After lunch, Nell came up to Mr. Noble. “I have a little problem. My bugle will not play. I am not able to blow a single note,” she told him.

“Not a note?” asked Mr. Noble. “I’ll have to check that bugle.”

Mr. Noble started to get up to look at Nell’s bugle when Chuck ran up to his desk. “Mr. Noble,” Chuck said. “A mouse stole my apple.”
“A mouse in Maple School?” asked Mr. Noble with a chuckle. “Tell me how.”

“Well, I had my apple,” said Chuck. “And I was using it to juggle. But in the middle of a juggle, I fumbled it.”

“And then?” asked Mr. Noble.

“Well, it just flew away!” said Chuck. “And I think a mouse took it.”

Nell was still waiting for help with her bugle. “Mr. Nell, my bugle is more important than an apple!”

Mr. Noble smiled and looked at both kids. “I think this is an interesting puzzle,” he said.

“My bugle?” asked Nell.

“My apple?” asked Chuck.

Then Nell and Chuck looked at each other. “That is not possible,” they both said.

In the hall, Nell picked up her bugle by the handle. Then Mr. Noble, Chuck, and Nell looked in the end of the bugle. They saw a red apple.

“That is why my bugle will not play a single note,” said Nell.

“And that is what happened to my apple,” said Chuck.

“But how did the apple get into the end of the bugle?” asked Mr. Noble.

That was a real riddle!