

From the Casey Lyall Archives

When I was in grade five, I had a teacher named Mr. Howe. He gave us a really cool project – writing and illustrating our own story. It could be anything we wanted as long as we created and finished it ourselves. When we were done, he used a binding machine to turn them all into books.

Ten-year-old Casey had very similar tastes to adult-Casey so it should be no surprise that I wrote a detective story. I called it John Wink, Private Eye. I loved what I wrote then and I love it to this day. It's a story that stuck with me over the years and provided the seed that Howard Wallace, P.I. grew from.

I'm posting it for you to check out because

- a) It's fun and I hope it will make you laugh.
- b) To show you that everything you write is adding to your foundation for future work. You never know what new ideas an old idea will spark. You never know where a story will take you. Write anything and everything.

Let yourself explore!

So here it is: JOHN WINK, PRIVATE EYE by Casey Lyall, age 10. Enjoy!

And Happy Writing!

John Wink,
Private Eye.

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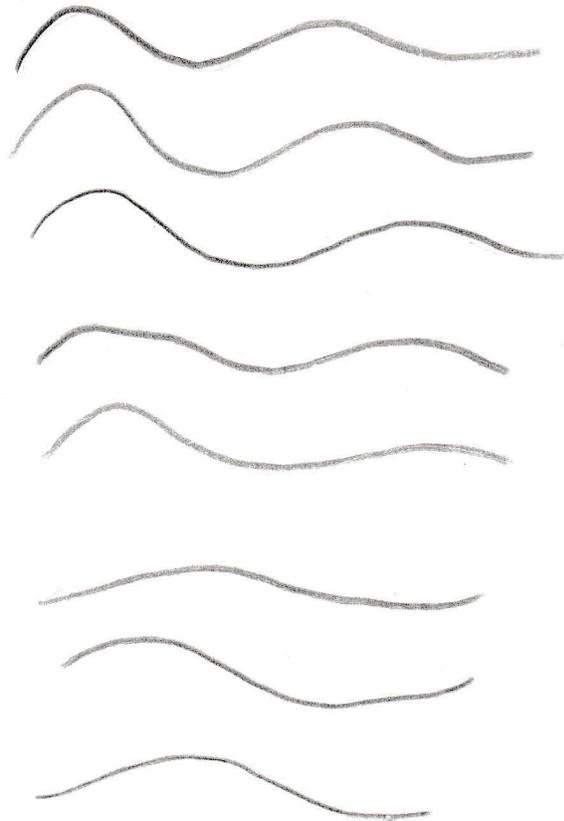
By Casey Lyall

John Wink, Private Eye.

Vegetable City's
Grocery Store.
Sunday, August 23.



Private Eye Wink
Saves the Day
Again.



Written and Illustrated by: Casey Lyall.

It was a dark and stormy night and I was walking to my office on 33rd street. My name is Wink, John Wink, Private Eye. Here it is, 123 33rd street, my office. I live in Vegetable City. It's quite a salad bar! As I walked in I could see my secretary, Claudia Contact, talking on the phone while filing her nails.

It sounded serious, "All right he'll see you as soon as you get in." she said before she hung up.

"What was that about?" I asked.

"There's been a murder!" she cried.



1 Hour Later.

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KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

