

sammy KEYES

It's autumn in Santa Martina, California—Presidential election season at William Rose Junior High. The usual campaign tactics are taking place—the school is covered with posters and banners, and the candidates are busy handing out buttons and candy to sway the votes their way. But some strange happenings are going on at the same time. Hundreds of balloons suddenly appear in the cafeteria with the cryptic message “Revolution!” written on them. Lipstick messages screaming “RESPECT!” are scrawled across mirrors in the bathrooms. And, oddly, tube socks are being forced down toilets and into sinks, creating floods and leading to student panic.

Enter Officer Gilbert Borsch of the Santa Martina Police Department. Officer Borsch is called in to investigate the vandalism and to figure out who has been wreaking such havoc at William Rose Junior High. Here, in its entirety, is his casebook. The following pages contain the information he compiles from the matter—an incident report, an evidence log, and several transcripts of interviews with key witnesses. . . or are they suspects? Unfortunately (or, fortunately) for Officer Borsch, seventh-grade super sleuth Sammy Keyes stumbles across this casebook, and solves the crime before he gets a chance to do the same.

Get on the case! Can you unravel this crime?

Do you have what it takes to be Sammy Keyes?

Read on. . .

and see if you can solve the mystery!

CASEBOOK

10/18

Officer Borsch-

I know I shouldn't have, but when you left I couldn't help reading through your file. You were gone so long, and there it was, staring at me. And I don't know why you want to talk to me when you already know what happened. It's pretty obvious who stuffed those socks everywhere . . .

Anyway, you were gone so long I figured I should go back to class.

-Sammy

SANTA MARTINA POLICE DEPARTMENT

Incident Report

Case # 00-895

Dates: Wednesday, October 13 and Friday, October 15

Location: William Rose Junior High School

Reported by: Joseph Caan, Vice Principal

Responding Officer: Gilbert Borsch

Description of Incident:

Assorted acts of vandalism/public nuisance.

FRIDAY:

1. Toilets in three student bathrooms clogged and overflowing due to attempted flushing of socks.
2. Bathroom sinks similarly blocked up with socks and taps left on resulting in minor flooding.
3. Mirrors in all student bathrooms defaced with writing in lipstick.

WEDNESDAY:

1. Fire alarm pulled by student, Tenille Toolee, in response to loud noise of popping balloons.
2. Excessive litter on school campus caused by said balloons.

Evidence Log

Item # 00-895-1 Poster, created by school, slogan: Rock the Vote

Item # 00-895-2 Poster, created by student Brenda Washington. Slogan: Speak Up! Act Out! Vote for Brenda Washington for president

Item # 00-895-3 Poster, created by student Brenda Washington. Slogan: Title 9 wasn't about getting new cheerleading uniforms! Vote for Brenda Washington to put an end to misogynism in school-funded sports!

Item # 00-895-4 Poster, created by student Dan Brodon. Slogan: Dan, Dan, He's Our Man.

Item # 00-895-5 Poster, created by student Dan Brodon. Slogan: Surf's Up with Danny-o!

Item # 00-895-6 Poster, created by student Dan Brodon. Slogan: Dan Can Do

Item # 00-895-7 Poster, created by student Jessica St. James. Slogan: I'll Speak for You! Vote for Jessica!

Item # 00-895-8 Poster, created by student Jessica St. James. Slogan: Communication is Key! Vote for Jessica!

Item # 00-895-9 Index card. Creator unknown. Slogan on the front: Who are you? And on the reverse: I really want to know!

Item # 00-895-10 Balloon (red) with “Revolution?” written in black marker. Paper message inside balloon: “All right!” Creator unknown.

Item # 00-895-11 Photograph of the bathroom near the library of William Rose Jr. High. Writing on mirror: “RESPECT—find out what it means to me”

Item # 00-895-12 37 tube socks.

Transcription of Police Interview

Interview recorded October 15, at William Rose Jr. High. Vice Principal **Joseph Caan** (known as JC) and Officer G. Borsch (known as GB) present.

