

ARIANNA BONES AND THE CASE OF THE MISSING FOOD GROUPS

ACTIVITY 1

It was rainy that day in the city of Munchberg. Cold and rainy. It was the kind of weather that gets into your bones and makes you want to eat a nice, hot meal. My name is Bones—Arianna Bones. My friend Marcus Muscleman and I came to Munchberg for some fun and adventure. We knew that it is important to grow, feel good and perform at our best, and it seemed like Munchberg was just the place to learn how to do that. Now, I'm a bit of a detective. But when I walked into the Dairy Way Cafe, I was looking for a meal, not a mystery. The last thing I expected was a mystery about a missing meal...but that was just what I got.



The Dairy Way Cafe is a casual restaurant. But that day things were really hyper. As soon as I walked in, Chef Pierre ran up to me.

"Holy cow, Arianna! We've been robbed!" he said.
 "All of our American cheese is missing. So is our restaurant owner. You must find this thief!"

My first thought was "No *why* am I getting involved." But, I was intrigued and asked Chef Pierre to show me the scene of the crime.

The kitchen of the Dairy Way Cafe had wheels of Swiss cheese, chunks of cheddar cheese, slices of colby cheese, and strips of string cheese. There were gallons of milk, cartons of yogurt, bowls of pudding, and many flavors of frozen yogurt! But there was no American cheese. Chef Pierre was quite upset.

"How can this be?" the chef asked. "We have no enemies! All we want is for people to eat from the Milk Group to build strong bones and teeth."

I opened my journal.



"Anyone suspicious around here lately?" I asked.

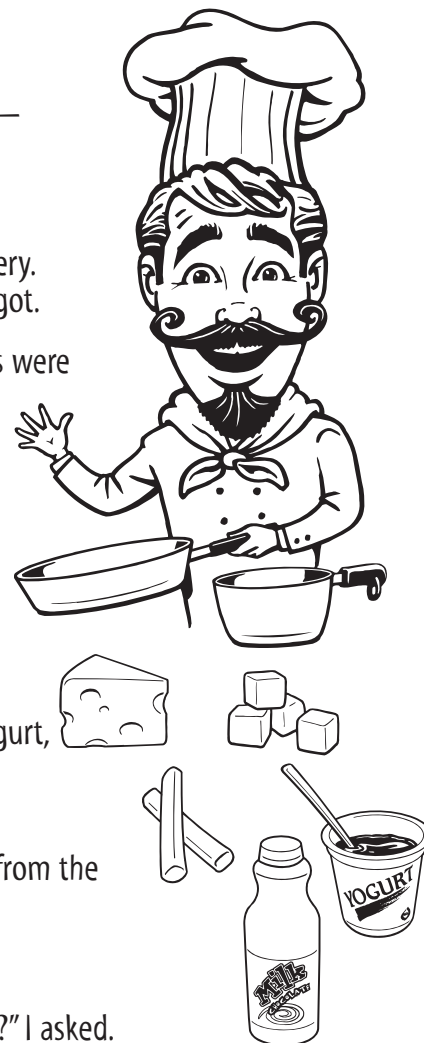
"We had a customer last night wearing a hat with mouse ears."

"Hmmm," I said, noting this information in my journal. Mouse ears. American cheese missing. Interesting. Just then my cell phone rang.

"Hi, Arianna. It's Marcus. I'm at the Munchberg Meatery, and we've been robbed. Could you come down and have a look around?"

Two restaurants robbed in one day? Now that's pretty strange. I told Marcus I would be right there. Chef Pierre, decided to come along too.

It was still cold but the rain had stopped. I put on my Rollerblades®. Chef Pierre grabbed his bike. In a few minutes, we arrived.



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The host at the Meatery was a big fellow with a big smile. Today, however, he wasn't smiling.

"Hello, Arianna," he said seriously. "They are expecting you in the kitchen. You can roll right in."

The kitchen of the Munchberg Meatery was filled with Meat Group foods. There were chicken, steak and pork. There were turkey, fish and shrimp. There were jars of peanut butter, bags of dried beans and peas, bowls of almonds, and dozens of eggs. There was also one very upset chef, my good friend Marcus.

"Arianna, Arianna! Where have you *bean*?" he asked excitedly. "We've been robbed!"

"What's missing?" I asked. "You seem to have every Meat Group food imaginable."

"Can't you see? All the hamburger patties are gone! *Mighty meatballs!* Did you know that the protein in a hamburger helps build strong muscles?"

I nodded. Then I asked, "Do you have any suspects in mind?"

"I don't know if this is helpful," continued Marcus, "but we had a new delivery person yesterday who looked kind of puny."

I pulled out my journal and jotted a few notes as I walked around the crime scene. Hamburger missing. Puny delivery man. Just then my cell phone rang. The voice on the other end sounded pretty upset.

