprayed what looks like a picture puzzle.

"There is a bush, with a p instead of the b", murmures Martin.

"And this is the picture of an Elk Nose", says Quizly.

Inspector Quizly and his nephew quickly get the right information from the drawings...

.Seconds later, the inspector opens a secret door, leading through the double wall to the vault and on through the castle moat to freedom!

Questions

1. Can you solve the picture puzzle?
2. How does Inspector Quizly open the secret door?

Cought in the trap

‘We made it! Thank goodness!’ cries Inspector Quizly, as he climbs out of the moat into the park.

‘What do we do next?’ , asks Martin.

‘Nothing. We’re going to act as if nothing happened - until Serafin makes a mistake. Early tomorrow morning, as soon as we catch him, I’m going to call my friend McTool of the Scottish police to come and arrest him.’

‘But how can we catch him?’ Martin wants to know.

‘We’re going to set a trap. I’ve got it all figured out. Moses will help us.’ Quizly smiles and pats Martin on the shoulder. ‘But now it’s time to go to bed and get a good night’s sleep. Tomorrow we’ll have to be wide awake!’

Martin is too excited to sleep at first. When he finally falls asleep it’s already dawn.

Quizly sleeps like a log. When he wakes up at seven o’clock, he climbs up onto the tower platform. That’s where his cell phone works best.

First he calls McTool. He says he can be in Spooky Hill by eleven o’clock. Next he calls Sandy Sandman.

She’s still at home and is just drying her hair when she gets the call.

‘Listen, Sandy. This is urgent and top secret. At nine o’clock this morning I want you to send a Mail to me at Spooky Hill. Use the Kryptofix Code writing. This is the text:

Need the box the family jewels were in. Even if it’s empty. The secret number of our Swiss bank account is written on the lid. That’s my only chance to get the money! Thanks for your help, LL.’

‘No problem, chief! How is everything going?’

‘The fish has taken the bait,’ says Inspector Quizly. ‘We just have to pull it in.’

Smiling to himself, he ends the call and goes back down to the tower room.

At half past eight he wakes Martin.

‘Rise and shine. The countdown has started!’ says Quizly and pulls off Martin’s blanket.

Shortly after nine they are having breakfast when Moses comes in with the expected fax from Hamburg.

‘When will your boss be here?’ Inspector Quizly asks.

‘Around about ten o’clock,’ Moses replies.

‘Would you please inform him that I have received a suspicious Mail. He should read it. Tell him that. It’s very important.’

Moses hesitates. ‘But the writing is in Old Pekinese?’

‘No. This Krxptofix, which Secret Services use. Show him the Original and tell him, you found the transcription from my paper basket. After that, he’ll run down to the lake. We’ll take care of the rest.’

Moses the butler gives in. ‘If you say so,’ he says finally. He doesn’t feel at all comfortable about playing the part of assistant detective.

‘Perhaps you could tell him that we weren’t at breakfast. He locked us up last night. It would be better if he didn’t find out that we escaped.’

‘I’ll do it for Lady Laura.’ The butler lets out a deep sigh and runs his hand through his hair nervously. Telling lies is against his nature. Moses is an honest soul.

Quizly and Martin pack their fishing equipment and go down to the lake. They hide behind a bush on the lakeside, from where they have a clear view of the pier.



Then Quizly calls Inspector McTool and says, 'The hook is baited!' Of course, he doesn't mean the fat worm on his fishing line, which he has just cast into the water, but rather the empty box lying at the bottom of the lake near the pier.

'I'm on my way!' McTool assures him.

The clear waters of the lake lie as smooth as glass against the beautiful backdrop of the mountains. Martin doesn't feel like fishing. He's much too excited for that. Instead, he busies himself making huge footprints in the moist sand with his hands.

He grins and says, 'They look like dragon footprints, don't they? We can tell everyone at the pub that we saw Lessie come out of the lake and walk along the shore here!'

'But first we're going to watch for another monster,' says Inspector Quizly. 'If I'm not mistaken, it's coming along right now.'

Just then, an olive green SUV draws to a halt with squeaking brakes at the pier. Serafin gets out. He looks around quickly. Then he takes off his clothes and wades out into the lake. When he reaches the end of the pier he dives under the water.

