

# SENGKANG SNOOPERS

THE RIDDLE OF THE CORAL ISLE



PETER TAN

THE RIDDLE OF THE CORAL ISLE



Written by  
**PETER TAN**

Illustrated by  
**BILLY YONG**

# SENGKANG SNOOPERS

THE RIDDLE OF THE CORAL ISLE



EPIGRAM



*For the kids in my life:*

*Mġ, MW and LC*

Copyright © 2022 by Peter Tan

All rights reserved.

Published by Epigram Books in Singapore.

[www.epigram.sg](http://www.epigram.sg)

Illustrations by Billy Yong

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying or otherwise without the prior written permission of the publisher.

---

NATIONAL LIBRARY BOARD, SINGAPORE CATALOGUING-IN-PUBLICATION DATA

NAMES: Tan, Peter. | Yong, Billy, illustrator.  
TITLE: The riddle of the coral isle /  
written by Peter Tan ; illustrated by Billy Yong.  
OTHER TITLE: Sengkang Snoopers ; 3.  
DESCRIPTION: Singapore : Epigram Books, 2022.  
IDENTIFIER: ISBN 978-981-47-5722-5 (paperback) |  
978-981-47-5723-2 (ebook)  
SUBJECTS: LCSH: Poaching—Juvenile fiction. | Family vacations—  
Singapore— Sisters' Islands—Juvenile fiction.  
CLASSIFICATION: DDC 428.6—dc23

---

First edition, September 2022

# CONTENTS



1	<i>Seasick!</i>	1	16	<i>Sabotaged</i>	145
2	<i>Exploring Coral Isle</i>	9	17	<i>No Way Out</i>	150
3	<i>A Hostile Encounter</i>	18	18	<i>Cunning Kuning</i>	156
4	<i>Up a Hidden Trail</i>	25	19	<i>Thieves in the Night</i>	160
5	<i>A Suspicious Boat</i>	35	20	<i>Zizi Gets an Idea</i>	170
6	<i>The Legend of Sisters' Islands</i>	46	21	<i>Amidst the Shadows</i>	181
7	<i>Secrets</i>	57	22	<i>A Gunshot in the Dark</i>	192
8	<i>An Exciting Discovery</i>	67	23	<i>Free Again</i>	198
9	<i>More Fishy Business</i>	77			
10	<i>Dangerous Currents</i>	86			
11	<i>An Unexpected Find</i>	98			
12	<i>A Hideout on a Hill</i>	108			
13	<i>Run!</i>	116			
14	<i>Grilled for Answers</i>	125			
15	<i>Looking for Help</i>	137			

# SEASICK!

**“W**HOAAAAA!” Zizi screamed as the speedboat took off into the air.

**“Wheeeee!”** she screamed again as it landed with a bone-shuddering thud on the sea.

“How fun!” she shouted over the roar of the engine to the other Sengkang Snoopers. Her face, framed by a flapping green headscarf, was a picture of utter delight. The sea spray misted up her spectacles, but she didn’t care.

Zizi, together with Bus, Su Lin and Su Yang, was racing across the sea to the Sisters’ Islands for a camping holiday. And of course, her brave and clever yellow-naped Amazon parrot Kuning came too. She never goes anywhere without her pet bird—or a book in her backpack.

Zizi, a slender and athletic girl with big, intelligent eyes and a serious face, was at the front of the boat,



clinging to the side railing with one hand, and to Su Lin with the other.

“Watch out, here’s another big one!” Su Lin screamed, pulling her friend back tightly. The small vessel **vroomed** towards the looming wave, which tossed them up like a cup in a washing machine. Su Lin was a tall, pretty girl with a determined face. She loved roller coasters, but this was even more exciting!

Bus and Su Yang, sitting behind the girls, were having a thoroughly miserable time. Su Yang, who was small and pale with an expressive face, was a city kid through and through. This rough-and-tumble life was not for him! His tee-shirt and shorts were soaked, and he looked paler than usual. What a horrible start to the school holidays, he thought. He groaned with each wave and hoped they would not be thrown overboard.

Bus was a giant for his age, with a round, cheerful face and a rounder body. He looked like a big and friendly bear. His name was actually Basulingam, but everyone called him Bus because of his size.

But today, Bus was not his usual jolly self. He felt seasick. How he regretted that one roti prata too many he had at the pier. “Urghhh!” he moaned



as the boat bobbed up and down yet another time. How embarrassing if he were to throw up. When would they reach the islands?!

