Finding the Present

Did Sludge know something I didn’t know? I thought about footprints and sled marks in the snow and snow that had no marks in it, and six cartons of milk and other chilly things. The milk was for Rosamond’s four cats. But she bought six cartons. Who or what needed the two extra cartons of milk? And what would Rosamond think was the most beautiful present ever? Suddenly I, Nate the Great, knew what my present was, and where it was, and how it got there.

I said to Sludge, “I know what is heavy, strange, and ugly and can get off a sled without landing in the snow. The case is solved, and you were a big help. But we must go out into the cold world again.”

Sludge and I went back to the place where Rosamond had lost the present. This time I did not look down at the snow. I looked up at the tree. There was my birthday present sitting high up in the tree! It was heavy and strange and ugly, all right.