

# SHERLOCK SAM

and the  
FIENDISH  
HEIST in  
LONDON



The Battle of the  
**BRAINS**  
DUOLOGY  
BOOK 1

By  
A.J.  
LOW

This book is amazing, cool and perfect for ages eight and above. Not only is the story good, but I like how it shows that our two robots, **Watson** and **Moran**, aren't just robots, but are in fact family. The story also displays **Sherlock Sam's** intelligence that we all love, and it ends on a cliffhanger that is sure to make readers want more.

**RAYCE, 13, WANTS TO BE A CHEF OR AN ENGINEER**

**Sherlock Sam** goes to **London** and makes an unlikely ally to solve the case of the **Mysterious Mastermind**. Injected with witty humour, this story is well developed and certainly not lacking in good food choices.

**DUMPLING, 9, WANTS TO BE AN AUTHOR  
WRITING ABOUT DRAGONS AND MAGIC!**

This story is interesting and a real page-turner. I could not put down the book! I really wanted to find out what would happen next. In the story, a famous work of art is stolen from a museum, and **James Mok**, **Sherlock's** long-time enemy, is a suspect.

**CATELYN, 11, WANTS TO BE A LAWYER**

I think this book is spectacular with lots of twists and turns! It is set in **London**, my mummy's favourite city. I love the **Sherlock Sam** series because he solves a mystery in different places and countries in every book. This book is really funny and exciting, and I couldn't put it down. I can't wait for **Part Two**.

**NOAH, 8, WANTS TO BE A RIVER MONSTERS  
ADVENTURER JUST LIKE JEREMY WADE**

# SHER SAM

By  
A.J.  
LOW

**E**

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# LOCK

and the **FIENDISH HEIST**  
in **LONDON**



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

Illustrations by Drewscape  
Book layout by Yong Wen Yeu

**National Library Board,  
Singapore Cataloguing-in-Publication Data**

Name: Low, A. J.  
Title: Sherlock Sam and the fiendish heist in London / by A. J. Low.  
Description: Singapore : Epigram Books, [2017]

Identifier: OCN 1003279892  
ISBN : 978-981-17-0076-7 (paperback)  
ISBN : 978-981-17-0077-4 (ebook)

Subjects: LCSH: 1. Theft – Juvenile fiction.  
2. Child detectives – Singapore – Juvenile fiction.  
3. London (England) – Juvenile fiction.