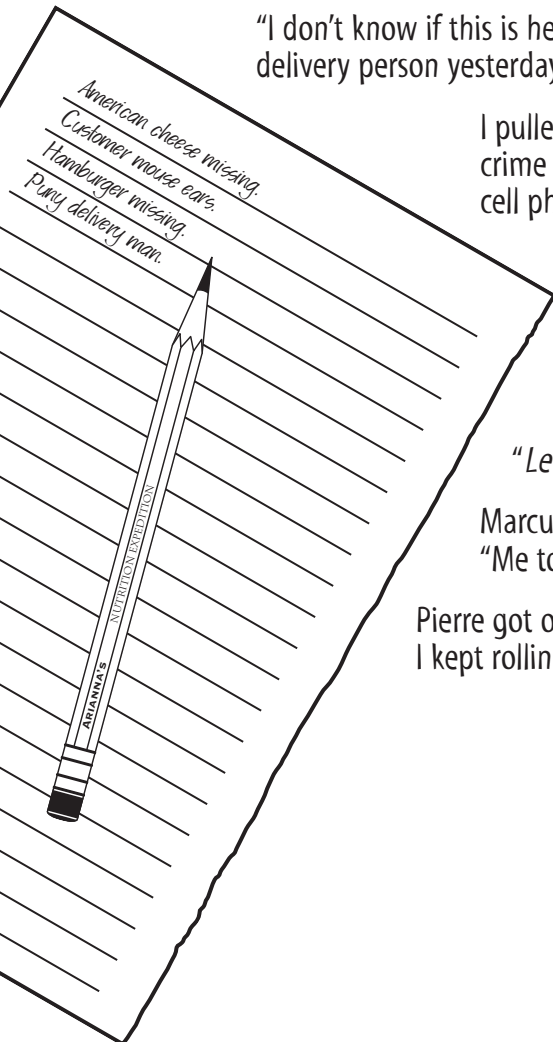
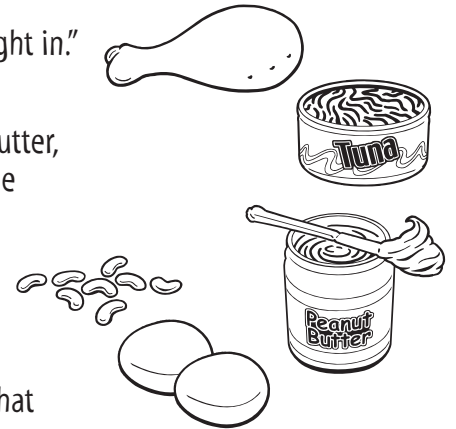
"Arianna, we need your help down at Vegetable Valley. We've been robbed!"

Three restaurant robberies? This was too much to be a coincidence.

"Lettuce go to Vegetable Valley," I said.

Marcus grabbed his jacket. "I'm going with you," he said. "Me too," said Chef Pierre.

Pierre got on his bike. Marcus grabbed his running shoes. I kept rolling. We arrived in no time flat.



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At Vegetable Valley the kitchen was piled high with Vegetable Group foods of all sorts. Cucumbers, potatoes, lettuce, snow peas, squash, and carrots. I looked around to see what was missing, but as far as I could see, they had a whole farm in there.

"What was stolen?" I asked.

"Can't you tell?" Chef Carole snapped. "All the tomatoes are gone! Who would do such a thing?"

"Perhaps someone who wants night vision—to be able to see in the dark," I said with a smile.

"Oh, everyone wants that," she responded.

"Do you suspect anyone?" I asked. "Anyone *stalking* around the place lately?"

"No. But there was an odd phone call yesterday," said Chef Carole. "I thought it was a wrong number... but maybe you'd be interested."

"Go on," I said.

"A woman called asking for the price of infrared goggles—you know the kind you need for night vision."

I took out my journal and made a note about the goggles. But it was the bigger picture that interested me. American cheese, hamburger and now, tomatoes. Why these and nothing else? Was there a pattern forming?

"Has the owner of the restaurant—Hugh Cumber—been told about the theft?" I asked.

"Actually, no one has seen Mr. Cumber today," Chef Carole confided.

Marcus perked up at this. "That's a funny coincidence. Mr. Hamlet, the owner of the Meatery, is missing too."

Coincidence. There was that word again. And then, seemingly on cue, my cell phone rang.

"Arianna, it's Chef Freddie down at Fruit Crate Creations."

"Let me guess. You've been robbed," I said.