Above them, Kuning flapped mightily to keep up. **“Squawk!”** she cried happily, and the girls laughed in delight. Zizi adopted Kuning after the children rescued her on a trip to Pulau Ubin. She had a shiny green coat topped by a pretty patch of yellow at the back of her neck. Zizi named her Kuning, which means yellow in Malay. Her claws and beak were long, sharp and powerful.

“The Sisters’ Islands!” shouted Zizi, pointing ahead. “Yay!”

“Yay!” Kuning also said. Yellow-naped Amazons are super intelligent, geniuses at imitating human voices and all kinds of sounds.

Bus looked up, momentarily forgetting his churning stomach and the sour taste in his mouth. He saw two rounded green humps of land like a camel’s: the Sisters’ Islands. Even in his sorry state, Bus could see how beautiful they were, like two glittering emeralds in the distance. That was their destination.

“Ten more minutes,” the boatman behind the boys said.

“Thank goodness!” Bus said. He might be able

to hold down his breakfast after all.

Su Yang’s spirits lifted as the boat slowed and stopped jerking about.

“It’s so pretty!” exclaimed Zizi. “I am so looking forward to camping!”

“Me too,” Su Lin agreed.

“Camping!” snorted Su Yang. “I’d rather sleep on a proper bed.” He was supposed to like camping as a cub scout, but he didn’t care.

“I hope we have another adventure there!” said Su Lin, ignoring her brother, who was, in her opinion, always fussing. She was always game for adventures—sometimes too game.

“Not me, please! *I* am looking forward to a quiet holiday,” said Su Yang. The last time they were together, the Snoopers stopped a man who had gone to Sentosa Island to steal hidden diamonds and other gems looted from innocent people during the Second World War.

The girls rolled their eyes at one another. What a bore Su Lin’s little brother was! Bus was quiet, too busy concentrating on not vomiting. The boat eased into the sheltered channel between the piers of the two islands. Finally!

a brainwave to ask his friends to accompany him.



“Pulau Subar Laut,” the boatman said, pointing towards the island on the left. “Big Sister’s Island.” Bus’s uncle Mani was waiting at the pier. He scowled impatiently.

“Hello, Uncle!” the girls said and waved at him. Mani nodded but said nothing. The brother of Bus’s mother, he was a Malaysian from Johor Bahru like Bus. He was a security guard on the island, so he was able to get the Snoopers special permission to stay there for a week. Gruff and hot-tempered, he used to smack Bus for this or that playful but harmless thing children tended to do. But that had stopped now that Bus was bigger and taller than him.

This school holiday, Bus’s mother had asked Mani to take care of her son because she had to visit a sick aunt. Mani only agreed at his sister’s insistence.

At first, Bus objected strenuously to spending time with his uncle on a remote island. Then, he had



As long as they stayed out of his grumpy uncle’s way, it would be a delightful holiday with his friends!

The other Snoopers’ parents were worried about the children being alone on an island, but Bus’s mother assured them it was temporarily closed to the public. Su Lin and Su Yang’s mother set one condition: “No adventure this time! Especially you, Su Lin!” The two promised to keep out of any trouble. That also convinced Zizi’s parents. Su Yang hoped his mother would be right, but Su Lin secretly hoped not!

The boat bumped against the used tires hanging at the sides of the pier. The boatman threw a rope to Mani, who tied it to a mooring bollard. There was a lot of luggage: tents, sleeping mats and bags, pots and pans, clothes and other personal belongings, and enough food to satisfy even Bus’s bottomless appetite. Mani just looked on without lifting a finger to help. He wore the most unsmiling face ever seen at a welcome party. Bus’s friends glanced at one another. They had taken an instant dislike to him.

How glad the boys were to have their feet on solid ground again! “Goodbye! Have fun, but watch

out for the cobras and the giant hairy tarantulas,” the boatman said as he reversed the boat away from the pier. He laughed, put the engine in forward and roared off without another word.

“C-cobras and t-tarantulas?!” Su Yang stammered.

“He’s pulling your leg, didi,” Su Lin said. But she added hesitantly, “I think...”

“Oh, oh...” Bus suddenly said. “I’m going to throw up...”

“Plastic bag!” the quick-thinking Zizi said as she rifled through the luggage.

She finally found a bag—but she was too slow!

...

