BOGEY HUNTS THE CAKE THIEF

ROUGH ENGLISH TRANSLATION: SFF 5-2015

Sample Chapters One and Two; Chapter Titles

PLEASE NOTE: This translation is provided to convey basic

voice, plot, characters for evaluation of the manuscript. It is

not intended to represent a final version. Some interpretations of

the original German text may not be word-perfect.

CHAPTER 1

THE CAKE IS MISSING!

Let me be clear…my name is Bogey.

My papers say “Prince Pee and Poop.” The nanny in the animal shelter thought this was really funny. I don’t. Luckily my new Master had a better idea. Now I am Bogey. He stole the name. He looks as much like an old criminal as me and the famous actor, Humphrey Bogart. Bogey was the actor’s nickname and he always played the role of a gangster or a private detective. “From now on, your name is Bogey, you old Snoop,” announced my master, when he first brought me home and saw how I snuck around in the leaves. “Now you’re only missing a hat and a gun.”

Surely you’ve already figured out that I can’t do much with a hat and a gun. I’m a four-legged creature. A Beagle, to be exact. We’re the ones with the big ears. Besides that, I’m a detective, you know. I’m bred for that, with my name and my excellent nose. I sniff out criminals or help the police when they have to grope around in the dark. I live with my master and his wife and the rest of their family in an old villa in the west part of the city. The children, Lukas and Lena, also belong to the family, and they watch over me the most. Master and Wife work as teachers and are often very busy. Oma also lives with us. She is Master’s mother and is already ancient. The kids call her Oma but she is really Ancient One. But I have heard Oma Waldemar say herself that anyone who calls her “Ancient One” gets a smack.

That’s right…I actually heard it. I understand every word that humans speak to each other. I have no idea who to thank for this talent. I never knew my parents and I grew up in an animal shelter. My talent was more of a disadvantage there. Once someone called me a “mangy Pooper.” But everything is OK now…nothing could be better than meeting my family. It doesn’t bother me when Oma plays the Rolling Stones Record on her old record player the whole day. The band even wrote a song about a dog. They have good taste. They are classy. And better than most in the pop song business.

On the morning of this exciting day, I woke up much too early. As always, when the weather is good, I sleep in my doghouse in the garden. A horrible hissing woke me up. I was immediately wide awake. “Hammer, are you there?” I called. “What are you doing here?”

The horrible cat dove in front of my house and stared at me. Her head was much too big for her body and her crazy fur stuck out on all sides. What bothered me most was her grin. “Hello, Sportsfan,” she greeted me in her usual way. “I thought that Private Detectives work around the clock.”

I yawned, lazily. “When I’m asleep, I’m thinking.” Lying on the couch and lounging is only for cats like you. What do you want? A morsel from my food? It’s made for dogs. It isn’t good for you.”

“Tastes good to me. Anything that’s forbidden.”

“Disappear, Hammer.”

“Even if I have a lead for you?”

I thought for a moment and shrugged my shoulders. “I will listen to what you have for news. Then I will think about what I might give you. If you don’t intend to be truthful, don’t even start.”

“The Reitmeiers has been broken into.”

“The Bakery? How much was stolen.”

“No money. Only one cake. A Gigantic Cake.”

I suspected trouble. This could mean that someone had stolen the Birthday Cake for Oma Waldemar. It was supposed to be big and round, with many layers of cream and chocolate, and a thick layer of marzipan, with a huge “90” written in gold frosting. I had stood near Master when he placed the order.

“Okay,” I agreed, “you get half of my food. Oma Waldemar had already brought it. But if you have lied to me, I will pull the fur over your ears. Do you understand, you Sneak?”

“Absolutely, Sportsfan.”

I held my tongue and shared my food. Her sloppiness and slobber was even worse than

I remembered. I hoped that Master or Wife would wash the empty bowl before they brought my next meal. Hammer didn’t stop eating until the last kibble, and even licked the bowl clean with her pink tongues. Yuck.

I ran into the house. I must know if someone had actually stolen Oma Waldemars cake before I began my investigation. I ran to the cellar door, that wasn’t closed properly, and climbed up the steps to the hall. My people knew that I got into the house this way, but they didn’t mind. They let me do my own thing. I could always get in the house without any trouble.

From the attic sounded “It’s Only Rock n’ Roll”…I stood and listened. A song from the Rolling Stones. It meant that Oma was already enjoying her morning music. With a small piece of chocolate. For breakfast she only listened to the Stones and she always played the music so loud that it flattened my ears.

I barked in protest.

