

When Special Agent Zoey 12-007 got the call for her next case, she knew that this one would be a doozy. She needed help this time — who wouldn't with a case like this? So she brought her second-in-command along with her — Kitty. Kitty was her Watson to her Sherlock Holmes. When they worked together, no mystery remained unsolved.

Space Bird had been missing for several years — Three decades. That was almost as old as her parents. Aside from buildings — and not very many here in the US — and her grandparents, she had barely seen anything 30 years old. This was ancient stuff. She wondered if it would be an adventure like Indiana Jones, whoever that was. Her bosses would mention him sporadically but Zoey tuned that out. Old people.

They got in their red convertible, top down; Kitty driving, one arm resting on the door, the other paw loosely at the top of the wheel. Kitty: laid back and cool. Zoey 12-007 sat shotgun. Traffic was light, and they made great time. Kitty hissed out the window as they passed a maximum security prison

“Who's there? Voldermort?”

“Worse,” Kitty said. “A former president, but his name can also not be spoken.”

Zoey laughed then turned her attention back to something more important — art. Art crimes were her life.

Kitty slammed the breaks, and the car screeched to a stop outside of the building where William resided. The two special agents jumped out of the car, and dashed up the steps of the skyscraper, not breaking stride as the doorman pulled open the door for them. Golden drapes and marble floors covered the opulent entryway. Leather furniture created sitting areas scattered across the lobby.

They head directly towards the elevators. Kitty reached up to hit the penthouse button, but Zoey 12-007 reached out to block the furry paw. “No,” she said. “Floor 100.”

Kitty shrugged and hit the button.

They stepped inside, Kitty meowing along with the Muzak version of Billie Eilish. Aside from magic detective skills, this cat had style. She probably got it from her husband, Boyfriend Cat.

They rode up in silence. Zoey 12-007 didn't know what Kitty was thinking, maybe about the case, maybe about Boyfriend Cat. Zoey didn't know, but she focused on the case. William had sent her a letter explaining the details.

He had recently learned that Space Bird belong to his family.

Or at least it should have. When his great-great-great-great grandfather had brought the statue over from the Netherlands. Once it arrived on American soil, it vanished into someone else's collection. It showed in the MOMA for many years, but then one day it was stolen.

William had found out that the statue was his great-great-great-great grandfather's two days ago, and he reached out to the Art Crimes agency immediately. They assigned the only two special agents they could fully trust.

They stepped off the elevator and walked down the hallway to William's front door. Kitty stood on her hind legs, stretching up to scratch on the door. After a couple of beats, the door opened and William welcomed them into his home.

"So," Zoey said, "You said in the call that you had received a mysterious package in the mail."

"Yes." William motioned them inside, then stuck his head out the door to verify that no one else was there. He led them further into the apartment, passed a kitchen that had dirty dishes piling up, and into a back study. He took a key from a chain around his neck, and unlocked the desk drawer. He pulled out a plastic bag. It contained a knife that looked like it had some rust on it — or was it blood? Also in the pack was a lid.

Zoey took the bag from William and looked inside. Kitty jumped up on her shoulders in order to see also.

"Well," Kitty said. "The knife looks scary. But I don't know about the other things."

Zoey sighed. "Yes, what could the lid go to?"

Kitty sighed. "I guess you'll have to figure it out."

"Me? I thought we worked together."

"Sorry." Kitty shrugged. "I was hungry and got distracted."

"No problem." She turned to William. "Let me take this, and I'll find out what happened. Find out how the statue was taken, and how to get it back."

Kitty meowed. Then realized she wasn't speaking human and blushed. "Yes, we'll figure it out. Let's go, Zoey 12-007."

"We'll find other evidence and solve the crime," Zoey said