

Death of a Dollar

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Submitted: December 5, 2004

Updated: December 5, 2004

I did this for school. I only had one day left to write it so its not that good! what happens when joey ,our little detective, has to many cases If a dead dollar counts as violence then yes there is a little violence

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1 - Death of a dollar

My head ached like a jackhammer to cement. *"I can't take another case"* I thought, *"That was the 12th case this week"*. I arrived home, parked my bike, went inside, and ran to my room. *"Thanksgiving break is way too tough on a young detective like me"*, I thought as I bellyfloped onto my bed. My stomach growled as I lay on my bed. I walked to the kitchen to eat. I opened up the cabinet just to find that I would fall prey to a prank meant for my sister. Water balloons filled with pudding came toppling out of the top cabinet. "About time" my sister said as she walked into the room. "I've been waiting for this to happen", she said with a silly grin on her face. I simply stood there covered in pudding staring at my sister with an angry look on my face.

Even though I hadn't eaten anything I decided I had my fill of food. I went to my room to change into pajamas. As I lay in bed my eyelids felt like 1000 ton weights. I finally gave in and fell asleep. I woke up on the floor curled up shivering with no covers. Today I had no cases so I thought it was going to be a slow day. "Joey, get up were going to the store, get your shoes on", my sister yelled. "I'll stay here I'm going to fix myself breakfast", I replied.

I walked into the kitchen to fix myself some pancakes when I found a dime. Then I found another one with a penny next to it. Then there was a trail of pennies, quarters, and dimes. I even laughed a little because it looked a little like drops of blood. At the end of trail was a dollar with a small hole the size of a bullet where George Washington's face would have been. At that point I laughed so hard and long that when my sister, Cecilia, got home the dollar wasn't far from the puddle of my tears from laughter.

"Joey why are you laughing someone has murdered this dollar!", she asked with a slight tone of anger and pity in her voice "I will alert the authorities",. Before I could stop laughing she had already dialed 9-1-1. The police arrived and made chalk outline on our floor of where the dollar was. They also questioned me about where the drops of coins were. Soon the ambulance, news reporters, the press, and even the CIA were there. Mean while I was trying to figure out what was going on. *"Why are these people so obsessed with a dollar with a hole in it?"*, I thought.

I headed for my bedroom to think about this. When I walked in my room the furniture was gone! A CIA member walked up to me and told me that every thing had been stolen by tall clowns with colorful afros had stolen my furniture. This was very bad news to me especially since clowns scared me. To think clowns had been in my room.

I woke up in my bed from shear terror. Just like I had never had a dreamed anything I got up and got ready for a mystery free day my. Sister left to go to the mall to buy winter clothes. I got hungry and decided to eat some pancakes.