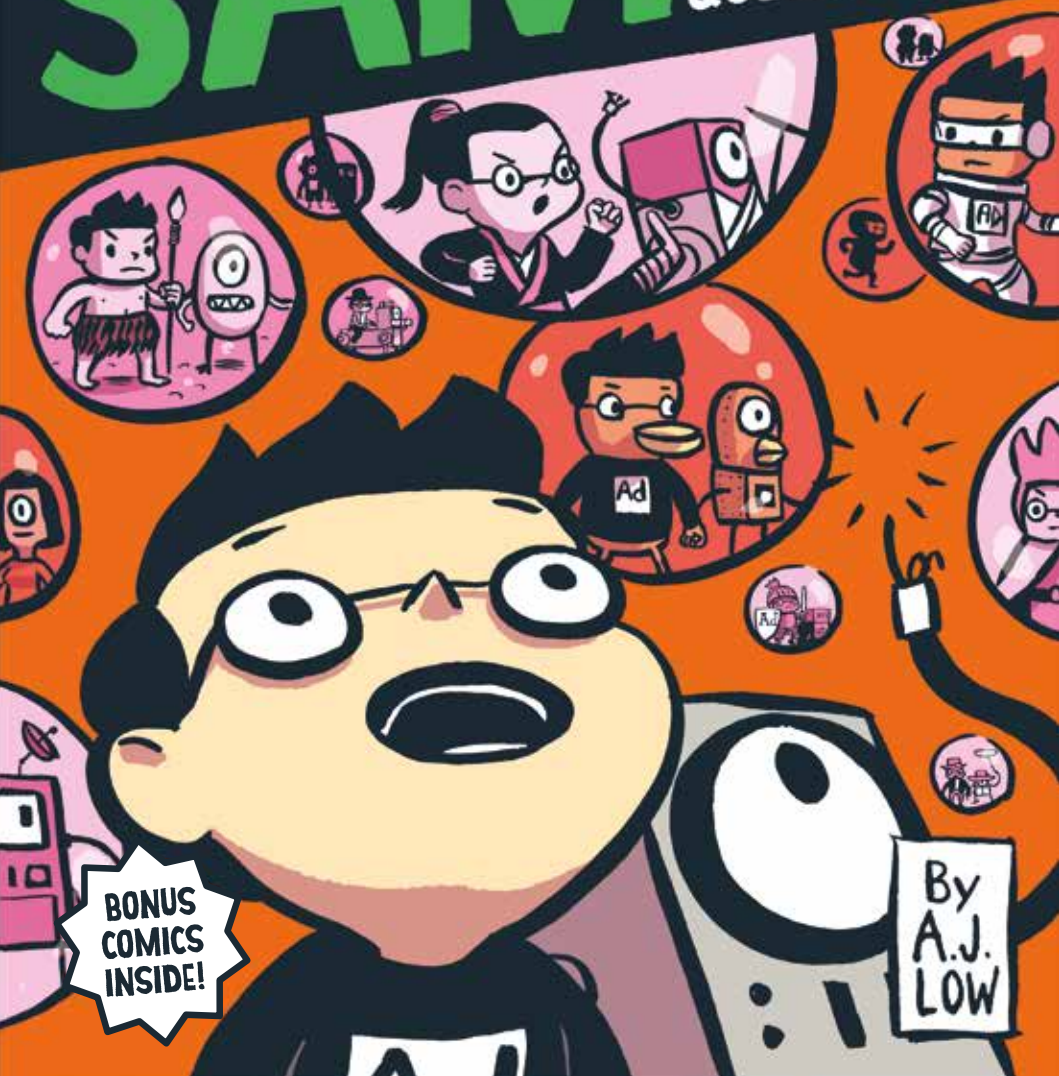


SHERLOCK SAM

and the
QUANTUM
PAIR in
QUEENSTOWN



SHERLOCK SAM and the QUANTUM PAIR in QUEENSTOWN



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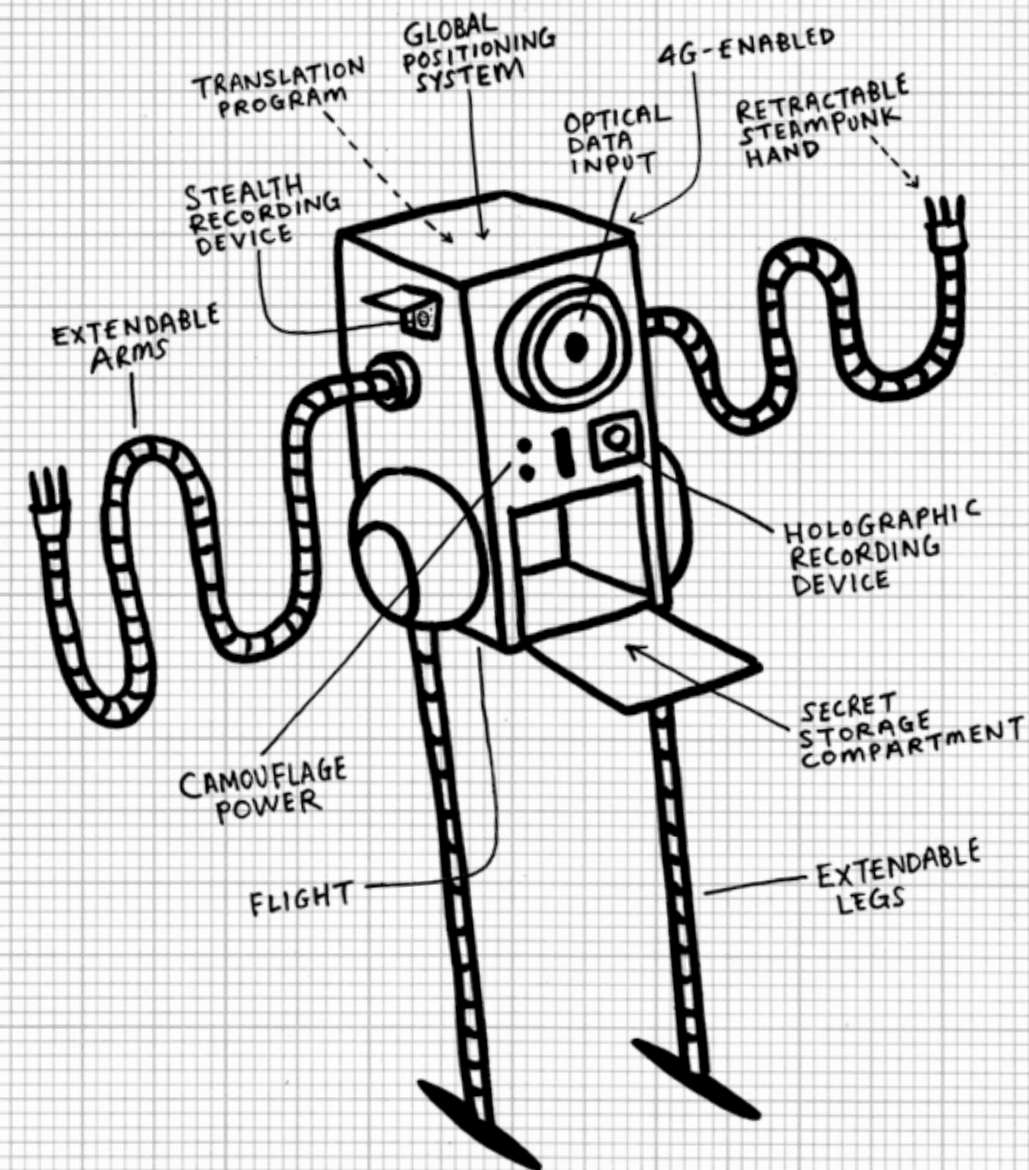
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To Saad and Wendy,
for being so AWESOMESAUCE.





CHAPTER ONE

"So Benjamin escaped again?" I asked, looking at Jimmy who was sitting cross-legged opposite me on my bedroom floor.

"Yep. But I think opening the gate on his own made him really tired because Auntie Gina found him taking a nap right outside his cage," Jimmy said grinning.

Jimmy lived with his Mama (Auntie Kim Lian), four sisters (Rose, Martha, Donna and Amy) and Auntie Gina, the family helper, in

a semi-detached house in Katong. His mother was often away for business, and his Mama was the one who looked after all of them. Benjamin was Jimmy's pet hamster—a failed, furry escape artist.

“Are you sure you didn't just leave the cage door open again, Jimmy?” Nazhar asked, pushing his glasses up. He was sitting at my study table, reading a book on maps that Dad had borrowed for me from the library.

“No, no, no,” Jimmy replied, his eyes wide. “Moran always checks.” Moran used to be the Fiendish Mastermind's robot but he now lived with Jimmy—it's a complicated story.

It was a Saturday evening, and Nazhar, Jimmy and I were waiting for dinnertime. Auntie Kim Lian and Mom were in the kitchen making one of the most delicious dishes in the entire universe. No wait, not just in the entire universe, but in all the multiverses too! They were making Auntie Kim Lian's world famous

dry *mee siam*! It was a legend in Peranakan food circles, and Auntie Kim Lian was attempting to teach Mom how to cook it. It was actually a great honour as Peranakan grandmothers didn't just pass on secret family recipes to anyone. It meant that Jimmy's grandma saw us as family. Jimmy, Nazhar and I had already peeled all the hard-boiled eggs that were required for the dish and were now just waiting for the gravy to be ready so we could start eating.

