

Summer Detective Story: A Bear, a Dog, and a Mystery - level 1

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"I'm **proud** of my dog," said Mark.

"Macca's my dog too!" shouted Taylor.

Mark and Taylor lived with their parents on a farm near a forest. Mark got a puppy for his birthday two years ago. Taylor helped Mark look after the dog, but Mark still felt that Macca was his dog.

"Macca likes everybody," Mark said.

"He likes me more!" Taylor **laughed**. Macca **barked**. "He's agreeing with me!" shouted Taylor.

"He is not," Mark laughed.

Dad sent them down the **driveway** to pick up today's **mail** -- but their driveway was over a quarter of a mile long, and there was snow on the driveway. The driveway ran between two fields where they **grew**

strawberries in the spring, but now the fields were also **covered** with snow. For the long, cold trip to the mail box, Mark and Taylor brought Macca along **to keep them company**.

Suddenly they saw an enormous **paw print** in the snow in front of them.

"It's big!" shouted Taylor. "It's six **inches** long at least!" Mark looked around nervously, but all he saw was the afternoon sunlight on the snow, and trees at the end of the field. The paw prints **led** to the trees which formed the beginning of a forest.

"**Come on!**" said Taylor. "Let's follow the paw prints."

"Let's not," said Mark. He knew what **creature** made the paw prints. "It's Old Mugger."

"Who's Old Mugger?" asked Taylor.

Old Mugger was a big black bear. Late one night last summer, the bear surprised everybody -- including the farmers -- when he **unexpectedly** attacked a horse. Nothing happened because the horse quickly galloped away. The clever horse **survived**, but the next morning when the farmer woke up, he could see **claw marks** on the horse's side.

Mark saw the claw marks too -- and he knew that he never wanted to meet Old Mugger the bear.

There was more bad news that afternoon. After all that walking, Mark and Taylor discovered that their mailbox was empty. They walked a long way for nothing.

As they went back home, Mark **wondered** if that bear was still around. And then Macca suddenly started **barking** at something behind them. Did he see the bear? Mark looked around quickly and he saw a truck coming up the road. He knew the truck, so he shouted excitedly to Taylor. "It's the **mailman**! Maybe we'll get some mail!"

Taylor wasn't happy -- she didn't want to walk back to the mailbox, she wanted to go home, and then she said "We have the fattest mailman in the world."

"That's not polite," said Mark.

"But it's true," Taylor said.

Mark and Taylor watched as Orville, their mailman, collected the mail in his truck. When he got out of his truck, he **slipped** and fell into the snow -- the magazines went flying into the air. "Oof!" cried Orville.

And magazines **landed** all around him.

Taylor ran to pick up the magazines out of the snow. "Thanks," said Orville.

"Dad doesn't like it when his magazines are wet," Taylor said, ignoring Orville. She quickly picked up all the magazines, then began running back to the house.

Mark picked up two more letters that fell into the snow, Orville stood up quietly and brushed the snow off his trousers. Then he saw Mark's dog.

"His name's Macca," Mark said. "Don't worry, he doesn't bite."

"Mailmen are always afraid of dogs, they often bite the mailmen," Orville said. "Especially me -- I'm frightened of dogs, because I'm too fat to **outrun** them!"

Mark laughed, and said "Don't worry. My dog's a good dog -- and he's **a purebred!**"

Orville looked strangely at the dog. "Is that right?" said Orville. "My brother **breeds** dogs. He sells them to rich people who are looking for the purest breed of a dog. I believe your dog **is worth a lot of money!**"

Mark laughed, but then he saw that it wasn't a joke. "My dog's not for sale!" Mark said. Orville didn't say anything. There was a silence. Mark looked at the ground for any more letters, and Orville got in his mail truck and left quickly.

* * *

Back at the house, Mark told his father that he and Taylor saw bear tracks in the snow. Mark's father looked worried, and his mother **tried to change the subject**. "We must take Macca to **the vet** soon for his annual check up!" she said **casually**. But **it didn't work**. Mark was still worried about the bear.

After dinner that night, Mark put Macca into their back yard. "I wouldn't sell you for a million dollars," he told his dog -- and Macca **wagged his tail** happily. The weather was cold, and there was already an **inch** of snow on the tall **fence** that ran around their yard, so Mark was glad that Macca had a warm doghouse to sleep in.

But that night, Mark had a nightmare. Macca was **lost** on their farm, Mark looked around for him but he couldn't find his dog anywhere. Mark called out for Macca in the night, but then he fell down into snow -- just like Orville, their mailman, did that afternoon. In the dream, Mark's sister Taylor jumped up and **stole** all the mail out of Mark's hands. When Mark woke up that morning, he was in a bad mood. He got up and went straight to the backyard to say hello to Macca.

But Macca was gone.

It snowed in the night -- there were now two inches of snow along the fence around the yard. Everything was quiet. A winter wind **blew** across the sunny sky. But Macca was not there.

"Macca's gone!" Mark said.

"Maybe a bear ate him," said Taylor. She was already **awake**, wearing a short-sleeved t-shirt. She came out of her room to see why Mark was angry.

"A bear did not eat my dog!" Mark said angrily. But he ran out into the front yard to look for paw prints. All he saw was snow -- the driveway was completely covered with snow.

It was just like his nightmare last night...

Suddenly Mark heard his dad's voice, shouting out from the house. "It's too cold for you to run around outside!"

"But Dad!" Mark shouted back.

"Ok. I am going to get your jackets out of your rooms."

"No, dad! I'm warm enough," shouted Taylor. As they walked back to the house, Taylor asked "Do you think mom just took Macca to the vet this morning?"

"Or maybe Orville the mailman **stole** him," Mark said. "He has a brother who sells dogs to rich people."

But when they came to the house, Mark suddenly saw everything clearly. He turned to his father and said, "Macca's gone from the back yard. And I know what **happened!**"

Do YOU know what happened?

Who stole the dog?

Did Old Mugger eat him?

Did mom take him to the vet? ...

**This is the Suspect List: Mom Old Mugger Orville
Taylor**

SOLUTION OF THE MYSTERY

ŘEŠENÍ ZÁHADY

(heslem pro vstup je správná odpověď)