

The Adventures of Nicholas... I mean Nicholois Sklovaskavitch



My name is Nicholas, and I am six. But only in the daytime. At night, when Mommy says "bedtime" and turns off the light, I become Nicholois Sklovaskavitch... Spy. I pull up my blanket like a cape and whisper, "Mission begins." I became a spy when Mom and Dad started living in different houses. Nights felt too quiet and too big. So I stay busy. Spies don't feel lonely; they solve crimes.

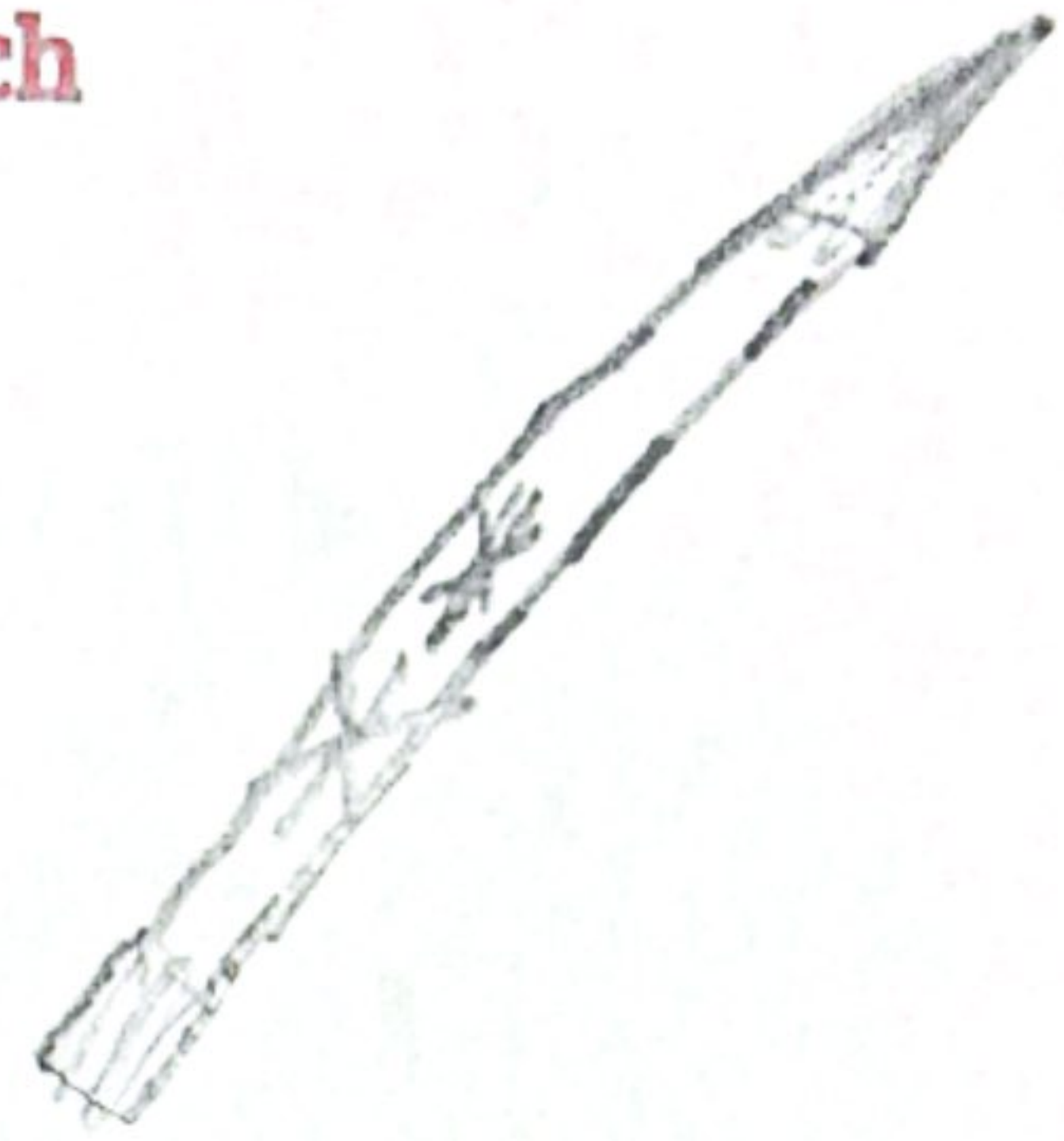


Crime #1: The Missing Cookie

Mom asked, "Who took the last cookie?"