Classification: DDC S823 – dc23

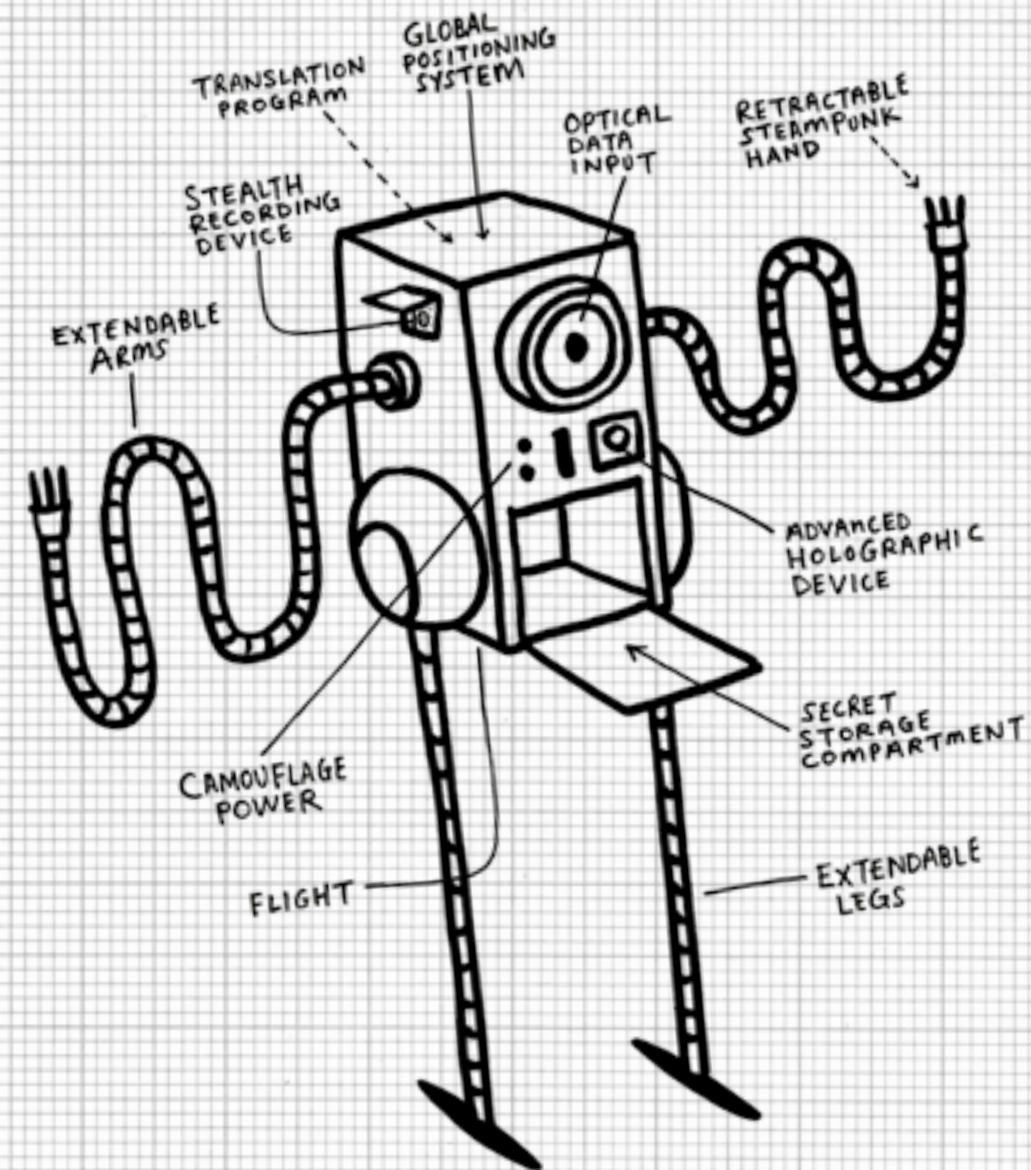
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First Edition 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

**TO ALL THE WRITERS,  
DIRECTORS AND EDITORS  
OF HEIST MOVIES**

**Thanks for the inspiration**





# CHAPTER ONE

“Stay-still-Sherlock,” Watson said. His two robotic arms firmly grasped my shoulders. I squirmed, but I couldn’t escape. He was just too strong.

“Let’s...let’s talk about this, Watson,” I stammered. “You don’t have to do this.”

“You-have-left-me-with-no-choice,” my robot replied.

I knew this day would come. When Dad and I had initially built Watson from recycled parts,

we knew that we were toying with cybernetic forces neither of us fully understood, but we didn't care. And now, I was going to pay the price. I should have figured out a way to disable my robot's ability to change his own programming before it was too late. Alas. My folly now left me a hair's breadth away from—

"This-would-be-less-painful-for-the-both-of-us-if-you-would-just-stay-still," Watson said, lifting me off my feet with his two unnaturally strong robotic arms.

"Nooooooo!" I yelled, flailing my legs about uselessly. I wasn't going to make it easy for him! No way!

"What's going on here?" Mom said, appearing at the door right as Watson deposited me on the chair in front of my desk.

"Moooooom," I wailed. "Help me, Obi-Mom Kenobi! You're my only hope!"

Mom rolled her eyes and replied, "You may proceed, Watson. With my full support."

She then left.

Watson had somehow corrupted Mom too! Was she even my real mother? Or was she a cybernetic replacement?!

Watson's arms retracted, and from his left hand emerged a big, sharp pair of scissors.



"This-will-be-quick," Watson said in his usual monotone. But I knew my robot too well. I could hear robotic glee in his voice.

"Nooooooo!" I yelled. "You're not getting me! I will never give in!"

“Good grief, Sam,” Wendy said, appearing at my door. “I could hear you even with my headphones on.”