'Let's go!' cries Quizly.

He runs to the pier, Martin right behind him.

Quizly searches through Serafin's clothes to make sure that he's not armed.

Martin takes out his camera.

The photos he takes are sensational:

Serafin coming out of the water with a happy smile on his face;

Serafin dripping wet on the pier holding the box covered with seaweed;



Serafin looking shocked as he suddenly sees Quizly pop up from behind the SUV.

‘No, I’m not a ghost,’ says Quizly, grinning from ear to ear. ‘But I bet you’d prefer that!’

For a moment, Serafin is shocked. Then he cries out angrily, ‘Give me that camera!’

Martin turns and runs. Serafin runs after him but Martin is faster.’

Out of breath, Serafin gives up the chase. ‘I’ll get you yet, you little rascal!’ he cries out to the boy.

Quizly walks up to him calmly and says, ‘Dr Serafin, I’m afraid I must arrest you. For legacy hunting, forgery, robbery and a particularly serious case of unlawful detention!’

‘It wasn’t me who locked you up. You can’t prove it was me!’ Serafin cries. He grabs his clothes, jumps in his SUV, ready to make a fast getaway. But the car keys are missing!

‘Damn it all!’ he yells.

‘It’s no good trying to get away. My colleagues from the Scottish police will be here any minute now,’ says Inspector Quizly in a calm voice. ‘In fact, there they come now!’ He points toward the opposite shore of the lake.

But Serafin isn’t going to wait for them. He seizes the box and runs off.

He is confident he can escape because as a grouse hunter he knows the hidden paths running through the moor better than anyone else. Within minutes he has disappeared behind the reeds.

‘He can’t stay in the moor. He’ll try to return to the village,’ Quizly says to Martin.

‘The motorcycle! His motorcycle is next to the pub. Behind the pub there’s a path that leads directly to the moor. I’ll go after him! But first I need some fishing line!’ Martin says breathlessly.

‘Fishing line? What for?’

‘As a trip wire. To trip him up with!’ cries Martin, rummaging around in his angling bag.

‘Good idea.’ Quizly nods and smiles at the boy. ‘I’ll inform McTool.’

Martin runs off.

Immediately, Inspector Quizly calls McTool and tells him to drive directly to the *Meagre Grouse*.

Martin has just finished stretching the fishing line across the entrance to the moorepath behind the pub when Serafin comes running. He’s come to pick up his motorcycle, just as Martin thought he would.

He doesn’t notice the ankle-high fishing line stretched tight across the path and, sure enough, he trips over it and falls heavily to the ground. He lands almost at the feet of McTool and his men, the box in the grass beside him.

Inspector Quizly picks up the box and smiles. ‘This box isn’t the only evidence we have of his criminal actions,’ he says to McTool.

Calling all detectives who don’t get bogged down in the Scottish moor

1. Why does the box prove that Serafin stole the jewels?
2. Which of Serafin’s sentences shows that he was the one who locked Quizly and Martin away in the secret room?
3. What other evidence indicate that Serafin is guilty?

A final surprise

Out on his daily bike ride, Father Donnelly is surprised to see a large crowd in front of the *Meagre Grouse*.

He stops and asks Bessy the cook: 'What's going on? An accident? Is something wrong?'



'No, on the contrary: something's perfectly right!' Bessy laughs, rubbing her hands on her apron. 'They caught Serafin!'

'They?', Donnelly wonders.

‘The roly-poly gentleman over there,’ Bessy answers, pointing at Inspector Quizly. ‘He’s not only a very good fisherman, he is also a famous detective. He’s the one who solved the case. But ask him yourself.’

‘There’s something I’ve been wanting to ask you,’ Quizly says, after Father Donelly congratulates him on catching Serafin. ‘Who was Roxanne?’

‘Where did you get that name?’ Father Donelly looks at the detective in surprise. ‘Roxanne was Ann’s mother. She died giving birth to her. That’s why Ann was placed in a cloister.’

‘Roxanne?’ cries Bessy, her eyes wide with excitement. ‘Why, she was the girl Lord Percy fell in love with, who suddenly vanished twelve years ago.’