“Did Watson and Moran also go with your dad to pick up Wendy and Eliza from *Wing Chun* lesson, Sherlock?” Jimmy asked. He was now lying on his back on my bed, but his head was dangling off the edge and he was looking at me from an upside-down position.

I glanced up from the book on wormholes that I had been reading and frowned. Eliza had somehow convinced my big sister Wendy to take *Wing Chun* lessons with her, and Dad had gone to pick them up since Mom was busy

preparing *mee siam*. They should be back soon, but that wasn't what made me frown. What made me frown was the fact that Watson and Moran had not gone with my dad — they should still be in the house, yet I couldn't hear them. I immediately got up and walked out the door to look for them. Nazhar and Jimmy looked at each other and trailed after me.

Jimmy's four sisters were watching an older episode of *Doctor Who* (the one with the Tenth Doctor and the Weeping Angels) and were too engrossed to pay any attention to us. When I got to the kitchen I saw Mom and Auntie Kim Lian looking at a very large pot of gravy. Auntie Gina was off to the side peeling prawns. There was a scent of coconut milk in the air. Everything smelled delicious. My tummy rumbled, but first I had a more urgent matter to resolve.

No one noticed that we had entered the kitchen yet. Mom wiped her brow with the back of her hand and asked, "Wait, Auntie, so

what is the proportion of salt to coconut milk? What should the exact ratio be?"

Auntie Kim Lian waved her hands dismissively as she grabbed a handful of salt and tossed it into the mixture. "You just *agak agak*, then taste. If need more, then you add more; if don't need more, then you don't add more."

Mom looked vexed. I knew the food scientist in her needed precision. "But what if you need less salt? What if it's *too* salty?"

"Then you add more coconut milk or water, *sayang*," Auntie Kim Lian said as she lifted a ladle filled with gravy and tasted it. She smiled and nodded, looking pleased.

Mom looked at Auntie Gina, who grinned and shrugged her shoulders.

"That is how I learnt it from my sister," Auntie Kim Lian continued. She was looking at the already cooked vermicelli noodles with a critical eye.

Mom tilted her head in surprise. "I didn't know you had a sister, Auntie Kim Lian."

"Oh, yes, yes. She is older than me by four years. But she was given away to another family when she was just a baby. Back then, people were very superstitious. She was born at dawn in the year of the tiger. Hunting hour. Bad luck."

"But you kept in touch with her?" Mom asked.

"Yes, because she lived very near," Auntie Kim Lian said with a smile. "Luckily, she was adopted by our neighbours, and our families stayed in touch. Now, she visits us during Chinese New Year and we visit them during Hari Raya. We are very lucky."

Mom nodded. She spotted us.

"Did you need something, Sam? I already told you that you can't have any more eggs until dinnertime," Mom said, wiping her hands on her apron. I noticed that her cooking

notebook had been abandoned on the counter-top. It was filled with crossed out scribbles and notes. I deduced that Auntie Kim Lian's cooking methodology was chaos personified and did not incline itself to note taking.

"Have you seen Watson and Moran, Mom?" I asked.

Mom shook her head, distracted by Auntie Kim Lian tossing something else into the gravy in a gleefully random manner. Auntie Gina gently shooed us out of the kitchen.

I stood in the living room and listened. I couldn't hear Watson or Moran anywhere. That made me even more suspicious. Right then, the front door opened. Dad was back with Wendy and Eliza. Eliza, despite the fact that she had just come from an hour of *Wing Chun* practice, had perfectly neat hair. In fact, even her uniform was still completely unrumpled. My sister on the other hand, looked as if she had lost a battle with a flock of wild seagulls.

"Kat! We're home!" Dad called out. He smiled at Nazhar, Jimmy and me before wandering into the kitchen, probably drawn by the wonderful smells.

Wendy dragged herself to the couch and slumped down. Eliza rolled her eyes and said, "It wasn't that bad, Wendy. Don't be so dramatic."



"Easy for you to say," Wendy groaned. "The instructor loves you. You got promoted to blue so fast! I think I only got promoted to the first green line because they felt sorry for me."

"You just need to practise more," Eliza said, flipping one of her braids behind her shoulder.

"Urgh. Don't say practice makes perfect again. If I hear it one more time —"

"Ah. Miss Wendy. Miss Eliza. It is so good to see the both of you."

I spun around.

