

*The Case of the  
Empathy Empanada*



# **FLY ON THE WALL INVESTIGATIONS**

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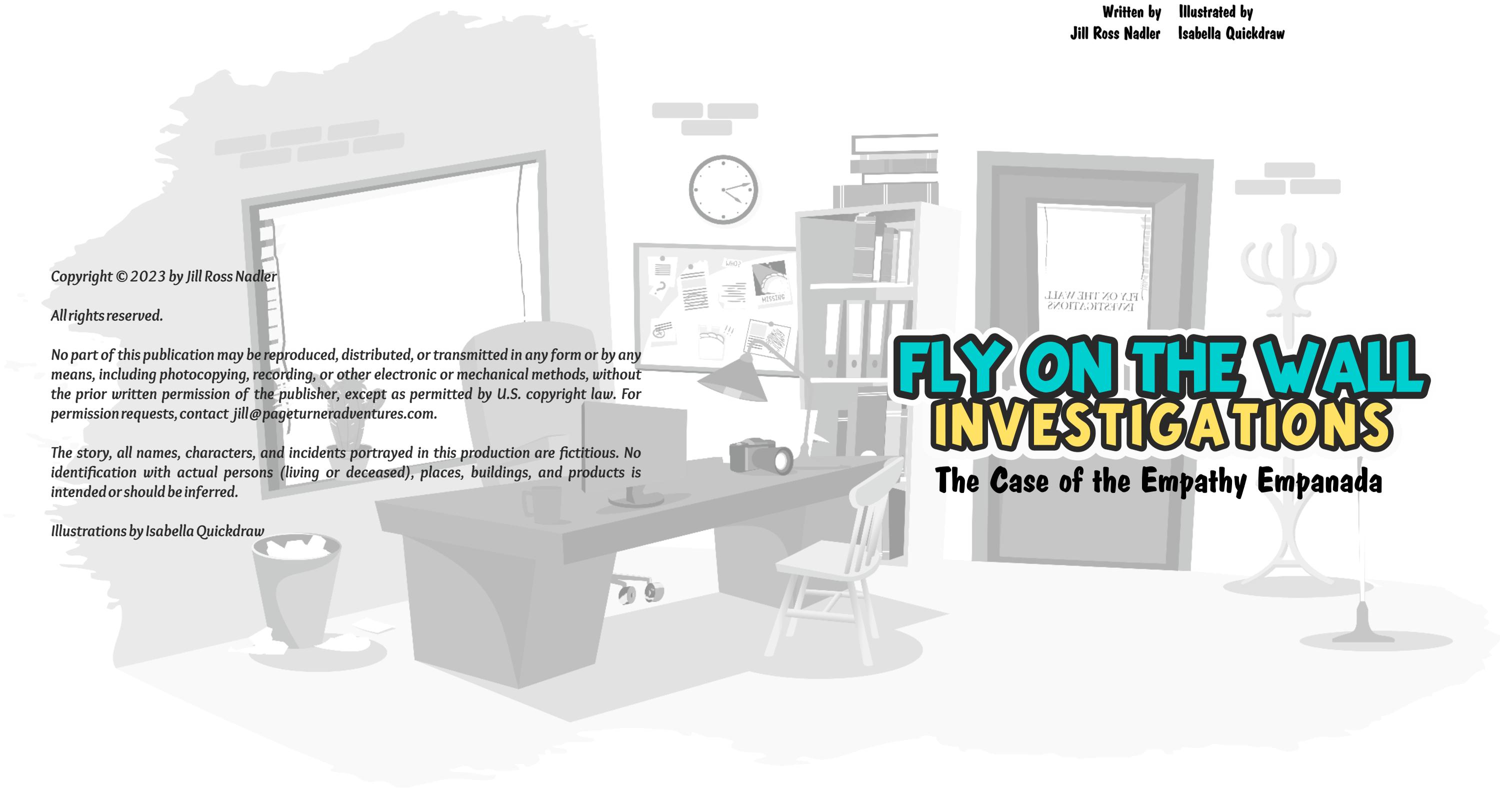
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Illustrations by Isabella Quickdraw

# FLY ON THE WALL INVESTIGATIONS

## The Case of the Empathy Empanada



## Chapter 1



*I knew the kid was troubled the minute she walked into my office.*

*See, I can read people like yesterday's news. That's my job. I'm a detective.*

*The name's Arthur C. Doyle, Private Fly. I even have my own agency, FLY ON THE WALL INVESTIGATIONS.*