“Save me, Wendy! Save me!”

My older sister rolled her eyes in a very Mom-like manner and walked into the room, stopping right in front of Watson and me. She leant down, grabbed my face, and brought me even closer to her. We were eye to eye. She then turned her face from right to left and back again, her hair swishing with the movement.

“It’ll be fine, Sam,” she said. “See? Watson trimmed my fringe and it looks really nice.”

“I-am-particularly-proud-of-how-even-your-bangs-are-Wendy,” Watson replied, his scissors-hand making a rhythmic snipping sound.

“But...but...” I said, still squirming.

“If you don’t let Watson trim your hair, Mom’s not going to let you have extra *popiah*, Sam,” Wendy said, grinning as she walked

out of my room. “Oh, and Officer Siva’s here already. So hurry up, you two!”

“Fine,” I said with a huge sigh. Nothing was going to keep me from extra servings of Mom’s homemade *popiah*. “When did you install this hairdressing program anyway, Watson?” I asked.

“It-was-an-add-on-when-I-installed-the-program-that-Uncle-Baad-developed-during-the-Case-of-the-Quantum-Pair-in-Queenstown,” Watson replied, his scissors-hand expertly snipping. I blinked as tufts of my hair fell onto the towel that Watson had laid on the chair.

“Wait, you installed a holographic projection program? But you already have one – I installed it myself. And his name is Uncle David, not Uncle Baad. Also, don’t cut the sides too short.”

Watson continued to snip, ignoring my last comment. “This-program-is-more-advanced.”

“More advanced how?” I asked, wincing as more of my hair fell.

"I-can-create," Watson replied. He took a step back, admiring his handiwork.

"What do you mean, you can create?" I asked, rubbing my face to get rid of the stray hairs that stuck to my skin.

"This-program-now-allows-me-to-create-scenarios-and-not-just-replay-recordings," Watson said. His scissors retracted and was replaced by a brush that he then used to dust my shoulders and face.

"Urgh! Stop! Stop! Enough!" I said, scrambling to get away from him. I dashed to the mirror that was hanging behind my door and examined my reflection. Hmm, Watson had done a surprisingly good job with my hair. I turned back to my robot.

"So you can actually create new images from your imagination?"

"Yes. But-like-Uncle-David's-projections-they-will-appear-insubstantial-if-the-viewer-gets-too-close."

"Interesting," I replied, scratching my head. "And, thank you for cutting my hair. Even though my anguish clearly gave you too much pleasure."

"I-live-to-serve," Watson replied.

I snorted. And I lived for tuna sandwiches.

We walked out of my room and found Officer Siva already seated at our dining room table. He was dressed in casual clothing: his favourite purple Transformers T-shirt and a pair of cargo pants.

Mom had invited Officer Siva over for dinner because she was making *popiah* and it was one of his favourite dishes. He especially liked the thick *popiah* skin that she made using a concoction of eggs and flour. According to him, it was infinitely more delicious than any store-bought skin. A large stack of it sat in front of him on the table. And Mom even made her own chilli, which was just the right amount of sweet and spicy.



“Were those your howls of horror I heard, Sherlock?” he asked with a grin. He was already eating a rolled-up piece of *popiah* skin without any filling—that was how much he enjoyed Mom’s homemade eggy creation. “In case you’re wondering, your mom asked me to eat this one. She said it had a hole in it.”

I narrowed my eyes at him. A likely story.

“Yes,” Watson replied before I could. “I-made-a-recording-of-her-asking-him.”

“It might come in handy for a future case,” Officer Siva said with a smirk.

“That-was-my-thought-too,” Watson said, taking a seat next to Officer Siva. Dad had already laid out the used batteries that my robot consumed as his power source. I sat down next to Watson.

Dad emerged with a piping hot bowl of *popiah* filling that I took from him and placed in the centre of the table. Wendy and Mom emerged next with drinks for everyone.

There was silence for a few minutes while everyone made their own *popiah*. Or, in my case, four *popiah*.

“By the way, guys, did you read about the Lewis Chessmen that were stolen from the British Museum? Apparently, even Scotland Yard is stumped,” Dad said as he rolled himself another *popiah*, which he smothered in chilli.

