

SHERLOCK SAM

and the GHOSTLY
MOANS in
FORT CANNING



By
A.J.
LOW

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LOCK

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ALSO IN THE SERIES

Sherlock Sam and the Missing Heirloom in Katong



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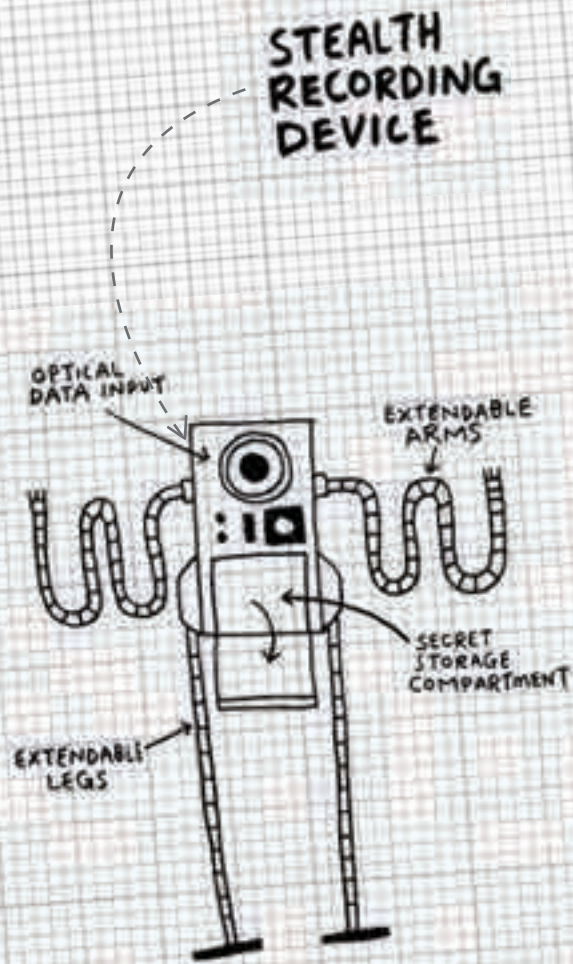
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and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination
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**FOR THE MUNCHKIN GANG:
Boon, Siva, Lemon, The Meihan and Highlander.**





CHAPTER ONE

"Hold still, Watson!" I said.

"I-have-been-holding-still-for-thirty-two-minutes," Watson replied.

"Then just hold still for one... more... minute," I grumbled, giving the screwdriver one final twist. "There, it's done!"

I stood back to admire my handy work. Other than the small panel that was open on the right side of Watson's head, he didn't look

any different. But he was now more powerful than ever! MUAHAHAHA!

“Why-are-you-laughing-strangely?” Watson asked.

I closed the panel with a sharp click.

“Let’s test it out, Watson,” I said. “On my mark, start!”

Watson remained silent.

“Watson? Did you hear me? I said ‘start’,” I said, and waited for him to respond.

Watson continued to remain silent.

“Is it not working correctly? Impossible!” I said, moving towards my robot.

“Let’s test it out, Watson. On my mark, start!” I said in reply.

Wait a minute, was that me?

“Watson? Did you hear me? I said ‘start’,” I continued.

Was my voice really that squeaky? But more importantly, it worked! The new recording device I had installed in Watson worked!



“Isn’t this awesome, Watson? Now you will be able to record all my case notes, no matter where we are!” I said.

“Indeed. What-could-be-more-awesome-than-recording-your-case-notes,” Watson replied.

“Okay, let’s start with the Case of the Missing Hamster,” I replied, glaring at my robot. “He was brown with white patches. At his young age he was already a proficient escape artist. They called him Benjamin. Benjamin the hamster—”

“Boys! Dinner!” Dad called from the living room.

“Dinner! Come on, Watson!” I said, already halfway out of my bedroom. “Coming, Dad!”

Dad, Mom and Wendy were seated at the dining table by the time Watson and I arrived. Mom had made her famous spaghetti bolognese! Her sauce had just the right mix of minced beef, carrots and celery—a delicious savoury perfection! Watson had his own plate

of used batteries that he consumed as his power source. His batteries were AA and cold.

“May I have extra cheese, please?” I asked politely.

“You’re so chubby already, still want more cheese,” Wendy said.

I glared at my sister. Wendy was tall and skinny, and only a year older than me. Maybe I would have a growth spurt when I turned eleven. Anyway, great detectives came in all shapes and sizes, and that was what I wanted to be: a great detective like Sherlock Holmes and Batman!