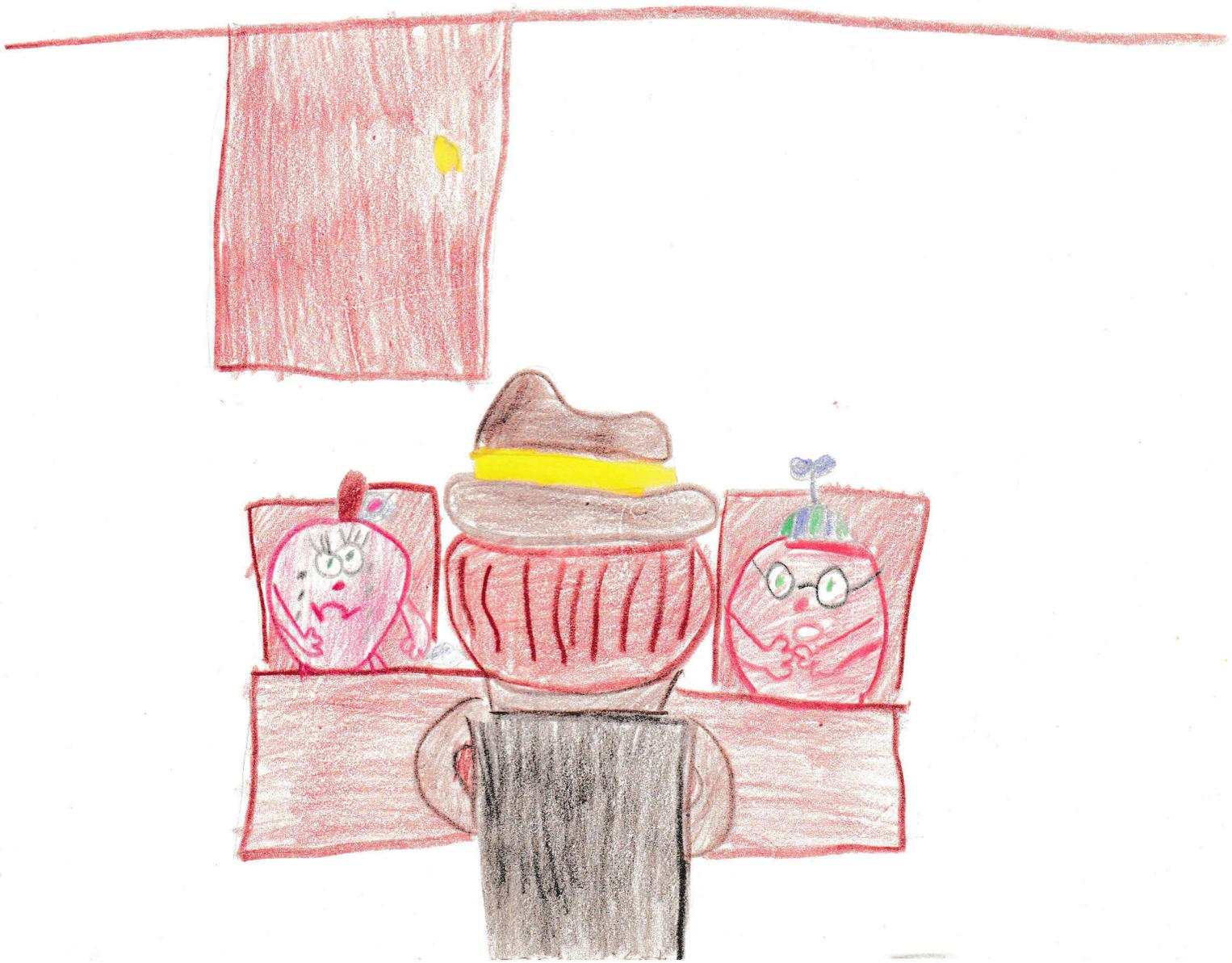
The door opened and in stepped Claudia, "Cha Cha Cherry and Tommy Tomato are here to see you sir."

"Send them in," I said. The door opened wider and in stepped a softly crying cherry and a troubled tomato.

"What happened?" I questioned,

"Someone candied my Casper! He's gone. He's gone," cried Cha Cha bursting into a fresh bunch of tears.

"Can you give me any details?" I inquired while giving Cha Cha a box of kleenex.



"Well, I was there when it happened," Tommy said slowly,
"It was that buffoon Al Asparagus and his looney henchmen
Susie and Bobby." Something about what he said sounded fishy, so
I decided to check it out very carefully.

"All right do you know what happened? How did he get
candied?" I asked.

"Well Casper was taking a shower at the time, someone
changed the waterline so only corn syrup came out. Then *POOF*
my Casper was as candied as a lollipop! Luckily Tommy showed it
to me before I took a shower and could fix it easily." exclaimed
Cha Cha.



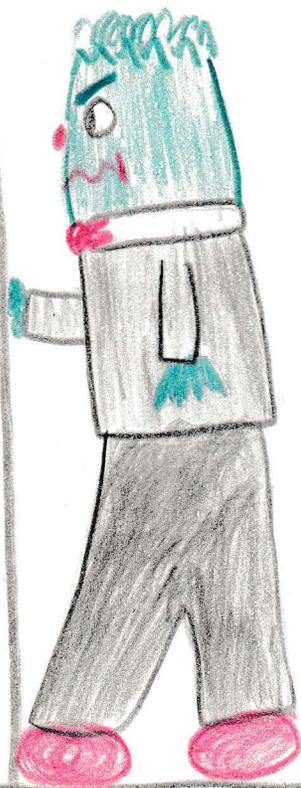
"Where did Casper live?" I asked.

"Oh, he lived at the restaurant. He owned it!" said a proud Cha Cha.

"Tommy, you said Al did it. How do you know?" I questioned.

"I saw him go into the part where Casper lived then come out in a big hurry. When I decided to go in and check things out, there was Casper dead as a door nail," Tommy said.

PRIVATE



I still wasn't satisfied. I decided to go to Casper's restaurant, The Fruit Cup. It was a busy night for The Fruit Cup. As I walked in I could see the band playing, waiters running around to different tables, and guests laughing. Basically just everyone acting as though nothing had happened. Good, maybe they won't notice me then.



Over at the poker table I spotted Al sitting with his friends Susie and Bobby. Slowly I sauntered over.

"Do you know anything about the murder that happened here last night?" I questioned Al.

"I know I didn't do it," he answered while taking a puff of his cigar.

