



The Pursuit of the  
Ivory Poachers:  
KENYA



## ***Chapter 1: The Letter***

It was a warm summer evening and Jack and his mum were sitting at the kitchen table together. Jack's dad, John, was busy at work and wouldn't be home until later that night. As Jack took a bite of his cottage pie, his mum perked up with a bit of news.



‘Did I tell you that we got a letter from Max?’ she asked Jack.

‘Really?’ said Jack, only mildly interested. He figured it was another GPF letter designed to make his parents think Max was at a school in Switzerland instead of on an assignment.

‘It’s over here,’ she said, jumping up from the table and going into the lounge. As she rifled through the post, she went on to explain: ‘And what’s strange is that it’s not from Switzerland. It’s all the way from Egypt.’

‘Egypt?’ said Jack, nearly choking on a piece of carrot. Why would the GPF fake a letter from Egypt? he wondered. They usually sent Max’s letters from an address in Switzerland.

As he was thinking about it, Jack’s mum began to read the letter aloud.

‘Dear Mum, Dad and Jack,

You won’t Believe iT, but I’M on a field trip iN Egypt. We’re learNing about the History of This greAt coUNtry and Seeing all Of the anciEnt monumEnts.

Please Tell JacK I miss Him.

Lots of love,

*Max*



‘Isn’t that sweet?’ said Jack’s mum. She was obviously proud of Max for making an effort to learn about the culture of a foreign country. ‘And see how busy he is,’ she added, pointing to the letter. ‘He must have typed this really quickly.’

Jack walked over to his mum and peered at the note. There was a curious mix of upper-case and lower-case letters.

‘Can I borrow the letter, Mum?’ he asked, trying to hide his excitement.

‘Of course, sweetheart,’ she said. ‘But take care of it. I’m saving all Max’s letters for his special “Switzerland scrapbook”.’

Before his mum could start talking again, Jack took the note and ran towards the stairs.

‘Thanks!’ he shouted as he climbed them two at a time. He reached his bedroom door and dashed inside to his

bed. Climbing on top of his duvet, Jack stared carefully at the note.



It *looked* like a genuine letter. The way it was worded made it sound like Max. And the scribble at the end looked like Max’s signature. But two things struck Jack as odd. Except for the handwritten signature, it was created by a typewriter instead of a computer and there was something going on with the size of some of the letters.



Jack reached under his bed and pulled out his Secret Agent Book Bag. Using his Watch Phone, he made contact with the GPF. Whenever a secret agent needed to use his or her gadgets when not on a mission, they could ask the GPF for special permission. Sure enough, the GPF quickly sent back the code SUPER CAR.

Jack laughed at how funny that was. He and his brother, Max, loved super cars like Ferraris and Lamborghinis.

Once Jack had entered the code, the lock popped open. He reached inside and grabbed his Signature ID. The Signature ID was a three-dimensional rectangular box with a silver viewing screen inside. It was the only gadget in the world that could analyse someone's handwriting and identify its creator from a worldwide file. Whenever a secret agent needed to figure

out whether an important document – like a ransom note or an ownership paper – was forged, they used the Signature ID.

For Max's other letters, Louise Persnall was the name given by the Signature ID. Jack knew that Louise was personal secretary to the GPF Director, Gerald Barter. Hoping that this time the letter was for real, Jack crossed his fingers and placed the box over the note.

Patiently, he waited for the Signature ID to do its work. When it was finished, he heard it beep. He took a deep breath and looked down at the screen. When he read what was there, his heart skipped a beat.

CREATOR: MAXWELL JOHN STALWART

