

# SHERLOCK SAM

and the  
**OBENTO  
BONANZA**  
in TOKYO



**BONUS  
STORY INSIDE**

The Missing Goggles  
in Potong Pasir

By  
A.J.  
LOW

# SHERLOCK SAM and the OBENTO BONANZA in TOKYO



# SHER SAM

# LOCK

and the **OBENTO  
BONANZA** in TOKYO

By  
A.J.  
LOW

E

EPIGRAM BOOKS / SINGAPORE



**ALSO IN THE SERIES**

*Sherlock Sam and the Missing Heirloom in Katong*  
*Sherlock Sam and the Ghostly Moans in Fort Canning*  
*Sherlock Sam and the Sinister Letters in Bras Basah*  
*Sherlock Sam and the Alien Encounter on Pulau Ubin*  
*Sherlock Sam and the Vanished Robot in Penang*  
*Sherlock Sam and the Cloaked Classmate in MacRitchie*  
*Sherlock Sam and the Stolen Script in Balestier*  
*Sherlock Sam and the Fiendish Mastermind in Jurong*

Copyright © 2015 by Adan Jimenez and Felicia Low-Jimenez  
Illustrations copyright © 2015 by Epigram Books

All rights reserved.  
Published in Singapore by Epigram Books.  
[www.epigrambooks.sg](http://www.epigrambooks.sg)

Illustrations by Drewscape  
Book layout by Yong Wen Yeu

National Library Board, Singapore  
Cataloguing-in-Publication Data

Low, A. J., author.  
*Sherlock Sam and the Obento Bonanza in Tokyo* /  
written by A. J. Low ; illustrated by Drewscape.  
– Singapore : Epigram Books, 2015.  
pages cm

ISBN : 978-981-4615-84-6 (paperback)  
ISBN : 978-981-4655-03-3 (eBook)

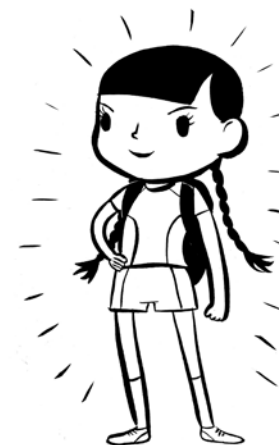
1. Missing persons – Juvenile fiction.
  2. Tokyo (Japan) – Juvenile fiction.
  3. Child detectives – Singapore – Juvenile fiction.
- I. Drewscape, illustrator II. Title.

PZ7  
S823 -- dc23 OCN918774361

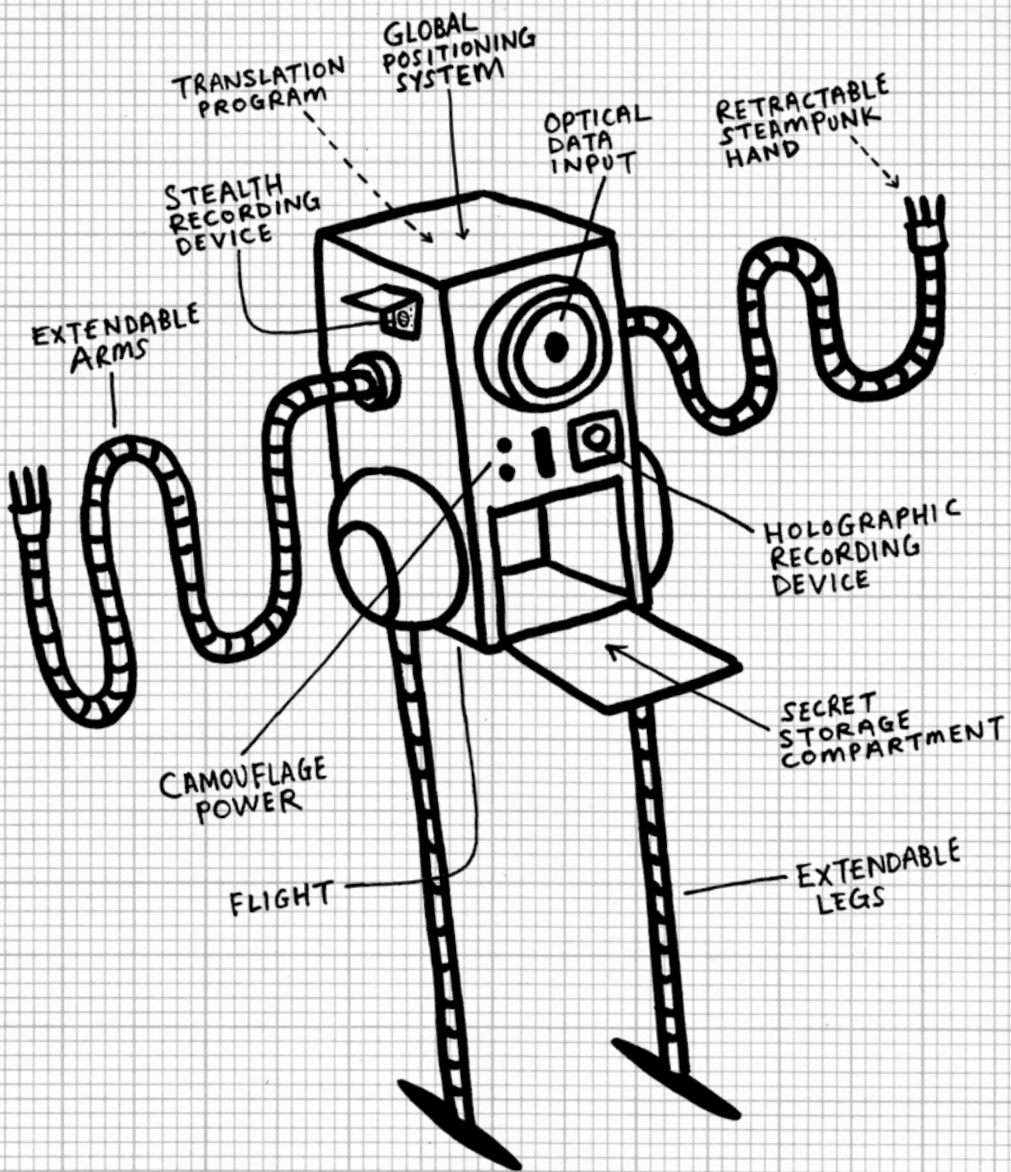
This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events or locales is entirely coincidental.