## CHAPTER 2

EXPLORING  
CORAL ISLE

**W**ith a heave and a groan, Bus emptied his stomach into the blue-green waters rushing by the pier.

“Gross!” his three friends exclaimed together.

But they couldn’t help looking down at the sea where the yucky stuff floated away swiftly in the current. Small, colourful fish darted back and forth, gobbling up the muck. **Yuck!**

Bus was on his knees now, hand on his tummy and panting hard. He looked up and said, “Sorry!”

“You stupid boy! Always making a fool of yourself!” his uncle said without a hint of sympathy.

“He’s not stupid!” Su Yang said. What a nasty man!

“Yes,” added Zizi. “It was a very rough ride here.”

“I bet *you* would throw up too!” said Su Lin. Kuning bristled her feathers and made a hissing noise.

“It’s okay,” said Bus, wiping his mouth. He smiled wanly at them and added, “I feel better already!” He was determined not to let his uncle ruin their holiday.

Mani didn’t bother to reply. “Let’s go!” he barked and headed off.

“He’s not giving us a hand?!” said Su Lin incredulously.

Bus shrugged and sighed. Maybe coming here wasn’t such a great idea after all. But he was glad all the Snoopers were with him.

“Thanks, guys,” he said.

“You would do the same for us,” Su Yang said, and the girls nodded in agreement.

Mani led the children, slowly dragging the heavy luggage, along a concrete path past the guardhouse where he worked and slept. They circled the wooded hill in the middle of the island to the other side. Their campsite was a small clearing between a pretty lagoon and a grove of coconut and casuarina trees.

“Tents here,” said Mani. “Toilets there.” He gestured with his chin towards a small shed further ahead. “Behave yourselves,” he said gruffly, then strode off.

The children looked around their new home for the week. The placid oval lagoon was formed by two

curving arms of a rocky breakwater with a small opening to the rippling sand and glittering sea. It was a pretty sight indeed! The tall and elegant casuarina trees towered over them, their tops swaying slowly. High up, big round brown fruits hung from the coconut trees.

“Let’s have coconut for dessert later!” said Bus, his upset stomach all but forgotten.

“They are so high up,” said Su Yang.

“I know how to climb them,” said Zizi. Her grandfather had taught her when she visited her grandparents in Pulau Ubin.

“I don’t believe you,” said Su Yang, gazing up at the long and thin trunks. Zizi just smiled.

The children collected the rest of their things from the pier. Su Yang put the pitching skills he learnt as a cub scout to good use.



He got them to clear the ground of twigs and branches and the many spiky casuarina cones.

“Is it true about the cobras and tarantulas?” he asked.

“There are no tarantulas in Singapore,” said Zizi. She loved reading nature books.

“And the cobras?”

“They are shy and eat mostly other snakes,” said Zizi. She and her parents had seen one at Sungei Buloh Wetland Reserve, its forked tongue darting in and out as its long, slender body slithered among the mangrove roots in search of prey. It was beautiful but also scary.

Su Yang looked doubtful. Su Lin nudged him and said, “Chicken!”

“Any cobra will have to deal with this first,” said Bus, brandishing a parang. It was a long, dangerous-looking knife the length of his lower arm. “For chopping firewood and cutting coconuts,” he explained when his friends stared at him. Then, he did a Bruce Lee kung fu move. “And killing snakes. **Yaheeeeeewoooo!**”

His friends laughed.

They pitched the two tents far out of range of the coconut trees. They didn’t want to have cannonballs

crashing down on them in their sleep!

“Face the door to the wind,” Su Yang said as he dropped a blade of grass to test the breeze. “The breeze will cool us and not blow the tent away.”

After the tents were up, they tied a tarpaulin against several trees as a cover for their open-air kitchen downwind from the tents. “We should put our food in a bag and hang it up on a tree away from the monkeys and ants,” said Su Yang. Su Lin was quite impressed by her brother. Of course, she didn’t tell him that!

The children, particularly Su Yang, surveyed their camp with satisfaction.

“Let’s see what else is on the island,” said Su Lin, looking up at the dark clouds gathering in the sky. “It might rain soon.”

“We better hurry then,” said Zizi. “Where do we start?”

“Let’s look for corals. Aren’t the Sisters’ Islands famous for their corals?” Su Yang said.

“The tide is too high now,” Zizi said. “They will only appear when the tide is low.”