“It’s alright. Sam is a growing boy,” Dad replied, handing me the bowl of grated cheese.

“Only one more spoonful, Samuel,” Mom warned. She had a look on her face that meant she wasn’t going to repeat herself.

“Yes, Mom,” I said. I made sure it was a heaping spoonful. Dad grinned at me. Like me, he had been a chubby kid when he was ten,

but now he was tall and skinny! I had genetics on my side! I had read about this in *The Stuff of Life*, a comic on genes and DNA that Dad had bought for me. He had also let me read *Science of the X-Men*, which was also about genetics, but not as relevant to my situation.

“What time is your school excursion tomorrow morning?” Mom asked.

“Egg-ay-em,” I mumbled, my mouth full of pasta.

“Egg-ay-em,” Watson repeated.

Everyone turned to look at Watson.

“What was that?!” Wendy asked, her eyes wide.

“Oh. I’ve just installed a recording programme in Watson,” I replied, twirling spaghetti around my fork.

“That’s interesting,” Dad said, nodding approvingly.

“No eavesdropping,” Mom said, shaking her head disapprovingly.

“Can Watson help me with my Chinese presentation for school?” Wendy asked.

“No, he may not,” Mom replied. “Anyway, both of you have to leave at 8am tomorrow, is that right? And I’m supposed to drop you off at Fort Canning Park?”

“Yes, Mom. All the Upper Primary kids are going to The Battle Box!” I said.

“That’s so fun! When I was in school, the only outing we had was to the shiitake mushroom farm at Lim Chu Kang,” Dad said. “There are only so many photographs you can take of mushrooms before feeling bored. Those fungi are no fun guys.”

“There’s a spice garden at Fort Canning, I think,” Mom said.

“Do they have mushrooms there?” Dad asked.

“A-mushroom-is-not-a-spice,” Watson replied.

“But what is The Battle Box?” Mom asked, smiling fondly at Dad. He was a genius

engineer, but often got his vegetables and fruits mixed up. And, apparently, also his fungi.

“The Battle Box was an underground bunker the British Malaya High Command used as its headquarters during the Second World War. Now it’s been converted into a historical attraction,” Dad replied. See? Smart!

“Apparently they use animatronics to recreate historical scenes, Dad! How cool is that?” I said.

“I-am-looking-forward-to-meeting-fellow-robots,” Watson said.

“I want to see the sculptures at the sculpture garden,” Wendy said.

“Wendy, look after your brother,” Mom reminded.

“But Mom! My classmates will be there! I’m supposed to be buddies with a new boy. I can’t babysit Cher Lock all day!” Wendy cried.

“SHER-lock!” I retorted.

“SHER-lock!” Watson cried in my voice.

I made a mental note to give Watson a command word so that he would know when to start recording, and when to stop. Otherwise, who knew what he would record!

“Well, keep a look out for Sam and Watson anyway. I’m sure your new friend would love to meet a robot,” Mom replied.

“Fine, but you better behave,” Wendy said, wrinkling her nose at me.

“I-always-behave,” Watson replied.

“Thanks, Watson,” I said. Watson was my loyal sidekick. I knew he would always take my side.

“And-I-will-inform-you-if-Sherlock-misbehaves,” Watson continued.

Then again, maybe not.

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ABOUT THE AUTHORS

The writers behind the pseudonym A. J. Low are the husband-and-wife team, Adan Jimenez and Felicia Low-Jimenez. Born in California to Mexican immigrant parents, Adan became an immigrant himself when he moved to Singapore after graduating from New York University with an English Literature degree. He previously co-wrote a children's book, *Twisted Journeys #22: Hero City*. He loves comics, LEGO®, books, movies, games (analog and video), *Doctor Who* and sandwiches, and one day hopes to own a store that sells all these things. Felicia was born and raised in Singapore. She spent most of her childhood with her head in the clouds and her nose buried in a book, and now daydreams of owning her own bookstore. She has a graduate degree in Literary Theory, and the *Sherlock Sam* series is Felicia's debut writing effort, after accumulating years of experience buying, selling and marketing books.

You can contact the authors at sherlock.sam.sg@gmail.com or by visiting sherlocksam.wordpress.com and facebook.com/SherlockSamSeries.

