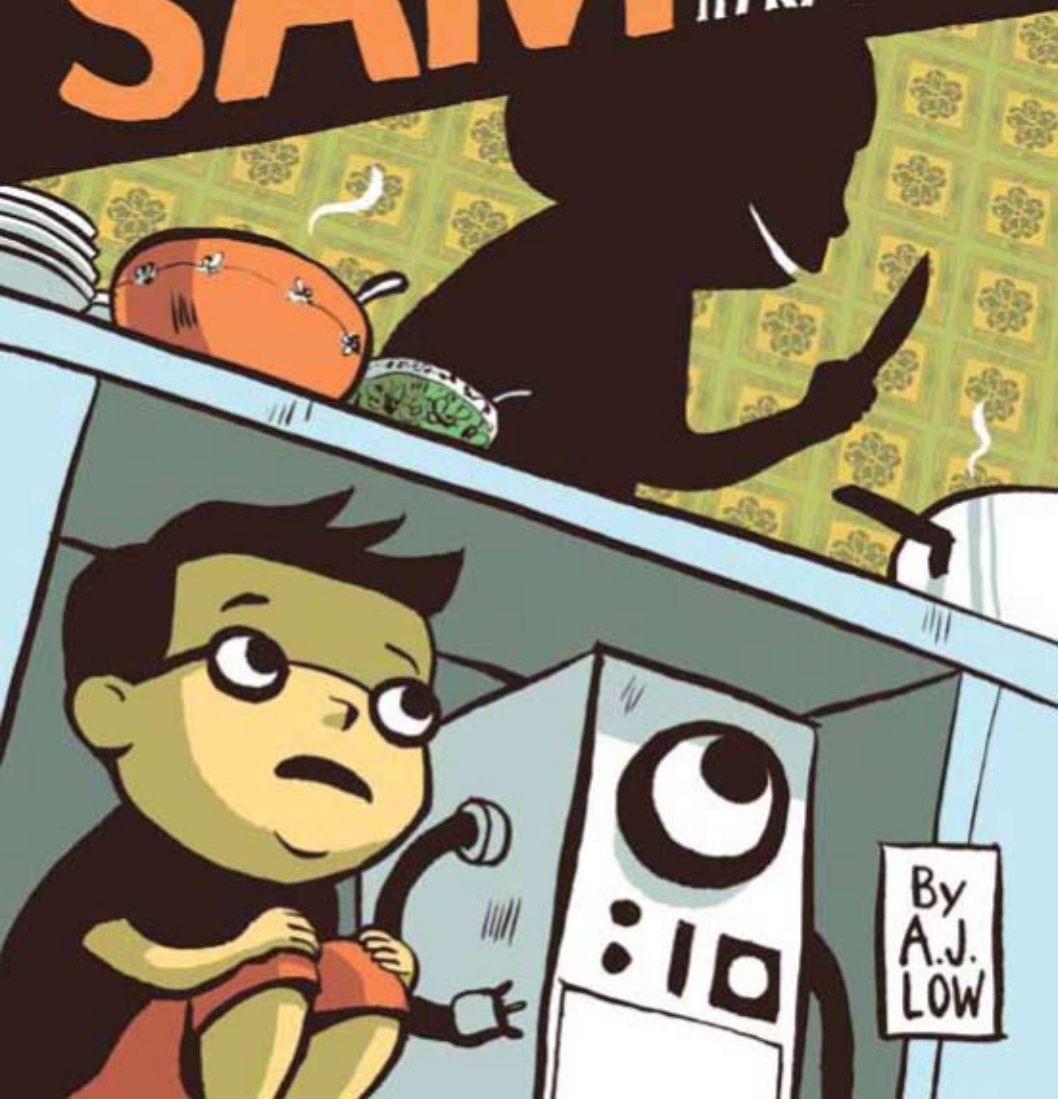


SHERLOCK SAM

and the
MISSING
HEIRLOOM
in KATONG



SHERLOCK SAM and the MISSING HEIRLOOM in KATONG



SHER SAM

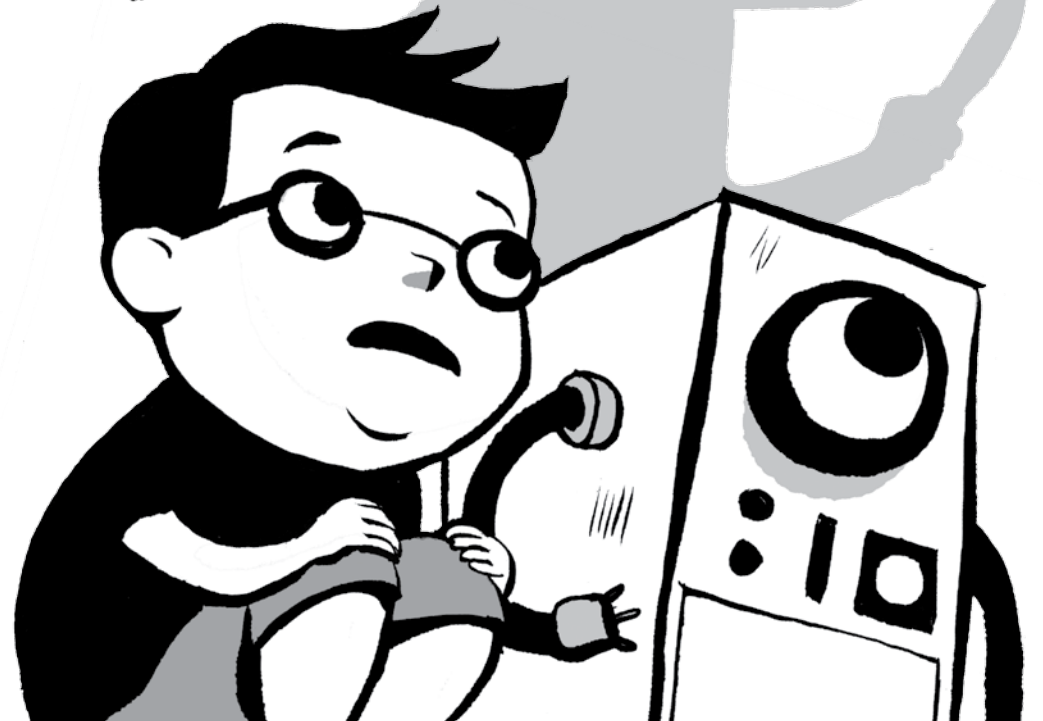
LOCK

and the
MISSING
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in KATONG

By
A.J.
LOW