It was already after seven, but her celebration had already begun and the rest of the family was still in bed. Master and Wife worked in the nearby school. Wife was the Director. Lukas and Lena, their children and my best human friends, went to the same school and had their father as their teacher in Biology. Being four-legged creature, I once always wanted to go and to show the children what we dogs have over others. More than anything else, we are good sniffers with good noses.

Up in the attic, Oma Waldemar changed her record as my family came out of their rooms on the first floor. Wife went immediately into the bathroom. Master tapped on the steps, patted me between the ears and greeted me the same as every morning with “What’s going on, my friend. Did you sleep well or did you terrorize the cat?” He didn’t know Hammer like I did.

“Hammer isn’t everything,” I argued. “But with that fur, she wouldn’t make a bad bed rug.”

Master turned on the coffee and was just putting eggs in the pan when the telephone rang.

He held it out to the kids who had just come in the kitchen. “Here, I’m busy. No doubt it’s the dentist. He wants me to come back. But I’m on vacation.”

It wasn’t the dentist, but instead Mr. Reitmeier was on the phone. The Baker was so upset that I could hear his voice coming through the phone. “Are you there, Mr. Lucky?” (My family is actually named “Lucky”. Even if the whole Cake mess isn’t exactly lucky.)

“Baker Reitmeier here, Head Chef.” He reported that a night thief had stolen the Cake ordered for Oma Waldemar. Only that cake.

“Lukas here,” the boy interrupted. “Did I hear you correctly? Oma’s cake was stolen? Who got such a crazy idea? One doesn’t steal a birthday cake, especially one for a 90-year-old.

“What? Someone stole Oma’s cake?” asked Lena.

Master dropped an egg on the floor in surprise. He held his hands up to his ears. He grabbed the phone. “Herr Reitmeier? Paul Glueck here. That can’t be true.” The Baker said something that I didn’t understand. “Okay, I need to walk over with the dog. I’ll be there in about ten minutes. Call the police!”

“And then,” I growled…”then they will send Officer Rauchwein, who is a complete idiot, and we can forget finding the cake. No, I prefer to take on this case myself. Do you have anything against that, Master?”

Of course he didn’t. Because instead of hearing my plan to take on the case, he heard only a loud bark. Sadly, it was always this way with us. I understood every word from my Master, but he understood almost nothing.

“We’re coming with you,” called Lukas and Lena together.

“I don’t know,” argued Master.

“Someone must watch Bogey while you talk to Herr Reitmeier and the Police,” said Lukas. When Lukas wants something, he doesn’t give up. The boy has true detective talents.

“Okay, sure,” Master agreed. “For my sake.”

CHAPTER TWO

SHERLOCK GETS INVOLVED

“What’s up, my dears,” called Oma from the attic, just as we wanted to go. She is full of vim and even has her own kitchen. We only need to bring her groceries, mostly

sugar for pancakes and anything chocolate. Oma Waldemar is truly a chocoholic. “If I go shopping, I only think about chocolate” she says.

“Oma,” called Master. “Don’t play the music so loud or you’ll disturb the neighbors.”

“What?” called Oma. She is hard-of-hearing. Especially when she goes in a shop…”

“You should play the music more softly, otherwise the neighbors will complain about

you again. The children and I are going for a walk with Bogey. The vet says that the dog needs lots of exercise.”

FLUFF! I was in top shape without an extra pound. But I let him say it anyway. We couldn’t possibly tell Oma the bad news that her cake had been stolen. “Mystery Operation, Oma,” I barked, because she doesn’t understand me at all.

The children let me off the leash and we took up a fast pace. That was good. The sooner we finished our walk, the sooner I could begin the investigation.

I liked the children. Lukas was a mature boy, rather shrewd for his ten years, and not easy to get the better of. Lena was two years younger and the only redhead in the family.

She stood up to her brother and was the nicest when she rubbed me behind the ears.

I ran next to them and would have liked to be wearing a detective hat. The sun shone right in my eyes and I couldn’t see. But there aren’t any detective hats for dogs so I squinted until we finally reached the Bakery Reitmeier.

In front stood a car with a blinking blue light. Master walked over to Herr Reitmeier and Officer Rauchwein and began, “This can’t possibly be true. Did the thief pick the lock?”

Master had told the kids to stay out of their conversation. Neverthless it was my chance to sneak in between the adults to eavesdrop. If I had been a two-legged detective, Officer Rauchwein surely would have chased me away. But he would think a four-legged dog with trusting eyes was harmless.

“He must have had a night key,” answered the Baker. He nibbled sweets everyday from

his table and had a fat stomach. “No idea why he only stole a birthday cake. There was over five hundred dollars in the cash register.”

Master didn’t know what to make of that. “He left the money alone? Is there something special about our birthday cake? Is the writing in pure gold frosting? I don’t understand it.”

