Brotherly Love (#1)

Tom and Pat Pennysworth were two extremely wealthy brothers. Tom had been missing for two days. Dr. J.L. Quicksolve was at their house talking to Pat. “When did you last see your brother?” Dr. Quicksolve asked. “Saturday afternoon, around two o’clock, a tall, blond woman came here to pick him up. I guess they had a date. They drove away in her car, and I haven’t seen Tom since then,” Pat explained.

Dr. Quicksolve asked to talk with the neighbor, Mr. Dare. John Mark led Dr. Quicksolve out the back door. “Dr. Quicksolve would like to ask you a few questions,” John said. “I told the police officer everything, but, sure, I don’t mind,” Mr. Dare said. “Just tell me what you saw, Mr. Dare?” Quicksolve asked. “Well, it happened this morning. I was mowing the grass in my backyard. I heard a funny noise over here, and I saw a man at John’s back door, picking the lock. He got inside pretty quickly. I ran into my house and called the police. Just before they got here I saw him run out the back door carrying a large box. The police were just a few minutes too late.” “Could you describe the man?” Dr. Quicksolve asked. “Sure. The police have the description,” Mr. Dare said. “I guess it doesn’t really matter, unless you described yourself,” Dr. Quicksolve said.

Why does Dr. Quicksolve suspect Mr. Dare?

Station Stickup (#2)

Dr. J.L. Quicksolve and his son, J.L. Jr., pulled into the gas station, and Dr. Quicksolve got out of the car. He said, “Fill up the gas tank, Junior, while I get this robbery report.” “But the sign says ‘Prepay,’ Dad. Oh, I see, it says, ‘Prepay after 5:00 p.m. OK,’” Junior said as he go out and went to pump the gas. The station attendant was explaining what had happened when Junior came in. “Two men pulled up to the pump there, right where you’re parked, and pumped their gas. They filled their tank, and one came in as if to pay. Then he drew a gun from inside his jacket and said, ‘This is a stickup!’ I gave him the money, about two hundred dollars. He ran back to the car, and they drove off.” “Can you describe the two men?” asked Dr. Quicksolve. “Sure, they were both tall, about six feet or a little more. The one that came in had a moustache and a scar on his left cheek,” explained the attendant. “There was no one else around?” Quicksolve asked. “No, it was around 10:30, and we don’t do a lot of business after 10:00 at night,” the attendant said. “I was all alone here.” “Wait a minute, Dad. Something sounds fishy here!” Junior exclaimed. “I think I know what you mean, Junior. Maybe the attendant can explain it to us,” Dr. Quicksolve said, turning to the attendant.

What has Junior figured out?

Backyard Bandit (#3)

Dr. J.L. Quicksolve arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Mark. Mrs. Mark came to the door and let him in. She and Mr. Mark explained that they had been robbed while they were away for the weekend. They said their neighbor had seen the burglar. Dr. Quicksolve asked to talk with the neighbor, Mr. Dare. John Mark led Dr. Quicksolve out the back door. Mr. Dare was on a ladder on the other side of an eight-foot hedge that separated the two backyards. John introduced Dr. Quicksolve and Mr. Dare. “Dr. Quicksolve would like to ask you a few questions,” John said. “I told the police officer everything, but, sure, I don’t mind,” Mr. Dare said. “Just tell me what you saw, Mr. Dare,” Quicksolve said. “Well, it happened this morning. I was mowing the grass here in my backward. I heard a funny noise over here, and I saw a man at John’s back door, picking the lock. He got inside pretty quickly. I ran into my house and called the police. Just before they got here I saw him run out the back door carrying a large box. The police were just a few minutes too late.” “Could you describe the man?” Dr. Quicksolve asked. “Sure. The police have the description,” Mr. Dare said. “I guess it doesn’t really matter, unless you described yourself,” Dr. Quicksolve said.

Why does Dr. Quicksolve suspect Mr. Dare?

Holey Donuts (#4)

Dr. J.L. Quicksolve arrived at the scene of the robbery, the office of the Dee Dee Donuts Company. Gerald Cremefil was being questioned by a uniformed policeman, Officer Longshot. Mr. Cremefil was just explaining what happened. “I was sitting here at my desk. I heard someone come in. Before I could turn around someone hit me on the head. He tied me to my chair and blindfolded me. He had a gun and he forced me to open the safe. He took all the money and then he left.” “Can you describe the robber, Mr. Cremefil?” Dr. Quicksolve asked. “No, like I said, I was blindfolded,” Mr. Cremefil responded. “What did you do after the robber left?” Quicksolve asked then. “Well, after he left I rocked my chair back and forth until I fell over. The chair broke, and I was able to untie myself. It probably took me half an hour or so to get loose. When I did, of course, I called the police right away,” Mr. Cremefil explained. “Mr. Cremefil,” said Dr. Quicksolve, “I’m afraid there’s a hole in your story bigger than the holes in your donuts. Now tell us the truth about this.”