GB: So, Joe, what's been going on here? It's pretty early in the year for this kind of stuff.

JC: [snorts] I know, I know. I wouldn't normally call in the police over student pranks, but the school board voted in this new zero tolerance policy and there's been enough damage here this week to constitute vandalism, I think.

GB: Why don't you tell me from the beginning?

JC: Yeah, OK. Well. It's election season for the students—posters everywhere, banners, slogans, kids trying to outdo each other with buttons and free candy. The usual nightmare. Coach Vince is the faculty advisor for student government—he could tell you more about it.

Mostly it's been the regular stuff this year. 'Jessica for President.' 'Vote for Dan or he'll kick your can.' But there's been some different stunts too.

GB: Such as?

JC: On Monday, every locker had a card stuck on it that said “Who are you?” and then on the back it said “I really want to know.” No signature, so we don’t know who did it.

Then on Wednesday, there were balloons all over the cafeteria at lunch—I mean hundreds of ’em. They all said “Revolution?” on them and there was a piece of paper inside that said “All right!”

GB: Do you have any of this stuff still? The posters or the balloons?

JC: Oh, yeah, sure. I’ll get it all together for you. ’Course the kids popped the balloons. . . You should have heard the noise—hundreds of balloons, all popping at once is loud.

GB: And that’s when someone pulled the fire alarm?

JC: Yeah, jeez. This seventh grader, Tenille Toolee, not the sharpest tool in the shed, you know? She hears all the popping and thinks it’s a bomb, so she pulls the alarm and runs screaming through the halls. The nurse practically had to sedate her.

So I shrugged it off, you know? Didn’t seem malicious, just dumb.

GB: But now you’re not sure?

JC: Well, I don’t know. This morning there’s

lipstick messages on all the bathroom mirrors. And then after lunch there's socks stuffed in the sinks and the toilets in three different bathrooms and water flooding everywhere. The water seeped down through the floors, too, so we've got damage to the ceilings below. And we're going to have to call in a plumber to dredge the socks out of the toilets. So we're looking at some pretty serious damage all told.

GB: Yeah, I get that. When do you think these things got done? What's security like around here?

JC: Security. Well, the offices and classrooms get locked when there's no teacher in them. But the campus is open early and late—kids are in and out all over, for sports, after school stuff, breakfast clubs. . . There's always supposed to be a faculty advisor around, and Cisco's always here—

GB: Cisco?

JC: The building maintenance supervisor.

GB: OK. And no one saw the signs being left or a hundred balloons being brought in?

JC: No. It's all anyone can talk about in the teacher's lounge, but none of the faculty seems to know anything. It kills me to say it, but it wouldn't have been that hard for someone to

have done this stuff either really early in the morning or really late at night.

GB: But the socks down the toilets—that must have been done during the day.

JC: Yeah. I got word about the flooding around 1:30 so someone must have blocked up the bathrooms at the end of lunch or during the period after.

GB: OK. I'll go talk to Coach Vince first. Then your custodian. Then the girl who pulled the alarm. Anyone else I should be talking to, you think?

JC: It's all tied to the election somehow—Coach Vince can tell you more about the kids running and he might have an idea who our mystery candidate is. The only troublemakers I know of so far this year are Samantha Keyes and Heather Acosta—but their beef seems more personal. And I don't see either of them as the student government type.

GB: Keyes?

JC: You know her?

GB: Nosy kid? Kind of a smart mouth?

JC: Yeah. Want to talk to her, too?

GB: Heck no. But maybe I should. . .

Transcription of Police Interview

Interview recorded October 15 at William Rose Jr. High. **Robert “Coach” Vince** (known as CV) and Officer G. Borsch present.

GB: All right, uh, can I have your first name for the record Mr. Vince?

CV: It’s Robert—but everyone calls me Coach.

GB: Right. OK. Coach. So, Vice Principal Caan tells me you’re the faculty advisor for student government—can you tell me how these elections are run?

