

The Mystery of the Missing Hot Chocolate

It all started off on one winter's afternoon in the staff room. Mr Knighton was beginning to prepare the hot chocolate for Mrs Davis and her smart crew of teachers. Despite the fact that he was usually banned from hot choc Friday, he had been allowed to prepare the treats and sweets for the staff! Mr Knighton knew that the teachers were quite greedy, especially that Mr Stoker. Therefore, he prepared more than enough! Or so he thought....

Straightaway, Mr Stoker took a biscuit and drank a whole mug of hot chocolate. Mr Knighton had expected that, which is why he made so much. He then went to tell all the teachers that the hot chocolate was ready. When he got back to the staff room, he was shocked to find no hot chocolate and no treats. He told off Mr Stoker for

taking everyone's treats! Mrs Davis was cross because she thought Mr Knighton was the one who ate all the treats. Mrs Grieve was very disappointed. Mr Graham was angry that there was none for him!

Mr Stoker went off to sulk, having been blamed for taking the hot chocolate and treats. All of the staff went to the staff room and were very sad that there were no treats. They argued and argued about who was to blame. Whilst they were arguing, they didn't notice someone stealing the very last mug of hot chocolate. Was this the person that had stolen all of the rest?

Mr Stephenson grabbed the steaming hot mug and hastily hid it behind his back. "It wasn't me - honestly not... I just wouldn't!" he assured the arguing group as they bickered over the biscuits. Mr Taylor glanced at him once,

then twice, for the clue was there for all to see just around his mouth...

However, Mr Stephenson (aka the Ambassador) had an excuse, "Actually, this hot chocolate ring around my mouth is from our recent Forest Schools session where we spent lots of wonderful time..." Ten minutes later, "...and at the end of the session we had hot chocolate." *PHEW! I'm glad Mr Stephenson finally stopped talking*, thought Miss Jackson. So the mystery continued...

Meanwhile, Mr Stoker's class of wonderful children worked angelically.

Anyway, Mrs Davis had had enough of no one admitting the truth, "Until someone admits their heinous crime, each of you will receive a consequence card!" Screeched Mrs Davis with a face as red as a beetroot. "Your consequences are... Mr Stephenson, no

Star Wars for a month. Mr McLoughlin, no singing!” Mr McLoughlin fainted. “Mr Taylor, give me your High School Musical DVD,” Mrs Davis wasn’t finished there though...

“Mr Graham! No football for you!” she continued. “Mr Bailey, we’re changing the WiFi password, so there’s no internet for you! And Mrs Coyle, you’ll not be able to watch Newsround every day either!”

Mr Gill was lurking in the background and noticed that Mrs Davis was smirking. Hidden in between her two front teeth was a minuscule marshmallow. He whispered something to Mrs Startup, who suddenly gasped.

Everyone stopped talking.

Everyone stared at Mrs Startup.

Mrs Startup began to speak.

“Mrs Davis, what is that between your teeth?”

Mrs Davis froze then covered her mouth. “Erm.....erm.....it’s...erm....not what you think. It’s just a little marshmallow that I found on some hot chocolate. It wasn’t me that stole the hot chocolate.”

All of a sudden, Mrs Davis’ skin began to change. It was a mask! It wasn’t Mrs Davis at all! Dressed up as Mrs Davis was... Miss Honan.”

Miss Honan was the true hot chocolate thief! But where was the real Mrs Davis...?