

The Case of the Broken Window

Featuring: Max Decker



One evening as Max was out walking, Mrs. Zenitt called his name.

He hurried across the street. She was standing in her front yard, but she guided him around to the back. "I was watching TV in the living room," she told him, "and I heard a crash. Just look!" She pointed to her back porch window. "Someone threw a rock through it. It's broken into a dozen pieces!"

"Do you know who did it?" Max asked.

"No. He ran off. But I think maybe it was David Loring. We had a spat the other day because I told his parents he had to stop using my yard as a short cut. But I wouldn't accuse him of breaking a window without more proof."

"I'll talk to him," Max said.

He found David panting as he bounced a basketball under the light on his garage. "Did you just run from Mrs. Zenitt's?" Max asked. "Did you break her window?"

David shook his head. "No. I'm all out of breath because I've been out here shooting baskets. I don't know anything about a broken porch window."

"You're not telling the truth," Max said.

How did max figure it out?

Max knew David was not telling the truth because he said "porch window." Max had not mentioned which of Mrs. Zenitt's windows had been broken. "This case was a real pane, but the solution was as clear as glass," Max told Nina later.