Why does Dr. Quicksolve suspect Mr. Cremefil?
Boat Bash (#5)
Dr. J.L. Quicksolve was glad to be out of the hot sun and in the air-conditioned offices of the police station listening to Officer Kautchya, who was talking about the couple he was about to question. “There was a boating accident. A small speedboat ran into a rowboat with two young girls aboard, but fortunately, they were thrown out of the boat and aren’t hurt, just shaken. The guy in the speedboat has a record of reckless and drunk driving in his boat already. He’s sure to go to jail if he’s convicted this time,” Officer Kautchya explained. Then he invited Dr. Quicksolve to help with the questioning. Officer Kautchya introduced himself and Dr. Quicksolve to Harry Wake and Lulu Lyuer. “I think you’re in big trouble, Harry,” Officer Kautchya said. “But I wasn’t driving the boat this time! Lulu was driving. I was trying to stay out of trouble, so when I started drinking, I let her drive. She’s usually a good driver. This was just an accident!” Harry insisted. “Lulu,” said Dr. Quicksolve, “tell us what happened.” “Just like Harry said, he asked me to drive. I was looking the other way, and I didn’t see that other boat until it was too late. I stepped on the brakes as soon as I saw it, and I tried to swerve!” Lulu explained. “You both can only get into more trouble if you don’t admit to the obvious truth,” Quicksolve said.

Why doesn’t Dr. Quicksolve believe their story?

Murdered Miss (#6)
The woman had been strangled. There were no witnesses and few clues. Her body was on the couch in the TV room. Two half-full glasses of lemonade were on the coffee table beside a half-empty bowl of popcorn. Dr. J.L. Quicksolve picked up each glass. The ice cubes clinked against the glass as he smelled each one for a scent of tobacco, lipstick, or anything that might be a clue. Nothing. He turned to the boyfriend who had called the police. “Tell me what you know,” Quicksolve said. “Sharna and I had been sitting here watching TV, as you can see. I remembered I had some errands to run, so I left. When I came back I found her here like this. Then I called the police,” he explained. “How long were you gone?” asked Dr. Quicksolve. “Oh, I was gone at least two hours. Hey! You don’t suspect me, do you? I wouldn’t have stayed here and called the police if I had done this. I tell you, I was gone for at least two hours! Anybody could have come in here, and she has an old boyfriend who was pretty jealous when she broke up with him. You’d better question him!” “We will, certainly, but my guess is that he will have a much better alibi than you have,” said Dr. Quicksolve.

Why does Dr. Quicksolve suspect this boyfriend?

Jacked Up (#7)
Dr. J.L. Quicksolve was awakened by the sounds of his dog barking downstairs in the front hall by the door. He jumped out of bed and looked out his window to see his car jacked up on one side, and two young men trying to remove his wheel. Quicksolve opened the window and shouted at the two men. They ran to their car, backed out, and sped away as Quicksolve dashed to the phone and called the police station. They had a car in the area and called it immediately. Quicksolve slipped on his pants and ran downstairs and outside. He had just finished examining his car when the police car turned into the drive. There were two officers in the front seat and two other men in the back seat. When the police car came to a halt, the driver got out and walked over to Dr. Quicksolve. “We caught these two speeding away from the area as soon as we got the call. We searched the car, but we didn’t find any evidence we can use,” said the officer. “Did you search the trunk of the car?” asked Dr. Quicksolve. “Yes, we did. Except for their own empty bowl of popcorn. Dr. J.L. Quicksolve opened the trunk and took a look,” said the officer. “Why didn’t you find anything?” asked Dr. Quicksolve. “We searched the car, but we didn’t find any evidence we can use,” said the officer. “What evidence is Dr. Quicksolve talking about?

Take Ten (#8)
Junior, Dr. J.L. Quicksolve’s son, was in the principal’s office with his friend, Steve Swift, a younger boy whose ten-speed bike had been stolen from the bike rack behind school. Steve said he saw an older boy, Ted Sheever, ride off on his bike. Ted was there too, telling his story. “Steve saw me ride off in a hurry on my own ten-speed. It looks a lot like his. I wasn’t stealing his bike. I was trying to help him get his bike back! I saw some kid who doesn’t go to school here messing with Steve’s bike. I said, ‘Hey! That’s not yours!’ He jumped on the bike and rode off. I unlocked my bike and chased after him. He was way ahead, but I still almost caught him. I shifted into high to up that steep hill on Maple, and I almost caught him there. The he turned at the top of the hill. When I got to the top, he was out of sight. He must have turned into a driveway or gone behind a house there on Maple. I couldn’t find him. I tried my best, but I just couldn’t catch up with him.” “Is your bike new?” Junior asked Ted. “No, I’ve had it for a couple of years, but, like I said, it looks just like Steve’s,” Ted explained. “I don’t think your bike is like Steve’s. I think it is Steve’s!” Junior said.

Why is Junior so sure Ted stole the bike?