

*continued from page 30*

“Mr. J. Preston Willingford, I believe you have a dog to return,” Jonathon said.

“What?” Mrs. Cash gasped.

“It hasn’t been nighttime on Mercury for almost 25 Earth days. Right, Chloe?” Tommy said. “But J. Blah-blah-blah said that Sirius was ‘whisked away in the middle of the night’ 36 hours ago. His story doesn’t match up.”

The dog trainer’s head drooped. Instead of looking up his nose, the I.P.P.I.’s now stared at his balding head. “Just once I wanted poor Josie to win that blue ribbon,” he said. “Do you know what having two blue-ribbon clients would do for my business? Poor Josie will never win a blue now. I’ll return Sirius immediately.”

“According to my calculations,” Chloe said, “the jig is up, J. Preston.”

Comet barked, and Tommy scratched him behind the ears. “That’s right, boy! We’re detectives now.” 🐕



Mercury’s day is long because it spins slowly—once every 58.6 Earth days. Yet Mercury’s year (the time it takes for a planet to circle the Sun) is fast—only 88 Earth days.