The children walked down to a beach of golden sand. Kuning took off to the skies, where she did acrobatics to delightful cackling.

“That’s one happy parrot!” said Su Lin.

“Yes, she loves the outdoors,” Zizi said. Her pet did a few loop-the-loops.

The fine sand was like powder under their bare feet. They stepped into the water, and cool and gentle waves lapped at their ankles. Tiny grey fishes darted around them. What a nice feeling it was.

“Look!” said Su Yang, picking up a shiny, brown-spotted cowrie shell.

“Very pretty,” said Zizi.

“For my bookshelf,” he said.

“You can’t keep it, silly,” said Su Lin. “This is a marine reserve.”

“And it says so here too,” said Bus, pointing to a notice further ahead.

The sign said: **NO FISHING OR POACHING. NO FEEDING OF WILD ANIMALS. NO RELEASING OF PETS.**

“A fine of five thousand dollars!” Bus said.

“No one will know,” said Su Yang, still admiring his find, turning it this way and that against the light.

“Su Yang!” said Zizi. “If every person brings home one shell, there will be none—”

“I know, I know. ‘Take nothing but photographs, and leave nothing but footprints,’” Su Yang said,

reciting what he had learnt as a cub scout. He sighed and made to toss the cowrie into the sea, then stopped mid-swing. “No, I will keep it until we leave.”

He spotted a spiral shell a distance away. “A conch!” he said, pointing. He stooped to pick it up, but it scampered away!

“It’s a hermit crab!” said Zizi, grinning. She grabbed it and turned it over. “See?”

All Su Yang saw was a dead shell. “How did it—” he started saying, but Zizi put a finger to her lips.

They waited. After a minute, a few hairy legs wriggled out from the hole! Then, two beady eyes peeked out.

Zizi blew at it and the creature whipped back into the shell. She gave it back to Su Yang.

“Keeping that too?” asked Su Lin, rolling her eyes.

“Good idea!” he said, grinning, and slid it into his pocket.

They went up the breakwater on the left and walked along the narrow ledge to the end. The breakwater was made of big granite rocks cemented together. Out here, the breeze was brisk and cool against their faces. Where the pale green water of the lagoon met the darker blue of the sea, the water hissed and foamed. Su Lin chucked a piece

of driftwood into the sea. The powerful current instantly swept it away. The boatman had warned them to stay within the lagoons—now they understood why. Su Yang held on to his sister’s arm. He wasn’t a very good swimmer.

They turned round and headed for the second lagoon, passing sea almond, flame of the forest and yellow cassia trees in splendid bloom.

They came to another sign:

**CAUTION**  
**Beware of wild monkeys**  
**Please do not feed them**

Bus scratched his head. “Where are the monkeys? We haven’t seen any.”

“Good question,” said Zizi.

“Maybe they are hiding there?” said Su Lin, indicating the forested hill.

“Or taking a nap,” said Su Yang, yawning. He had been so excited the previous night that he had not slept much.

“Maybe,” said Bus.

“I’m glad, though,” said Zizi. “They can be a nuisance.” She had seen macaque monkeys snatch

food and even spectacles and hats from hikers at Bukit Timah Nature Reserve.

The second, much larger lagoon was also an oval hugged by two curving breakwaters with a mouth opening to the sea. The children walked to the end of breakwater on the right. The current here was even stronger, like a raging river. They could see the curling flames flaring from the chimney of an oil refinery on another island. A giant ship piled high with multicoloured containers glided by, heading towards who knew which faraway port. Further ahead were the pale mountains of Indonesia.

“Hey, look!” Bus said. At the far end of the lagoon, a small figure was huddled over on the beach, picking through the sand. Mani had said the only other person on the island was his colleague, Wing. This person looked like a child. Who could it be?

“Looks like a boy,” Zizi said.

“**Hello!**” Bus shouted and waved.

The figure looked up and strode purposefully towards them.

...



CHAPTER 3  
**A HOSTILE  
 ENCOUNTER**

**T**he stranger was a small and thin girl with big bright eyes. She was tanned from going about under the sun.

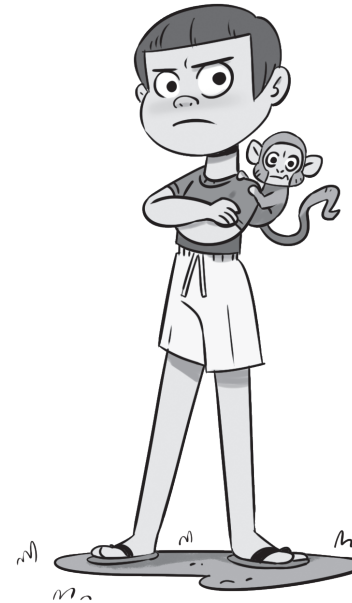
“We thought you were a boy!” said Su Lin, chuckling. The girl’s close-cropped haircut had fooled them.

