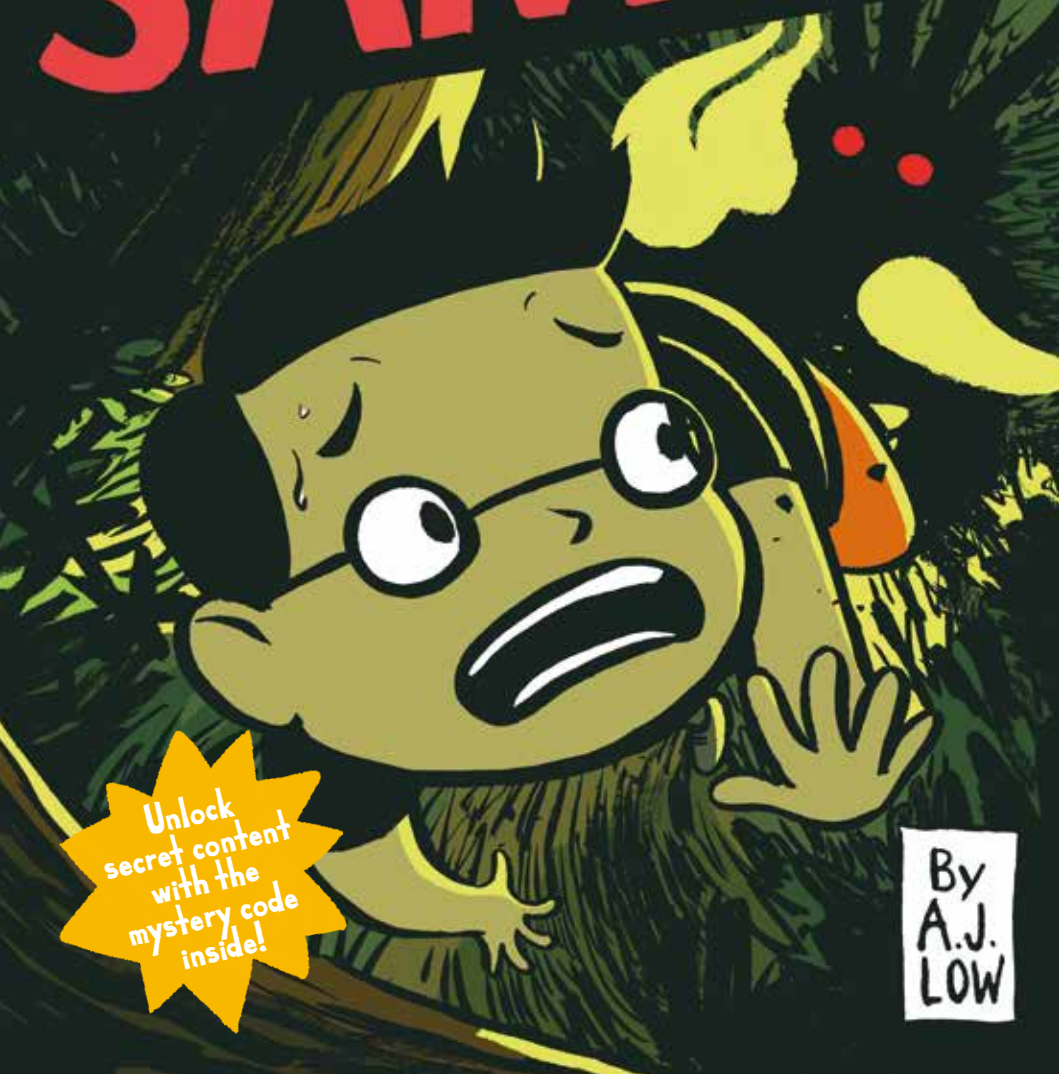


# SHERLOCK SAM

and the **ALIEN**  
ENCOUNTER  
on PULAU UBIN



Unlock  
secret content  
with the  
mystery code  
inside!