First Edition 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

**TO SHERI, OUR EDITOR,  
FELLOW WRITER, & FRIEND.**  
**We dedicate this Oxford comma to  
you. Thank you for your patience  
and invaluable advice. You've  
made us better writers.**







# CHAPTER ONE

"Airplanes-and-I-do-not-get-along," Watson said, "because-of-my-magnetic-personality."

"Don't worry, Watson," Mom replied, patting my robot. "You won't need to shut down. And you'll have your own seat, like we discussed the last time."

We had just arrived at Seletar Airport and were waiting for the private plane that Inspector Geneviève Lestrade from INTERPOL had chartered for us. The weird thing was,

we hadn't actually met her yet. She had called us a few times since we sort-of-but-not-really defeated the fiendish mastermind a few months ago. But, just as quickly, she would call again to say that the case had been solved and she didn't need our assistance after all. This didn't give us hope that we would be involved in an INTERPOL case any time soon. However, this time, no such call had come, and instead, the inspector had instructed us to head to Seletar Airport on a Saturday morning for a trip to Tokyo, Japan.

"These new planes don't need electronics to be turned off anymore," Officer Siva said. He was the main reason why Dad and Mom agreed to us taking this case. Officer Siva was a decorated and experienced member of the Singapore Police Force and had been our liaison for many cases previously. "Some of them even have wi-fi!"

Officer Siva had vouched for Inspector Lest-

rade from the beginning, telling us her credentials were legitimate and she was someone we could trust implicitly. He did admit that her methods and personality could be rather "offbeat". He also said that he had actually worked with her on a case a few years back, before he had even heard of Sherlock Sam, Watson and the Supper Club. Officer Siva had also recently seen her when the new INTERPOL Global Complex for Innovation had opened at the former Tanglin Police Division headquarters. It was a state-of-the-art facility and I couldn't wait to go visit!

Officer Siva had apparently been telling the inspector about us for a while and had told her about the case of the fiendish mastermind. According to him, she had been keeping close tabs on all our cases since then, and had been sufficiently impressed to want to work with us when the need arose. She just couldn't quite make up her mind as to exactly when that need would arise. Also, we had no idea

what she looked like. When we asked Officer Siva, he mumbled something along the lines of how she was a “chameleon” of sorts. And that there was no way we would not be able to recognise her. He also mentioned that she was “conspicuously inconspicuous”, but wouldn’t elaborate any further. He seemed to be hiding a smirk when he told us that, but even with my high levels of deduction, I was not able to decipher what he meant.

“Will I be allowed to stay turned on as well, Master Samuel?” Moran asked. “I’ve never flown before, so I am not sure about the proper procedures.”

“Of course you will, Moran,” I said. “And I’m not your Master, so you can just call me Sherlock.”