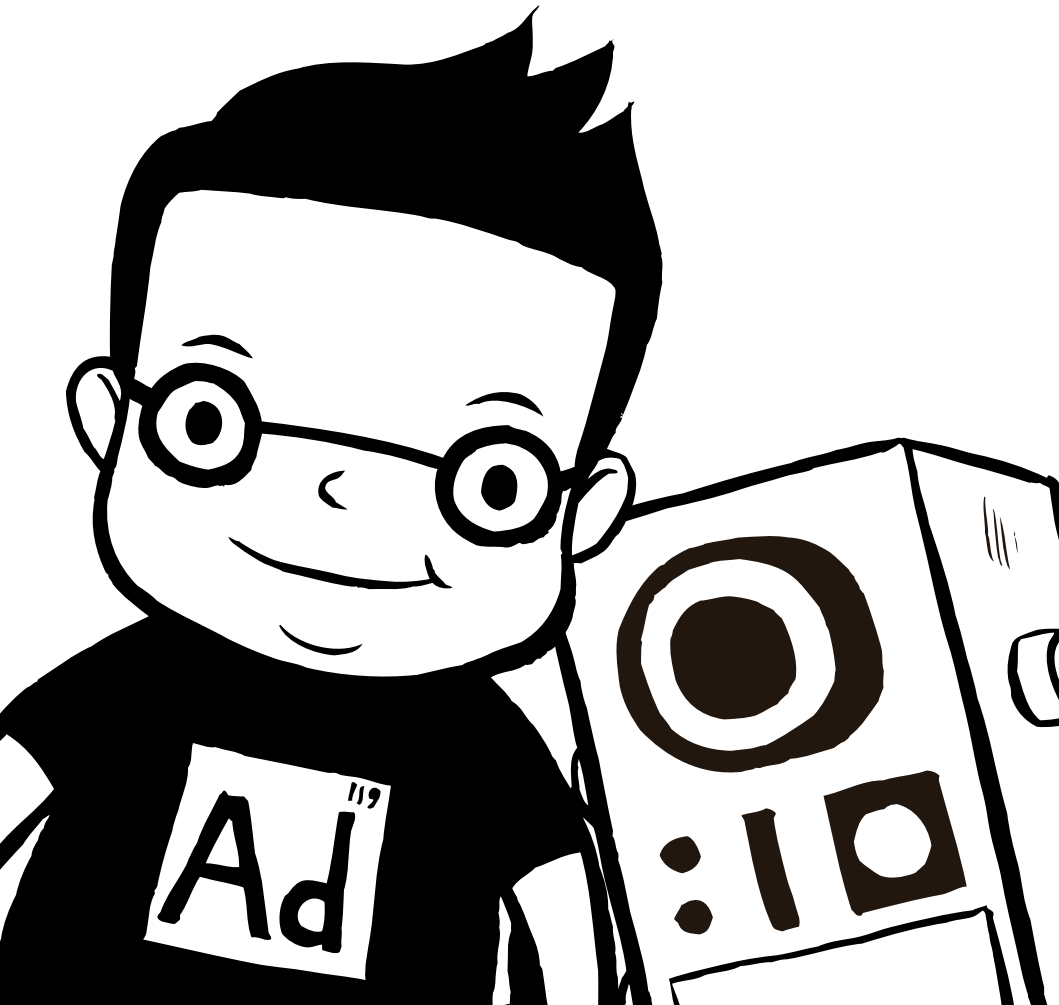
ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATOR

drewscape 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 and interesting drawing styles. His inspirations come from daily life, manga, European comics and science fiction.

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“Simply awesome! This book is super fun.”

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Kung Fu Masters*

**“Sherlock Sam and Watson are set to become
one of Singapore’s favourite detective duos!”**

—EMILY LIM, award-winning author of
Prince Bear & Pauper Bear

**“Watson is a delightful creation. No detective
should leave home without a robot like him!”**

—SONNY LIEW, Eisner-nominated
author of *Malinky Robot*



The adventures of Sherlock Sam continue!
When ghostly sounds fill the air at
one of Singapore’s most-loved historical
attractions, Sherlock Sam finds himself in
the middle of an intriguing mystery. Ghosts
do not exist, or do they? Will this puzzle
prove too difficult for Sherlock Sam and his
loyal sidekick robot, Watson, to solve?

Watch out for SHERLOCK SAM
AND THE SINISTER LETTERS IN
BRAS BASAH as the adventures
of Sherlock Sam continue!

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