By  
A.J.  
LOW

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# SHER SAM

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and the ALIEN ENCOUNTER  
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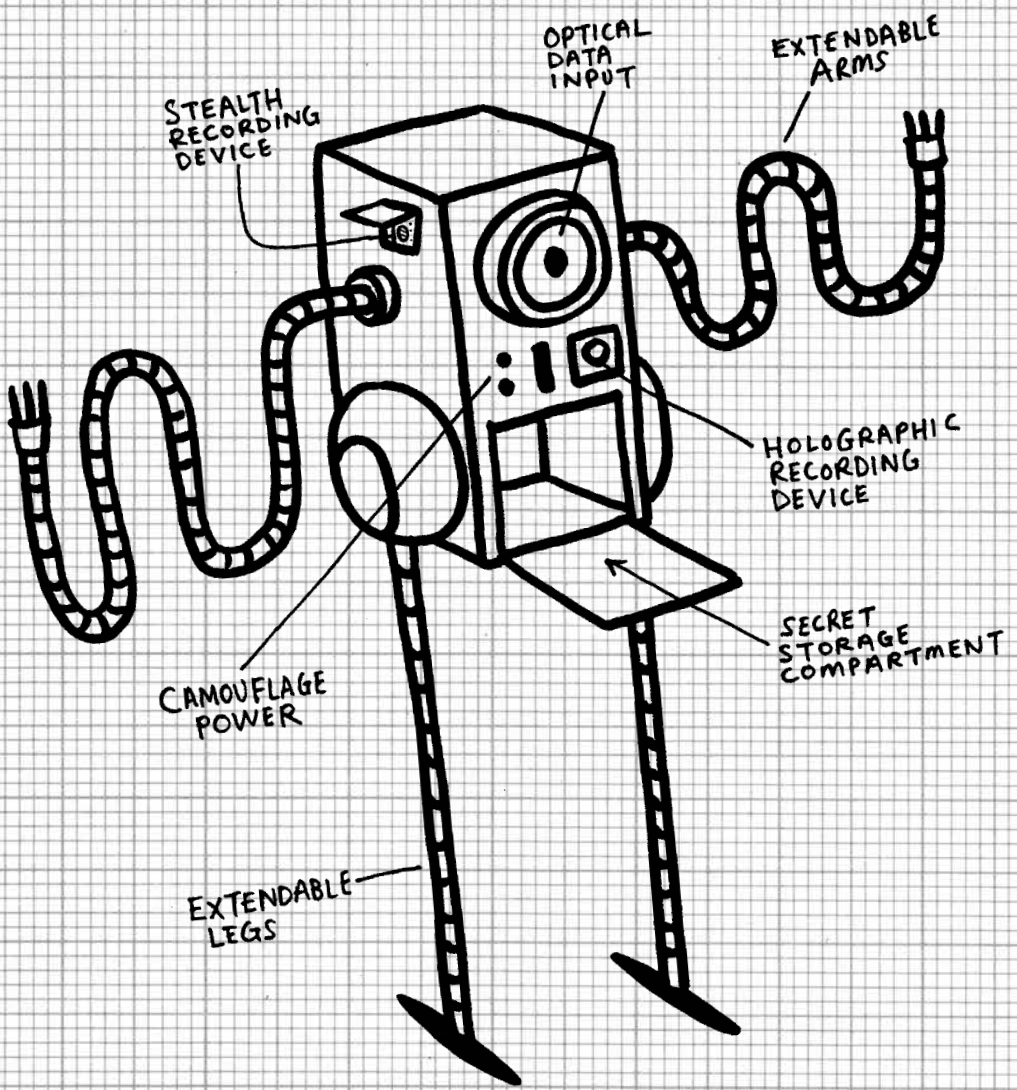
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# CHAPTER ONE

"I-would-prefer-an-invisibility-cloak," Watson said.

"Unfortunately, Dad hasn't invented that technology yet so you'll just have to make do with this," I replied. My hands were filled with coloured wires, and I was trying to focus on the task in front of me.

