

# SHERLOCK SAM

and the  
**FIENDISH  
MASTERMIND**  
in **JURONG**

THE  
FIENDISH  
MASTERMIND  
TRILOGY  
BOOK 3



# SHERLOCK SAM and the FIENDISH MASTERMIND in JURONG



# SHER SAM

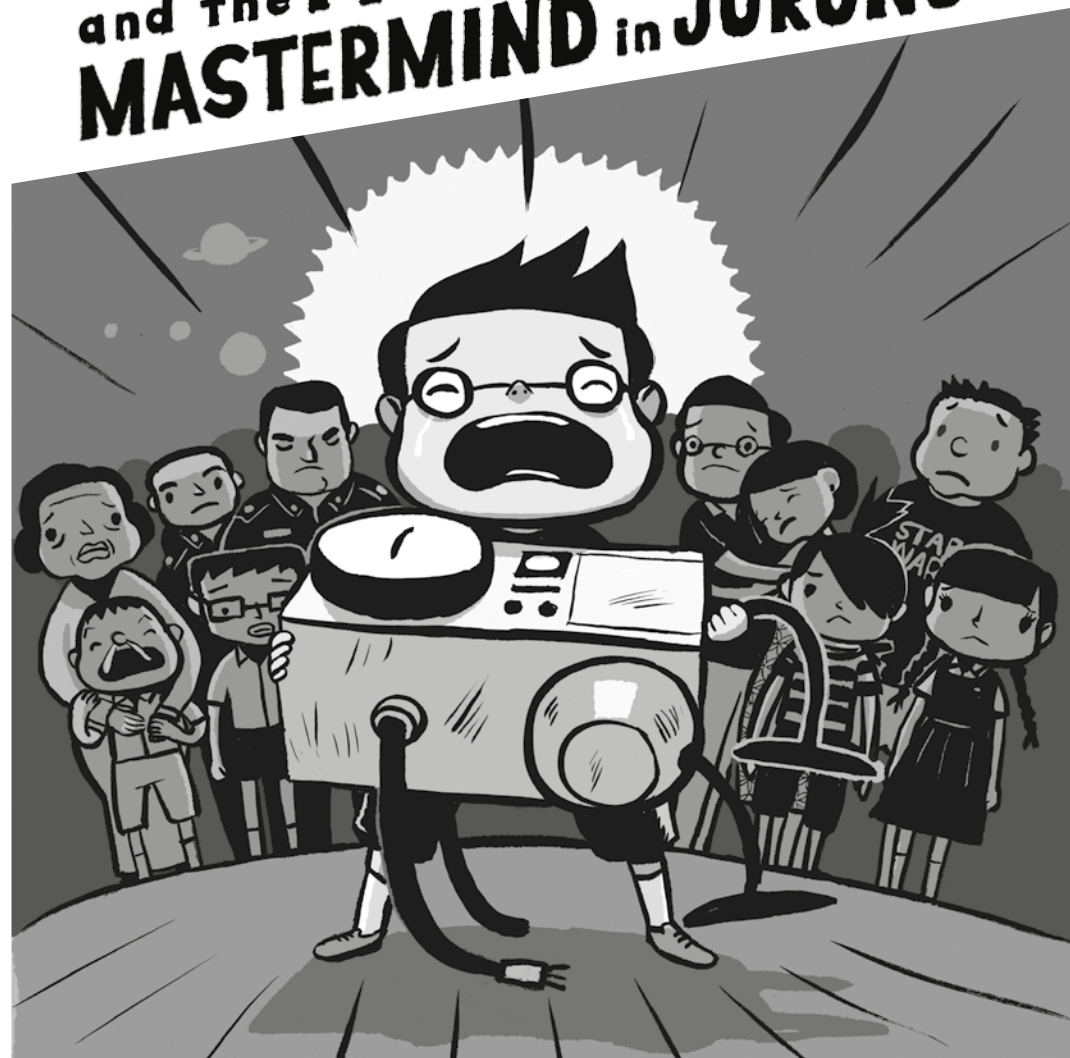
# LOCK

and the **FIENDISH  
MASTERMIND** in **JURONG**

By  
A.J.  
LOW