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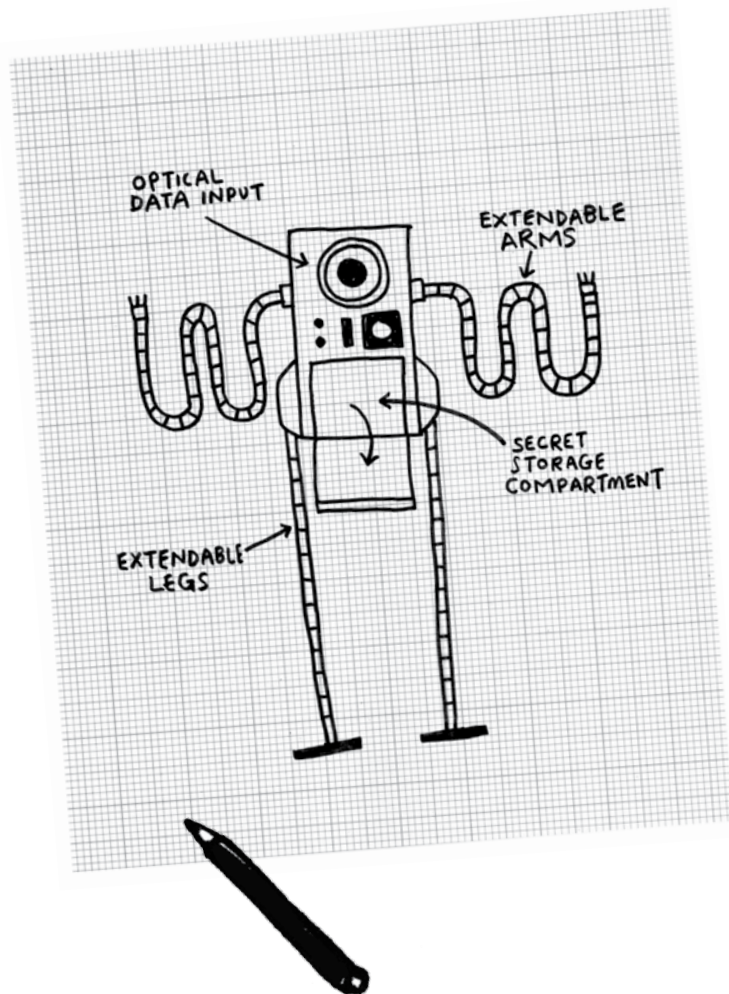
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and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination
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For Faith, Jordan, Timmy and our parents.

