

I have a computer, but my parents don't allow me to keep it in my room. It's in the living room, where they can watch me and make sure I don't get into any trouble. Me. Miss Has Never Been In Trouble.

(Meanwhile, Darcy, who gets in trouble on a regular basis, could ask her mother if she could keep a nuclear reactor in her room and her mother would say yes.)

But the sight of Darcy's beloved laptop gave me a flash of inspiration. "How about we do a website for the business?" I suggested, sitting up straight. "I can design the logo and do the writing for the site. You can do the programming!"

Darcy rose up from the beanbag chair, her eyes wide with excitement. "And on presentation day, you can talk to the class, and I can handle the tech stuff to make the website come up on the big screen." She sat back down and immediately opened her laptop.

I nodded, grinning. "That will be so cool." Then I frowned. "But we're still no closer to picking a business." I threw my arms down to my sides. "We need help."

"Help . . ." Darcy repeated in a whisper. She looked at her laptop screen, which showed a paused image from the crime show she'd been watching. Then her whole face lit up and she turned to me. "I got it! A

detective agency. Our fake business will be a detective agency!”

“Detectives?” I said, feeling hesitant. “Us?”

“Think about it,” Darcy said. “It’s a business that’s mysterious and edgy, so that’s perfect for me. But it exists to help people, which appeals to you, the big goody-goody.”

“Gee, thanks,” I said, but I was smiling. I did like the idea of a business that helped people. But I wasn’t obsessed with crime shows like Darcy was. I didn’t even read mystery books. What did I know about running a detective agency?

“But what would I even put on the website? Or say in the presentation?” I asked.

“Oh, that’s easy! Watch one episode of *Crime Scene: New York* with me, and you’ll learn so much!”

I bit my lip. I’d never seen Darcy so enthusiastic about a project before. And we didn’t have any better ideas. And it was due in a week. . . .

My mom called up from downstairs. “Norah! Time to eat! Darcy, are you staying for dinner?”

“No, thank you, Mrs. Burridge!” Darcy yelled out the open doorway. “So what do you think?” she asked me.