“Of course not,” she said in an irritated voice. “Who wants to be a stupid boy!” she added adamantly.

“Sorry,” said Zizi, smiling. “It’s just that—”

“What are you doing here?” the girl cut her off rudely. She glared at them, her black eyes bright and piercing.

There was something moving on her shoulder. It was a baby macaque! The tiny monkey peeked out from behind the girl’s head. Kuning cooed curiously. Zizi stroked the feathers on her head.



“It’s all right, Kuning,” Zizi said. “What a cute monkey!” she told the girl, determined to be friendly. “Is it yours?”

“Of course it’s cute. And of course it’s *mine*. Who do you think he belongs to?” She stared again at Kuning. It was clear that she thought her macaque was better than a parrot.

“What are you doing here?” Su Lin asked. Why was this girl so hostile for no apparent reason?

“I asked you first!” the girl shot back.

“We just arrived this morning. We are camping here for a week,” said Bus. “How about you?”

“I am not camping here, and I came here earlier than you, and I claimed this beach *first*, so you have to stay out of it unless I give you permission, and I have *not* given you permission!” the girl blurted out in one breath. She folded her arms over her chest and stuck her chin out for good measure.

The Snoopers were rather stunned by her outburst. It was quite comical and they wanted to laugh out loud. But they held back. She seemed

upset enough already.

“This is a public island, and this a public beach. You can’t just *claim* it,” Su Lin retorted. She wouldn’t let this brat have her way.

“Who says so? And who is going to stop me?” the girl said fiercely. Behind her, the macaque poked out its head, chattered and nodded. Kuning gave a sharp growl and it retreated again.

The Snoopers looked at one another, rather taken aback. They knew that she couldn’t just exclude people from the beach but were at a loss to explain why.

“Well, if you claim this beach, then we claim our own beach,” said Su Yang. “And the rest of the island!” This girl was getting on his nerves!

“You can’t claim islands! You can only claim beaches,” the girl snapped back with a scornful look. She seemed to be making the rules up as she went along.

“Who says so?” said Su Yang. How exasperating!

“It’s just so!” she said, sticking her chin out even more.

“You are impossible,” said Zizi, quite amused. What a chilli padi of a girl!

“And, and...your beach may be bigger, but ours

is far prettier!” said Su Yang, not to be outdone.

“And we have lots of yummy food which we might have shared with you,” Bus said, “but now that you can’t come to our beach...”

The girl looked surprised. She hesitated for a bit, then stammered, “I...I also have delicious food. Yes, I do...I do.” But she didn’t sound convincing at all.

“I want to explore some more,” Su Lin told her friends. “Let’s get going.” The best way to treat this annoying girl was to ignore her!

“You can join us if you want,” Zizi told the girl. She pitied her, all alone on this island.

Su Lin was about to object, but the girl quickly said, “I’ve got my own things to do!”

“Suit yourself,” Su Lin said.

Zizi tried again. “By the way, I’m Zizi,” she said, then introduced her friends, including, of course, Kuning. “What’s your name?”

“I’m Mei,” she said, her tone softening towards this friendly girl in the pretty headscarf. “And this is Fangs, because he is fierce and has really sharp teeth.”

Fangs poked his head out timidly, not looking one bit fierce. His tiny fingers fiddled nervously with Mei’s ear.

“I’m sure, but he looks adorable!” said Zizi.

Mei managed a smile.

“Let’s go already, Zi,” said Su Lin impatiently.

But Zizi ignored her. “What’s that?” she asked, indicating Mei’s hand.

Mei opened her hand to reveal a bunch of shells.

“Pretty!” said Zizi.

Mei smiled again. “I’ve got a sand dollar.” She held the beautifully patterned, translucent, round shell up against the light for Zizi.

“That’s what I want too!” Su Yang said to himself.

“I’m going!” Su Lin said, and stomped off.

Zizi sighed and said to Mei, “See you!”

They left Mei behind and headed towards the jetty.