*"This is my partner, Stella Star. She's a jumping spider."  
"I think that's obvious, Arty."*



*“I was gettin' there. Stella's also a brilliant inventor.”*  
*“That's the truth,” said Stella. “I create all the gadgets and gizmos Arty uses to solve his cases.”*

*“Right, and speaking of cases, let's get back to the one at hand.”*



## Chapter 2

*The girl in my office looked like she'd just sucked a bag of lemon lollies.*

*"What's bothering you, kid?" I asked.*

*"How do you know something's bothering me? I haven't told you anything yet."*



*“Your body language told me everything I need to know kid. Shoulders hunched, eyebrows bunched, face scrunched. What’s your name and what’s the problem?”*

*“My name is Emily and I’ve got a case for you Mr. Doyle. Somebody stole my Empathy Empanada and I want you to catch the culprit.”*

*“Did she say her Empathy Empanada?” asked Stella.*



*Emily nodded. “That’s exactly what I said.”*



## Chapter 3

*“You'd better start from the beginning kid. What exactly is an Empathy Empanada and why would someone steal it?”*

*Emily pulled up a chair and explained.*

*“This morning, we had a kindness cookoff at school in honor of World Kindness Day. Everyone made a treat. There were Caring Cookies, Compassion Cakes, Gratitude Gumbo, and I made an Empathy Empanada. I was sure I would win but when the judges tried to taste my empanada...IT WAS GONE!”*

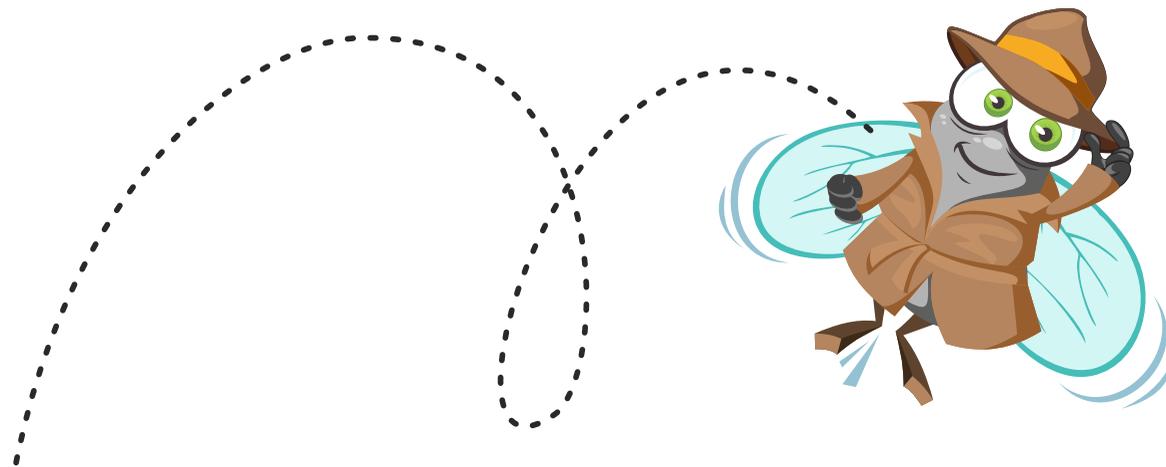


*“Any suspects?” Stella asked.*



*Emily crossed her arms. “Yes, my former best friend, Cameron Komquat. He’s been acting very suspicious and guilty. I’m sure he took my Empathy Empanada so his Gratitude Gumbo would win the blue ribbon. What do you say, Mr. Doyle, will you take the case?”*

*“I’m on it,” I said putting on my favorite fedora. “Stop by after school today and Stella and I will tell you what we found.”*



## Chapter 4

*Time flies and so do I. So I zipped over to Amelia Earhart Elementary to get the buzz on Emily's former best friend, Cameron Komquat.*

*I found him in the back of the classroom sitting all by himself. The kid had a frown on his face. His shoulders were shaking and a tear fell down his cheek.*