‘Vanished – into a cloister,’ adds Father Donelly.

‘I suspected something like that after I found the love letters,’ says Quizly. ‘Besides that, I couldn’t help but notice that Ann looks like Lady Laura.’

Bessy’s mouth falls open. ‘What are you saying? That Ann is the daughter of Lord Percy?’

‘Exactly!’ says Quizly.

That very day Lady Laura has booked a flight to Scotland. She arrives in Spooky Hill late that afternoon and hurries to meet Quizly.

He tells her the story of how he solved the case and ends his report with the words,

‘I’m afraid you’ll have to share your inheritance with someone else.’

‘Someone else?’ Lady Laura asks with an astonished look on her face.

‘Yes. Your brother had a daughter!’

Lady Laura shakes her head. ‘A – a daughter? He didn’t say anything about a daughter.’

Quizly nods. ‘Because he didn’t know anything about her. But here she is!’ he says, pointing at a young girl.

‘Ann?’ Laura cries, taking the girl in her arms. ‘You – you’re my niece – my real niece? What a wonderful surprise. I’m so happy!’

Quizly smiles and says, ‘Now that the case has been solved and everyone’s happy, Martin and I can go fishing in peace at last.’

Just then, a reporter comes running up to him and cries, ‘Can I use your cell phone? My battery is dead.’

Inspector Quizly loans him his cell, so he can phone the newspaper office in Edinburgh. Quizly is amused to hear the reporter say, ‘Dr Serafin arrested and sensational footprints of a monster discovered on the shore of Loch Lemon!’

Lady Laura winks at Inspector Quizly. ‘It looks like we needn’t worry about our next tourist season.’ Then she turns to her niece and says, ‘Come on, Ann. You and I have got a lot to talk about.’ Smiling, she takes the girl by the hand and leads her into the castle.

A last question:

From whom, do you think, are the mysterious footprints?

No cheating friends, or you loose your detective license!

Inspector Quizly

Solutions:

Chapter 1

Because Lord Percy was in Hamburg on the day the last testament was supposedly drawn up in Spooky Hill, he could not have signed it himself.

(10 brainpower points for the right answer)

Chapter 2

- a. Dr Serafin
- b. He knows that it was a wallet that was stolen
- c. He needs a reason to terminate the contract
- d. As the third ghost
- e. He hid the wallet in the actors' room while they were at breakfast

(10 brainpower points for the right answer)

Chapter 3

Percy & Roxanne

Percy is Lord Lemon and Roxanne is his former girlfriend

(10 brainpower points for the right answer)

Chapter 4

1. He'd like to see if any of the ghost costumes have a hole in them.
2. In Lady Wimmermore's portrait in the portrait gallery.

(10 brainpower points for the right answer)

Chapter 5

((LL thinks that the butler knows more.

Ask about the secret room!

If he hesitates, ask about pooper! SS))

1. LL thinks that the butler knows more.
Ask about the secret room!
If he hesitates, ask about pooper! SS
2. Lady Laura
3. Sandy Sandman

(10 brainpower points for the right answer)

Chapter 6

He has a bad conscience. He has probably stolen the locket.

(5 brainpower points)

Chapter 7

(20 brainpowerpionts)

1. Push the nose of the elk!
2. Quickly presses the nose of the stuffed elk over the desk, then the door opens.

Chapter 8

(20 brainpowerpionts)

1. Only the one who threw the box in the lake knows where the box can be found
2. 'I didn't lock you up!'

3. The locket he gave his receptionist

(10 brainpower points)

Chapter 9

It was Martin's idea to produce fake Nessie footprints in the mud at the shore.

(5 brainpowerpoints)

Evaluation

Brainpowerpoints/Chapter	your score	merits
1 = 10	1-10	you should rather become popstar or tennis crack
2 = 10	11-30	promising starter
3 = 10	31-50	junior detective
4 = 10	51-70	master detective
5 = 10	81-100	super detective
6 = 5	over 100	you cheated and loose your detective license
7 = 20		
8 = 20		
9 = 5		
Total 100 points		