

# THE MYSTERY OF THE CLOCKWORK SPARROW

## THE MYSTERY OF THE PAINTED DRAGON

### THE MYSTERY OF THE MIDNIGHT PEACOCK

Katherine Woodfine

Series Fiction | Ages 11+ | Paperback | 5 x 7 ¾ | 320 - 352 pp | \$6.99

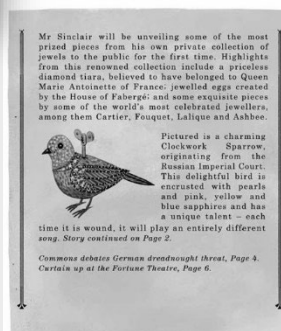
**Clockwork Sparrow** ISBN: 978-1-61067-437-9 LOC: 2015954239 | **Painted Dragon** ISBN: 978-1-61067-661-8 LOC: 2016959849

**Midnight Peacock** ISBN: 978-1-61067-842-1 LOC: 2018932780

Fast friends and bold heroines Miss Sophie and Miss Lilian, employees of Sinclair's Department Store and part-time sleuths, are on the case!



- Sumptuous Edwardian England setting.
- Dramatic, page-turning action and adventure.
- Strong female characters.
- All ages appeal.



"Fancy that," said George admiringly. "And to think that all that's going to be coming through here this very morning, jewels that have belonged to queens and the like."

"Look at the picture," said Billy, and they bent over the paper to squint at the blurry photograph.

"Don't look much like any sparrow I've ever seen," said George, contemplating it. "A different tune every time, eh? Now however do you reckon they get it to do that?"

At that moment, a cart loaded with boxes of merchandise rumbled into the stable yard. "Shake a leg, George!" called a voice from behind them. "The gaffer wants this lot unloaded sharpish."

George winked at Billy and then heaved himself to his feet. "Come on, pal," he said. "Let's get on with this and then we'll finish reading later on."

Saying that was all very well, but Billy found it was difficult to concentrate on boxes and deliveries. He kept picturing immense diamonds glinting in the dark tunnels of an Indian mine. Then there was Marie Antoinette's tiara. How had the Captain come to own it? He imagined a grand Paris auction house, or a furtive transaction with a cloaked stranger in a foreign tavern. Busy with these speculations, it seemed no time at all before the boxes were unloaded, and then two shiny black motor vans were pulling into the yard, each driven by a man in white gloves. George nodded to Billy, who stood staring, fascinated by the thought of the priceless treasures that must be within.

But then Uncle Sid strode up. "No hanging about, if you please. This isn't a job for the likes of you. Hop it. Find yourself something useful to do."