There they were. My robot and Moran. It was as if they appeared out of thin air. Had Watson given Moran the same camouflage abilities that he had?

I glared at Watson. Ever since I found out he had the ability to upgrade himself, I never knew quite what to expect from the robot I had built from recycled parts.

"Why-are-you-looking-at-me-like-that?" my robot asked.

I did not like the casualness of his robotic tone.

"What have you and Moran been up to, Watson?" I asked.

"Moran-and-I-were-just-discussing-the-potential-of-robotics-in-this-modern-age," Watson replied.

"What does that mean?" Jimmy asked.

"It means that they were up to no good," I replied. Watson continued to look innocent—as innocent as a devious robot could look, that is. He didn't bat his single eye.

"We-were-also-discussing-the-marvels-of-modern-communication-and-how-wireless-technology-has-changed-the-way-we-are-able-to-access-and-control-data."

I blinked. It occurred to me exactly what Watson meant.

"Did you...did you make yourself Wi-Fi capable?" I asked my robot.

"That is an interesting conclusion, Master

Sherlock," Moran said. "Your ability to see beyond the obvious is indeed why you are such a successful detective."

"But-no," Watson said. "I-am-only-4G-enabled."

I was going to ask Watson to explain exactly what he had done, when I heard the most wonderful sentence in the world.

"Dinner is ready!" Auntie Gina called out from the kitchen.

All thought of robotic world domination flew out of my head at the prospect of dry *mee siam*. Eliza and Nazhar each grabbed Wendy's hands and pulled her up from her prone position on the couch, and we all gathered in the dining room. There were so many of us that Dad had to open up the foldable table and the chairs that we kept aside for parties.

As we sat down, Dad looked at the contraption on his wrist and said, "Yes! I clocked 10,572 steps on my Walk-Man today!

I can enjoy this *mee siam* in peace!”

“Didn’t you also have *prata* and curry for lunch, dear?” Mom asked. She also had a similar watch-like thing on her wrist. I knew my parents had bought their Walk-Men during a recent electronics sale. I didn’t quite understand why they had burst out laughing at the name of the device though. The Walk-Man was a fitness gadget that could track your heart rate, blood pressure and also the number of steps that you had taken in a single day. It would store all that data on a cloud that you could access from anywhere in the world as long as you had the right password. The goal was apparently to walk at least 10,000 steps a day. That seemed like a ridiculously high number of steps to me.

“Hmm. That’s true,” Dad replied, looking crestfallen. He perked up and said, “Oh well, all that means is that I can only have three bowls of this delicious *mee siam* instead of four!”

Everyone laughed.

“How was class today, girls?” Mom asked, looking at Eliza and Wendy.

Wendy sighed deeply into her bowl of *mee siam*. “My pants tripped me again.”

“Wow. Are your pants alive, Wendy?” Jimmy asked. Amy, his youngest, tiniest sister looked horrified at the idea.

“Don’t worry too much about it, Wendy,” Dad said, patting my sister on her shoulder. “It took me five tries to pass my driving test.” Eliza looked startled at that fact. Dad drove us around a lot.

“And like we said about your PSLE exams this year too, Wendy,” Mom added, “just do your best. We know how hard all of you are working, which is why we thought it might be fun for you guys to spend the night here so we could all go on the pre-dawn heritage trail tomorrow!”

Wendy nodded, but she didn’t look all too happy. Any reminder of the Primary School

Leaving Examination stressed her out. I was a year behind Wendy, Eliza and Nazhar in school, but I wasn't looking forward to it next year either. Also, like me, my sister was happiest indoors, away from the sun and nefarious mosquitos. I wanted to add that I didn't think that waking up in the middle of the night to go on a three-hour walk was my idea of fun, but my mouth was too full of gravy and noodles to say anything.

"Why did you pick the Queenstown Heritage Trail for us to go on, Auntie Kat?" Eliza asked.

"It's because my dad grew up in Queenstown. He lived with his grandmother in Block 79, which is near the railway tracks. I think we should be walking in that area too. I wanted to show you guys where he grew up!"

Mom was really excited. She told us the story of how when she was young, whenever her dad would take her to visit her great-grandmother,

she would race to the kitchen window to look at the train once she heard the loud bellowing engine pass by.

I was super happy that Nazhar, Eliza, Jimmy and Moran were staying over tonight, but less happy that we had to be up in a few hours. It would be the middle of the night. What if I needed an emergency snack? Nothing would be open! How many packets of Khong Guan biscuits could I stuff in Watson's not-so-secret compartment? What if Moran ran out of scones? The horror!

"Oh, and there's a 24-hour curry puff place that I thought we could also check out," Mom added with a small smile. She lifted an eyebrow in my direction.