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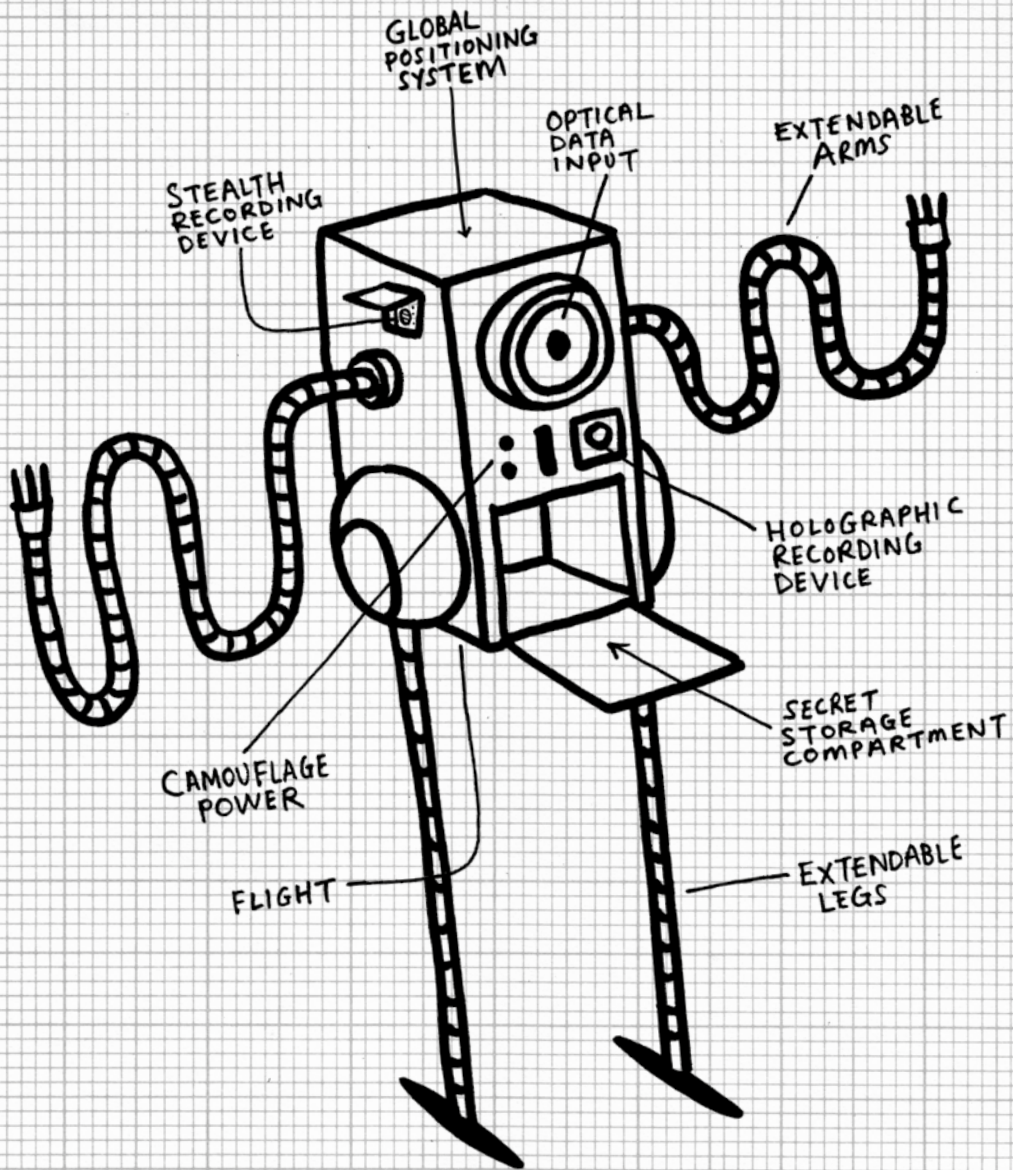
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**To amazing author Ovidia Yu,  
for reminding us how awesome  
Mom is, and to Mr David Caddy's  
sixth grade class at St. Michael's  
Catholic Primary School in Perth  
for helping us figure out why  
Watson is so grumpy**