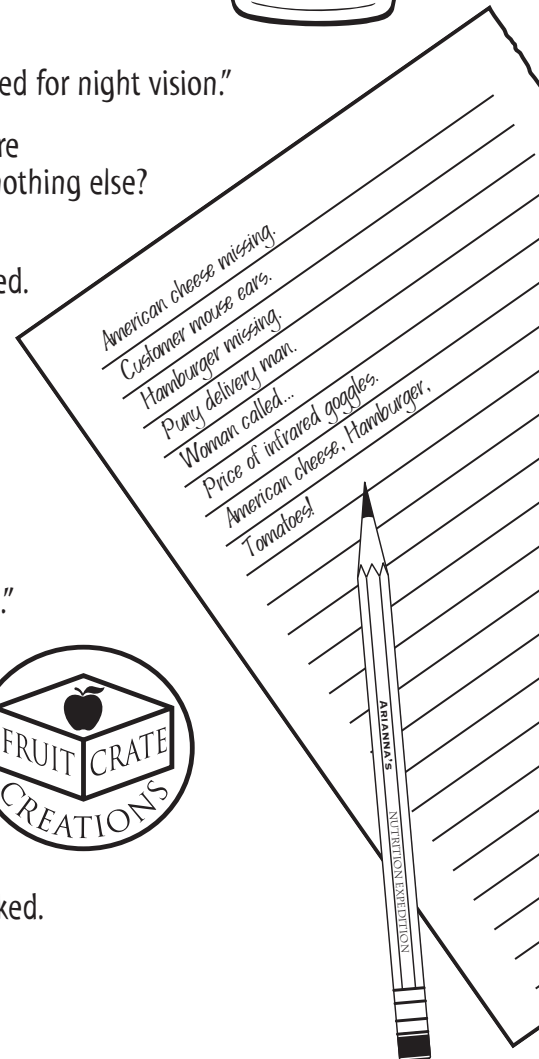
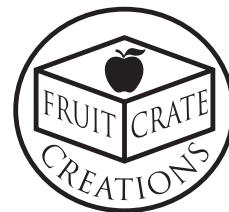
"Yes, but how did..."

"What's missing?"

"All our watermelons are gone."

"Have you contacted the owner of the restaurant?" I asked.

"Actually, I haven't seen Annie Apple today."



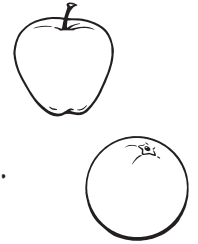
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I had an idea about what was going on but I didn't want to *leak* any information until I was sure.

"I'll be right there."

Marcus, Chef Pierre, Chef Carole, and I took off for the next crime scene.

The kitchen at Fruit Crate Creations was filled with fruit. Mangoes and kiwifruit, apples and oranges, cantaloupes and lemons—but no watermelons. Just as Chef Freddie began telling us how foods from the Fruit Group can help heal cuts, my phone rang again! The voice on the other end was polite, but upset.



"I hate to bother you, Arianna, but we need your help down here at Great Grains," said Chef Rosa.

"Don't tell me—some food has disappeared and the owner of your restaurant is nowhere to be found."

"Yes and no," she replied. "Yes, all of our hamburger buns are missing. But no, the owner has been here all day. In fact, the owners of the other four restaurants in town are here too. They've all been in the back room for hours."



Eureka! That was all I needed to hear.

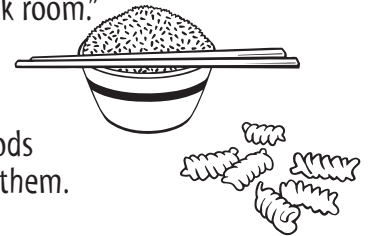
"I know what's happened," I said to the four chefs. "Follow me!"

The five of us power-walked to Great Grains. With the excitement of unraveling the mystery so close, I wished I had wings.



At Great Grains, we met Chef Rosa. "I know where your hamburger buns went," I told her. "Take us to your back room."

We walked past barrels of rice, bags of macaroni and teetering stacks of crackers. Outside the door to the back room, I stopped the group. "All of the missing foods are behind this door, and so are the people who took them. But they aren't thieves."



"How can you say that? They stole food right out of our kitchens!" said Marcus.

"You cannot steal what's already yours," I said. With that, I flung open the door and sure enough, there they were—all five restaurant owners, eating cheeseburgers and watermelon!

"What is the meaning of this?" Chef Pierre asked—a little annoyed.

The owner of Great Grains put down his cheeseburger and stepped forward.

"At my restaurant, we just serve foods from the Grain Group," he said. "We're proud of this, because grains are a great source of energy. However, I realized that there's no point having energy if you can't build the muscles that use the energy."

Mr. Hamlet, owner of the Munchberg Meatery, continued, "And we at the Meatery realized that strong muscles have to be supported by strong bones."

The owner of the Dairy Way Cafe piped in, "Milk Group foods build strong bones and teeth. But it doesn't stop there."

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“Strong, active people need to be able to heal quickly if they get hurt,” offered Annie Apple, owner of Fruit Crate Creations.

“And everyone needs good night vision,” continued Hugh Cumber, the owner of Vegetable Valley.

The first owner went on, “We’ve decided to open a new restaurant. We borrowed food from each of our kitchens. We’ve been experimenting with combining foods from the different food groups to make balanced meals. That way, our customers will get all the nutrients they need to grow, feel good and perform at their best. Of course, we’re just beginning, and we’re going to need help to find more food combinations. But for now, all we need is a name for our new restaurant.”

“What about *The Five Star Bistro*?” I offered. “You know. One star for each food group.”

“Great,” said the five owners, clearly pleased with this name. “Perfect!” said the five chefs.

“It’s about time for this kind of restaurant.”

“So, it looks like everything’s settled,” I said.

The owners agreed. “Please help yourselves,” they said, gesturing for all of us to grab a cheeseburger and some watermelon.

I was famished. But before I could eat, I needed to make one last note in my journal:

“CASE CLOSED!”