“Yeah, Moran! And I’m just Jimmy! Not Master Jimmy, remember?” Jimmy chirped. He was my best friend in school. “And Mama is not Madam Mama. She’s just Mama!”

Moran, who used to belong to my arch-nemesis, was living with Jimmy now. After a long discussion, Mom, Dad and Auntie Kim Lian, Jimmy’s grandmother, had decided that it might be best for Moran to stay with the Seet family instead of with us. Auntie Kim Lian mentioned that having a robot around would help distract Jimmy from the fact that his mom was often away for work. I thought it was a great idea because Watson would have fewer opportunities to influence Moran to follow his nefarious ways. More importantly though, I wanted Jimmy to be happy. He was my best friend and I looked out for him.

“Sam also answers to CHER LOCK,” my big sister Wendy said with a smirk. I rolled my eyes at her.

Since learning that Inspector Lestrade needed our help in Tokyo, Mom and Dad could not stop talking about how they hadn’t been there since their honeymoon, and how

excited they were to explore it again with us. We did some research online and, according to them, the city had changed immensely since they last visited. It would be like a new city for them too. The only issue would be the cold...

Mom and Dad had last gone to Tokyo in spring to see the cherry blossoms, also known as *sakura*, but now we were going in winter, during the December school holidays. It was still quite warm in Singapore, but it would be near or below freezing in Tokyo. We might even see falling snow, something I had never seen before except on television. I was super excited!

Jimmy was looking out of the window expectantly, hoping to catch sight of our plane landing on the runway.

"I bet you already know this, Nazhar," Officer Siva said, "but Seletar used to be a military airbase."

Nazhar was a big history buff and was in Wendy's class. He pushed his glasses up his nose

and, for the first time since he met up with us, looked up from the Tokyo guidebook his dad had purchased for him. His book was already flagged with numerous multi-coloured Post-its. "Yes, the British used it before and after World War II," he said. "But Singapore converted it into a civilian airport three years after independence."

"That's pretty good, Nazhar," Dad said. "Besides business and chartered flights, they also do a lot of private flight training here too."

"Do you want to learn how to fly, Uncle?" Nazhar asked.

"I should go to flight school one day," Dad replied. "I'm sure I'd be great at flying."

"And I will never find out," Mom said with a grin. "I would never set foot in a plane you're piloting."

Jimmy was now looking anxiously out at the runway, bouncing from one foot to the other. Our chartered plane had finally arrived and had started to refuel.



“Are you okay, Jimmy?” I asked.

“I’m just worried that Eliza won’t make it on time,” he said, turning to look at me. “What if we have to board? She won’t be here *and* you guys won’t have your winter coats!”

“It’s okay, Jimmy,” I said. “If the plane is ready first, we’ll just ask them to wait until Eliza gets here. This isn’t like a normal flight, so they can do that.”

That wasn’t entirely true, as private planes still have to file flight times and flight paths with the aviation authorities, but I didn’t want Jimmy to worry anymore. The truth was I was a bit worried about Eliza too. Her parents were getting a divorce so things had to be difficult for her and we all wanted to help if possible. Eliza’s parents both still very much wanted to be a part of her life. In fact, it was Eliza’s dad who was giving us the winter coats that Jimmy was talking about. He ran a sports equipment company and said we could help him “field-

test” his new range of winter clothing. None of us had ever needed winter wear before, except for Jimmy, as Auntie Kim Lian always wanted him to be prepared for everything. Peranakan mamas were like that.

“Sorry I’m late everyone!” Eliza shouted suddenly from the other end of the holding room. Jimmy burst into a grin and ran towards her.

Eliza’s dad was carrying what looked like a million winter coats and was sweating heavily, but he also had a slight smile on his face. Other than Jimmy, Mom and Dad, all of us received new winter coats! Mine was orange, Wendy’s was green, Nazhar’s was light purple and Eliza’s was blue! Officer Siva looked mournful that he didn’t receive a coat as well and asked Eliza’s dad where he could buy a purple one. Watson and Moran didn’t need coats, but that didn’t stop Watson from complaining about how the snow would cause him to rust.

“I wish I was going with you guys,” Officer Siva said. “I would love to put some of these yakuza thugs in their place.”

“Like who, Officer Siva?” Nazhar asked.

“There are so many, Nazhar!” Officer Siva said, taking out a bunch of wanted poster trading cards from his back pocket. He had clearly come prepared. “There’s Koichiro Satomi. They call him the Robot God because he feels nothing.” I gave Watson a sidelong glance when I heard that. The photograph on the card showed a grey-eyed man with glasses wearing a nice suit. He had a blank expression on his face that still managed to look menacing.