"All-my-upgrades-have-served-one-purpose," Watson continued.

"To take over the world?" I asked distractedly.

One of the wires had gotten tangled and I was having difficulty unwinding it so that it would fit onto Watson's complicated circuit board.

"To-let-you-eat-more," Watson replied.

"That's not true at all!" I yelled. Outrageous! The first power I installed, extendable arms and legs, were for Watson to...well, to get the Khong Guan biscuits hidden on the top shelf in the kitchen. The second power, however, had nothing at all to do with food. It was for Watson to be able to record my case notes! So there!

"So there!" I said.

"You-were-talking-to-yourself-inside-your-head-again," Watson replied.

"Your voice and video recording functions had nothing to do with food!" I said.

"You-used-the-video-recording-function-to-find-out-who-was-eating-your-favourite-Khong-Guan-biscuits," Watson said.

"Oh, right," I said. "But, ha! I didn't use the voice recording function for anything food-related!"

"You-recorded-an-in-depth-report-on-all-the-chicken-wings-you-have-ever-eaten," Watson replied.

"That was just that one time," I replied.

"And-an-in-depth-report-on-all-the-satay—"

"I'm done!" I exclaimed. I wasn't quite sure I had positioned all the wires in the right place, but I had to do something to distract Watson. "Try your new power out!"

There was a brief pause, then Watson shivered, and suddenly he was a bright luminous pink all over!

"It works! You now have the ability to camouflage yourself!" I said. "I'm not sure when you'll need to be neon pink though."

"Pink-is-cool," Watson replied. "Pink-robots-are-cooler."

"Hmm, since I'm in here," I said, pulling out

a few more wires and twisting them about. "Perhaps it would be a good time to change your name to MEGA-TECHNO-DESTRO-BOT like I originally intended, before Dad interfered."

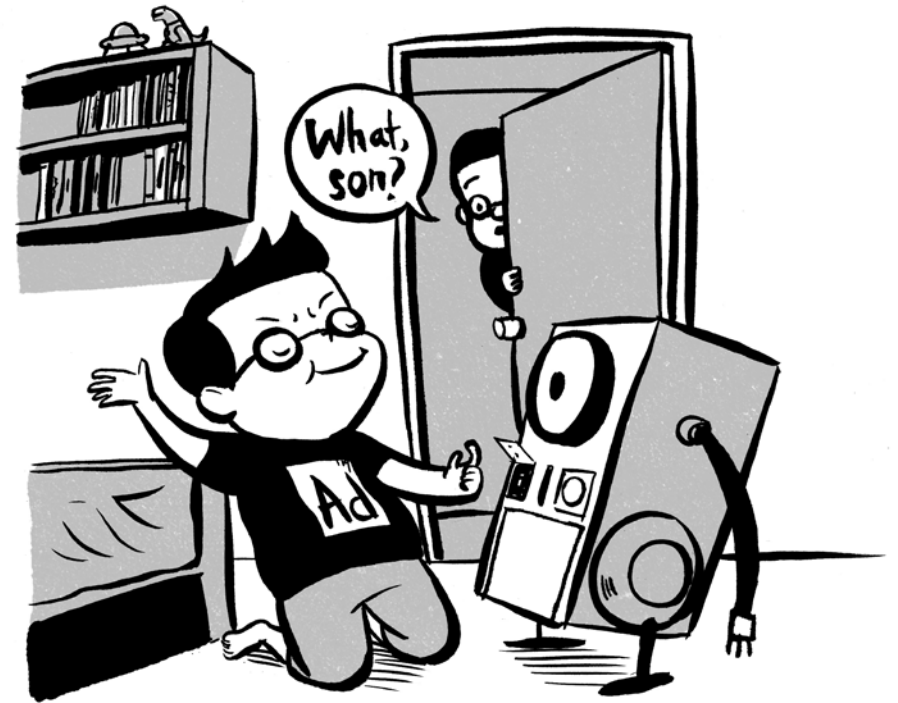
"I-am-always-ready-to-use-mega-technology-to-destroy-your-ability-to-make-me-leave-the-house," Watson said, flushing to a light purple.