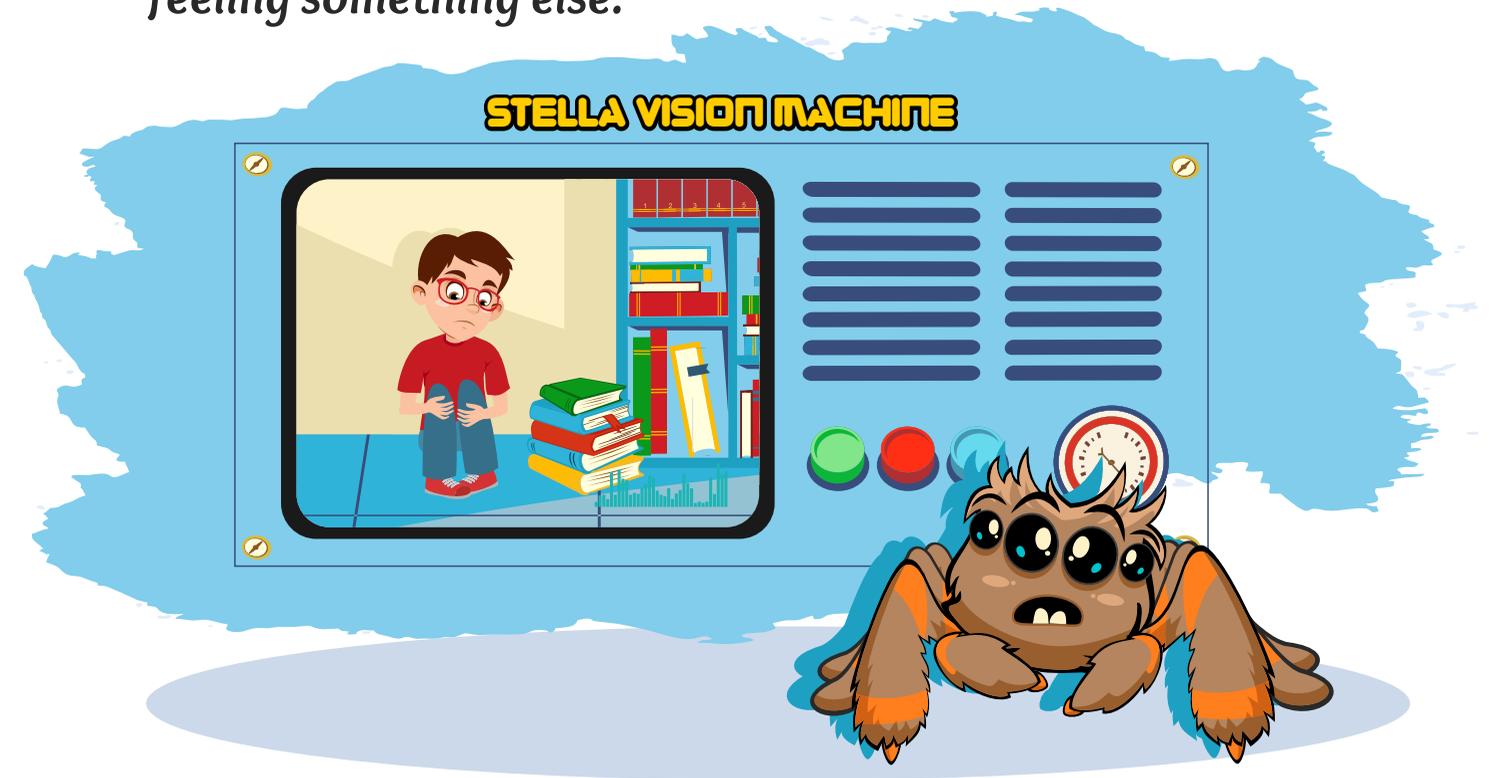
*"You seeing this Stella?" I whispered.*