“Then there’s Jiro the Blade, who is said to be responsible for a great number of knife-related crimes!” From the photograph I saw that Jiro had a long scar that started over his right eye and curved down across his cheek. He also had a unibrow running above his eyes and nose.

“There’s also Yusuke Kawai, the Batsu Butcher, the most dangerous yakuza of all! A man who likes to—”

“Perhaps this is not appropriate talk for children, Superintendent.” Mom was glaring at Officer Siva.

Officer Siva cleared his throat and quickly packed his cards away. “Erm...what I meant to say was that I wish I was going with you guys because Inspector Lestrade seems to have a pretty interesting mystery for you to solve that is completely unrelated to the yakuza.”

“What is it?” Eliza asked. “I haven’t heard about it yet.”

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Mom walk

over to Eliza's dad and have a conversation that was too soft for me to hear. I know because I tried to eavesdrop.

"Mona Sumi, a very famous animator in Japan, has been kidnapped," I said. "Inspector Lestrade wants our help to find and rescue her from her kidnappers. She says they left a complicated clue, but that it's so weird and makes so little sense that we have to see it for ourselves."

"Mona Sumi is the animator who does all the food-related anime, isn't she?" Wendy asked. "She has a unique visual style, and always draws lanky characters with large, poofy hair. Sam, you love her anime with the hero who makes bread and has superpowers, don't you? Super Pan Man or something like that?"

I did in fact love watching *Supapanman*. *Pan* is Japanese for bread and the anime always featured special, mouthwatering *pan*! Plus, who wouldn't love a hero who saved the world by making delicious bread? Supapanman

usually fought other vicious food-themed villains, like the Roe Foe and the Furikake Fiend, but in recent episodes, Mona Sumi had introduced a buffoonish gangster character that kept tripping over his own pants while Supapanman fought off the bad guys. I wasn't sure the silly gangster was needed, though. Supapanman was already super hilarious with his skinny frame and poofy hair under his over-tall chef's hat.

"Looks like it's time to go, kids," Officer Siva said. "The flight crew is waving you to the runway."

"Goodbye, Officer Siva!" Jimmy shouted. "We'll take lots of pictures for you!"

"Never mind the pictures," Officer Siva said, "just eat lots of ramen for me!"

"That's not going to be a problem!" I shouted.

"Maybe not too much ramen," Mom said raising an eyebrow.

"But we'll need the broth to stay warm," I

said. I mean, we didn't want to freeze, right?

"He's right, dear," Dad said beaming. "It's going to be pretty cold. In fact, I'm going to treat everyone to ramen when we land! Ramen for everybody!"

"Yay!" we cheered. Jimmy did a little dance while repeating the words "ramen, ramen, ramen". Mom tried to smother her laugh, but didn't do a very good job.

We also said goodbye to Eliza's dad, who gave her a long hug, and then we went downstairs and crossed the tarmac to the waiting plane. On the inside, it looked like all those private jets I saw on TV.

"The translation program you installed might come in handy in Japan, Watson," I said.

"What-translation-program?"

"I know you can upgrade yourself, remember?"

"Oh-right," Watson said. "Then-yes-it-might-be-helpful."

"Since you can upgrade yourself, maybe we can talk about what kind of upgrades we can do in the future, and maybe work out some kind of schedule? Your new steam-driven hand was a great addition that will definitely help us fight crime, so we can think of more things like that."

"Is-'none'-an-option?"

"Why none?" I asked.

"Because-every-time-you-upgrade-me-I-have-to-do-more-things-that-are-not-reading-comics-in-my-pyjamas."

I scowled at Watson. I thought I saw him smile, which was impossible, as he had no physical mouth. There was a definite glint in his single eye though, of that I was sure.

The plane took off, and once the pilot informed us we'd reached "cruising altitude", Moran started offering biscuits and clotted cream to everyone.

"While I certainly don't mind the delicious food, you know you don't have to do this



anymore, right?" I asked. "I'm not like your previous master. That's why I removed your obedience chip."

"I appreciate that, Master Sherlock, but this is one of the few things I know I can do well," Moran said. "And my clotted cream reserve will not stay fresh forever."

"Do-not-worry," Watson said, his circuits crackling. "I-can-teach-you-how-to-do-all-kinds-of-new-things."