CV: Yeah, sure. It’s pretty basic. There’s a president, vice president, treasurer, you know. Elections aren’t for another two weeks, but kids—mostly the president wannabes—start flexing their muscles early. They put up posters, hand out fliers with their platforms—

GB: Platforms?

CV: Yeah, what they want to change about the school.

GB: Any unusual platforms this year? Anyone suggesting radical changes?

CV: Nah, same old story mostly. Better cafeteria food, looser rules about going off campus

during the day, that kind of thing. Brenda wants to abolish the cheerleading squad—like that'd ever happen. Jessica is a cheerleader and she's billing herself as the great communicator. Nice girl, but it'd be OK with me if she'd communicate a little less. And then Dan's got some idea about starting a surfing team—kid's a real go-getter. One of our top ball players. 'Course a surf team would be an insurance nightmare for the school, so that's never gonna fly.

GB: What about these unsigned messages?

CV: I don't know what to make of 'em. To run for office the kids have to sign up with me and I've only got the three presidential candidates on my roster so far—Dan, Brenda, and Jessica. Technically kids have until the end of the day today to register, though.

GB: So the campaign starts before everyone is signed up?

CV: Well, not usually, but I extended the sign-up period this year because we only had three candidates and I hoped some more kids would scope out the competition and decide to get in the game. It's looking like a bad call on my part, though. Now some mystery candidate's committing fouls left and right and I don't have any idea who it is.

GB: So you don't think one of the registered candidates is behind this?

CV: I don't know. I don't see any of them pulling this kind of thing. I mean, it started off kind of clever—everyone was buzzing about the “Who are you?” cards. But now they're stuffing socks down toilets? How's that gonna win any votes? And these three are all really motivated to win.

[sound of door opening, conversation pauses]

CV: Nolan?

Boy's voice: Uh, Ryan, sir.

CV: Right, Ryan. I'm in the middle of something here. . .

R: [barely audible] Sorry. . .

CV: Chess club's meeting next door—that what you're looking for? This is the Student Government room.

R: [v. quietly] Right. What was I thinking?

CV: OK then. Catch you later, sport.

[sound of door closing]

CV: Jeez. This is the third time this week he's walked into the wrong room. Mouse of a kid, huh? Couldn't buy him a backbone. [pause] Now his brother, Spence, that's a whole 'nother story. That boy is one hot shortstop.

GB: Coach. Let's go back to the incidents. So

you think these stunts are some fourth student's campaign?

CV: [pause] Huh. Yeah, I was sure till you asked.

GB: But now. . .

CV: [pause] It's gotta be a campaign. What else would it be? Why else leave notes and balloons everywhere?

GB: But no one else has talked to you about running? You don't know who it might be?

CV: No, no one else has come in to see me. And I'm here all the time. I mean, my door is always open.



Transcription of Police Interview

Interview recorded October 15 at William Rose Jr. High. Student **Dan Brodon** (known as DB) and Officer G. Borsch present.

GB: So, Dan, what can you tell me about today's disturbances?

DB: Nothing.

GB: You haven't heard about the socks?

DB: Oh yeah, sure. I just don't know who did it.

GB: Any ideas? Does it seem like something anyone you know would do?

DB: No way, man.

GB: Well, what's your take on the elections so far?

DB: Pretty intense, huh?

GB: Could you be more specific here, Dan?

DB: Well, I don't know. I mean, I just thought I'd run, you know? Some of the guys dared me to, and I thought, ok, that could be a trip, so I signed up. But everyone else is so into it.

GB: Why don't you tell me about the other students who are running? What do you know about Jessica St. James?

DB: Jessica? She's cool. Talks kind of a lot.

But friendly. Not like Brenda.

GB: Brenda Washington?

DB: Yeah. I mean, what's she so mad about? She seems so down on everything. And her posters? Does she think the cheerleaders shouldn't have new uniforms? Whatever, man.

GB: OK. So what do you think about these unsigned messages? Who do you think's behind them?