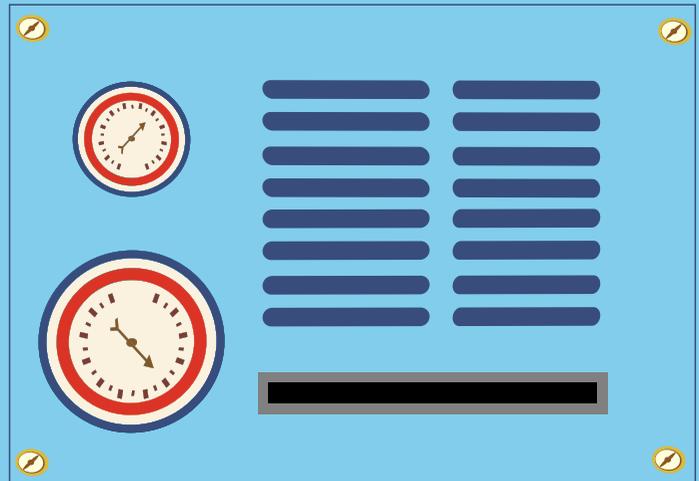
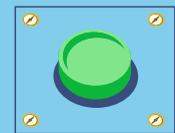
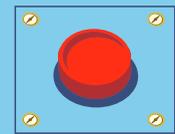
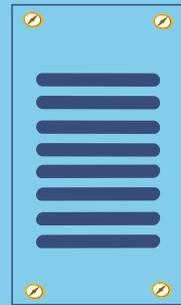
*"Sure am Arty," she said from back at the office.*

*Stella can see everything I can see because of a little invention of hers called Stella Vision. It runs on WIFLY and lets her see what I see.*

*I flew onto a wall near Cameron to get a better view. "Emily said the kid looked guilty," I told Stella. "But I think he's feeling something else."*



## FEELINGS FINDER MACHINE



*“Me too Arty,” said Stella. “I’ll run the Feelings Finder on him just to be sure.”*

*The Feelings Finder is another invention of Stella’s. It can figure out what someone is really feeling.*

*Ding. Ding. Ding.*

*“Just as I thought,” said Stella reading from the printout. “Cameron is not feeling guilty.”*

*I didn’t need a machine to tell me that. Just some good old fashioned detective work. I don’t think Cameron took the Empathy Empanada but if he didn’t take it, then who did?*



## Chapter 5

*“Hey, Stella,” I said. “I’m gonna do a flyby around the classroom and see if I can find the culprit.”*

*“Good idea Arty,” said Stella.*

*I buzzed by the teacher.*

*“Class,” she said. “I have an announcement. The judges of the Kindness Cookoff have decided to put off awarding the blue ribbon until Emily’s Empathy Empanada can be found. I’m sure it must be here somewhere.”*



*I was sure as well. I flew around all the kids looking for clues about how they were feeling.*

*Some were happy. Some were curious. Some were even tired. But not one of them seemed to be feeling guilty. So who took the Empanada?*

*Then I spotted something.*



*I flew by the class guinea pig, Mr. Nibbles. He was sitting next to an empty plate and there were crumbs in his tank. "Hmmm...interesting."*



*“YIKES! Is that a fly?” shouted the teacher.*

*“Uh oh,” I said. “Time to get out of here.”*



## Chapter 6

*Emily came back to my office that afternoon. “Did you solve the case?” she asked.*

*“Of course!” I said. “We’re not some fly-by-night operation.”*

*“I was right, wasn’t I?” She crossed her arms. “My former best friend Cameron Komquat took my empanada.”*



*“It wasn't Cameron,” said Stella.*

*“But he was acting so guilty,” said Emily. “It has to be him.”*

*“He wasn't feeling guilty,” said Stella.*

*“Put yourself in his shoes, kid,” I said. “How do you think he's feeling?”*

*“What do you mean?” Emily asked.*



*I sighed. “You might have cooked an Empathy Empanada but you don't really seem to understand what empathy is.”*

*“Let's put her in the SOMEONE ELSE'S SHOES MACHINE Arty,” Stella suggested. “That should help.”*

*“Good idea, Stella,” I agreed.*



## Chapter 7

*“What’s the SOMEONE ELSE’S SHOES MACHINE?” asked Emily.*

*“Another little invention of mine. When I press this button it will be just like you’re stepping into Cameron’s shoes. You’ll be able to feel what he’s feeling.”*

*“But why?” asked Emily.*



*“Listen kid,” I buzzed in her ear. “Empathy is the ability to understand and share another person’s feelings. When people say ‘put yourself in their shoes’ it usually means that you have to imagine what the other person is feeling. Then you can understand where they are coming from.”*





*“This machine helps you with that,” said Stella. “Hang on!”*

*Stella pressed the button. The shoes wiggled and whirred. Emily’s body slumped and sagged. A tear rolled down her cheek.*