Well. The pre-dawn heritage trail might not be as bad as I had originally thought after all.





CHAPTER TWO

“Whose fantastic idea was this again?” Mom mumbled as she fumbled around with 3-in-1 coffee packets and two mugs of steaming hot water.

It was 1:20am, Sunday morning, and it was still completely dark outside. The crickets were chirping, but all the birds were asleep. I thought that the birds had the right idea.

“I believe it was yours, dear,” Dad replied, resting his head on his arms on the dining

room table. “Can you put two packets of coffee in mine, please? And then add another spoonful of instant black coffee?”

Mom sleepily wandered back into the kitchen and shortly emerged with two tea bags. She passed them to Dad who looked at them in confusion before he shrugged and dunked one in his coffee. The rest of us had already had toasted cheese sandwiches and Milo. Moran had made them, much to Mom’s sleepy delight.

Wendy, Jimmy and I were leaning against each other on the living room sofa trying not to fall back asleep. Wendy had to jostle Jimmy every so often as he would nod off. He would wake up with a start and then promptly doze off again. Nazhar, who was next to Dad at the table, kept taking off his glasses and rubbing his eyes. Even Eliza, who always looked preternaturally neat and tidy, was bleary-eyed but, as always, her hair was in perfect braids. In fact, the only two in the room who were

remotely pleased at being up at this hour were Watson and Moran.

"Moran-and-I-are-fully-charged-and-ready-to-depart," Watson helpfully added.

We all turned and glared at him.

"Indeed we are, Master Watson," Moran agreed. "Isn't it such lovely weather for our trek? It is a wonderful idea to begin so early before the heat and humidity rise."

Moran did have a point, but I was too sleepy to agree.

After Dad and Mom had finished their coffee-and-tea concoction, we left the house and piled into the new minivan that my parents had bought.

"Is everyone comfortable?" Dad asked as he started the engine. "Also, isn't my new TARDIS air freshener so cool?" He gestured at the mini blue box dangling from the rear-view mirror.

"You're getting so tall, Nazhar," Mom

commented, turning around to look at my friend seated behind her. Mom had to pull her car seat forward to give him more legroom. "You're going to be taller than me soon."

Mom was right, Nazhar did look taller. It was as if it had happened overnight. But even Jimmy and I had grown a few inches the last year too. I tried to convince Mom that I needed to eat more chicken wings in order for my body to keep on with its growth spurt, but she just gave me her patented I-am-your-mother-who-are-you-kidding look and made me a tuna sandwich on wholemeal bread instead.

With Mom giving him directions, Dad drove us to Queenstown MRT station where the tour was supposed to start. After parking at a nearby housing estate, we walked over to the station. Wendy kept checking and double-checking that she had brought an extra bottle of insect repellent, as mosquitos seemed to love her the most.

"Did you bring the sunscreen as well, Eliza?" my sister asked.

"What? No. Why would I bring sunscreen, Wendy?" Eliza replied, giving her a weird look. "The tour ends at 5am. The sun wouldn't have risen yet."

"You never know," was all Wendy said. She suddenly reached out and started slapping the air. She must have spied an imaginary mosquito or something.

We walked over to the ground level of Queenstown MRT station and found that a group of people had already gathered. I counted 15 other people, excluding us. Two of them wore bright yellow polo t-shirts that said "Queenstown Heritage Trail" on the back. One of them had a lanyard with a tag that said Saad and the other had one that read Victor. The uncle named Victor was giving out small red radios and packets of blue headphones to the people who had gathered. The other

uncle named Saad was handing out yellow tote bags. Inside the bags were a bottle of water, an umbrella and a booklet that had *My Queenstown Heritage Trail* printed on the front cover. The instructions before the tour said that we should all bring our own torchlights, which we did. I had tried to convince Watson to let me turn him into a giant walking light bulb but he had refused.

When Uncle Victor reached us, he smiled and said to Dad, "Wow, that's a lot of kids... and...er, two robots?" He paused. "Do the robots need the radio sets or can they listen in with their tech?"

I looked at Watson.

"Radio-sets-would-be-much-appreciated," he replied. Moran nodded. Uncle Victor handed each of us a radio set and headphones that only had a single ear piece, and told us to tune in to channel two. Watson and Moran plugged the headphone jacks into their

radios. Watson inserted the headphone into a small compartment that he opened up on his upper right side. Moran plugged his into his right ear.

Just then, Uncle Saad came up to us. He was tall with floppy hair and had a beard. His eyes were a light greenish-brown behind his glasses.



“Michael! I’m so glad you guys made it!” Uncle Saad said. He seemed far too energetic for 2am in the morning.