CHAPTER ONE



“Just one final tweak here...”

I put the screwdriver down and sat back to admire my robot. Those trips to the Robotics Learning Laboratories at the Science Centre with Dad sure came in useful! Now, what should I name him?

“Maybe, MEGAMECH! No, no, no. DESTROBOT! No, wait, TECHNODOOM! No, I’ve got it! MEGA-DESTRO-TECHNO-BOT!”

I flicked the robot’s switch.



“What-is-my-name?” the robot said in a mechanical voice as it came to life.

“What, son?” Dad said, popping into my room at exactly the wrong time.

“My-name-is-Wat-son,” the robot repeated.

“DAD! What have you done?” I yelled out in horror.

“What, son? Mom said come and eat. Dinner’s ready,” Dad said.

“Ooh, dinner! Why didn’t you say so earlier? C’mon... Watson,” I said.

I went to the kitchen and Mom was making chicken rice—one of my favourites!

“Can I have the drumstick, please?” I asked.

“Cannot! You’re so chubby already!” my big sister Wendy said. Wendy was a year older than me and she was the artist in the family. We got along... sometimes. Mostly when she needed help with her Chinese homework.

“It’s okay. He’s a growing boy.” Dad and I spent a lot of time together. He’s an engineer, and very smart.

“You can take ONE drumstick, but less rice.” Mom cooked super delicious food all the time, but never gave me enough. I didn’t understand why. I’m a growing boy after all.

I am Sherlock Sam. Well, my real name is Samuel Tan Cher Lock. In case you couldn’t tell, Sherlock Holmes is one of my heroes, and I want to be a great detective, like him!

“Does the robot need his own plate, Sam?” Mom asked. My family was no longer surprised when my inventions turned up at the dinner table. In fact, some of my earlier creations were used by the family often, like the homing device I created for the TV remote control that Mom was always misplacing.

“My-name-is-Wat-son,” Watson replied.

“Watson, would you like to try my chicken rice?” Mom said. Mom stayed at home and her job was to take care of all of us. She was a fantastic mom.

“No-thank-you,” Watson said. “I-only-eat-batteries.”

“His name is Watson? Clever, Sherlock,” Wendy sniggered.

“Actually, Dad named him,” I mumbled, biting into my drumstick.

“I did? Clever me! When did I do that?” Dad asked. Dad was super intelligent, but Mom said he was lost in his own world. One



time, Mom asked him to buy broccoli and he brought back cauliflower. He thought it was unripe broccoli.

“Don’t forget we’re going to meet Auntie Kim Lian tomorrow, kids,” Mom said.

“Can I not go? I always have to look after Cher Lock,” Wendy said.

“It’s SHER-lock!” I mumbled again, cleaning off my drumstick.

"Sam, what can Watson do?" Dad asked.

"Uh... Can I tell you later? May I have another drumstick, please?" I didn't want to reveal my master plan in front of Mom.

After we finished dinner, Dad came to my room. He placed a couple of books on my desk.

"So, what didn't you want to say in front of Mom?" he asked.

I walked over to the door to make sure that it was tightly shut before I spoke. I pulled Dad down to sit with me on the floor.

"Watson can extend his arms and legs. To reach farther places than you or I can," I whispered, leaning in close, just to be extra careful.

"Or higher places, right?" Dad whispered back. See? Dad's very smart.

"Yeah, higher places too."

"Sam, just make sure Mom doesn't catch you." Dad stood up, then turned around. "And if she does," he continued in a whisper, "this

conversation never happened." We grinned at each other.

"Right. This conversation never happened," I said. "So, what books did you get me this time, Dad?"

Dad immediately beamed. He loved talking about books, especially treasures that he found at second-hand bookstores.

"I got you a comic on logic called *Logicomix!*"

"Cool! Does it have Maths in it?" I asked.

"Read it and find out," Dad replied, grinning.

"And did you get me that *other* book you promised?" I whispered, turning to check that the door was still closed.

Dad ruffled my hair and tossed me the book.

"Remember, this conversation never happened," he said as he left the room.

I clutched the new Batman comic happily. Too many people thought comics were just fun things that kids read, but comics were so much more! Batman was my hero because he used

his deductive abilities and great intelligence to battle crime! He's such a great detective; he even stars in *Detective Comics*!

