Fourth grader Penina—aka Pinky—is a Yankees fan, an older sister, and Brooklyn's greatest kid detective.

With the help of her pet cat, her best pal Lucy Chang, and her little brother Avi, Pinky unravels a vexing mystery—what happened to the antique Kiddush cup that went missing from a museum exhibit? Pinky and her team get to the bottom of things through a series of exciting and intriguing adventures.



(COCODD)



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Chapter One

On Sunday morning, I, Penina "Pinky" Bloom, Brooklyn's greatest kid detective, was lying in bed thinking of ways to get rid of my little brother.

I could have slept late, but someone set my alarm clock to go off at 7:00 a.m.

Avi had been in my room last night, so he was the prime suspect! He's officially the most annoying and sneaky second grader I've ever met.

I couldn't fall back to sleep, so I got dressed and went to the kitchen. My cat, D.J., was prowling around on the counter. He's named for Derek Jeter, the greatest Yankee ever to play shortstop. I'm in the fourth grade at Ohav Shalom Day School and play catcher on the girls' softball team. Last year our team went to the playoffs and almost beat B'nai Israel's girls' team in the first round.

I was in the middle of pouring myself a glass of orange juice with one hand and petting D.J. with the other when I heard a knock on the front door.

Mom, Dad, and Avi were still asleep, so I ran to see who was there.

"Who is it?" I whispered, standing on tiptoes and squinting through the peephole.

"Open up, Pinky. It's me, Lucy." Lucy Chang, my best friend, lives two floors below me.

I slipped off the chain and opened the door. "Lucy, what are you doing up so early?"

"My mom and dad are arguing, so I thought I'd see if you were awake."

Lucy's parents own the Lotus Blossom Kosher Chinese Restaurant. It opened just a few weeks ago. I wondered if Mr. and Mrs. Chang were fighting about something related to the restaurant, but I figured it would be rude to ask. So I just led Lucy to the kitchen and found the box of cookies my mother had hidden in the back of a cabinet. "Let's have breakfast," I said, handing Lucy a cookie. Lucy and I sat down at the kitchen table. "There's trouble in the restaurant," she told me. "The chef says he hears weird noises, and the smoke alarm goes off for no reason."

I shoved a cookie in my mouth. "Maybe the place is haunted," I said with my mouth full. "Brooklyn has lots of ghosts."

"But there's more, Pinky! The fortune cookies have really bad fortunes, and customers are so mad they've started eating at the Happy Hunan Restaurant instead."

"What are your parents going to do?" I asked.

"My dad said he might have to sell the restaurant, and then we'd move to a faraway place, like Queens."

That news was worse than when the dentist told my mom I needed braces. I took a swig of juice. "What do your parents think is going on?"

"My dad thinks someone gave the restaurant the evil eye. Pinky, you're Brooklyn's greatest kid detective. You've got to help us."

Evil eyes are a little out of my league, but Lucy is my best friend, and she lets me borrow her pink hoodie with the sparkles on the back.

I shoved another cookie in my mouth. "Okay," I said. "I'll take the case!"