“I’m actually surprised we made it on time,” Dad said, stifling a yawn. He grinned. “Everyone, this is Uncle Saad. He works in my office and is a fellow engineer and geek. He’s also a volunteer with My Queenstown that organises these tours.”

Uncle Saad laughed and said, “Yep! I must be crazy, I know. And yah, I know it’s early, but it’s also the best time to see what the community gets up to before the sun even rises. If we’re lucky, we might see the uncle who runs the peanut pancake stall at Tanglin Halt Market. He’s usually up and about by 4am preparing his peanut cake batter and stuff. Plus, I have some awesome ghost stories that I have been saving up just for this tour.” Uncle Saad waggled his eyebrows at us.

Jimmy looked petrified and clung on to

Wendy's arm. She reached out and slapped his shoulder, mumbling, "Mosquito." Eliza rolled her eyes but she pulled out a bottle of repellent from her backpack and gave Jimmy a couple of squirts for good measure.

"It's all right, Jimmy," I said. "Ghosts don't exist, remember?" Except possibly the ghosts of all the insects that my sister's cloud of insect repellent was creating.

Nazhar looked at me, and it seemed like he wanted to say something, but then he just sighed and fiddled with his headphone instead. I guess he also thought it was too early to get into a discussion about the validity of his belief that the supernatural existed. Uncle Saad then told us to enjoy the tour and excused himself. He walked a little away from us to the front of the tour group and raised both his hands.

I could hear his voice in my right ear where the headphone was plugged in.

"Okay, everyone! Thank you for being on time and also for coming on this pre-dawn tour! Making it here is half the battle won!" Uncle Saad's voice said clearly in my ear. He was smiling at everyone. Uncle Victor was standing at the back of the group. I guessed that he was there to make sure that no one strayed or got left behind.

"Is everyone ready to set off?" Uncle Saad asked cheerfully. The group mumbled a half-hearted reply; everyone still looked half asleep. Everyone except Jimmy, that is. He had recovered from his sleepiness the minute he left our house and was now bouncing everywhere. I half suspected that we might be able to tap into him for an unlimited source of clean Jimmy-energy.

We started the tour opposite the former Forfar House, which Uncle Saad explained was once Singapore's tallest residential building. It was 14 storeys high and was officially opened

on 24 October 1956. The actual Forfar House had been torn down a while back and what now stood in its place was the 30- to 40-storey Forfar Heights buildings.

"Wow, that's almost 60 years ago," Wendy said looking up. Most of the windows were dark, but there were one or two households that were lit up.

"Fourteen storeys doesn't sound very high at all," Jimmy said.

"Well, Jimmy, it might not sound high now, but remember, last time almost everyone lived in single-storey houses. Imagine what it must have been like to suddenly find yourself living so far above the ground," Nazhar said.

Jimmy looked thoughtful, then replied, "It must have been really scary."

Nazhar nodded, pushing his glasses up.

"And for some people, it was the first time they had ever used a lift! Imagine how amazed they must have been," Uncle Saad said through

the headphone. "But as with everything, there was a dark side to the Forfar House building too." His voice trailed off.

"Wha-what?" Wendy asked. Dad looked at her and shrugged. Mom narrowed her eyes.

"Some people died after falling from the highest floor," Uncle Saad said in a hushed tone.

Jimmy gulped.

"And some people say that even now, when it's dark and rainy, they can hear —"

"The wind. They can hear the wind," Eliza interrupted, frowning at Uncle Saad. She had an arm around Jimmy's shoulders. Mom also gave Uncle Saad a glare for good measure. He looked sheepish and said, "Er, yes, the wind. Well, if any of the older folk want to hear more, you can come and ask me personally."

"Was he talking about ghosts, Sherlock?" Jimmy asked, walking next to me.

"I think he was just trying to scare us,

Jimmy," I replied. "It's all part of the tour experience. I wouldn't take it too seriously."

Jimmy still looked spooked, but nodded.

We walked past more buildings and flats. At one point, Uncle Saad said that we were at a prison and I heard Nazhar explain to Eliza that *penjara* was the Malay word for prison. Eliza was shining her torchlight at a street sign that said Jalan Penjara. We passed the Queenstown Public Library. I perked up a little at that, until I realised that it was too early for the library to be open. The rest of the tour was quite a blur as I tried to stay awake. I was certain that it was pure momentum that was keeping me going. I looked over at my sister and could see the same dazed look in her half-lidded eyes. Eliza and Nazhar seemed to be faring much better. And of course Jimmy was jumping around in excitement. Mom and Moran seemed to be listening intently. I knew Mom really wanted to find out more about her father's neighbourhood. Dad was nodding,

but would stumble every once in a while. He would be looking at something Uncle Saad was pointing at instead of the ground in front of him. Fortunately, Watson reached out and grabbed him before he fell into a drain.