Officer Siva nodded, his mouth full.

“You don’t think...?” Mom said, trailing off.

“James Mok,” I said. “But Officer Siva already checked with Inspector Lestrade and they ruled him out, right?” I looked at Officer Siva, who was still chewing. He nodded, holding a hand up.

“You already asked Officer Siva about it, Sam?” Wendy asked. “When?”

“When I read the news, of course,” I replied. “We knew that James would get up to something sooner rather than later. And when I saw the report, I immediately thought

it was him. But it wasn't. At least that's what Inspector Lestrade has concluded."

"Yep, that's what her people say. They've been keeping a close watch on that boy. With his parents still in Singapore and him alone in London, we've been extra careful," Officer Siva said, finally. He was already reaching for more *poppiah*.

"It-is-fortunate-I-upgraded-Moran-to-have-Wi-Fi-capabilities-then," Watson said.

"Wait, what?" I asked, turning to look at my robot.

"In-case-we-needed-to-get-in-touch-with-him-quickly," Watson added.

"Hmm..." I replied. "I guess that's okay."

"If it wasn't James, then who was it?" Mom asked.

"They don't know, but don't worry. I don't think they'll involve the famous Singaporean kid detective Sherlock Sam just yet, Kat," Officer Siva said with a smile. "Even if it's

school holidays."

"I really want to go to London one day," Wendy said. "All those art museums, and most of them are free! And there's going to be an exhibition featuring a Singaporean artist very soon! Her family loaned her calligraphy pieces to the Tate Modern. My teacher was telling us about it in school. So cool, right?"

"Maybe one of *your* pieces will be in the Tate Modern in the future, Wendy," Dad said with a wink at my sister, who grinned at him.

Like Wendy, I hoped to visit London. After all, it was where the Sherlock Holmes Museum was located, at 221B Baker Street, and the Victorian consulting detective was one of my heroes! But I didn't want to go there just because of something James Mok had done—we'd end up being too busy investigating, and not have the time to do anything fun.

"But in any case, this wasn't the work of the Fiendish Mastermind," Officer Siva said.

“So we can devote all our attention to these delicious *popiah* for now.”

\* \* \*

I woke up with a start. A telephone call in the middle of the night was never good news. I immediately leapt out of bed. Watson had already powered up and followed me out into the dark living room.

Mom was on the phone, but she was speaking too softly for me to hear everything that she was saying. I did catch her telling the caller that it was the middle of the night here and we were all asleep. That was strange – who could be calling without knowing what time it was? Could it be Inspector Lestrade with a case? But she wouldn't call in the middle of the night – not unless it was an emergency.

Dad and Wendy emerged from their respective rooms. Wendy was squinting and Dad only had one eye open.

“What's going on, Mom?” Wendy asked, her voice hoarse from sleep.

Mom put down the phone and looked at me.

“That was James Mok, Sam,” she said, blinking.

Dad, Wendy and I gasped.

“What did he want?” I asked, my heart racing. The Fiendish Mastermind wouldn't have called for no reason.

“I don't know. It's late, so I told him to call back tomorrow morning,” Mom replied and sleepily walked back to her bedroom.

“Mom!” I yelled.

...



# CHAPTER TWO

“So, we meet again,” I said, narrowing my eyes at my nemesis.

It was late in the afternoon and the air was cool and crisp. As we had agreed to, we met James Mok at his exclusive boarding school, which I deduced served as his base of operations. School had just been let out and the premises were mostly empty. The grounds were beautiful, lush with giant oak trees and wide-open spaces, as well as many

hidden nooks and crannies – perfect for secret meetings. It was at one of those quiet spots that we met.

James looked exactly as I remembered, when we had last seen him in Singapore during the Case of the Fiendish Mastermind in Jurong. When he had finally been caught, his parents sent him back to London to attend a strict, exclusive boarding school – which, unbeknownst to them, was exactly what he had wanted. He had bested me back then, and we both knew it. I couldn’t help but be eager for a rematch – and this time, I would win.

