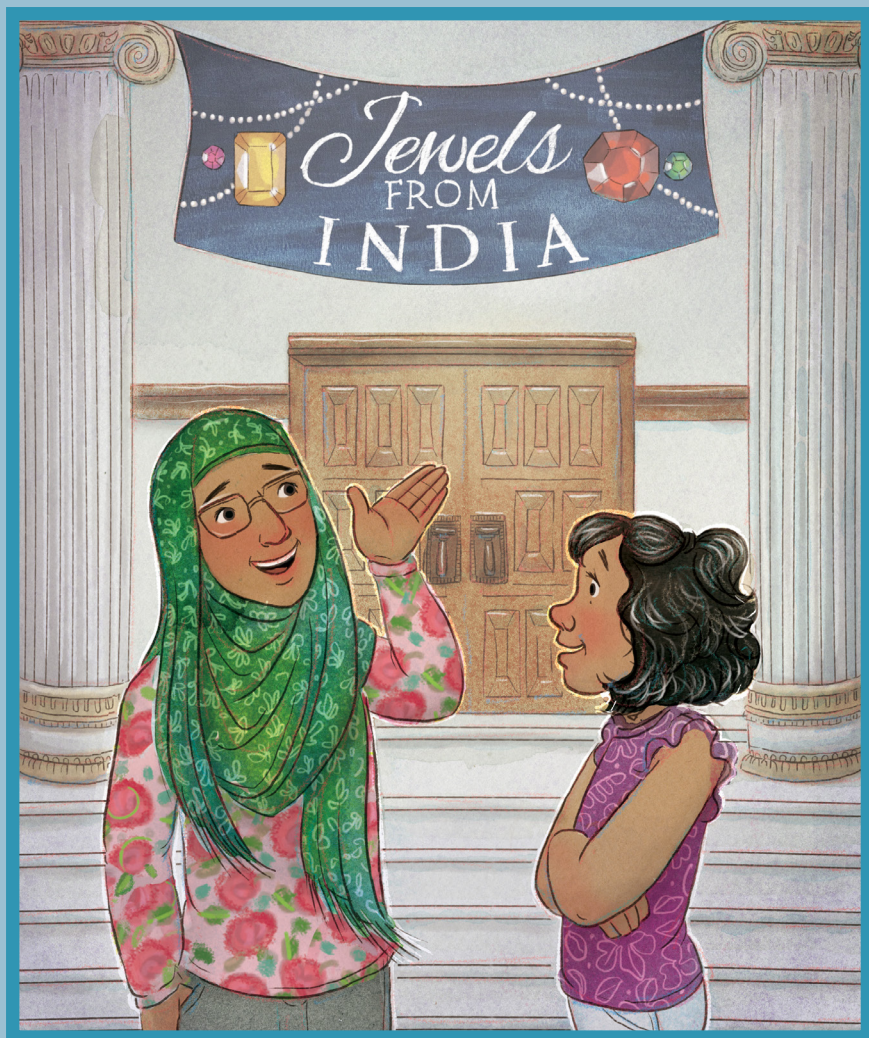


The Case of the Missing Jewel



Written by Julie Christensen
Illustrated by Apryl Stott



Chapter One: Hana

Mr. and Mrs. Darzi both worked at the museum with Beth's dad. Mr. Darzi took care of the building. Mrs. Darzi took care of the library. They had a daughter named Hana who was a year or two older than the team, but none of the kids had met her.

One day when Beth was walking Bandit, she saw the Darzis standing on the sidewalk with a girl. The girl had Mrs. Darzi's thin face and big dark eyes and had glasses just like Mr. Darzi. She was also wearing a hijab, a headscarf, like her mother.

Beth decided she ought to go over and introduce herself.

"Hi," she said, sticking out her hand. "I'm Beth Kalani, and this is my dog Bandit."