# CHAPTER ONE

Outside the school's main gate, I stared at Watson's hand lying in the box and tried to think. It was incredibly difficult because Wendy, Jimmy, Nazhar and even Eliza were all frantically asking me what we should do. Dad was on the phone with Mom and he was gesturing in an agitated manner. He had called her because Watson was family and he knew Mom would want to be informed as quickly as possible.

Both Mom and Dad had taught me to

stand up for what I believed was right and that was exactly what I was going to do. I couldn't believe that James would actually harm my robot. It seemed to cross the line—even for someone like him. I knew he was up to something, but I did not think he would deliberately hurt Watson!

"What are we going to do, Sam?" Wendy asked for the millionth time. She was clutching on to her skirt so tightly that she made more creases in her already wrinkled uniform.

"I didn't know, Samuel," Eliza said, her eyes bright with tears and her fists clenched at her sides. "I really didn't know James was going to do this. You have to believe me."

"We've got to save Watson, Sherlock!" Jimmy cried. "WE HAVE TO!"

"Maybe we should let Sherlock think, guys," Nazhar said. He looked worried and kept pushing his glasses up on his face.

"Sam, Mom's taking a taxi over right now,"

Dad said as he shoved his handphone into his pocket and ran his hand through his messy hair. He looked at the box and gently tried to pry it away from me. "Maybe I should hold on to this for now, okay, Sam?"

I released my death grip on the box and looked at Dad. I was finding it difficult to speak. I knew I needed to do something, to say something, but it felt like my brain was all fuzzy.

"Sam, you look like you're going to throw up," Wendy said. "Maybe you should sit down. Mom will be here soon."

Mom had always been Watson's staunchest defender.

*"How much longer do you think we have to wait, Dad?" I asked, impatiently tapping my foot.*

*Dad, Mom, Wendy, Watson and I had been in the queue for a newly opened fusion restaurant for more than forty-five minutes and we were finally the next in line. I had heard that they served the*

*most incredible lamb shank in mint sauce and my mouth was starting to water just thinking about it.*

*"We're next, Sam," Dad replied. "It shouldn't be too long. I can't wait! I'm sooo hungry I'm going to pass out." He mimed fainting dramatically, causing Mom to laugh.*

*"I-see-where-you-get-it-from-Sherlock," Watson said, looking at me with his single eye.*

*"I really don't know why they don't take reservations," Mom said, sighing. I knew Mom hated waiting in line for anything. She would always go to the hawker stall with the shortest queue, but she had agreed to come with us because she knew how badly we wanted to try the delicious food here.*

*"It's because they want people to see that they have a long queue in front of their restaurant, Mom," I said. "For a new restaurant, that'll give them a lot of attention." I had tons of free time on my hands while we were waiting, so I had decided to practise my skills of observation and deduction.*

*A good detective should never rest on his laurels. Also, I was bored out of my mind. Watson refused to play tic-tac-toe with me after I had tried to explain to him the probability of winning three times in a row. I felt it was only fair that he knew who he was up against. My classmates (well, mainly Jimmy) didn't call me the tic-tac-toe king for nothing.*

*"Next!" the hostess suddenly called out. She was dressed in a fancy-looking black dress and high heels, and she was frowning. I wanted to tell her that she might feel less grumpy if she had put on sensible shoes. Her job seemed to require a lot of standing and high heels were really not suitable.*

*"Oh yay!" Wendy said, clapping her hands. She pulled Watson along as she dashed forward. We eagerly gathered around the lady in black.*

*"Table for four, yes?" the hostess said, peering at us over her wire-framed glasses.*

