



What a day! Sophie thought.

Because today was the day she was *something*.
And that something was Sophie the *Snoop*.

Yes! That was who she was from now on.

More than anything, Sophie wanted to be extra-special. To be extra-great at . . . *something*. She had tried to be great at *everything* at first. But that was hard. So then she had tried to be great at one thing. Like being a hero. Or being honest. Or being rich. But that was hard, too.

Then, suddenly, it came to her in a great big

whoosh. Sophie was great at solving mysteries. She was a natural snoop!

First she solved the Missing Horse Bank Mystery, just like that. (The thief had been her little brother, Max.)

Then she solved the Mystery of the Missing Business Cards. (Of course, that wasn't really a mystery. *Sophie* had taken her dad's cards. But he never would have found them without her. That was a fact.)

Now Sophie the Snoop could not wait to solve her next case — whatever it was!

So she was very ready when her mom called out, "It's almost time to go to school. Hey! Who left the toilet seat up?"

Sophie tiptoed to the downstairs bathroom — the scene of the crime. (She knew that snoops tiptoed, so she had to. But she did it very fast.)

"This is a case for Sophie the Snoop, Mom!" she cried.

Sophie looked around the bathroom and found a clue almost right away. It was the mug she had

painted for her dad's birthday. She picked it up off the sink.

"Aha!" she said.

Sophie flashed her mom a big smile and headed for the kitchen. Her dad was waiting by the toaster for something to pop up. Sophie tiptoed up behind him and shouted, "Gotcha!"

Her dad turned, surprised, and saw the mug. He sighed and held up his hands. "Sure enough. That's my kitten mug. Guilty as charged," he told her.

Sophie smiled. She crossed her arms. "I knew it! No case is too tough for Sophie the Snoop!" she declared.

She did not even try to tell her dad that the picture on the mug was not really of Tiptoe the kitten. It was of *him*. (She should know. She had painted it. Oh, well. That was okay. She was not Sophie the *Artist*, after all.)

Sophie's mom walked up behind her. She gave Sophie's shoulder a soft squeeze. "Good work, Sherlock Holmes."

Sophie felt proud. But also puzzled. “Who’s Sherlock Holmes?” she had to ask.

“Who’s Sherlock Holmes?” her dad repeated. “Why, he’s only one of the greatest detectives ever. Remember? I dressed up like him for Halloween last year?”

Sophie was still confused.

“Sherlock Holmes was the English guy with the hat and the magnifying glass,” her dad went on. “You know— ‘Elementary, my dear Watson!’” he said with a funny accent. It was British, Sophie thought.

Sophie had to giggle. But she nodded, too. Yep. She remembered the hat. It had a brim on the front *and* the back.

So one of the greatest detectives ever wore it, huh? Sophie thought about that for a minute.

Then she thought about the box in the basement. The one with “Costumes” written on the side. Was the hat in there?

She left her parents in the kitchen. And she tiptoed downstairs to find out!

Ugh, Sophie thought as she reached the bottom of the basement stairs. This was not going to be an easy job—even for a snoop as great as Sophie! The basement was not just full of boxes—it was full of all kinds of stuff.

There was stuff like old baby toys that even two-year-old Max had outgrown, her dad's dusty drum set, and exactly forty-one silver trophies. They all belonged to Sophie's mom. (Sophie did not know why she kept them all the way down there. If they were *Sophie's* trophies, they'd be in the living room, on display!)

Sophie sighed and looked all around. She had to find that costume box somehow. But where should she start?

She tiptoed around very slowly, just like a snoop should. Then she saw bins full of lights and Christmas ornaments. Next to those was a stack of Easter baskets. Plus a bag of pink plastic grass.

Is there more holiday stuff there? Sophie wondered.

She poked around. Yes! There were the

cauldrons for trick-or-treat candy. The plastic tombstones for the front yard. A sack of fake spiderwebs. *Oh!* And the brain-shaped Jell-O mold.

And there was also the costume box!

Sophie pumped her fist. *Bingo!* Sophie the Snoop had done it again.

She yanked off the lid and dug in.

She tossed aside the princess dresses and cat ears and fairy wings. Then she came to the Batman suit she had worn when she was four. (What had she been thinking?!) She dropped it on the floor.

Next she pulled out a whole stack of hats—fireman, wizard, cowboy, and more. She was getting closer! Then, at last, at the very bottom, she found the Sherlock Holmes hat she was looking for.

She smiled and put it on.

The hat was big. And kind of itchy. Sophie was not sure which side was the front. She wondered why Sherlock Holmes had picked it. But if one of

the greatest detectives ever wore it, Sophie the Snoop would, too.

Then Sophie spotted something else in the costume box. The big magnifying glass! She guessed that great detectives had to solve *all* mysteries . . . no matter how small.

She picked up the magnifying glass and looked at her hand under it. She saw lines she'd never seen before!

She felt something tickle her ankle. She jumped, then looked down. It was Tiptoe, her kitten.

"Tiptoe! Let me look at you!" she said.

Hey, what a great name for a snoop's pet! she thought.

She knelt down and held the magnifying glass to Tiptoe's nose. Then she looked at her ears and her eyes and the tiny pads on her toes.

In fact, once Sophie started, she could not stop looking at everything up close!

Suddenly, Sophie heard a sound. It was coming from upstairs.



“SOPHIE!”

Sophie almost answered. But then she stopped. Her mom was not calling her *whole* name. She was Sophie the *Snoop*, after all!

She rubbed Tiptoe’s chin and waited.

Then Sophie heard something else: “Sophie Hamm Miller! Where are you? You’re going to miss the bus!”

Uh-oh! That was not the whole name Sophie had hoped to hear. But she knew she’d better go.

She’d be in trouble if she didn’t. That was no mystery at all!