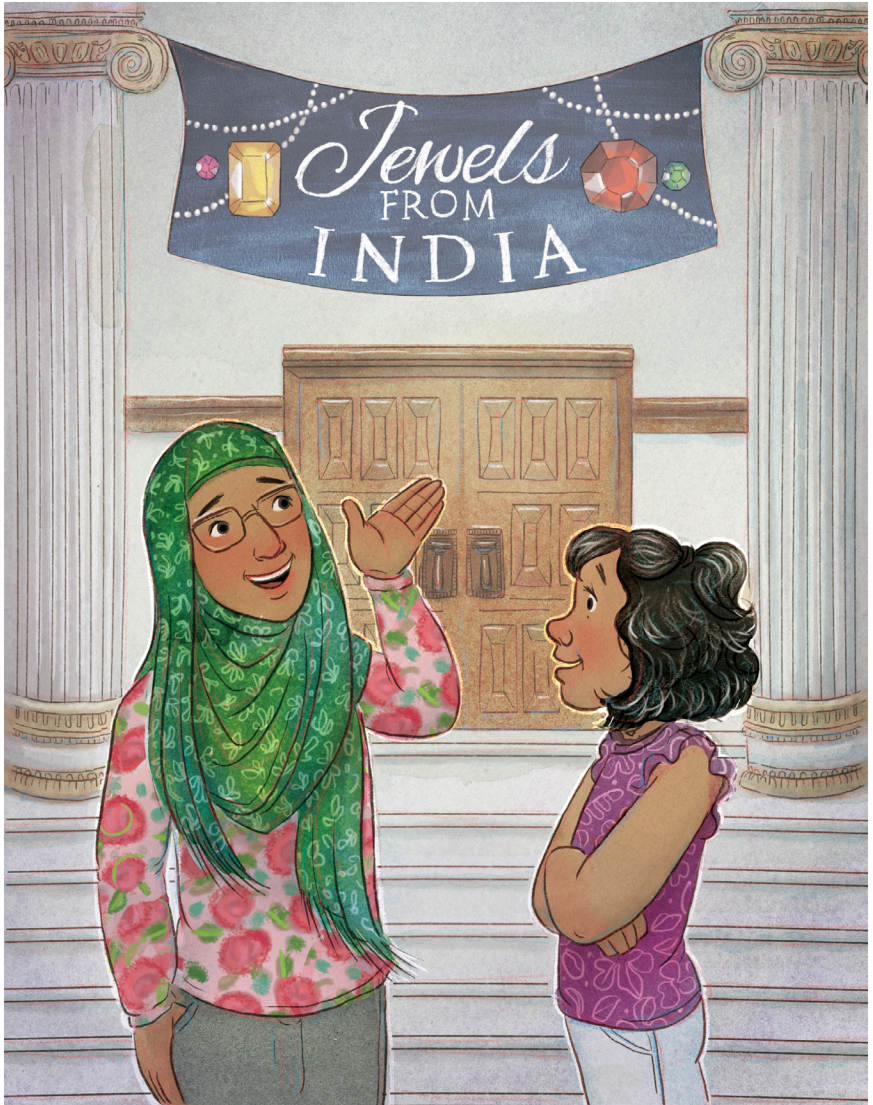
Bandit gave a friendly yip.

The girl jumped, frightened.

“It’s all right, Hana,” Mrs. Darzi told her. “Bandit is a clean, friendly dog.”

Mrs. Darzi turned to Beth. “This is my daughter, Hana. When Hana was little, we lived in a place with dirty dogs that ran wild. Many of them were sick with rabies. Parents taught their children to stay away from the dogs that could bit them and make them sick.”

“I’m sorry that my dog frightened you,” Beth said.



“It’s OK,” Hana said with a kind smile that reminded Beth of Mrs. Darzi. “Bandit seems like a good dog. He has much better manners than our naughty parrot!”

“I know Babгаа,” said Beth. “He lives in your mom’s office and likes to scold people.”

“Hana’s here to see the new exhibit,” Mr. Darzi explained. “She’s a gemologist.”

“A what?”

Hana laughed. “That’s just a fancy way of saying that I’m someone who likes learning about jewels and other rocks,” she said.

“Then you’ve come to the right place,” said Beth.

They all turned and looked at the big sign flapping over the museum entrance. “Jewels from India” it read.