*"Five, please," Mom replied, smiling.*

*"I count four people," the hostess answered back in a chilly tone.*

*"There are five of us," Mom insisted. She had stopped smiling.*

*"I am afraid I cannot seat that...metal object," the hostess said. "I assume that it doesn't consume actual food? We cannot afford to waste a seat on it. As you can tell, our restaurant is extremely popular and crowded."*

*"Watson isn't an it!" Wendy exclaimed, glaring at the hostess. She was still holding on to Watson's arm. I could hear Watson's circuits crackle fiercely.*

*"Yeah! He's my robot and my friend!" I added. "Right, Dad? Mom?"*

*"That's right, son," Dad said. "Please seat us at a table for five, miss. All you need to do is add an extra chair."*

*"I'm afraid that our tables are only for guests who consume actual food, sir," the hostess replied, in the same frosty tone. "That thing...it can wait outside if it must."*

*Mom stepped up to the hostess and looked her straight in the eye. "Watson is family. And in this*

*family, we only eat in places where all of us are welcome." Turning smartly, she continued, "Come on, dear, kids. Let's go. I've lost my appetite for the food here. I hear they overcook their lamb anyway."*

*No one messes with my mom.*

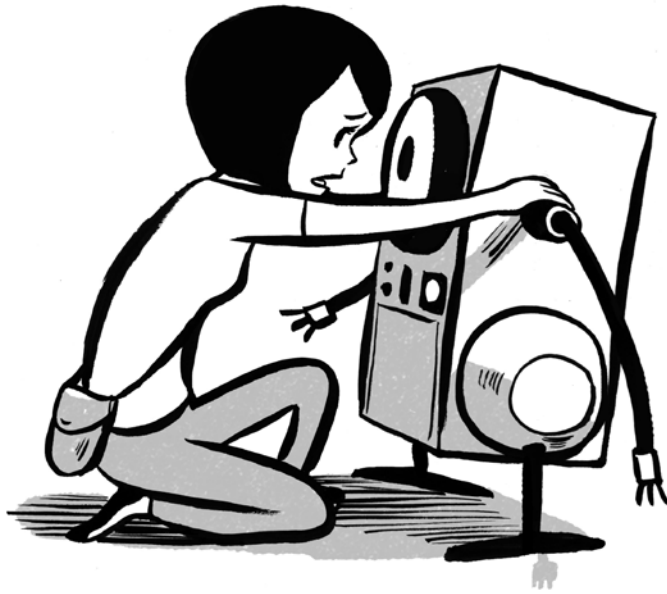
*"And I have the Internet and I'm not afraid to use it for reviews!" I called back to the sputtering hostess.*

*"I-could-have-waited-for-everyone-in-the-car," Watson said, as we headed towards the parking lot. "I-am-able-to-consume-my-batteries-anywhere. I-did-not-need-to-watch-Sherlock-eat-more-food.I-have-had-a-lot-of-chances-already."*

*We had reached our parked Space Wagon. Mom stopped walking and crouched down in front of my robot. She gently put her hands on his metal shoulders. "I meant what I said, Watson. You're family and I will never, ever let anyone bully anyone in our family. That lady had no right to be nasty to you just because you are different."*

*"Wait-a-minute-please. Why-did-I-have-to-*





*travel-as-luggage-to-Penang?" Watson asked.*

*Mom grimaced. "That was a safety regulation. But next time, we're going to get you a seat even if you have to spend the entire flight with your power turned off, okay?"*

*Watson's entire body flushed a bright pink that made Wendy giggle. I looked at Mom and beamed. She ruffled my hair and grinned back.*

*"What do you guys say we head to our usual Bedok Corner Food Centre?" Dad asked. "We can get the world-famous cheng ting for dessert!"*

*We all cheered – except Watson, of course, because Watson never cheered. But I was certain I saw a bright gleam in his one eye as we got into the car.*

*"Wait, does this mean Watson's full name is Watson Tan?" Wendy asked.*

*"Mom! Watson is going to need a Chinese name too!" I said.*

*"What-is-the-Chinese-word-for-handsome?" Watson asked.*

*"I know! It's...er...wait..." Wendy squinted as she tried to remember. My big sister's Chinese wasn't all that fantastic.*

