

I couldn't believe my eyes! My BW was missing! Wait, let me start at the beginning, when the great mystery began.

My full name is Ivy Zia Johnson and I am 12 years old. My mom, Anne Johnson, is a 48 year-old lawyer. My dad, Matthew Johnson, is a painter and is 50. My little brother Cody is 2 years old and is the biggest trouble maker in the history of 2 year-olds. My older sister Emma is 18, works at Dairy Queen, and NEVER stops texting. My parents are super busy with their jobs and Cody. Emma, who recently got in to the University of Michigan, seems to never be home. I would be all alone if it weren't for my wonderful grandparents. Now my grandparents, well, they aren't exactly your regular grandma and grandpa. My grandpa, Grandpa Ray, is a famous inventor and is the richest person in the U.S. My grandma, Grandma Alyssa, is Grandpa Ray's assistant and even though she is 73 she still works like a 20 year old. Even though my grandparents are so rich, they actually only live a short while away. I couldn't bike there because they live in a much nicer area than my family does, which means they have to live at least a little far away. They could live closer but they wouldn't be able to live in their mansion. They really like their mansion.

Grandpa Ray recently invented a new scooter made just for me! I couldn't wait for him to show it to me! I woke up feeling groggy and exhausted. You can't blame me, anticipation makes it very hard to sleep. Suddenly, I hopped up and shouted.

“Grandpa's coming with my scooter!”

“Shush Ivy! You'll wake the entire neighborhood!” My mom said in her scolding voice. Before I could apologize, Emma shouted.

“Yeah, Shut up!” Her voice was muffled because of the pillow over her head, but could clearly hear the annoyed tone she often used.

“Teenagers!” I mumbled to myself. I ran into the kitchen, nearly hitting Cody, who was currently trying to get into the candy cabinet. I scooped him up and walked over to Dad who, while watching Cody, had dozed off. Again. I walked over to him and shook the lazy man awake and handed Cody to him while he mumbled a lame apology. I wasn’t mad. I couldn’t be. I was way too excited. Suddenly, there was a knock on the door.

I ran to get it.

“Grandpa! Grandma! Do you have it! Do you have it!” I exclaimed.

“Be patient Ivy. No pestering.” Mom said, emerging from the bathroom, freshly showered. So I waited patiently while the older people greeted each other. I whispered my complaints to Cody but no one else. Finally, Grandpa Ray brought me outside where something wrapped up in paper was lying on the grass.

“Go ahead and open it, but be careful.” Grandpa Ray said, grinning. I was so excited that I didn’t even notice Emma walk outside in her pajamas. I ripped open the gift and shrieked when I saw what was there.

A green scooter with purple handle bars and blue wheels had been hiding underneath the paper. I was surprised how normal it looked.

“Look at the bottom” Grandpa Ray said, seeing my surprise. I flipped the scooter over and found a black metal rectangle that stretched over the entire underside, but was only an inch thick.

“What does this do?” I asked, pointing to the box.

“It controls the wheels.” Grandpa answered. “All you have to do is stand on the scooter and think go. The metal box will sense the brain waves and go. Then you just steer.” Every one

except Grandma Alyssa and Grandpa Ray was stunned. Grandma Alyssa continued where Grandpa Ray left off.

“We call it the BW scooter, or just the BW. Short for brain waves. Oh! And one more thing. The scooter will only sense Ivy’s brain waves. No one else can ride it. Not one other scooter like this exists. Enjoy!” The amazing inventors hopped in their car and drove off, leaving my family standing in the grass with our mouths wide open.

One month later, when I had gotten used to my scooter, I was on my BW going to Dairy Queen. I got off and locked up my scooter with a top notch security lock which I always used. I had locked my scooter at the bike rack a block away from Dairy Queen since there wasn’t a bike rack anywhere closer. I got my vanilla ice cream covered in chocolate and finished it before I got to my scooter. I arrived at the bike rack and fainted.

I woke up at the hospital with my family sitting around me. They explained that my scooter was missing and when I found this out I had fainted and hit my head. The next day I was feeling well enough to write. I made a list of people who would steal the BW. To narrow down my search I only listed people who had a reason and a motive. It wasn’t a very long list considering my family is very nice. The thing that scared me the most was that one of the people on my list was Jeremy Clark, the most wanted man in America. Jeremy Clark was sent to prison for bad things, but escaped one month ago. Jeremy’s motive was getting back at my grandpa. Grandpa Ray caught Jeremy trying to steal from grandpa’s factory and put him in jail.

Two days later I was up and feeling great! At least physically. I was really upset since I was getting nowhere with my search. I went outside and started brainstorming. Suddenly I came up with an idea. I ran inside and got my money. I bought spray paint and got to work.

My plan was as follows: first, I made my regular scooter look exactly like the one I lost. Then I locked the fake scooter up with the same lock system at the same bike rack. I found a hiding place to wait. If a person came to take the scooter, I would follow them to where they went, hopefully they would lead me to my scooter. Then I could call the police. I did this exact plan up to the part where I had to hide. I was comfortable at least, but I couldn't stop moving. When I saw a person coming, I stopped fidgeting and turned my attention to the suspicious looking man. He was headed straight for the fake scooter.

The strange man put in the password to my lock that only I knew, or at least I thought I was the only one. I guess I thought wrong. When the man was far away enough that he couldn't see me, but close enough that I could still see him, I got up and started to follow him. The man walked for two miles without stopping until he reached the old abandoned building on the corner of South and Liberty. I was surprised, considering those are two super busy streets. I have walked right past the old building and never realized I was walking past a crime scene. I took out my phone and made sure I had the phone on and ready. I knew I would need evidence if I were to go to the police. My phone had a camera which is great since a girl on her phone is the perfect cover. I knew that if I called the police I wouldn't need evidence because the police officers would see the evidence for themselves, but just in case, I made sure my phone was ready. That is, of course, if I was at the right place.

I snuck around to the back of the building so no regular, innocent pedestrian could see me. I found a window and instead of poking my head up first, I put my phone up and took a bunch of pictures. This way, if anybody was in there, they would see my phone, not my face. Also, if something, for example, MY SCOOTER, was in there, I would be able to see from the

pictures. I lowered my phone and looked at the pictures. I didn't find any people amongst my numerous pictures, but in the corner of the last photo was the handle of a scooter.

I realized that the scooter wasn't mine a few seconds after seeing the photo. I knew it wasn't because the handle was blue instead of purple. The disappointment was horrible, but I knew there was still hope. I walked through the back door, which was, surprisingly, unlocked. Inside of the building was packed with scooters, bikes, skateboards, roller blades, and even pogo sticks! I took pictures, since I was assuming these things were stolen. I looked at all of the stuff and almost screamed with joy when I saw two scooters against one wall. There sat the real BW and the fake BW. I quickly called the police and explained what was happening. I don't think they believed me until a voice, loud enough to be heard by the policeman on the phone, said:

"Guys, look! There's a girl here!" I pocketed my phone quickly and turned to the noise. A man stood at the front entrance. Or should I say *did* stand there. He was coming towards me, fast. I kicked out hard right at his stomach and ran away. By the noise the man made, I knew I had hit my target. I ran until I could no longer see the man or the building. I guess I know these streets better than the visiting criminals. I sat down in front of the market that my mom always makes me go to with her. It was then that I realized who the man was. Jeremy Clark, the most wanted man in the U.S.A. Taking out my phone I called my house and explained what happened. My entire family came to pick me up, but while I was waiting I heard the sounds of sirens and knew that I would get my BW back safe and sound.