“Your dad said it would be okay if I took a look at the jewels before the big opening tomorrow,” Hana said. “Do you want to come, too?”

“Sure!” said Beth. “I’ll go drop Bandit at home and come right back!”

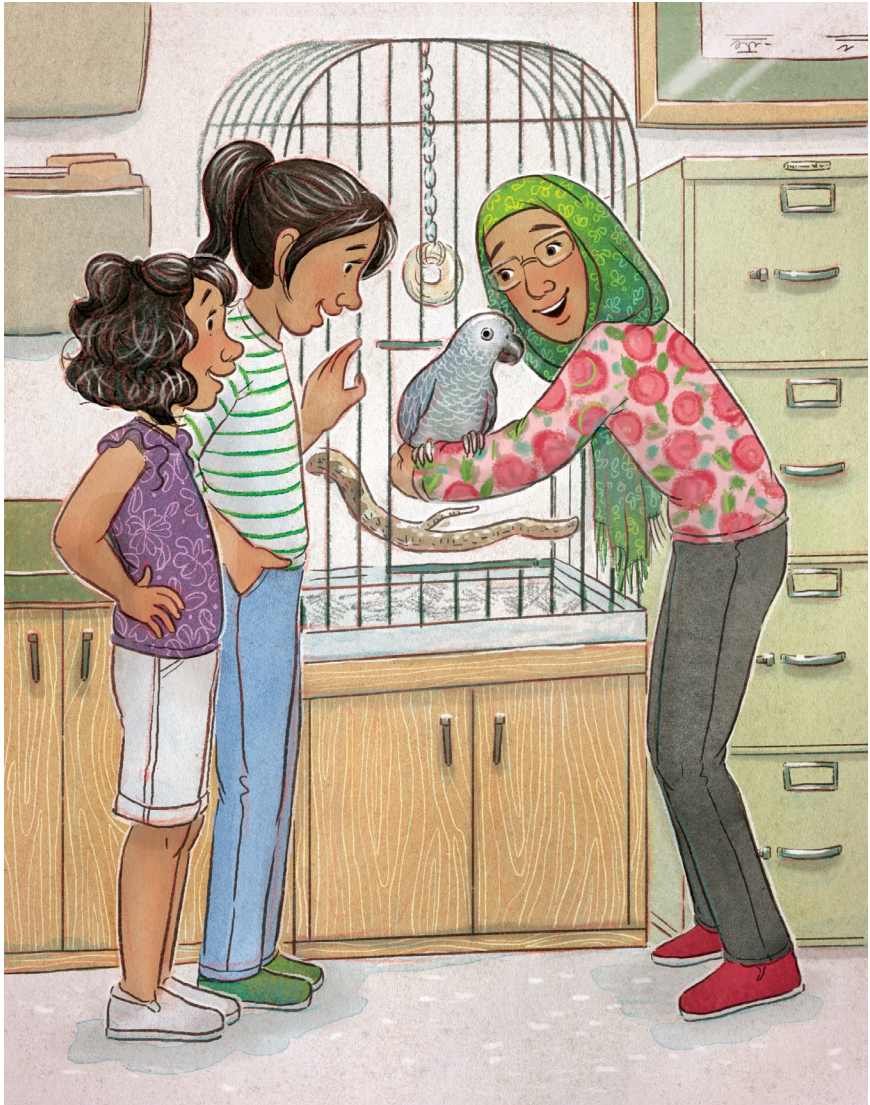


When she came back, Luz was with her. “Is it okay if my friend Luz comes with us?” she asked.

“Luz,” said Hana. “Your dad is the one who owns the diner, right?”

Luz nodded.

Mrs. Darzi unlocked the door of the museum. It was dark, empty, and strangely quiet. The three girls stepped inside.



Chapter Two: Valuable Beads

Their first stop was Mrs. Darzi's office. "If you leave parrots in their cages for too long, they get cranky," Hana explained. She opened the door to the birdcage. Babgaa, a big gray parrot with a red tail, hopped on her shoulder.



Next stop was the gallery. Mrs. Darzi unlocked the door and flipped on the lights. Jewels in glass cases sparkled to life.

