



“Look!” I said. “Harry has a picture of a clown, a house, a tree, and a monster with three heads.”

“So what?” Annie said.

“Look again,” I said.



“The picture of the clown is red. The picture of the house is red. The picture of the tree is red. But the picture of the monster is orange.”

"So what?" Annie said again.

"Orange is great for a monster."

"But Harry paints with red," I said.

"Everything is red but the monster.

I, Nate the Great,
will tell you why.

Harry painted a red monster

over the yellow picture of your dog.

The yellow paint was still wet.

It mixed with the red paint.

Yellow and red make orange.

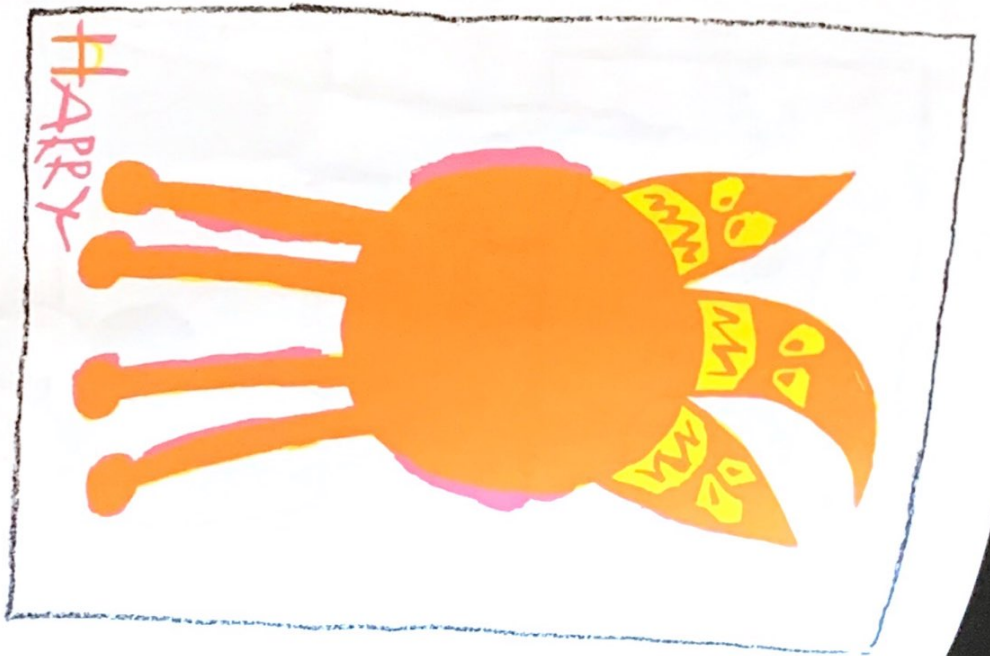
That is why the monster is orange."

Annie opened her mouth.

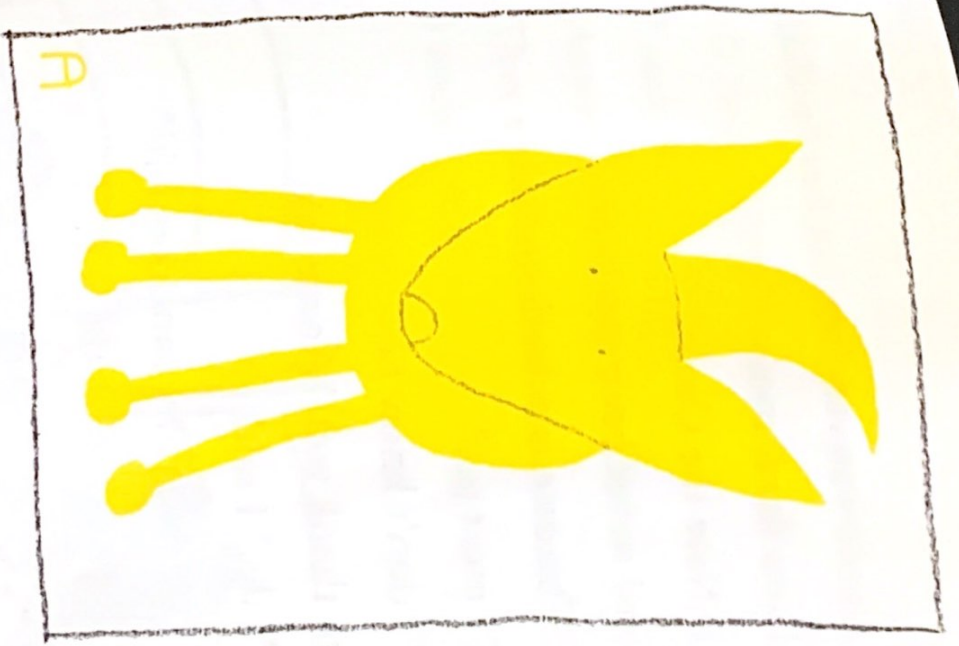
She did not say a word.