I ignored him and prepared to flip the all-important switch that would allow me to change Watson's name. He would acknowledge the next words that were said as his new name. "Okay, let's try this again, soon to be MEGA-TECHNO-DESTRO-BOT!"

I had hoped for a thunderstorm: thunder and lightning would have made this scenario way cooler. Alas, it was a clear day.

I flipped the switch dramatically anyway.

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



"My-name-is-Wat-son," my almost MEGA-TECHNO-DESTRO-BOT said.

"DAD!" I yelled out.

"What? What did I do?" Dad replied.

"Never mind," I said. "Some things just aren't meant to be."

"What? Dinner's ready," Dad said. He still looked confused. "Also, why is Watson purple?"

"C'mon, Watson! Dinner!" I said, dragging my pale purple robot to the kitchen.

Both Mom and Wendy, my older sister, looked at Watson curiously as he sat down at the dinner table.

"Why is Watson purple, dear?" Mom asked.

"Actually, Mom, that particular shade of purple is known as lilac," my artistically inclined sibling said. Wendy was a year older than I was, and in Primary Five.

"I see. Sam, why is Watson lilac?" Mom replied, not missing a beat as she scooped out piping hot bowls of *bak kut teh* for all of us. I love Mom's *bak kut teh*. Her pork ribs are always boiled to succulent perfection, and her soup is never thick. It has just the right amount of spices to be full of flavour, but not overwhelmingly so. Mom is half-Peranakan and an amazing cook.

"It's his new camouflage power, Mom," I said as I scooped out bowls of rice for

everyone. I stopped heaping more rice into my bowl when I saw the look Mom gave me.

"Sherlock-claims-it-serves-no-food-related-purpose," Watson said. He changed back to his original colour as he tucked into his plate of recycled batteries that he consumed as his power source.

Now that I thought about it, though, Watson would be a lot harder to spot when I needed a midnight ice cream treat. Not that I was going to say that out loud.

"How are you feeling about not getting the highest grade for the first time, Samuel?" Mom asked.

Earlier in the day, I had found out a new student named James Mok had beaten me on a test by half a point. I'd yet to meet this boy as he was in one of the other Primary Four classes in my school. He had apparently just moved back to Singapore after living in London most of his life.



"It's okay, Mom," I said. "I don't need to be the best; I just need to be my best."

"I'm very happy to hear that," Mom said, ruffling my hair.

Once everyone was seated and eating, Dad used his spoon to tap against his glass of ice-cold water. *Clink. Clink. Clink.*

"I have an announcement to make!" Dad said, grinning widely.

"Are we going camping?" I asked, slurping up a spoonful of broth.

"That's right! How did you guess, Sam?" Dad asked.

"I don't guess, Dad. I deduce," I replied. "I noticed that you and Mom bought a bottle of mosquito repellent, a bottle of sunscreen, and two sleeping bags last week."

"Can you deduce where we are going?" Dad asked.

"Elementary, my dear Dad. Pulau Ubin, of course," I replied confidently.

"How did you deduce that, Sam?" Mom asked.

"I noticed that Dad has been cutting out and keeping clippings of wild boar sightings in Pulau Ubin for a while now."

"Good job, son!" Dad said, patting me on the shoulder. "And I've already checked with the Supper Club, and all their parents have given permission for your friends to come with us to Pulau Ubin. Eliza's mom was really excited about it."

"You invited Eliza?!" Wendy exclaimed.

"Why, yes. She's part of the Supper Club, isn't she?" Dad replied, counting off with his fingers, "Jimmy, Nazhar, Eliza, Wendy, Watson and Sherlock."

"I think your deductive skills could use some practice, Dad," I said. It didn't take a genius detective to deduce that Eliza and Wendy were not the best of friends.

"Perhaps-your-Dad-needs-detective-tuition," Watson added.