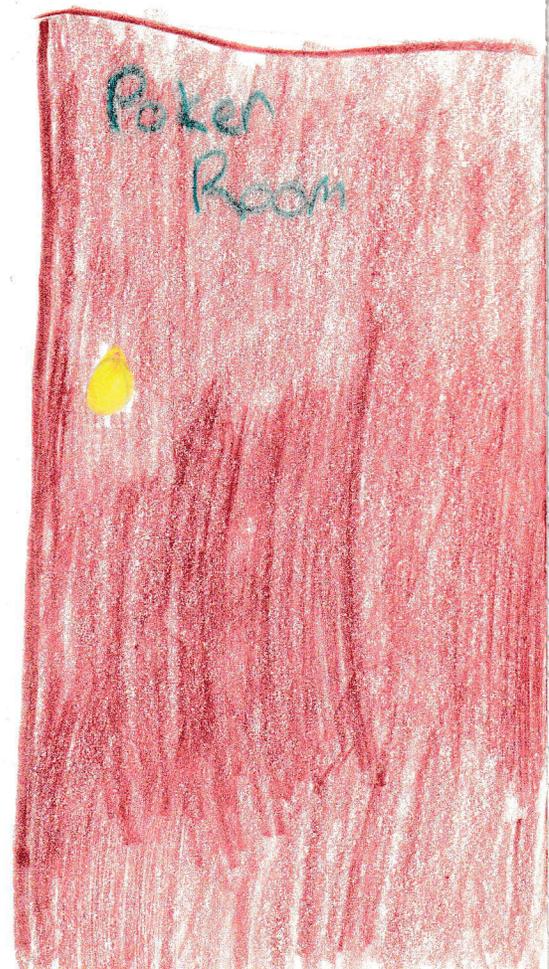


"I went into the boss's house to ask for a raise, because I worked for the carrot. When I got in he yelled at me to get out because he was yelling at the tomato," Al said.

"Do you know where my office is?" I asked him.

"Yeah," came the reply.

"Come there at six o'clock then!" I exclaimed before jumping up to find Cha Cha and Tommy.



Six o' Clock:

As soon as everyone was in my office I started talking.

"Well, I know who the killer is," I said slowly. Cha Cha's face brightened. "The killer was not Al," I said carefully, "It was Tommy."

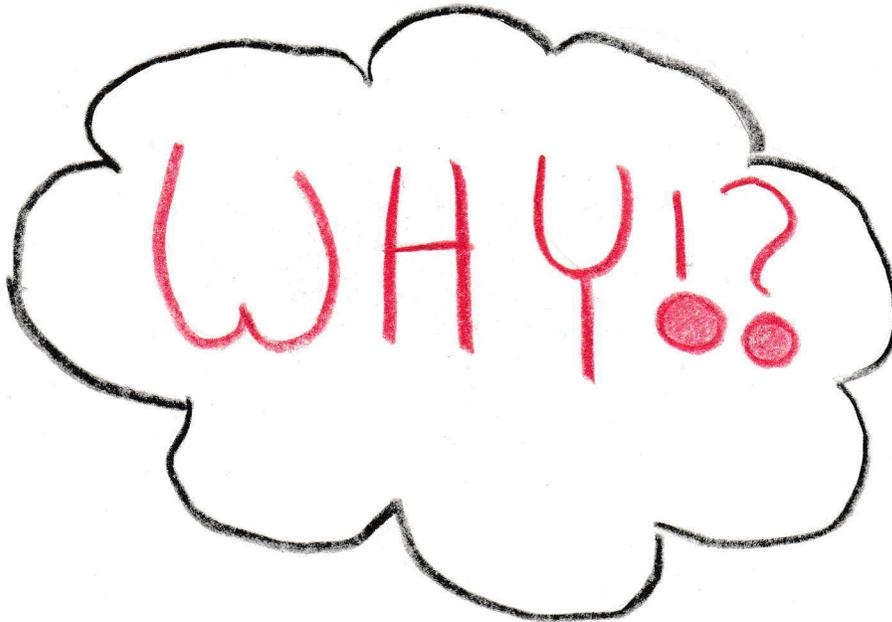


Tommy?! a Killer?!

Tommy's face turned white. Everyone turned to stare at him.

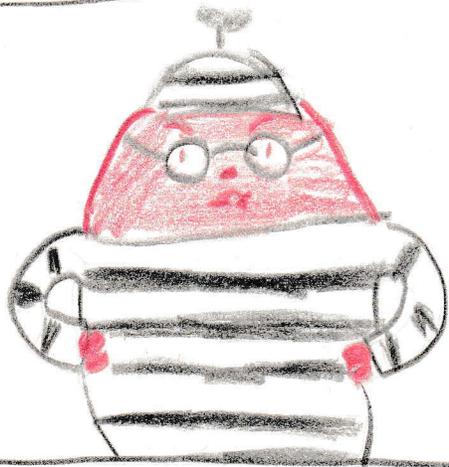
"How did you know?" he whispered.

"We-e-l-l, you said you were the only one in the room when it happened, but you also said that you saw Al go in and then when you came in you found Casper dead. You also told Cha Cha about the corn syrup in the pipes and could fix it easily, where as someone else wouldn't have known until the police figured it out. And many other things I don't think I need to add. But what I want to know is WHY?!?!" I explained.



"I'm in love with Cha Cha, but Casper was in the way!" he said angrily.

So the tomato went to jail, the asparagus walked away a free veggie, the cherry got the restaurant, and the private eye (that's me.) got home in time for dinner.



The
End

