

The Forensics Kids of Class 3A

Text by Ilmar Tomusk

Illustrated by Hillar Mets

Tammerraamat 2012, 2013, 2015, 95 pp

ISBN 9789949482412

Storybook, fiction

Age: 9+

The Forensics Kids of Class 3A is the first of a six-part series of crime novels for children, the main characters of which are two child-detectives named Piia and Mati (a.k.a. Kribu and Krabu). Together, they track down criminals on exciting adventures in several different countries.

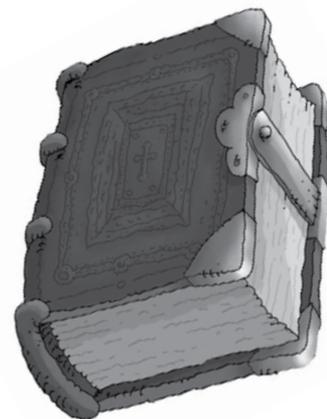
Kribu and Krabu are students in class 3A at Cope Secondary School. When their teacher discusses incunabula one day, the children bring in a very old, rare, and expensive Bible from home. Yet one night, the book is stolen from a display in the school library, and the police can't find any clues at the crime scene. Together with a 12th-grader named Paul, the detective kids take on the case themselves. The trail leads them all the way to Finland, and solving the crime will take a fair amount of wit and ingenuity!

Awards:

2014 Nukits Competition, 1st place

2013 "Järje Hoidja" Award of the Tallinn

Central Library



Krabu Saves Money

Paul stood in the port terminal's waiting hall, looking like an aristocrat out of an old-fashioned black-and-white film, embarking on a journey around the world in eighty days. This was because he was holding two giant suitcases, one blue and the other red.

"Hey, guys!" Paul yelled from across the room. "I was already starting to think you weren't coming."

"Of course we're coming," Kribu and Krabu said in unison. "It's our joint operation."

The kids stared at Paul's suitcases and asked: "Why are you bringing so much stuff?"

"I don't have any stuff at all," Paul said, chuckling. "These suitcases are completely empty."

"They're pretty banged up," Krabu noted.

And so they were—upon closer inspection, the kids could see a ton of holes both big and small that appeared to have been cut into the suitcases using scissors.

"They sure are," Paul agreed, "because I cut them up myself. Otherwise, no air would get through."

"Are you trying to bring two suitcases full of Estonian air to Finland?" Kribu asked, confused.

"Oh, you still don't get it!" Paul hooted. "These suitcases are going to help us save money on two children's tickets."

The blood drained from Kribu's and Krabu's faces.

"Are you taking the suitcases along instead of us?" they asked, stricken with fear.

"Almost," Paul replied. "Do you know the old saying: no person, no problem?"

"That's not a saying," Kribu and Krabu argued.

"Fine, you're right," Paul admitted. "But when you're traveling by ship, then the rule is that if there's no person, then there's no need to buy a ticket, either. That's some Nordic cleverness for ya."

Only now did Kribu and Krabu start to realize what Paul had in mind for the big suitcases.

"But will we fit?" Krabu asked doubtfully.

"Don't worry—we could fit three whole kribus and krabus like you into each one if we needed to," Paul

said convincingly. "But I brought two suitcases so it'll be easier for me to carry you."

"Can we bring our hot-dog pastries into the suitcases, too?" Krabu asked.

"Naturally," Paul said. "And you can even eat them in there."

Paul checked his watch.

"Time to board the ship," he announced, then tapped his nose with his right index finger and jerked his head. "Round the corner, lickety-split."

Kribu, Krabu, and Paul left the waiting hall and headed towards the corner of a building a couple dozen meters away from the port terminal. A few moments later, Paul returned to the waiting hall alone, hefting the two big suitcases.

Paul strode down the long passageway to the ship with a dignified air about him, displayed his ticket, and boarded without hesitation.