

“Yes, yes!” Nell said excitedly, almost bouncing in her faded blue tennis shoes. “Unexplained with *suspicious* circumstances. That’s it exactly!”

“OK.” Detective Roach sighed and looked at his watch. “You wanted to show me his pals out there, OK. Good. Was there something else, Miss?”

“Yeah. But please just call me Nell, OK? Well, the thing is, you know, you’re a *real-life* Detective, and I probably won’t ever get the chance again, not ever, and I think it’s sad about Jennifer, I really mean that, and I really hope you find her and that she’s OK, but...” Nell paused, first looking out over the ocean, and then back over her shoulder at the imposing dark bulk of the hotel, towering over the beach. Turning her gaze back up at him, she said, “What I *really* want, you see, is that I really want to solve that old case. The Irene Young case.”