All I remembered was walking and walking and focusing on putting one foot in front of another. I wondered if it was time for a Khong Guan snack. We passed through a forested area and had to walk through a small pathway that was surrounded by very tall trees. Uncle Victor kept calling out for us to be careful and to use our torchlights to light the way for each other.

"See, Watson," I said. "You would have been so much more useful if you were a giant light bulb."

"Perhaps-I-should-share-my-brilliance-with-the-world. I-will-reconsider-my-decision-the-next-time-we-have-a-nighttime-adventure."

An hour after we had started, we came upon a set of old railway tracks. Nazhar had shown

me photographs on the Internet and I was fascinated. I loved trains!

“These were the train tracks I was telling you guys about,” Mom said excitedly. “The trains were so loud and they made the buildings shake!”

“That’s right, Kathryn,” Uncle Saad said in our ears. He wasn’t that far away and could hear Mom. “This was formally the Keretapi Tanah Melayu Railways or KTM for short. Lots of residents complained that the unpredictable and noisy trains would keep them up at night. In fact — ”

Suddenly, we heard an extremely loud BANG-BANG-BANG! Everyone, including Uncle Saad and Uncle Victor, jumped and spun around. The sounds had come from behind us!

“What was that noise?” one of the other participants asked.

Just then, a young man screamed, startling everyone. We turned to look at what he was

pointing at with his torchlight and froze in shock.

Ghostly figures had appeared a distance away. They were so faint that they were almost see-through, but they were close enough for us to see them quite clearly, especially with all the torchlights that were pointing at them. There was a man dressed in what looked like clothing from when Mom and Dad were kids. He had a gun in each hand and was running straight towards us at full speed. Behind him were three armed policemen, but their uniforms didn’t look like what the police wore today. The loud bangs were gunshots!

The man would periodically turn around to fire at the policemen, who would take cover for a bit, then shoot back.

More people started screaming and running away as the apparitions headed closer and closer to us. Uncle Saad and Uncle Victor looked panicked as well, but they were yelling at everyone to be careful. I heard a couple of



BANG!
BANG!

BANG!

people shouting as they tripped and stumbled in the darkness.

I knew that the worst thing for us to do was to run away in the dark. Dad and Mom clearly had the same idea. They and Moran grabbed Wendy, Eliza, Nazhar, Jimmy and me, and shoved us behind them. Watson stood in front of all of us. I could tell he was filming what was happening. He might like to complain, but he was ultimately still a member of the Supper Club. We were out of the immediate pathway of the apparitions and we could only hope that they wouldn't change direction at the last moment!

The man with two guns was getting much closer, and the sound of his gunshots got louder and louder.

BANG! BANG! BANG!



CHAPTER THREE

A small, grey, spiky-haired cartoon character with large eyes and a determined expression is peeking over the top of the chapter title 'CHAPTER THREE'.

The man continued running towards us, chased by the policemen. I saw that he was a Chinese man in his 30s, and he had a look of desperation.

Then, just as suddenly as they had appeared, the four ghostly figures vanished into thin air right before they reached us.

There was stunned silence for a moment, broken only by the sound of everyone's breathing. Lots of people were on the ground,

ABOUT THE CHARACTERS



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

An 11-year-old detective who tends to bite off more than he can chew, Sherlock Sam loves superheroes and comics. His heroes are Sherlock Holmes, Batman, Agent Coulson and his dad. Exceptionally curious and intelligent, Sherlock cannot resist a perplexing mystery, not even when it can get him into trouble.



WATSON

Less than two years old, Watson behaves more like a grumpy old man though he has remarkable similarities to a sulky toddler. He is often reluctantly drawn into Sherlock's misadventures. Watson secretly wants to join S.H.I.E.L.D.'s Science division and create an army of like-minded robots.



WENDY

Wendy, Sherlock's 12-year-old sister, can be a tomboy. Her arch-nemeses are mosquitoes and broken colour pencils. She is a talented artist and her favourite colour is green. Her Mandarin is terrible.



JIMMY

Sherlock's classmate, Jimmy, seems to have the super power to fall down without injuring himself. His enthusiasm for everything is infectious and no one can stay mad at him for long (that might be his other super power).



NAZHAR

Nazhar is a bookish boy who loves reading about history and is the big brother of the group. He is trying to learn more about the outdoors from Eliza but, unfortunately, Nazhar has a horrible sense of direction.