DB: Well, at first I thought Jessica left the "who are you?" cards. She's always talking about communication so that seemed like her. But then those "revolution" balloons? That seemed more like something Brenda would say. And the lipstick "respect" signs. So maybe it's her. Then again, Jessica would have the lipstick. She's got like a whole cosmetics counter in her locker.

GB: You've looked in her locker?

DB: No! Well, I mean, yeah, I've seen inside. Her locker's near the library and I work there third period and she's always there when I'm leaving . . . It's not like I'm stalking her or anything.

GB: I never said you were. [pause] OK, what about the socks? Do you think either of them could have done that?

DB: Nah, that's harsh, even for Brenda. And I

don't get it, really. To quote a song like Revolution—you know, 'if you're talking about destruction, you can count me out'. But then to go and destroy stuff. Weird. [pause] Huh.

GB: What?

DB: Well, I just figured the same kid left the messages and stuffed the socks, you know. But I guess it could have been someone else.

GB: You mean the socks might not have anything to do with the campaign?

DB: Dude. Maybe not.



Transcription of Police Interview

Interview recorded October 15 at William Rose Jr. High. Student **Brenda Washington** (known as BW) and Officer G. Borsch present.

GB: OK Brenda. I see from the posters around the school that you are running for class president.

BW: Yes I am.

GB: Do you know who has been leaving the unsigned messages around school?

BW: No.

GB: No? Some people have said they thought it was you.

BW: Me? Who said that?

GB: So it's not you?

BW: Of course not. I would never put up signs and not sign my name. Who would vote for someone who doesn't have the guts to stand up and say what they're about? People will always know where I stand. I think students need to be more vocal—really get involved in their communities and local governments, after all—

GB: So you don't think the messages were effective?

BW: What? Oh. Well, there was a big stir of

course. But it's all slogans and no substance. I think, well, I hope the students of this school are smarter than that.

GB: What about the slogans—what do you think they mean?

BW: How do you mean?

GB: Well, they aren't the kind of slogans anyone else is using are they?

BW: No.

GB: So what do they mean?

BW: Well—they're songs, of course.

GB: Songs?

BW: Yeah—you know. The school's theme for elections is Rock the Vote, so all these unsigned messages are song lyrics. You didn't catch that?

GB: [cough] Right, of course. What about the socks? How do they fit in?

BW: Sock it to me, I guess.

GB: Excuse me?

BW: You know. On the bathroom mirrors it said "Respect" And the backup singers in that song say "sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me". I figured it was a reference to that.

GB: So you think this student was "socking it" to the school and the teachers?

BW: I guess. . .

GB: Not a great campaign strategy, though.

BW: No. But some people are more interested in causing a commotion than in actually doing the work and using the system to make real changes and real progress—

GB: Uh huh. So who do you think might do something like that?

BW: I don't know. . .

GB: What about the other candidates?

BW: Dan and Jessica? No way on Dan. The campaign's way too creative for him. I mean, he's nice enough I guess, and maybe even a leader in his jockish way, but an intellectual athlete, he is not. Jessica's your typical cheerleader. Popular. Impossibly perky. I can't really see her destroying school property, though. Why risk rocking her little world? No, I think someone else is running the mystery campaign.

GB: OK, so think, who might it be?

BW: I don't know. Someone pretty self destructive, though. I mean, people were really hyped up about the messages. Why would someone sabotage themselves like that?

Transcription of Police Interview

Interview recorded October 15 at William Rose Jr. High. Student **Tenille Toolee** (known as TT) and Officer G. Borsch present.

GB: Now Tenille, you know it's a serious thing to pull a fire alarm, don't you?

TT: I know, I know, I know. God. Everyone keeps saying that like I don't know. But I was really scared.

GB: OK, why don't you tell me what happened.

TT: Well, I was in the hall outside the cafeteria. And I'm practically alone because I'm late. And I hear this noise coming from inside. It's not too loud at first but then it gets louder and louder and louder! BANG, BANG, BANG! You know? And then I hear someone scream, so I scream cause I don't know what's going on. And there's banging and shrieking and it's so loud. And I say 'is it a bomb?' And one of the other kids in the hall says, 'Yes Tenille, it's a bomb.' And so I pulled the alarm and ran.