Later that night, I took Watson for a test run. We snuck into the darkened kitchen. Watson walked over to where Mom kept her secret tin of Khong Guan biscuits high up in the cupboard, and extended his legs. My favourite biscuit was the double chocolate biscuit—I made sure Watson knew which one to target first.

As he was opening the cupboard, we heard Wendy's door open!

"Watson!" I whispered. "Hide!"

"I-knew-this-would-be-trouble," Watson said.

"Shush!" I grumbled.

I slid under the dining table, and Watson retracted his legs while holding onto the cupboard door.

Wendy walked into the kitchen and went to the refrigerator. Suddenly, she stood up straight. She looked at the cupboard, but



Watson had pulled himself into the cupboard before he could be seen. That was close!

Wendy shrugged and poured herself a cup of water. After her bedroom door closed, I breathed a sigh of relief.

"Watson," I called softly. "Where are you?"

He opened the cupboard door and extended his legs down to the floor. We quickly snuck back to my room.

"Watson, pass me the biscuits, please," I whispered.

“You-have-already-eaten-two-drumsticks. Why-are-you-still-hungry?” Watson questioned.

“Shush!” I replied.

Watson pressed a small button located at his stomach. A secret storage space opened and inside were my favourite double chocolate biscuits! I didn’t tell Dad about the secret compartment. The less he knew, the less Mom could torture out of him. Munching happily on my biscuits, I patted Watson on his metal head. I was starting to like this new invention of mine. We were going to be good buddies, I could tell.

“Do-not-get-crumbs-on-the-bed. I-do-not-want-ants-in-my-circuits,” Watson said.

Then again, maybe not.

ooo



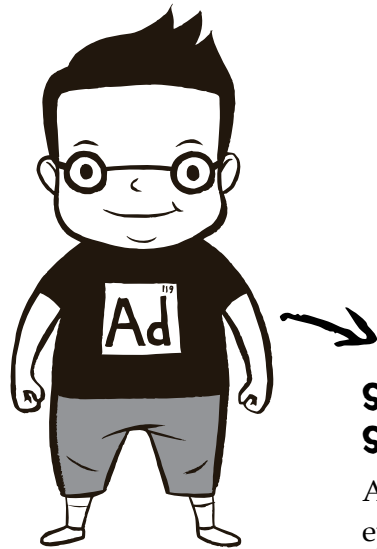
CHAPTER TWO

I woke up covered in double chocolate crumbs.

“Oh no! I hear Mom coming!” I jumped out of bed and started sliding the crumbs under the bed. “Watson, help me!” I said.

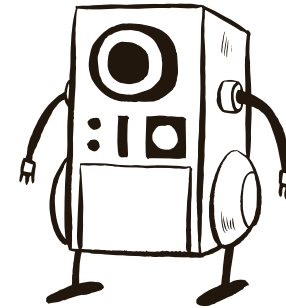
I could tell Watson was not a willing accomplice as I had to keep poking him to hurry. It was almost as if he wanted to get me in trouble just so he could say, “I-told-you-so”. Before I knew it, Mom was standing at my door.

ABOUT THE CHARACTERS



SAMUEL TAN CHER LOCK a.k.a. SHERLOCK SAM

A ten-year-old boy with eyes bigger than his tummy, Sherlock's heroes are Sherlock Holmes, Batman and his dad. Extremely smart and observant, Sherlock often takes it upon himself to solve any and all mysteries—big or small. He loves comics and superheroes!

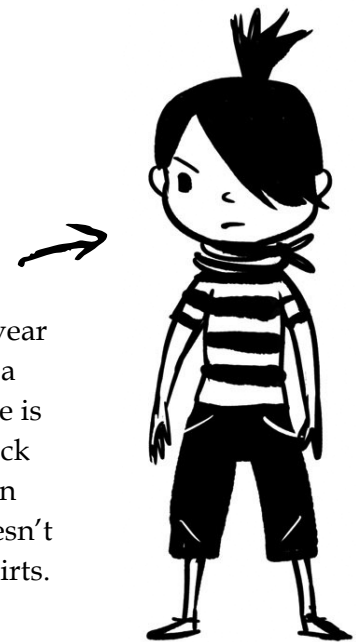


WATSON

Built by Sherlock to be his trusty, cheery sidekick, Watson is, instead, a grumpy "old man" who is reluctantly drawn into Sherlock's adventures; or as Watson perceives them, his misadventures. Watson is environmentally friendly.