Then she closed her mouth.





I said, "See!
The monster has three heads.
Two of the heads were



your dog's ears.
The third head was the tail.
Yes, he does do good work."

Annie was very mad at her brother.
I was mad, too.

I, Nate the Great,
had never been red before.

"The case is solved," I said.

"I must go."

"I don't know how

to thank you," Annie said.

"I do," I said.

"Are there any pancakes left?"

I hate to eat on the job.

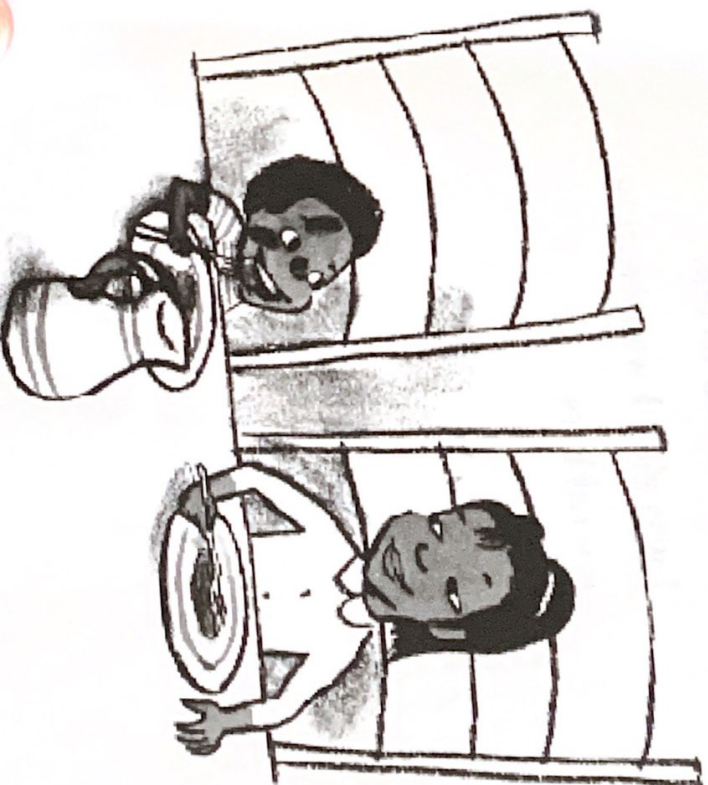
But the job was over.

We sat in Annie's kitchen.

Annie and I. And Harry.

Annie said, "I will paint
a new picture.

"Will you come back to see it?"
"If Harry doesn't see it first,"
I said.
Annie smiled. Harry smiled.
They even smiled at each other.
I smiled, too.



I, Nate the Great,
like happy endings.
It was time to leave.
I said good-bye to Annie
and Harry and Fang.
I started to walk home.
Rain started to fall.
I was glad I was wearing
my rubbers.