GB: Who told you it was a bomb?

TT: I don't know! I was crouched down on the floor with my hands over my eyes! I mean, I didn't want to get my face all cut up with flying

shrapnel or anything—I mean, I thought it was a bomb! But I swear I heard someone say that.

GB: Can you at least tell me if it was a girl or boy's voice?

TT: A girl.

GB: And the voice sounded serious to you? Not sarcastic?

TT: Absolutely it was serious! Or I thought so then! Sure, today it's easy to say that they must have been joking. But with all that noise and all that yelling? I'm telling you, you'd have pulled the alarm too.

GB: [coughing] Yeah. OK, Tenille.

TT: And now today with the bathrooms? I think I was right to be scared. . .there's some psycho around.

GB: What do you know about the bathrooms?

TT: I know my shoes are ruined! I mean I opened the door to the girl's room next to the library and all this water comes rushing out, and some grody old gym sock. It actually touched my skin! So then I have to go all the way around to the one near the cafeteria and Jessica says that bathroom's flooded too!

GB: Did you go into either bathroom? See any of the damage?

TT: No, there was running water all over the

place and I had to go! I ran all the way to the girl's locker room.

GB: When was this Tenille?

TT: In the middle of fifth period. Well, it was the end of fifth period by the time I got back to class. Mr. Pence was really pissed that I was gone so long. I don't even think he believed me about the floods.

GB: Well, I'm sure he does now.

TT: I doubt it. No one ever believes me.

Transcription of Police Interview

Interview recorded October 15 at William Rose Jr. High. Student **Jessica St. James** (known as JS) and Officer G. Borsch present.

GB: So tell me Jessica—

JS: Oh! I am so glad you are here, Officer. I mean, the whole school is in shock, you know? And I, for one, am really glad to have a police presence here in the school. I know I want these crazy stunts to stop. It's really wrecking the whole election process.

GB: Right, OK. Tell me about the campaign so far.

JS: Well I know I would be, like, honored to be president? But whoever did this obviously has no respect for the school at all.

GB: And do you have any idea who might have done this?

JS: Well, not really. . .

GB: But you suspect something?

JS: No. . .but you can't help but look around, you know? And pretty soon everyone starts to look suspicious.

GB: Uh huh. Why don't you tell me about the other candidates.

JS: Dan and Brenda? Dan's a nice guy. Or I

thought he was a nice guy. But lately I get the feeling he's following me. He's always there, you know? Just over my shoulder? Looking in my locker? And I started wondering if he was spying on me—trying to find out about my campaign. Dan seems real laid back, but I think he's more competitive than he lets on.

GB: And Brenda?

JS: She scares me, a little. Not that she's violent or anything, but she's always so angry. I mean, who could say what someone like that might do? She's always kind of yelling at people. But my Dad? He always says you catch more flies with honey—and he was president when he was in school—so that's the kind of campaign I've been trying to run. You know, sweet? And upbeat? But then these anonymous messages kept appearing and they were all anyone could talk about. I mean, everyone was trying to figure out who left them and saying how cool they were. And people were going around school singing the songs they quoted. And I'm like, hello? Doesn't anyone want to hear what I have to say? Doesn't anyone want to talk to a candidate who's for sure running? But then I remembered something else my dad always says. That if you really want something you should be

willing to go the extra mile to get it? So that's what I decided to do.

GB: What?

JS: Huh?

GB: You decided to do what to go the extra mile?

JS: Oh! I, well, my main theme has been communication, you know? So I decided to communicate more. I'm, um, going to talk to . . . every student in this school. Yeah, if that's what it takes to convince people that I am the best candidate for president—

GB: OK, Jessica. I think we're getting off track here. Do you have any idea who vandalized the bathrooms? Have you heard any speculation from your classmates?

JS: No! All I'll I've heard all day are people singing 'Respect.' I mean it's been, 'sock it to me, sock it to me' over and over in the halls.