“I don’t know why you are so nice to her,” Su Lin said to Zizi.

Zizi smiled and said, “I think she’s just *acting* difficult.” She turned around and waved at Mei, who waved back. “See?”

“I don’t see the difference between acting difficult and being difficult!” Su Lin replied.

“Where is Fangs from, you think?” asked Bus. He didn’t like his friends bickering.

“And where’s his troop?” Zizi wondered aloud. “Let’s ask your uncle.”

They were just passing by the guardhouse. The

porch had a table, two chairs and a bench. A big grilled window and door looked into an office with more furniture, a sink and a small cooking range. The sleeping quarters were at the back of the building.

“Uncle Mani!” Bus called out. There was no answer. “Probably on his rounds.”

“What do you want?” a voice muttered from inside the house. Mani emerged, rubbing his eyes and yawning. He was supposed to be on duty, but he was sleeping! “Didn’t I tell you all to leave me alone?”

“Mama said to give this to you, Uncle,” said Bus. He handed his uncle a pack of goodies.

“Muruku!” exclaimed Mani, giving a rare smile. “From my favourite shop back home too!” he added, looking at the yellow whorls of fried flour and dal peas.

Bus nodded. “We saw a girl on the beach,” he said.

“She’s Wing’s granddaughter.”

“She has a baby monkey,” said Su Lin.

“I told Wing not to let her keep it,” Mani said and shrugged his shoulders. “He spoils her.”

“But where did it come from, Uncle?” Bus asked.

“Here, of course. Its parents were killed.”

“How come?”

“Always so many questions!” Mani said. But

he continued, “There used to be lots of monkeys here—fifty, a hundred? Two weeks ago, the marine park rangers put out poison bait. All of them died. The rats and monitor lizards too. And the birds.”

“Except for that baby?” asked Zizi.

“Yes. His mother was still suckling him.”

“How horrible!” said Zizi, shaking her head.

“Good riddance. They steal everything—food, pens and paper, clothes, clothes pegs...” Mani said.

“But it’s wrong,” Zizi said.

“And don’t forget about the other animals that died,” said Su Yang. He was no fan of monitor lizards and rats, but what harm could they do here in this uninhabited place?

Mani shrugged. He looked at his watch and said, “I have to do my rounds now.”

...

C H A P T E R 4

## UP A HIDDEN TRAIL

**T**he Sengkang Snoopers followed Mani to the jetty. He signed the timesheet pinned to a pillar. The children looked across the channel to Little Sister’s Island. It also had a woody hill in the middle, but it was smaller than the one they were on.

“Do you also have to patrol the other island, Uncle?” asked Bus.

“Yes, at 8am and then at 6pm.”

“On that?” asked Su Lin, pointing to a dinghy below them.

Mani nodded. “We check the turtle hatchery and the rest of the island.”


“For?” asked Su Lin.

“Same as here—boats mooring, people camping.”





“Thank you for letting us camp here, Uncle Mani!” Bus said. Mani smiled. It was the second time that day, something Bus had thought was not



# ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS



Sincere thanks to Wu Xueting,  
Lynette Teo, Syafiqah Binte Rosman  
and Edmund Wee.





# CHARACTER BIOS

**SU LIN** is a spunky girl who is ever game for adventure. She is willing to break the rules, but that does not always end in the best results! She is a natural leader, though she sometimes rushes in before fully considering the consequences.

**ZIZI** is a smart, serious girl and the brains of the Snoopers. She is level-headed and believes in always being prepared—thus helping to get her and her fellow adventurers out of many sticky situations.

**BUS** is an easy-going boy who has the size—and the heart—of a big man. He’s happy-go-lucky, and is most so when he is with his friends or eating a bag of crackers (or chips or peanuts).

**SU YANG** is the younger brother of Su Lin and the “baby” of the group. He can sometimes be a bit of a namby-pamby and is not the keenest of adventurers. But he makes up for all that by being fiercely loyal and, when the situation calls for it, unexpectedly brave.

**KUNING** is Zizi’s yellow-naped Amazon parrot and the Snoopers’ favourite animal. Clever, playful and cute, she can imitate all sorts of sounds with her incredible voice. When her human friends are locked in a struggle against bad people, her powerful claws and beak become formidable weapons.