Hana began showing them the oldest jewels. Luz didn't think much of them. "Those aren't jewels," she said, disappointed. "They're just beads."

Hana's hands were gentle as she picked up a couple of long, fire-colored beads. She passed one to each girl. "Do you want to hear a true story?" she asked.

The girls did.

"These come from lumps of hard, pale stone," Hana said. "The stone was so hard that people couldn't cut it into bricks. But when the rocks were burned, they became brittle. People could chip off smaller pieces. They rubbed the pieces with sand and small sharp rocks to make them smooth. When they were done, they had these fire-colored beads."



Beth tried to imagine using sandpaper to polish a rock into a bead. “That sounds like a lot of work.”

Hana nodded. “It was. But people loved the beautiful beads. They thought they brought good luck. They loved the way the beads sounded when they jangled together. They began to string them together into belts. Each belt took more than a year and a half to make. Then it took many more months for them to be carried across the desert and through stormy seas. But people would pay almost any price for them.”

“Wow. What an incredible story,” Luz said. She and Beth reluctantly handed back the long orange beads.



“I’ve got another story about this lapis lazuli,” Hana said. She pointed at some bright blue stones that looked like they’d been sprinkled with stardust. “Would you like to hear it, too?”

Hana showed them sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds. She showed them bejeweled clothes, books, and even weapons. Then she showed them the most beautiful jewel of all: a ruby pendant a red as blood and bright as fire.

“Time to go,” Mrs. Darzi said.

No one wanted to leave, not even Babgaa the parrot. He screeched and cried and nipped. Hana took him back to his cage while Mrs. Darzi locked the cases and turned out the lights.



Chapter Three: Noah Saves the Day

The next day on the school bus, Beth and Luz told the team about Hana and the jewel exhibit.

“Hana sounds awesome,” said Kenji. He was seeing how many times he could bounce a tennis ball against the back of Shad’s seat without dropping it.

Kenji’s ball whacked him between the eyes.

“Ouch!” Shad yelled. He checked his glasses to see if they were broken. “That really hurt!”

“Sorry, dude,” said Kenji. “My bad. I need to be more careful.”

The bus slowed down, bumped over the uneven pavement at the side of the road, and stopped.

A moment later, Mr. Kalani climbed on the bus. He did not look happy.



“There was a robbery at the museum last night,” he said. He pointed at Luz and Beth. “I’m going to have to ask you two to come with me.”

Ten minutes later, Beth and Luz were sitting at a table with Mr. Kalani, Hana, and her mother. They were talking to a policeman in Mr. Kalani’s office. The rest of the team and their parents crowded around outside the office door.

“Everything looked fine when I got here this morning,” said Mr. Kalani. “The doors were all locked. The alarm was on. Everything was perfectly normal.”

“So when did you notice the ruby was missing?” the policeman asked, writing on his notepad.

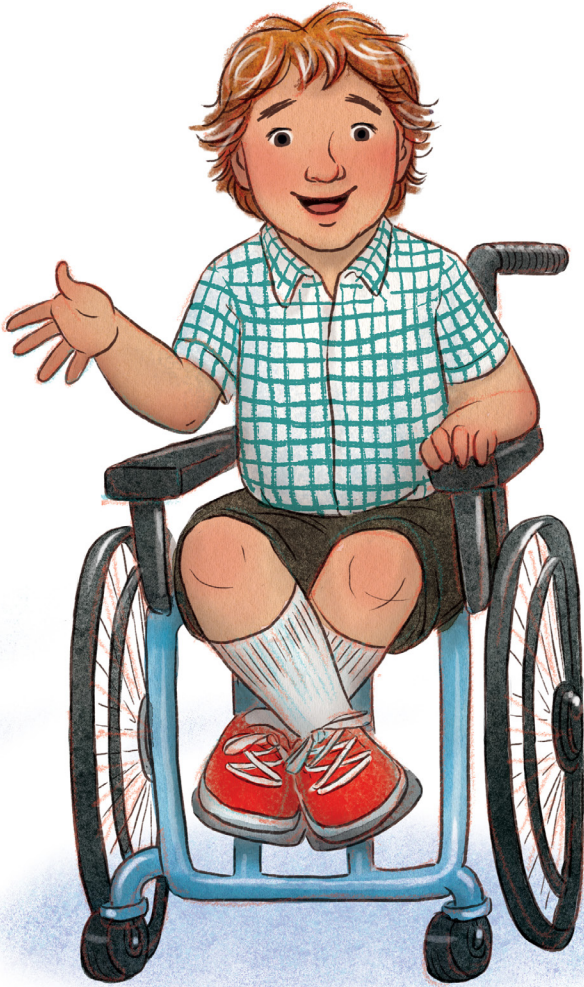
“One of the guards noticed when he went to unlock the gallery.”

