

Special Agent Zoey 12-007 arrived at the museum early the morning after the robbery. The crime scene detective had bagged and tagged the evidence, but they were stumped. So they reached out to the Art Crimes Detective Agency and requested the help of their most senior investigator.

She flew to the U.K. from Seattle on the Concord and walked into the museum that morning with a belly full of British breakfast, and a mind full of possibilities. She had reviewed the basics of the crime, studying photographs of the evidence collected at the scene on the flight. But she knew the full picture wouldn't develop until she visited the crime scene and saw the evidence in person.

Her contact at the agency Linda waited to greet her when she arrived.

"Thank you for coming," Linda said. She handed Zoey a brown evidence bag. "This has everything you need."

Zoey clutched the bag, fighting off the desire to open it. When she was alone, and could look peruse the evidence without interference, she would. Until then, she would watch and learn. She knew from experience that whenever she put her mind into solving a crime, it got solved.

"We think we know who committed this crime," Linda said. "We found a tooth on the floor in front of the bird cage. We think the robber lost it when one of the birds attacked him. Unfortunately, this didn't stop him from stealing the feathers from the rare birds. "

Linda led her out of the hallway into the large exhibition room. She gestured towards the aviary, which now homed several birds, that were missing feathers. "This is where we found the tooth. I think that our robber was scared. In the video we have, after the birds fought him as he tried to get their feathers, he lost his tooth, but he also dropped a check for a million dollars."

Zoey whistled out a long breath. "Wow, a million dollars. Tasty."

Linda gave her a puzzled look but kept talking. She knew this special agent could solve crimes that would puzzle even Sherlock Holmes. "The name on the check was blurred from

bird droppings, but we think the first name was Daniel. Or possibly David. We aren't able to make out the last name. Maybe you'll be able to figure it out."

Zoey nodded. "Of course. What else have you found?"

"It's all in the bag," Linda said. "We aren't sure what it means. Maybe you can help us figure out what the evidence means."

"I solve all crimes."

"Good. Some of the evidence doesn't make any sense to us. You'll need to discover what it means and explain it to us. Can you do that?"

Zoey nodded. She knew she had to contact Cassie, her ornithologist. Cassie was an expert in bird feathers.

There was a rustling above her and Zoey looked up. A butterfly soared in the rafters, swooping down occasionally as if to view one of the many paintings displayed on the walls, then rising upwards, as if breaking free of the painting's gravitational pull.

Zoey watched the butterfly for a moment, then turned to Linda. "I have an idea of what happened. I need to look at the evidence and see if it fits my idea."

Linda's mouth dropped. "But how? What?"

"I don't want to tell you now. I want to check some things and make sure." The special agent smiled. "I'll tell you more in my report."