

My deductive reasoning skills tell me introductions are in order. I am Sherbert M. Holmes, Super Sleuth, but you may call me Sherbert for short. I'm sure your deductive reasoning skills have concluded; I am an orange and white long-haired cat with many talents and abilities. I like to solve cases. Not just any type, just the ones that are not meant to be solved.

*I am the one that helps others find what's gone missing.*

In other words, when it can't be found, I offer my super sleuth skill set to solve the case. Finding the missing item is like playing hide-n-seek with one slight difference. I don't hide my eyes and count to forty-seven or whatever number is customary to count to.

I just find the item. It sounds pretty simple. I mean, go and seek the things. However, with great accountability comes a significant burden, and it can be a thankless profession. It's like working for the USPS; everybody loves you until their package is one day late or the check mailed to them seventy years ago was one day late...*I read that somewhere.*

Anyway, my point is that I must solve cases promptly. If I don't, that's the one time someone somewhere will remember it took me an extra day or two to solve the case.

There is no yellow brick road or ruby slippers for me to click my heels; if I had heels, that would take me to the missing item. Nope, just a trail of clues for me to follow. In most cases, following the clues often leads to the one responsible for the missing item. A detective, like myself, piece the clues together like a puzzle.

*It's t-t-t-t-r-r-r-r-icky finding clues...let alone piecing them together.*

You need to have a plan: first, you collect the clues, then you place them in order, then you have a clear picture...in theory, of course. Don't be confused. I have no magic wand I can wave through the air, magically placing the pieces together like a fancy- wancy-ritzy-itzy magic trick.

*It would be S-O-O-O-O-O nice to wave a wand, say the magic word ABRACAMEOW!*

POOF, the clues magically appear with little to no effort. Search, Find and Put the clues together using nothing more than my kitty intuition and super sleuth abilities. That's how we solve the cases that need to be solved, straight up old school.

*What's that?*

A case, no problem, my friend! I reach into my fur coat and *BAM*...my magic wand. A quick flick of my paw while saying the magical phrase *ABRACAMEOW* and *poof*...case solved, my friends! That would be so *AWESOME!* Talk about an easy way to solve cases. One particular case comes to mind that had me stumped, but I kept pushing forward.

My kitty intuition, sprinkled with a touch of deductive reasoning skills, allow me to find the essential pieces, put the pieces together, and solve the mystery. I was able to wrap up the case with a big fancy bow; not that I had a bow, in the sense that you think I said I had a bow, but if I did, I would have used it in this case.

Of course, when I say wrap up the case, I merely mean I solved the mystery, not wrap it up like a present, but it did kind of feel like a gift, my gift for those

needing my help. A brilliant detective still needs help from time to time to solve the tough cases. Lucky for me, I have my older sister, Dr. Sally Jo Pip-Squeak, but you simply know her as Dr. Pipper.

*Would you like to hear about the case?*

Fantastic, because I'm going to tell you anyway, so you may as well hunker down. Now would be the time to grab a snack before we get started, maybe use the bathroom. We don't want any accidents, happy or otherwise.

*This is the Case of the Catnip Thief.*

If memory serves me right, and it usually does, it was three hours, and four days ago our fore kitties brought forth unto this great nation. Whoops, sorry about that, the wrong story, that's a story for another time. It was June seventeenth-ish and a beautiful morning.