Dad looked rather bewildered. He might be a brilliant engineer, but the complexities of friendship between 11-year-old girls would likely always elude him.

“But she’s always hanging around...” Dad muttered to himself, scratching the top of his head.

“Well, it was a really nice thing your dad did, and I’m sure we’ll all have a great time. Am I right, Wendy?” Mom said, giving my sister a sidelong look.

Wendy heaved a great big sigh before nodding. Right then, she froze as realisation hit her. “I’m going to have to share a tent with Eliza, aren’t I?” she asked, looking horrified.

“You-could-share-a-tent-with-Sherlock,” Watson said. “Just-remind-him-that-crumbs-in-bed-will-attract-wild-animals.”

I glared at my robot.

“Though-his-farts-will-likely-be-a-natural-repellent.”



Wendy and my parents erupted in laughter.

“It’s okay. I can share the tent with Eliza,” Wendy said, wrinkling her nose at me and still laughing.

“It’s confirmed then! We’ll take the boat to Pulau Ubin once school is out this Friday!” Dad said. He beamed at Mom, who nodded.

A camping trip to Pulau Ubin! While I usually shunned the outdoors for the comfort

of an air-conditioned library or bookshop, I had every faith that my dad would ensure that we spent the trip in relative comfort. I wondered if he had bought those special tents that came with air-conditioning. But first things first...

“There are barbecue pits at the campsite, correct?” I asked.

ooo

## CHAPTER TWO



“I-am-going-to-rust,” Watson said. He extended his legs and strode off the boat onto the jetty easily. The rest of us clambered off the rickety bumboat that had brought us from the main island.

Pulau Ubin was a small island to the north-east of mainland Singapore and its name was Malay for “Granite Island”, likely because many granite quarries used to be there. Nobody called it that, though it was occasionally called

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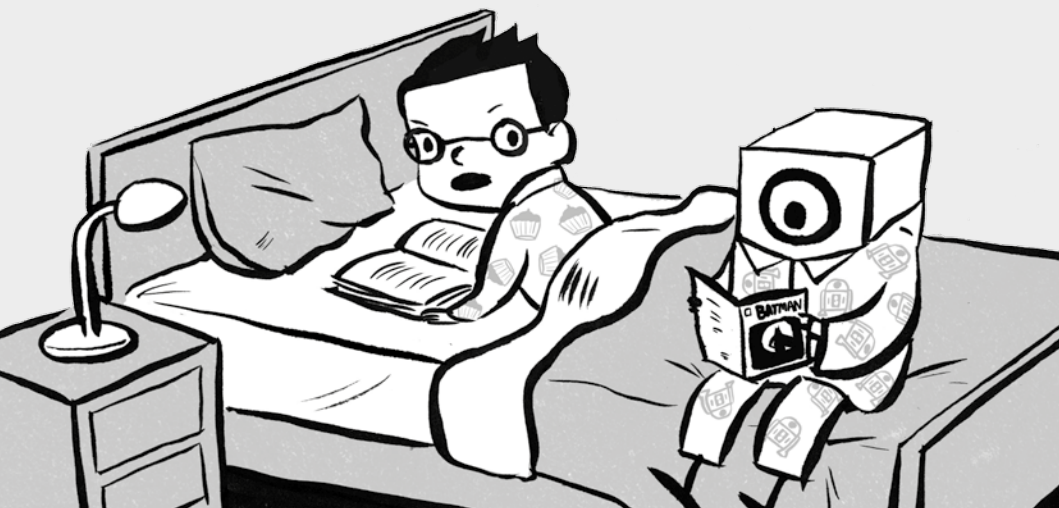
## THE MYSTERY ISN'T DONE YET!



Can you help Sherlock Sam find where Officer Siva had been hiding? Go back and look at the illustrations carefully.

Then email us your answers at [sherlock.sam.sg@gmail.com](mailto:sherlock.sam.sg@gmail.com) and we'll tell you if you're right!

(Hint: He's hidden in four illustrations!  
Look very closely!)



