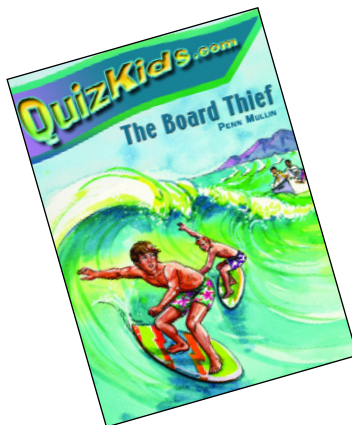


HIGH NOON BOOKS SAMPLER



Series: QuizKids.com (set of 5 different books)

With the help of Sam's friends, Zack, Claire, Jenny, and Blake, the Quiz Kids often find themselves using their skills to solve all sorts of puzzling problems.

Content: Mystery

Reading Level: 2nd grade

Interest Level: 8-14+

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QuizKids.com
The Board Thief

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INTRODUCTION

The Quiz Kids started solving mysteries back in the 5th grade, when Sam started up a web site for a class project. He called his site **QuizKids.com** and offered to solve any mystery. Before he knew it, an e-mail came in: "Can you help me find my pet bird? He's very valuable." Sam went to his long-time friends, Zack, Claire, Jenny, and Blake for help. The friends put their heads together and found the bird within a few days!

The five Quiz Kids are older now, but they have stayed close friends. Each friend has developed a unique interest. Now the Quiz Kids often find themselves using their skills to solve all sorts of puzzling problems.

CHAPTER 1

“Hey Dude, Get Lost”

Zack stood in his wet suit on Walls Beach with his surfboard under his arm. He looked out to where the big waves were building up. This was a new beach for him. Most of the time he surfed at Sun Beach where the waves were smaller. But now he felt ready for the big ones. And there they were out there. He could see a group of surfers out there, too. They lay on their boards waiting for a big wave. Zack walked into the water. His board was tied to his leg by a six-foot

leash. This would help to keep his board with him if he fell off.

The small waves had a lot of power as they broke on his knees. Now Zack lay down on his board and began to paddle with his arms. Larger waves came at him. Zack dove under the waves with his board. Now he was closer to the monster swells ahead. He paddled faster. Just then he saw that some surfers were coming close to him. Soon they were all around him.

“Hey, dude, get lost! This is private water,” yelled one big red-haired guy.

“Who says?” Zack yelled back.

“We do!” called out one of the guys.

Then Zack saw a monster wave building.

The wave of his dreams. He had to catch it. Forget these rude guys. He felt the wave take hold of his board. Then he got to his feet. This is awesome! he thought. He'd never been so high up on a wave.

Zack set his right foot forward on the board. He rode up the face of the wave and then down. Get in the pipe, he told himself. Rip this wave! Then he was inside the curl of the wave. The water was coming down all around him like rain. Cool! But don't get caught inside this pipe! Then all of a sudden a huge body and board crashed down on the front of Zack. He was thrown off into the white water as the wave broke on top of him. It slammed him down hard



*Then all of a sudden a huge body and board
crashed down on the front of Zack.*

on the sand. It ground him down and turned him over and over. Don't panic. Don't fight it, Zack told himself. His lungs felt as if they might pop. He had to get air! Then his head came up into fresh cool air. He saw his board nearby on its leash. And there was the guy who hit him. It was the red-haired surfer, back now with his friends. Zack felt hot with anger. How dare that guy! He doesn't own this place. But there were eight surfers and just one of him.

Zack pulled his board in and got up on top of it. Then he saw it—a nick on his brand new board! Right off the front! And his board was custom made just for him. Zack felt sick. He gave the group an angry look and paddled

towards the beach. I'll be back, he told them in his head. I'll be back.

Zack slowly walked out of the water and up the beach. He saw a sign that said Surf Shack and went in. Maybe they could fix his board. No one was inside the shop. He could hear sounds of heavy things being moved behind the shop. Then the sound of a big engine as it drove off. A tall dark-haired man came in from the back.

“What do you want?” he asked Zack.

“I got a nick in my board,” said Zack. “Any chance you could fix it?”

The man looked at the board. “How'd you do this?” he asked.

“Some rude guy out there cut in on my

wave. Said it was private water,” Zack said.

“You should have listened to him. It is private water.” The man turned away.

Zack picked up his board and left the shop. He felt so bummed and mad. What was this “private water”? Nobody owned the ocean.

CHAPTER 5

A Concert on the Beach

Zack and Claire sat on Sun Beach and listened to Blake and his band, Out of Sight. Blake was on the guitar, with Pete on drums, Dave on saxophone, and Mike on keyboard. They played from a small stage on the beach. Kids sat all around them. Zack had his board beside him.

“Blake sounds great,” Claire said.

“It’s cool they have these concerts this summer. I bet he’ll get lots more jobs when people hear him,” said Zack.

“I keep thinking about those guys at Walls Beach. Today they run you and your class off, and they ran me off, too. How do they get away with it?”

“There was one more thing I didn’t tell you,” Claire said. “That red-haired guy waved to the surfers from the beach. Some of them paddled in and put their boards in a big black SUV. This happened twice while I was there.”

“That is sort of strange,” said Zack. “Hey, the band’s taking a break. Let’s go find Blake.”

They walked up the beach. Just then Zack said, “Hey, look at this poster!” A sign was taped to a pole.

SURFERS BEWARE! WATCH YOUR BOARD !
THIEVES AT WORK !

“That’s awful!” Claire said. “Hey, there’s Blake.” They waved and joined him where he sat on the sand.

“You were super!” Claire told him as she sat down. “The crowd loves you guys.”

“Thanks! It’s going great. And we just got asked to play down at that new café, The Last Wave,” Blake said.

“Awesome!” said Claire. “Movin’ up!”

“Congrats, man! When is this gig?” asked Zack.

“Friday, five o’clock,” Blake said. “Hope

you guys can make it. Sam, too. Maybe Jenny will be back from her meet by then.”

“We’ll be there. Isn’t that the café across from the Surf Shack?” asked Zack.

“Right. Hey, you wanted to try out Pete’s drums?” said Blake. “He won’t mind.”

They walked over to the drum set. Zack sat down and took up the drumsticks. He touched the big bass drum lightly. “Maybe I can take Pete’s place when he’s away,” Zack laughed.

“Dream on!” said Blake. “You’re never off your board long enough!”

“Hey, my board!” Zack stood up. “I left it back where we were sitting.”

The three friends raced back to the spot.

“Gone!” yelled Zack. “How could I be so dumb!”

“Oh, Zack, what a bummer!” said Claire. “They can’t have gotten far. Let’s spread out and try to catch them.”

“I can’t leave the band. But as soon as I’m done, I’ll find you guys,” said Blake. “We’ll get your board back!”

Claire ran one way up the beach, Zack went down the other. They were looking for a guy running with a short blue board. But they each came back with nothing.

“My board is history,” Zack said sadly.

We hoped you enjoyed this sample publication.
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