 **ABOUT THE AUTHOR  
AND ILLUSTRATOR**   

**PETER TAN** is an author, scriptwriter and award-winning playwright. He was a police inspector in the Singapore Police Force in National Service and a journalist with *The Straits Times*. Peter—much like the Sengkang Snoopers—loves adventures and can't help sniffing out fun mysteries to solve. He lives in Singapore with his wife and daughter.

**BILLY YONG** is an illustrator and character designer. Born and raised in Singapore, he received his art education at Concept Design Academy in Pasadena, California. He's often found either drawing, geeking over furniture with his wife, or swinging a sword in his dojo. He likes bubble tea but knows he shouldn't have it.

## ALSO IN THE SERIES...



### *The Mystery of the Hermit's Hut*

The Sengkang Snoopers come together for the first time to investigate a mysterious hermit's hut on Pulau Ubin.

When their usual travel plans fall through, Su Lin and her younger brother, Su Yang, have to spend their school holidays on Pulau Ubin instead. Along with their new friends, the sensible Zizi and the perpetually hungry Bus, they discover a mysterious hut at the top of a quarry hill where a hermit is rumoured to live. When strange sounds are heard, the four who call themselves the Sengkang Snoopers just cannot stay away.

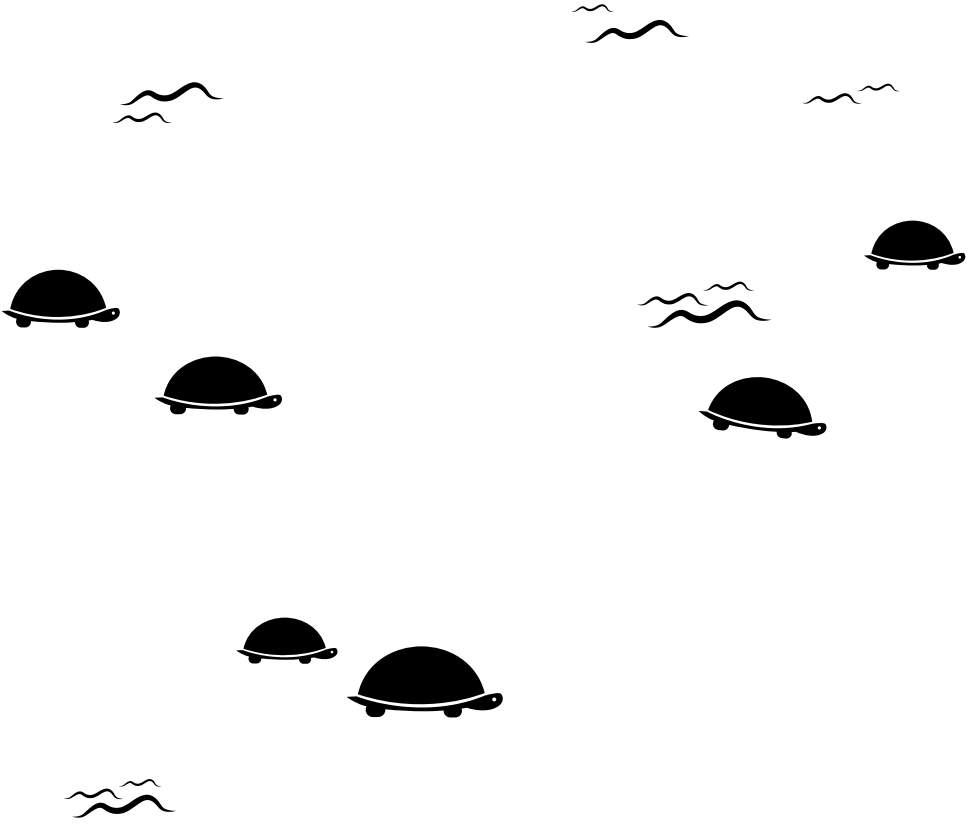
ALSO IN THE SERIES...



*The Secret of the Tiger's Den*

The Sengkang Snoopers are back.

While staycationing at Sentosa, the Snoopers follow a harrowing trail that leads them to the Tiger's Den, an eerie corner of the island that hides a secret. The four friends and their loyal feathered sidekick race against time to uncover the mystery.





A leisurely camping trip on Sisters' Islands turns perilous for the Sengkang Snoopers and a new friend when they spy three suspicious-looking men in a boat. Driven by their sense of adventure, the intrepid kids set out to investigate a devious plot to steal the island's endangered animals.

Also in the series



MIDDLE GRADE