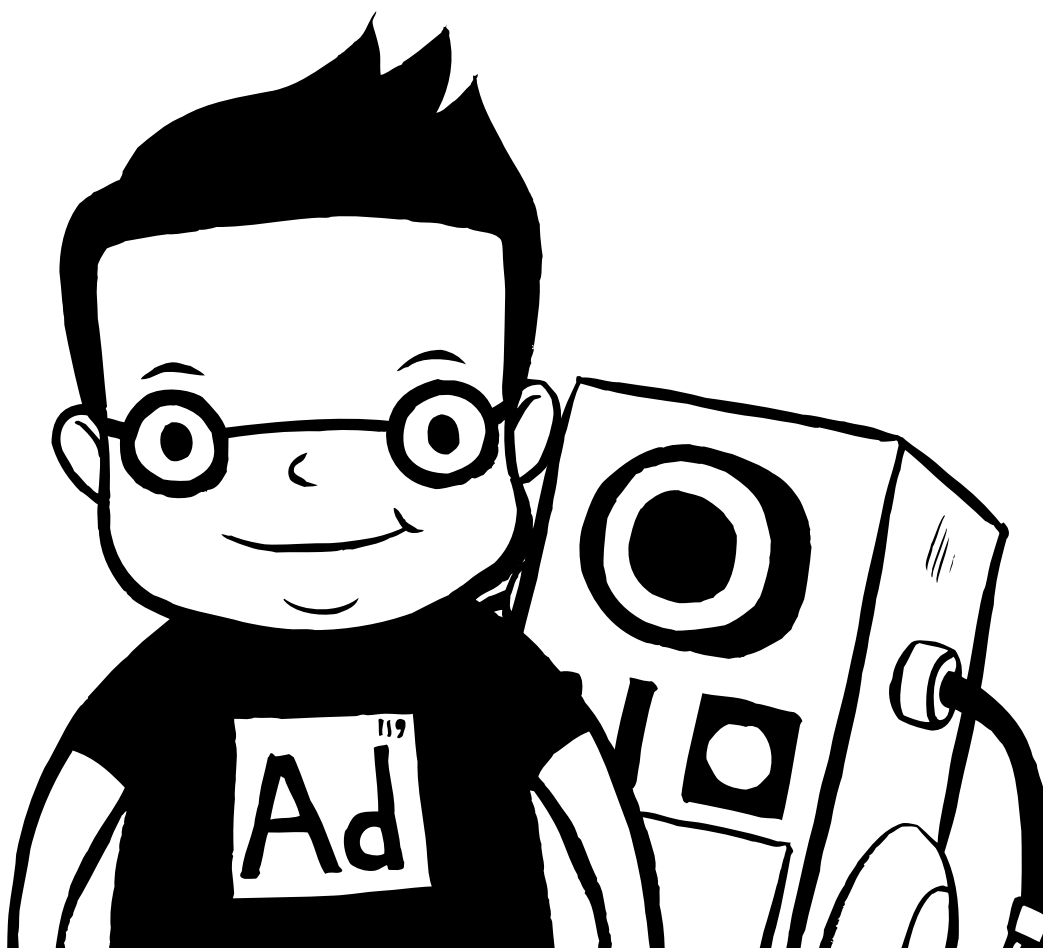
That sentence filled me with more dread than anything I had ever heard before.

ooo

# CRISIS AT COMIC-CON!

Look out for *Sherlock Sam and the Comic Book Caper in New York* as the adventures of Sherlock Sam continue!

The Supper Club are attending the San Diego Comic-Con when a piece of experimental technology is stolen by a real-life superhero turned real-life supervillain! Will Sherlock Sam, Watson, and the rest of the gang be able to rush across the country to rescue the priceless technology from the clutches of this evil-doer? Or is this the end of the world as we know it? Find out in the next pulse-pounding installment of Sherlock Sam!



Inspector Lestrade and Interpol have a mystery that only the Supper Club can unravel. Sherlock Sam, Watson and their friends have to travel to Tokyo, Japan, and eat their way through a baffling series of clues before they can solve the tasty crime! Will Sherlock Sam prevail? Or will everything get lost in translation, leaving our intrepid detectives cold and hungry?



**“In this funny and fast paced detective story, Sherlock Sam and the Supper Club take readers to the best places in Tokyo.”**

—NAOMI KOJIMA, Japanese author and illustrator of *The Alphabet Picture Book* and *Singing Shijimi Clams*

**WINNER OF THE RED DOT AWARD 2013-2014**



**READ ALL ABOUT SHERLOCK SAM!**

Watch out for the next thrilling adventure, when Sherlock Sam and the Supper Club go to New York!

[sherlocksam.wordpress.com](http://sherlocksam.wordpress.com)

ISBN-13: 978-981-4615-84-6



9 789814 615846

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