The policeman transferred his attention to the girls. “You’re sure you returned the ruby to the case before you left last night?”

They nodded.

“And you all saw Mrs. Darzi lock the case?”

“All of us except Hana,” said Luz.



“Why didn’t Hana see?” asked the policeman.

“Because Babgaa was mad that we were leaving. Hana had to put him in his cage to calm him down.”

“Babgaa is our parrot,” Mrs. Darzi explained.

“Your what?” asked a voice.

Everyone looked around. It was Noah. “Did you say that Babgaa is a parrot?” he repeated. “And that he was angry you were leaving?”

“That’s right,” said Mrs. Darzi.

“Have you seen Babgaa this morning?” Noah asked.

Mrs. Darzi started to nod, then stopped. “By the time I got to work, we knew the ruby was missing. I never did make it to my office.”

“Parrots like to take shiny things,” Noah said. “Have you checked Babgaa’s nest?”

Everyone followed Noah and Mrs. Darzi to her office. So everyone saw the ruby Babgaa had taken and hidden in his nest.

“You wonderful boy,” said Mrs. Darzi.

“Unbelievable,” said the policeman.

All Beth could say was, “At least it wasn’t Malia and Doc this time.”



Chapter Four: A Place of Their Own

The Team met at Noah's house after school.

Beth got there first. "Sorry I'm late," Beth said. "Doc and Malia decided to play school with Bandit. When Bandit didn't want to play, they tied him up to make him stay."

"Did you untie him?" Noah asked.

Beth rolled her eyes. "Of course I did." She shook her head. "Those naughty kids! Someone needs to watch them all the time!" She looked around the room. "Where is everybody?"

"Luz is at the diner getting snacks," Noah said.

Beth nodded. Mr. Flores liked to make snacks for his daughter to share.

"And Shad had to check something with Holt," Noah said. "But he should be here any minute."



The door opened and Shad rushed in. He hurried to shut the door before the dogs could follow him. But it was too late. They had already darted into the apartment.

“No dogs allowed!” Noah’s mom called from her office in the other room. Noah’s mom was great. She knew everything there was to know about computers. But she did not like dogs.

“Sorry, Mrs. Green,” Shad said, looking worried. He pulled and dragged, but those dogs did not want to go. He finally got them out and closed the door.

The dogs barked to tell them that they were mad. Then the children heard jumping and yipping noises.

“Bad dogs,” they heard Luz say. “Get down! These treats aren’t for you.”

Shad opened the door just wide enough for Luz. The dogs fought to follow, but Shad kept them out.



“I brought cookies,” said Luz sadly. “But now they’re smashed.”

“They still taste good,” said Shad, his mouth full of crumbs.

“Where’s Kenji?”

“Cello practice.”

“Can’t he practice here?”

“His mom says it’s too crowded. She’s afraid his cello will get broken.”

The kids looked around. Mrs. Goto was right. Noah’s room was stuffed with a jumble of computers, screens, lamps, tables, chairs, stacked papers, and equipment.

“I was going to ask if Hana could join our team,” said Noah. “But there’s no room.”