That night, I investigated. Crumbs led to the couch... where my big brother slept with chocolate on his cheek. Case solved. I didn't tell. Spies don't snitch.

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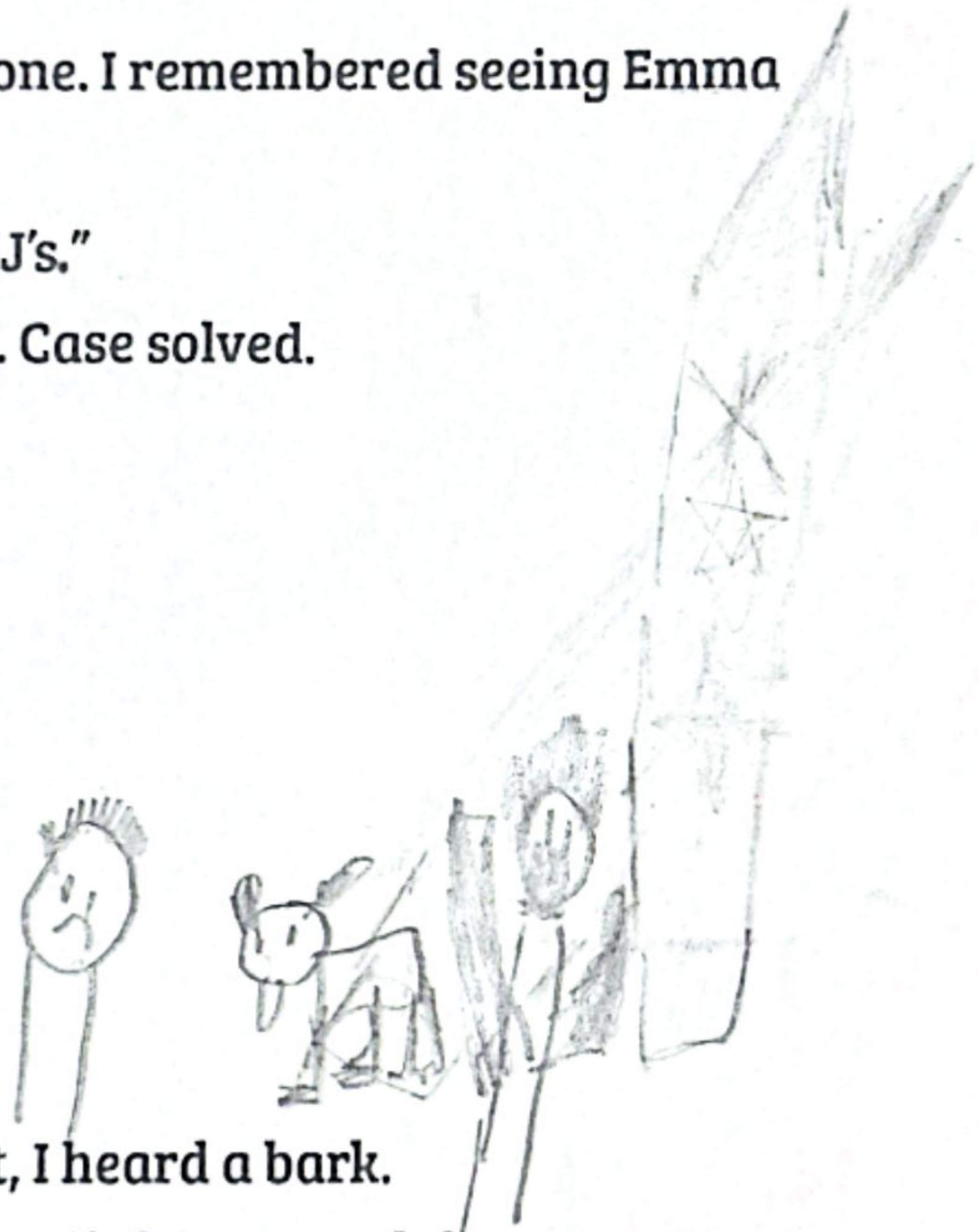


Crime #2: The Disappearing Pencil

At school, MJ's favorite pencil was gone. I remembered seeing Emma with one just like it.

"Hey," I whispered, "that might be MJ's."

She gasped. "Oops!" She gave it back. Case solved.



Crime #3: The Lost Dog

A sign said: Lost Dog Max. That night, I heard a bark.

The next day, we walked past Mrs. Patel's fence... and there was Max!

His owner came and cried happy tears.



At night, I still miss things. But being a spy helps.

Tomorrow? Another case...I'll be ready.