GB: So you think the socks are tied to that song and the message on the mirrors?

JS: Well, yeah! I mean they spelled out 'sock it to me' on the floor in the bathroom, how much clearer can you get?

GB: Right. I haven't had a full description of the scene yet. Tell me more about the state of the bathroom.

JS: Well, like I said, there were socks on the floor spelling out 'sock it to me.' And all the toilets were clogged. And the drains in the sinks were stuffed with socks and water was overflowing everywhere. It was a real mess. I mean the water was practically up to my ankles!

GB: And when was this?

JS: Fifth period.

GB: And where were you supposed to be during fifth period?

JS: I have a free period? So I was in the library.

GB: Uh huh. Another student said they saw you at the girl's room by the cafeteria. Why were you over there?

JS: Oh right. Well, I was studying in the library. But then I realized I forgot a book that I needed? So I had to go back to my locker to get it?

GB: Did you see anyone else wandering around in the halls?

JS: No, nobody.

GB: So what did you do then?

JS: When?

GB: After you found a flood in the bathroom. . .

JS: Oh, right. Well there was water everywhere so I went to try to find Cisco? But I

couldn't? And then the bell rang and I had to go back to my locker and get my books for my next class. And when I got there there were a ton of people in the bathroom, so I figured someone else had reported the flood. So I went to sixth period. And then I got called down to the office, but that was to talk to you so I guess you know that, huh?



Transcription of Police Interview

Interview recorded October 15 at William Rose Jr. High. Building Maintenance Supervisor **Cisco Diaz** (known as CD), student **Ryan Gillot** (known as RG), and Officer G. Borsch present.

GB: Mr. Diaz—I was hoping you could tell me some details about these incidents.

CD: Yes, sir. What do you need to know?

GB: Well, you're around before and after school—did you see anyone putting up those cards or hauling balloons around? Did you see anyone here at a time that seemed funny?

CD: No, I didn't see anybody putting up signs. But it's a big campus. And kids are in and out at all hours, between sports and morning clubs.

[unidentified voice]: Cisco? Is that you? You got a second—oh, excuse me.

CD: Hi, Ryan. I'm talking to the officer right now, but—

GB: No, it's ok. Ryan. Why don't you tell me what you think about these election stunts? I've only talked to students who are candidates at this point.

RG: Yeah. Well I'm not running.

GB: No. . .but you've seen everyone's posters and the anonymous messages, right?

RG: Yes.

GB: So, what are people saying? Who do you think left the messages? Who might have vandalized the bathrooms?

RG: I don't know who wrecked the bathrooms. I mean, why would someone flush socks?

GB: Well, some people think it's because of the song, Respect, that was on the mirrors, and the lyrics, 'sock it to me'. They think the vandal was "socking it" to the school.

RG: But that doesn't make any sense. In the song, sock it to me means that the singer wants other people to respect her. It doesn't mean she's out to get anyone. They're twisting around what the person who left the message was trying to say.

GB: So you don't think the same person wrote the message and stuffed the socks?

RG: No, it's not the same person! I mean, it doesn't make any sense. Not to me anyway. [pause] I gotta go. Can I go?

GB: OK, Ryan.

CD: I'll see you next week, Ryan. We'll talk then.

RG: Yeah. Bye.

CD: That's a nice boy, that Ryan.

GB: He seemed pretty worked up. . .Do you think he knows more than he was saying?

CD: Ryan? No, he's a good boy. His brother's away on an exchange program and he's a little lost this year. Maybe a little over-emotional. I've been encouraging him to put himself out there more—to let the other kids see how great he is. I thought I had him convinced to run for student government, but I guess he changed his mind.

GB: Hmm. So, tell me about the state of the bathrooms today.

CD: Well, there were lipstick messages in nearly all the bathrooms this morning. Those were easy enough to clean up. Then three bathrooms had the sock problems. Socks down the toilets. Socks plugging up all the sinks. Socks strewn all over the floor. Now the socks in the sinks just pulled out. But all the water did some damage to the floors and the ceilings on the rooms below the bathrooms. And the socks down the toilets caused a bit of damage. We've snaked out quite a few, but they're still not flushing right, so there must be more.