James Mok smirked, and eerily, the five people – four boys and one girl – who stood behind him smirked as well. It was almost as if he had given them a signal. They wore the same smart, expensive-looking school uniforms as he did, so I surmised that they were his schoolmates – or, as he would most likely call them, his minions.



Watson, Moran, Wendy, Jimmy, Eliza and Nazhar flanked me on both sides. Their outfits were not at all coordinated, and were, quite frankly, very ruffled. They looked exhausted after the long flight. Well, the humans did anyway; the robots looked as deadpan as ever. Actually, strike that—Jimmy was grinning, as he always was, just in a more dishevelled manner.

“Ah, Moran. I’m very disappointed in you. I thought you would have dismantled yourself

rather than suffer the indignity of working for Sherlock Sam,” James said, looking at his former robotic butler.

“I do not work for Master Sherlock, Master James,” Moran replied. “I help Auntie Kim Lian and Auntie Gina with the cooking. They don’t order me around, and always ask me if I’m available first. Auntie Kim Lian says I have the makings of a great chef, but I need to rely more on my feelings than precise measurements.”

“What?” James replied, looking confused.

Many things had changed since James had left Singapore. Moran now lived with Jimmy, his grandmother, Auntie Kim Lian, and his four sisters.

Mom and Dad had obtained permission from everyone’s guardians for them to come along on this trip. Inspector Lestrade arranged for us to use a private Interpol plane (we didn’t ask too many questions about how she managed that). Within 24 hours of James’ second phone

call (he had called back at a more reasonable time and Mom had let him speak to me), we were in London. Inspector Lestrade and my parents had agreed to wait for us in the van that brought us to meet James at his school. I thought the absence of any adults would put James more at ease, and when his guard was lowered he might accidentally reveal more than he had intended.

“And Eliza,” James continued. “It has been a while. Are you still hanging around with this bunch then? I’m surprised. I thought you had better taste. Who are you living with now, anyway? Mummy or Daddy?”

“That’s enough, James,” I snapped. Eliza had once been one of James’ proxies—but she had come over to the light side of the Force and joined the Supper Club. She was already going through a difficult time with her parents’ divorce, and I wasn’t going to let James hurt her any further.

“It’s fine, Samuel,” Eliza said, flipping one of her braids behind her shoulder, a small smile on her face. “He’s the one who needs our help, remember? So if he doesn’t play nice, we’ll just go sightseeing. You couldn’t stop talking about the Sherlock Holmes Museum all the way here.”

“Eliza’s right,” I said, crossing my arms. “And not just about how cool I think the museum is. You said that you’ve been issued a challenge by another thief to steal a painting from the Tate Modern?”

“Not just any painting. The one I was talking about when we had *popiah* for dinner,” Wendy added. “The famous calligraphy painting done by Singaporean artist Liu Huimin. It’s meant to be in an exhibition with the rest of her work at the Tate in two weeks.”

“I still can’t believe what an amazing coincidence this all is,” Nazhar muttered. As the history and culture expert of the team,

Nazhar had come equipped with a guidebook that was well-flagged with sticky notes.

“Yes, indeed. So it is imperative that we get to the painting before he does,” James replied, a look of distaste on his face. Behind him, his minions nodded in unison. It was really weird. Were they literally his puppets? Did he control them via unseen strings? Then something horrible occurred to me—what if they were robots? Had James created an army of human-like androids?!

“Why are your friends so creepy?” Jimmy asked. “They all move in the same way. It’s like they’re robots or something.”

At that, Watson’s imaginary ears perked up. I couldn’t see them, since he didn’t have ears, but I could sense them.

“I’m not a robot,” the only girl in the group said. She had very pale skin, and long black hair that she pushed back with a red hairband. She looked about the same age as James and me.

“My name is—”

“Minion Two!” James barked. “What did I say about speaking? I elevated you to the position of Minion Two because of your excellent organisational skills, but that doesn’t mean you are allowed to speak out of turn.”

Minion Two fell silent. She kept her face neutral, and her eyes reverted to a glazed, robot-like look. I really didn’t like calling her Minion Two, but I didn’t know how else to refer to her. I made a note to ask her for her name once I had the chance.

