The Lost Present

This must be where she lost my present and was looking for it. Sludge sniffed the snow. I looked in the snow for a package or the snow print of a package. But the snow next to the sled marks was unbroken. I, Nate the Great, was puzzled. How could something drop off the sled and not be in the snow or leave a mark in the snow? There were no footprints either.

So I, Nate the Great, knew that no one had come along and taken the birthday present. But how did the present get off the sled, and where was it?

“This is a tough, ice-cold case,” I said to Sludge.

Sludge shivered. We trudged on. We saw Annie and her dog Fang. Sludge shivered some more. He was afraid of Fang. I, Nate the Great, was afraid of Fang. Fang ran toward us. Sludge leaped over a big pile of snow. I had never seen Sludge leap that high.

“Fang is so friendly,” Annie said. She was making a snow dog. It looked just like Fang. It had icicles for teeth.