GB: What kind of socks were they?

CD: There's piles of them in the bathrooms, you can have a look. But they're just regular old gym socks. Actually, they probably are old gym socks out of lost and found.

GB: You said that there were socks on the floor—were they spelling out a message?

CD: Not that I saw. But they were practically floating when I got there.

GB: And when was that?

CD: Towards the end of fifth period. . . 1:30 maybe?

GB: OK. So, do you have any theories? Any thoughts about the kids in the campaign?

CD: They all seem like nice kids to me.

GB: Could you be a little more specific?

CD: Well, Dan's a good kid. He seems too laid back to be involved in anything like this. Brenda's a real activist.

GB: Other people have said she's angry.

CD: Angry? No, sir, I wouldn't say that. I think if she had something to say, she'd just say it—not leave anonymous messages.

GB: And what about Jessica?

CD: Well, I don't know her very well. I mostly see her with her cheerleading friends. But she always looks happy. I'd say she really liked school, so I don't know why she'd do something like this.

GB: Well is there anyone who seems disgruntled enough to do something like this?

CD: No one that I know, sir.

GB: And yet someone did it. . . [sigh] I guess I'll have to come back on Monday and talk to some more kids.

Give up? To learn the identity of the vandal,
turn the page!

Dear Detective,

Did you figure out whodunit? Or, more precisely, who did what . . .

The way Sammy figures it, there are two culprits here. Shy, quiet Ryan Gillot was responsible for William Rose Jr. High's most creative campaign in years. But another candidate thought his campaign was a little bit too clever—and decided to sabotage the competition. The school vandal—the serial sock flusher—was Jessica St. James.

Here's how Sammy puzzled it out: The anonymous campaign is so different from the others—there must be a fourth candidate out there who hasn't registered with Coach Vince yet. The Coach tells Officer Borsch that Ryan has been in his room three times that week, but he couldn't even imagine that Ryan might run for president, so he assumed Ryan was lost. Pretty discouraging for Ryan—no wonder he's been running anonymously.

But Sammy doesn't peg Ryan as the vandal. Why would he undermine his own campaign? And Ryan's lipstick messages appeared on

Friday morning. Why would he wait until Friday afternoon to cause a flood when he'd be so much more likely to be caught?

Sammy then notices that Jessica makes several key slips in her interview with Officer Borsch. Jessica claims that she was in the library during fifth period. When Officer Borsch mentions that Tenille saw her in the girl's room way over by the cafeteria, she explains that she needed to get something from her locker. But we know from Dan's interview that Jessica's locker is right across from the library. So . . . what was Jessica *really* doing in that area of school?

Also, Sammy was alert to the girl who seemed to know too much. Jessica was able to describe the scene of destruction in the bathroom a little too well. She said that all the toilets were clogged, all the sinks overflowing, and that socks on the floor spelled out "sock it to me." But when anyone else described the scene they saw a jumble of soggy socks floating around. So, either Jessica arrived on the scene before the water washed away this sock message, or it was Jessica herself who left the message. Sammy is pretty sure it's the latter since Jessica also said that there was water everywhere. If there was water everywhere,

would Jessica really have stuck around long enough to see that each toilet was clogged?

One final thought convinces Sammy that Jessica must be the sneaky sock stuffer: Jessica said she was upset by finding the bathroom awash and that, hoping to be of help, she ran to find the custodian. But if Jessica had really wanted to help stop the flooding, she would have done one simple thing—turn off the taps.

So, frustrated by another candidate getting more attention than her, and seeing that an exciting campaign stunt could turn into a bad scene when the balloon blast triggered a fire alarm, Jessica awaited her chance to make the anonymous candidate's next message turn grim. And all day long, people kept singing, "sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me"

So, how did you do? Did you catch all the clues Sammy did? You'll have a chance to match wits with Sammy again in her next adventure. Happy sleuthing!