ELIZA

Eliza is an only child. Her parents have recently divorced which was very difficult for her. Though sometimes sarcastic and mean, Eliza has become a true ally of Sherlock Sam and a member of the Supper Club. She really loves *My Little Pony* and neat hair.

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

A.J. Low is a husband-and-wife writing team!

Adan Jimenez was born in the San Joaquin Valley in California to Mexican immigrant parents. He became an immigrant himself when he moved to Singapore after living in New York for almost a decade. He has worked for comic book stores, book stores, gaming stores and even a hoagie sandwich shop once. He loves comics, LEGOs, books, games (analog and video), Doctor Who and sandwiches.

Felicia Low-Jimenez has been a geeky bookseller for most of her adult life. She has bought books, sold books, marketed books and now she is trying her hand at writing books. She loves to nap and eat chocolate. She spends most of her free time reading, and, when she can afford it, she travels, usually to look for beautiful bookstores around the world.

Sherlock Sam and the Missing Heirloom in Katong won the International Schools Libraries Network's Red Dot Award 2013-2014 in the Younger Readers' Category. *Sherlock Sam and the Ghostly Moans in Fort Canning* took third place in the Popular Readers' Choice Awards 2013 in the English Children's Books category.

You can find them at sherlocksam.wordpress.com, facebook.com/SherlockSamSeries and sherlock.sam.sg@gmail.com

ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATOR

Andrew Tan (also known as Drewscape) 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 already has too many fountain pens and tells himself that he will stop buying more. Andrew published his first graphic novel, *Monsters, Miracles & Mayonnaise*, in 2012.



DAD

A brilliant engineer, Sherlock's dad is constantly working on top-secret experiments. He cannot concentrate unless he is chewing on Red Vines, a twisty liquorice candy. He has never stopped reading superhero comics because he thinks that everyone needs heroes, no matter how old they are.



MOM

Sherlock's mom is half-Peranakan and a genius in the kitchen. She loves reading books by Jane Austen and enjoys watching superhero movies more than she lets on—especially those featuring Black Widow.



OFFICER SIVA

Officer Siva is an experienced and insightful police officer with the Singapore Police Force, but he cannot work without his morning *kopi*. A trusted ally of Sherlock Sam, Officer Siva is studying Spanish because he's addicted to *telenovelas*. He hopes they'll be the new Korean dramas in Singapore.



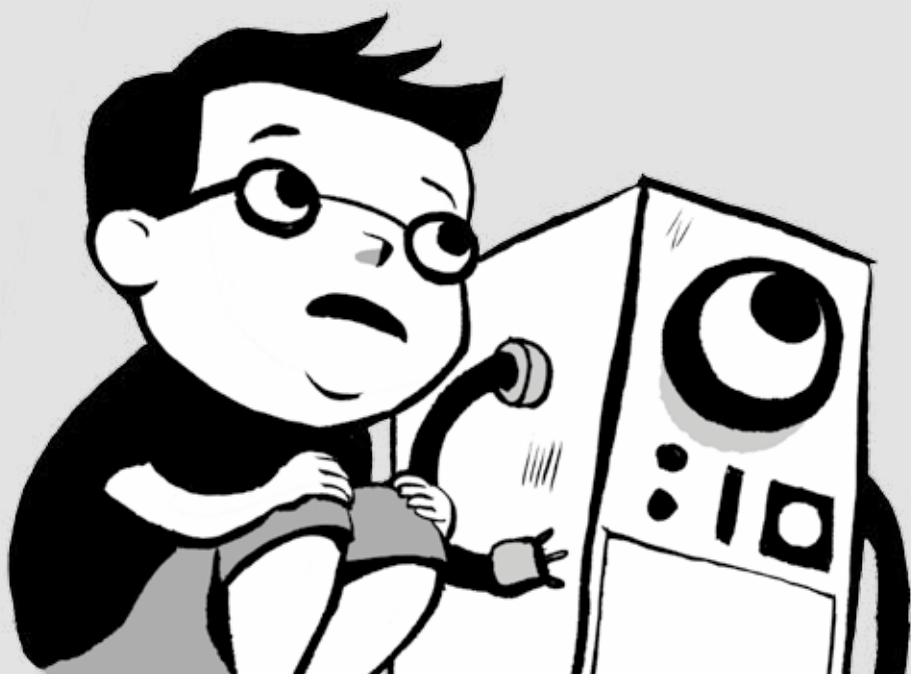
MORAN

Moran used to belong to the Fiendish Mastermind, but now lives with Jimmy, his sisters, his Mama and Auntie Gina. Unlike Watson's robotic voice, Moran sounds almost human. He also has an amazing moustache.

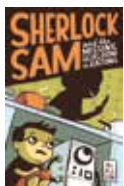
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