“As I was saying, we need to get to the painting before it’s stolen. He already stole the Lewis Chessmen,” James continued. “We don’t have much time. I foresee the theft occurring within a few days so we need to—”

“We don’t need to do anything,” I said. “I know you, James. There’s something you’re not telling us, and that’s why we’re here—to find out exactly what you’re hiding.”

James narrowed his eyes. "And here I was, thinking that you came to assist me out of the kindness of your heart, Sherlock."

I remained silent.

"Very well. This pesky villain has threatened to unmask me if I don't steal the painting before he does. And he gave me seven days, from the time I called you, to do it. At this point, we have five days left."

And there it was. I knew that James Mok would always have a hidden agenda.

"Why should I care if you're unmasked?" I replied. "I'm presuming, despite all the precautions your parents have put in place, you've been up to no good, which is why you fear being revealed? So why should we help you cover up your crimes?"

"Yeah! Sherlock makes the most sense!" Jimmy chirped.

James gave an inelegant snort and straightened his blazer. "Because, Sherlock,

once we take care of this pesky new fiend, it'll just be you and me again. I bested you the last time. Don't you want to see if you can win our battle of the brains this time? But we can't do that if I'm unmasked. And better the fiendish mastermind you know than one you don't, isn't it?"

"I'm not like you, James," I replied. "I win as long as you're not able to do any more harm. I don't need to be the one to take you down."

Anger flashed across James' face, but only for a moment. He remained quiet, but I knew his brilliant brain was working.

"Well, yes, you are quite ridiculous like that," he said. "But no one other than me has been able to make contact with this unknown criminal. What if he vanishes after I'm out of the picture? Can you really allow a devious mind like his to go unchecked?"

He did have a point. I couldn't let another criminal go scot-free without at least trying



to apprehend him. And the only way to do it seemed to be via James Mok, as unpleasant as that thought was. I could risk not involving James, but that would just make things more difficult. Fortunately, I had had a lot of time to think about this on the flight over.

“What about you guys?” I asked, looking at the Supper Club. “What do you think we should do?”

“I hate to admit it, Sam,” Wendy replied, “but James makes sense.”

“Yeah, we can’t have yet another fiendish mastermind running around causing trouble,” Eliza added. Wendy nodded.

“Especially since we don’t have any information other than what James has already told us,” Nazhar said. “And Inspector Lestrade did say that Scotland Yard and Interpol had no leads as to this new villain’s identity or whereabouts.”

“We-should-take-the-both-of-them-down,”

Watson said. James turned to glare at my robot.

Moran remained silent. I didn’t expect him to speak up anyway.

I paused for a moment. In truth, I already knew what I had to do even before we had arrived in London.

“Okay, James. You have a deal.”

\*\*\*

# CHAPTER THREE



“This is the Tate Modern,” James said.

Minion One used a laser pointer to indicate a flat building on the bank of the River Thames—flat, except for a tall tower in the centre of the building—being projected on the screen. He seemed edgy and kept pushing his glasses further up his nose in what I recognised as a nervous tic. Only Minions One and Two remained with us. James had sent Minions Three, Four and Five on patrol to make sure that the grounds remained

empty. I asked Moran to accompany them, just in case they intended to spring a trap on us. With James, we needed to consider every possibility.

He had secured a classroom on the southern end of the Morrison College campus. Even though James’ school was in the middle of London, it was almost invisible if you didn’t know what to look for, nestled as it was within the city architecture.

In a sudden turn of events, the Fiendish Mastermind calls the Supper Club to London to solve the mystery of a new criminal genius who is even more fiendish than he ever was! Sherlock Sam, Watson and the Supper Club have to race against the clock to discover the brains behind the crimes that have left the London police baffled. The thrills and restaurants of London will have to take a backseat as Sherlock Sam and gang come head-to-head with their most devious adversary yet!



*“Full of witty humour, Sherlock Sam and the Fiendish Heist in London is a story that is well developed and certainly not lacking in good food choices.”*

—DUMPLING, 9, wants to be an author writing about dragons and magic!



ISBN-13: 978-9811700767



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