## 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.

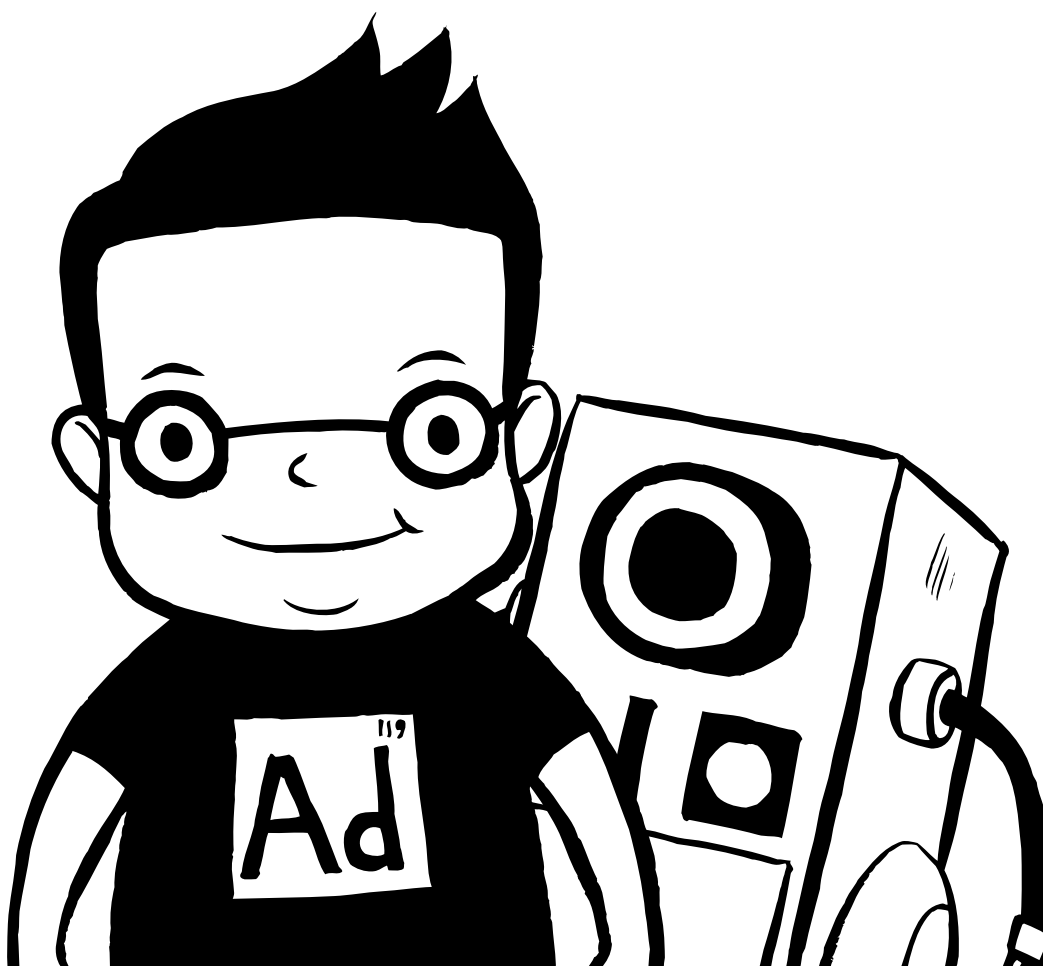
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## ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATOR

Andrew Tan (also known as drawscape) is a full-time freelance illustrator and an Eisner-nominated comic artist. He illustrates for print ads, magazines and also enjoys storyboarding and illustrating for picture book projects. During his free time, he's always creating his own comics for the fun of it. In his home studio you'll find an overflow of art tools of all kinds as he loves experimenting with them. He has already too many fountain pens and tells himself that he will stop buying more. Andrew published his first graphic novel, *Monsters, Miracles & Mayonnaise*, in 2012.

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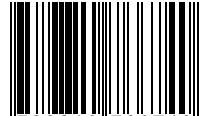


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