“I don’t either, Herr Glueck.”

While the adults puzzled amongst themselves and the Officer suspected the Baker’s grandmother, his wife, the Buyer and the Apprentice, I gathered my own thoughts. Naturally it could be someone from the bakery. Or perhaps the Baker had dropped the cake and tried to cover his mistake. Most likely, however, a thief had stolen it.

I noticed footprints at the entrance. I began snooping and got a whiff of chocolate and marzipan in the nose. Only very faint, but for a master sniffer like me, easy to recognize. I continue sniffing further, nose to the ground, and turned up a whiff of cream. Nothing extraordinary…every kind of cake has cream. Then a sweet scent…the golden sugar cream that the Baker used for writing on cakes and torts.

The thief must have carried the cake to a vehicle in front of the Bakery.

I wanted to sound the alarm, when a shadow fell over the entrance and I saw two old acquaintances: Sherlock and Doc Watson. Sherlock was an Afghan, a fast hound with long hair that was always freshly washed. He pretended to be the greatest detective of all time. Doc Watson was his assistant, a black Scottish terrier, who could hardly keep up with his short legs.

“Then why do you hurry so much, Sherlock? I always go slowly, otherwise I get blisters on my paws. Why do you take on police work? The Officer and his folks get paid for that. Why should we get our paws dirty when there’s no Dog Cake reward? Only an old bone.

Sherlock stayed still and stared at him. “Why do I take on police work? Because I am very clever, my Friend, and it saddens me to watch how amateurish the Police are at their job.

Amateurish? Watson asked.

Amateurish means full of mistakes, my Friend. You see yourself how the Officer is clueless, while we already have a hot lead. He raised his head like a proud racehorse and walked further. His long hair whipped in time with his steps. “Now come! I have no desire to waste my valuable time with explanations.”

Sherlock chose to cross the street and almost ran me over in a heap. His downcast look affirmed what he as an ordinary Detective knew…nothing. Who have we here, Bogey, right? The Privatedetective from the Villa at the end of the street.”

“Herr Bogey, if I might” to correct him. So much time must there be. May I ask what a Masterdetective and his black dog are doing in my territory? I thought you lived in expensive Promiviertel.

“Duty calls,” answered Sherlock. He faked a British accent in order to sound like Criminal Detective Sherlock Holmes in the the famous mystery novel. But it wasn’t convincing. “As far as I know, someone has stolen a valuable Birthday Cake.”

“This is my case,” I stopped Sherlock immediately. “What do you know about it ? Have you heard something from the police?”

“A cat brought me the news. A rather dirty and untidy cat. I took him for an old bed

rug and wanted to tear him into pieces, then he traded a tip for half of my dinner. I am honest, dear Bogey, and I gave her the meal. It was only simple food, anyway.

“Herr Bogey,” I said, correcting him again. I didn’t let him know that Hammer had taken my own breakfast.

“Hammer!”

“Hammer?”

“That is the dirty cat’s name. I know her.”

“I wouldn’t think that you would share with such a beast. I hope that you haven’t found anything suspicious. He looked at me funny and began to sniff. He held his nose so close to the ground that it wouldn’t get dirty. Finally he came closer to the stone.

“Herr Bogey already looked there,” said Doc Watson.

“Oh yes?” Sherlock took his head high and looked on haughtily. “Do you think that I don’t know that? But two noses smell better than one and my nose is especially talented.””

“Talented? You are always so smug, Sherlock.”

“My nose is bigger and better,” I said.

“Ah so, Boss, I understand. Watch out, Sherlock!”

The warning came a second too late for the Master Detective. He snuck between the shoes of an attractive customer who had just bought a whipped cream cherry cake in the Bakery. The woman lost her balance and landed on the ground. She screamed immediately as the cake fell upon her fancy chic coat. When the whipped cream completely covered her face, she was almost silent.

“Humpf!” was all she could mumble. “Humpf.”

CHAPTER THREE: A TRACE OF THE CULPRIT

CHAPTER FOUR: TRAPPED IN THE COLD CHAMBER

CHAPTER FIVE: HAMMER MAKES TROUBLE

CHAPTER SIX: BOGEY GETS CLEAN

CHAPTER SEVEN: OFFICER RAUCHWEIN GIVES UP

CHAPTER EIGHT: WILD CHASE

CHAPTER NINE: PITBULL KNOWS MORE

CHAPTER TEN: CAUGHT IN THE ACT

ATTENTION: Bogey will soon appear in his next case. Are you curious? You will find

An introduction on the following pages…

LUKAS CELEBRATES HIS BIRTHDAY