

THE SISTERS GRIMM



THE *NEW YORK TIMES* BESTSELLING SERIES
❖ THE FAIRY-TALE DETECTIVES ❖

MICHAEL BUCKLEY



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TWO DAYS AGO



'm going to die of boredom here, Sabrina Grimm thought as she looked out the train window at Ferryport Landing, New York.

The little town in the distance seemed to be mostly hills and trees next to the cold, gray Hudson River. A few two- and three-story brownstone buildings huddled around what appeared to be the town's only street. Beyond it were endless acres of evergreen forest. Sabrina could see no movie theaters, malls, or museums, and felt using the word *town* to describe Ferryport Landing was a bit of a stretch.

Worse than the town was the weather. It was raining, and rain always made Sabrina melancholy. She tucked her long blond hair behind her ear and turned her head away from the window, promising herself that she would be strong and not let her sister

see her cry. She had to be the strong one; after all, she was almost twelve years old.

Not that Daphne would have noticed her tears. Sabrina's seven-year-old sister had had her face pressed against the window throughout the two-hour trip. Daphne had marveled at each ugly little spot on the map they rolled through, taking a break from the view only to ask the occasional question about their destination.

"Do they have bagels in Ferryport Landing, Ms. Smirt?" Daphne now asked the woman sitting across from them. Ms. Minerva Smirt was the girls' caseworker. She was a pinch-lipped, humorless woman in her late fifties. She had had her hooked nose buried in a book for the entire train ride. Sabrina knew she was reading only so she wouldn't have to talk to them. *Ms. Smirt looked up at Daphne with an annoyed scowl and sighed as if the question was more than she could bear.*

"Of course they have bagels. They have bagels everywhere," Ms. Smirt snapped.

"Not on the moon," Daphne replied matter-of-factly as she *returned her gaze to the window.*

Ms. Smirt snarled, which caused Sabrina to snicker. Watching Daphne drive Ms. Smirt crazy was one of Sabrina's favorite pastimes. Smirt had made a mistake when she chose a career working

with children, Sabrina thought, especially since she didn't seem to like them. Ms. Smirt complained whenever she had to touch their sticky hands or wipe their runny noses, and reading bedtime stories was completely out of the question. She seemed to especially dislike the Grimm sisters and had labeled them rude, uncooperative, and a couple of know-it-alls. So, Sabrina was sure it was Ms. Smirt's personal mission to get the girls out of the orphanage and into a foster home. So far she had failed miserably. She'd sent them to live with people who were usually mean and occasionally crazy, and who had used them as maids, house sitters, or just plain ignored them. But this time she had gone too far. This time Ms. Smirt was sending them to live with a dead woman.

"I hope you don't bother your grandmother with all these ridiculous questions!" Ms. Smirt said curtly, which was how she said most things to Sabrina and Daphne. "She is old and cannot handle a lot of trouble."

"She's dead! I've already told you a million times, our grandmother is dead!" said Sabrina.

"We did a background check, Sally," Ms. Smirt replied. "She is who she says she is."

"My name is Sabrina." Sabrina sighed.

"Whatever. The orphanage would not release you into just anyone's custody," said Ms. Smirt.

INCLUDES A READER'S GUIDE

PRAISE FOR THE SERIES

★ "Memorable young sleuths and a madcap plot with plenty of leads into future episodes."

—Kirkus, starred review

"A page-turner . . . readers will have trouble putting this novel down."

—The Dallas Morning News

"Enormously entertaining . . . takes the fractured fairy-tale genre to new heights."

—Time Out New York Kids



For Sabrina and Daphne Grimm, life hasn't been a fairy tale. After the mysterious disappearance of their parents, the sisters are sent to live with their grandmother—a woman they believed was dead! Granny Relda reveals that the girls have two famous ancestors, the Brothers Grimm, whose classic book of fairy tales is actually a collection of case files of magical mischief. Now the girls must take on the family responsibility of being fairy-tale detectives. Their first case? A roller-coaster ride of an adventure to stop a giant from destroying their new hometown.

ILLUSTRATIONS • 2007 PETER FERGUSON

COVER DESIGN BY CHAD W. BECKERMAN AND ALLISON HENRY



AMULET BOOKS

An imprint of ABRAMS
115 West 18th Street
New York, NY 10011
www.amuletbooks.com
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

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U.S. \$6.95 CAN. \$8.95 U.K. £4.95
ISBN 978-0-8109-9322-8