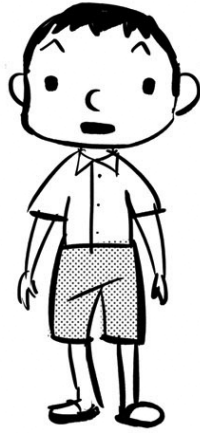
WENDY

Sherlock's older sister. A year older than him, Wendy is a very talented artist but she is terrible at Chinese. Sherlock would like to be taller than her one day soon. She doesn't like wearing dresses or skirts.



JIMMY

Sherlock's classmate, Jimmy is the only boy in a Peranakan family with four sisters. Seemingly much younger than his actual age, everything is exciting and magical to Jimmy. He has terrible handwriting.



MOM

A homemaker, Sherlock's mom is half-Peranakan and is constantly experimenting in the kitchen. Sherlock often wonders why she tempts him with food, then does not allow him to eat his fill.



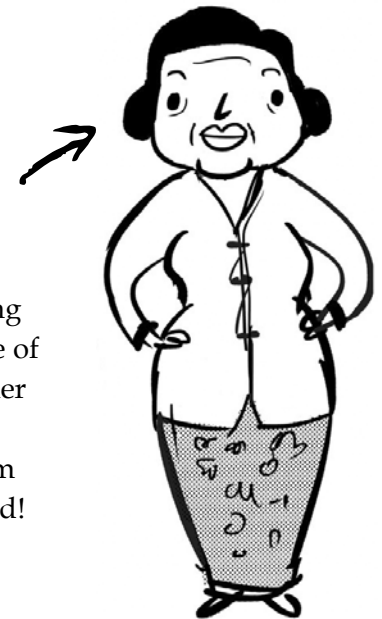
DAD

An engineer, Sherlock's dad is a scientific genius, but is rather forgetful and bumbling in real life. He has never stopped reading superhero comics—a love he's passed on to his son.



AUNTIE KIM LIAN

A Peranakan matriarch, Auntie Kim Lian is renowned for her cooking skills. Fiercely protective of her grandchildren and her family recipes, she loves cooking for Sherlock Sam because he loves her food!



ABOUT THE AUTHORS

The writers behind the pseudonym A. J. Low are a husband-and-wife team, Adan Jimenez and Felicia Low-Jimenez. Born in the San Joaquin Valley in California to Mexican immigrant parents, Adan became an immigrant himself when he moved to Singapore after completing his degree in English Literature at New York University. He has worked in the book industry and the gaming industry, and has co-written a children's book *Twisted Journeys #22: Hero City*, published in the U.S. in 2012.

Felicia was born and raised in Singapore. She started work in the book industry after completing her degree in Business Administration. She also attained her graduate degree in Literary Theory from the University of New England in New South Wales, Australia. The *Sherlock Sam* series is Felicia's debut writing effort, after accumulating years of experience buying, selling and marketing books. You can email the authors at sherlock.sam.sg@gmail.com.

ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATOR

drewwscape is Andrew Tan, a freelance illustrator from Singapore. His work consists of drawing storyboards and illustrating for advertising agencies as well as magazines. He enjoys creating comics just for the fun of it. He loves experimenting with various styles and mediums, hunting for new art tools, and discovering new graphic novels with fresh, interesting drawing styles. His inspirations come from daily life, manga, European comics and science fiction.

“One of the sharpest, funniest
books you’ll read all year.”

– HAL JOHNSON, author of *Immortal Lycanthropes*

“Sherlock Sam’s never-give-up attitude
will keep readers glued till the last page.”

– ADELINE FOO, award-winning author of
The Diary of Amos Lee series

“A thrilling kid’s detective romp.”

– OTTO FONG, author of *Sir Fong’s Adventures In Science*



Met Sherlock Sam, Singapore’s greatest
kid detective. With his trusty robot
Watson, Sherlock Sam will stop at nothing
to solve the case, no matter how big or small!
When Auntie Kim Lian’s precious Peranakan
cookbook disappears, Sherlock Sam cannot
eat her delicious ayam buah keluak anymore!
Will Sherlock Sam be able to use his super
detective powers to find this lost treasure?

Watch out for SHERLOCK SAM
AND THE GHOSTLY MOANS IN
FORT CANNING as the adventures
of Sherlock Sam continue!

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