*"I named Watson, you know," Dad said, nodding proudly.*

*"What? Only by accident!" I cried out. "Watson was supposed to be MEGA-TECHNO-DESTRO-BOT!"*

*Dad grinned.*

*"I-like-Wat-son-Tan-better," Watson replied.*

*"I like Watson Tan better too," Mom said, turning to look at the three of us in the back seat.*

*There was a smile on her face.*

*Mom was right. We were a family and no one was ever going to tell us differently.*

Then Eliza's phone rang, startling everyone. It was the familiar *My Little Pony* tune. She stared at her phone, then looked up at me.

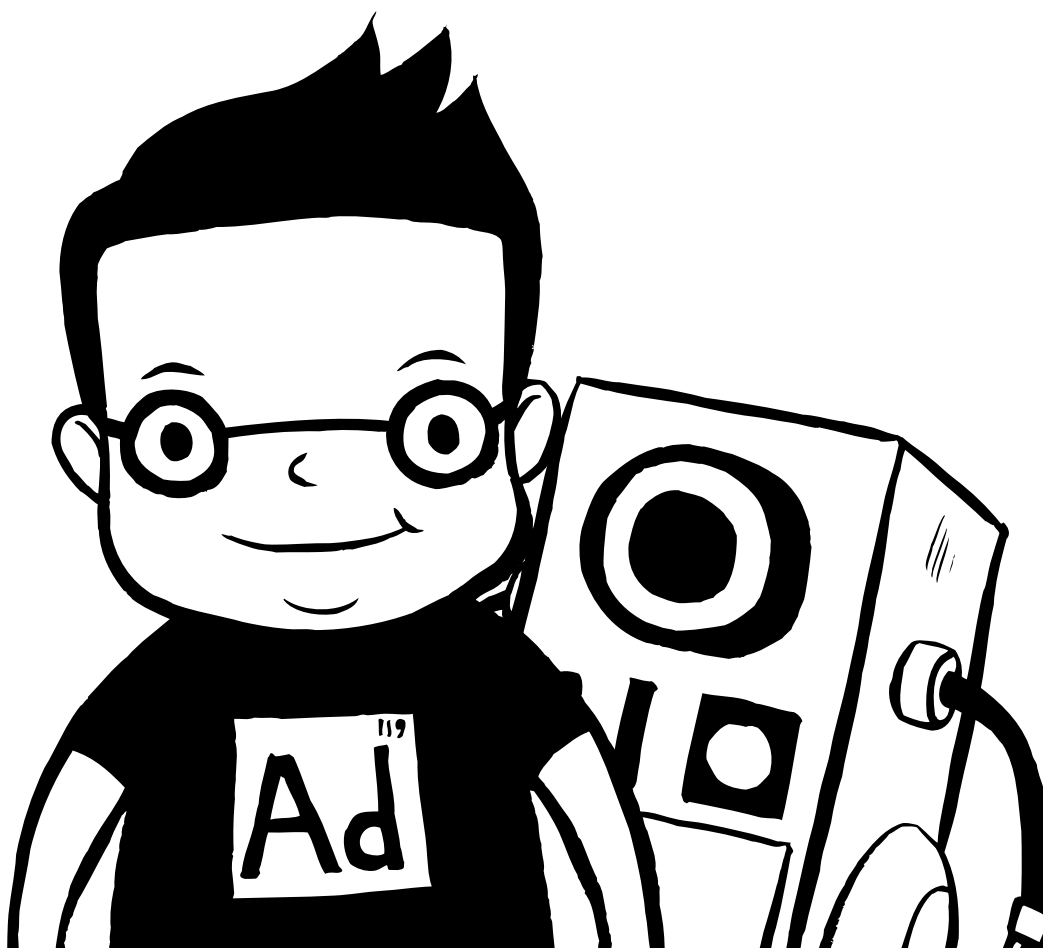
I knew it was James.

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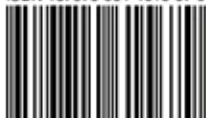


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