## Chapter 8

*A minute later, Emily stood up straight and wiped away her tears.*

*“Wow!” she said. “That was amazing. I could feel what Cameron was feeling.”*

*“And what was that?” I asked.*

*Emily’s face fell. “He was feeling sad and hurt and a little mad that I accused him of stealing my empanada. I’m his best friend and I didn’t believe him when he said he didn’t do it.”*



*“So you don’t think he’s the culprit?” asked Stella.*

*“I don’t,” said Emily, “but if he didn’t take it, who did?”*

*“The culprit,” I said in my most dramatic voice, “is... Mr. Nibbles.”*



*“His tank was right next to the empanada. There were crumbs all around and he had a very happy expression on his face.”*

*“Let me run the Feelings Finder on him,” said Stella.*

*Ding. Ding. Ding.*

*“Yup. Guilty!”*



## Chapter 9

*Emily returned the next day with Cameron. I was glad to see that they were friends again.*

*“You were right,” said Emily. “It was definitely Mr. Nibbles.”*

*“We found the empty empanada plate next to his tank,” said Cameron.*

*“Our teacher let me make another Empathy Empanada,” said Emily, “but Cameron’s Gratitude Gumbo won.”*



*“Congratulations,” I said to Cameron.*



*“That is a snazzy blue ribbon,” said Stella.*

*“I’m glad you like it,” replied Emily, “because it’s for the two of you. It was Cameron’s idea.”*

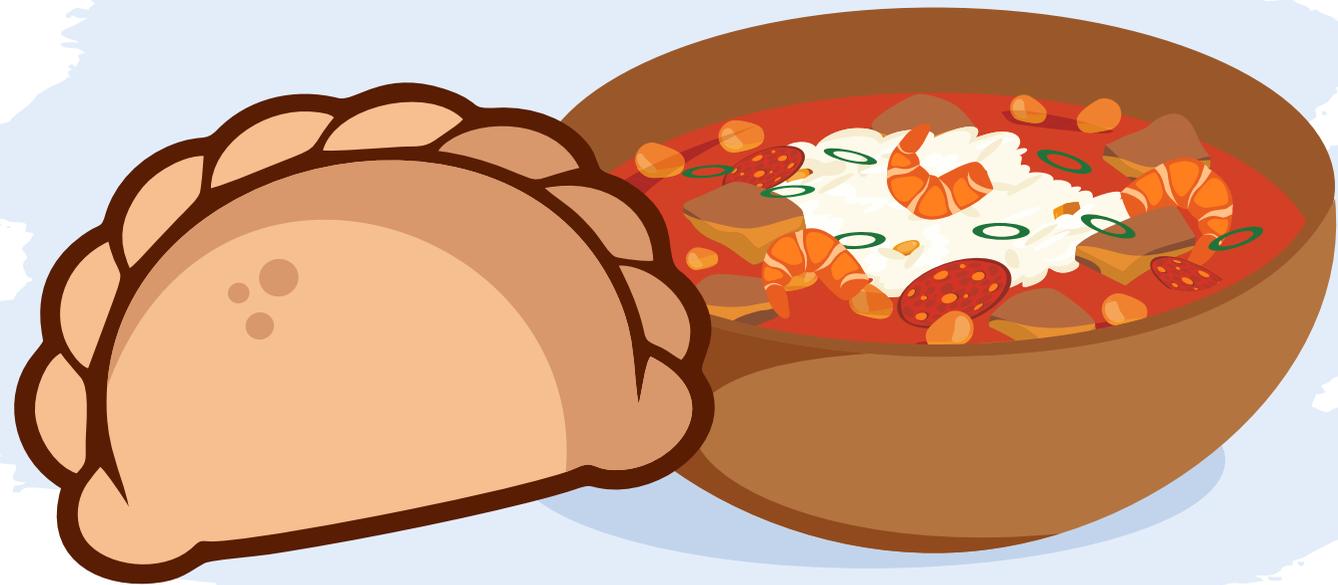
*“It’s to show my gratitude for helping us become friends again,” Cameron said.*

*“And for helping me realize what empathy really means,” added Emily.*

*“Glad we could help,” I said.*



*Then we all dug into the Gratitude Gumbo and Empathy Empanada that Emily and Cameron had brought with them. They were delicious!*



*Another case solved  
by  
FLY ON THE WALL INVESTIGATIONS.*



**THE END**



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