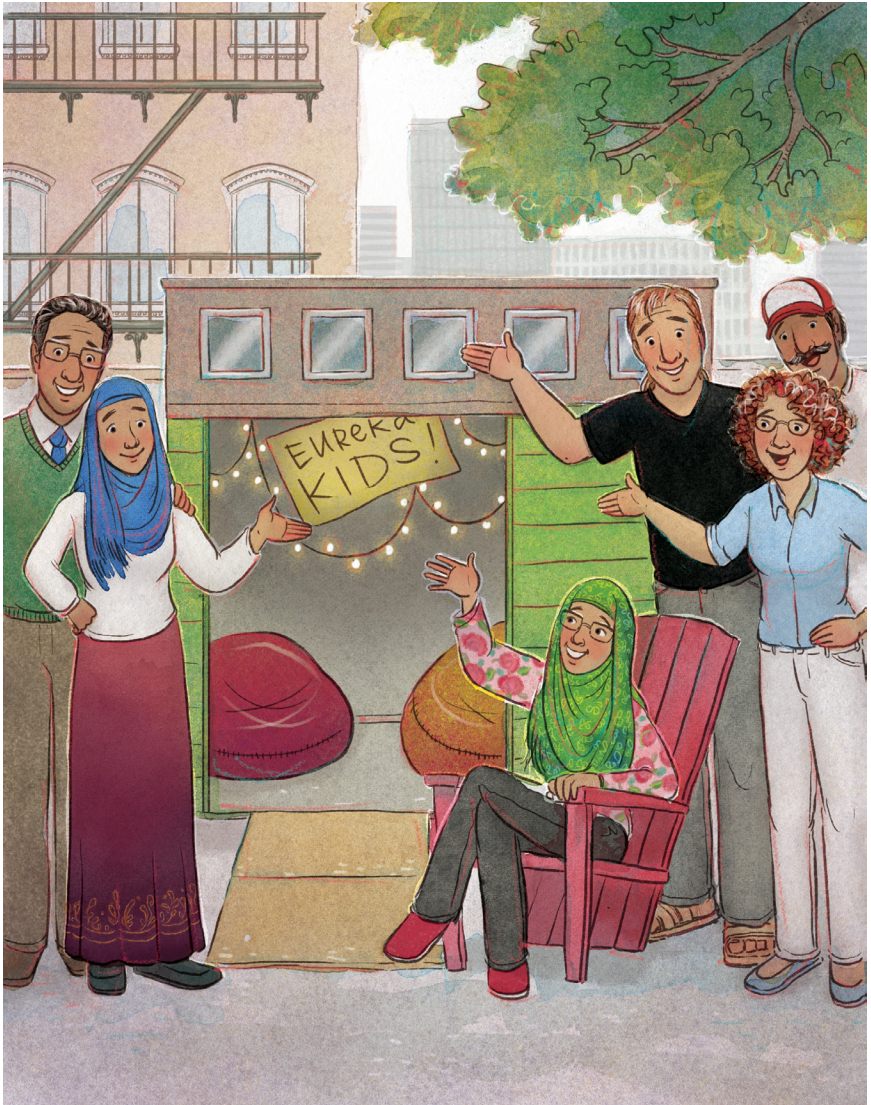
“We’re the Eureka Kids!” said Beth. “We can do anything if we do it together! What kind of place do we need?”

“I need ramps for my wheelchair, and electricity for my computers,” said Noah.

“I want room for the dogs,” said Beth. “And a window so I can keep an eye on Doc and Malia.”

“Kenji needs a place for his cello,” said Luz. “Hana needs a place for her rocks and microscope. And I need a place to cook.”

“That’s what I thought you would say,” said Shad. “Follow me!”



All the parents were waiting with Hana in the garden. They looked happy and excited. “We have a little something for all of you,” Holt said. The parents stepped aside—and there was a brand new clubhouse!

“We just want you to know that we’re proud of you,” Mrs. Green said. “And we’re happy you are all friends.”

“And we hope you have many more adventures together,” said Mr. Darzi.

And do you know what?

They did!

Reading

Eureka Kid Adventures: Book 3

The museum is preparing for a new “Jewels from India” exhibit. A ruby red pendant, the most beautiful jewel, has disappeared. The police are on the case. Can the Eureka Kids help them solve the mystery? The solution to the mystery might surprise you. In *The Case of the Missing Jewel*, the third book in the Eureka Kids Adventures, the kids also get their *own* surprise!

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