

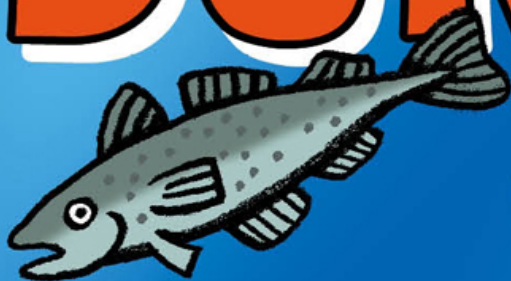
DAISY



and the TROUBLE with

BURGLARS

by Kes Gray



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Also by Kes Gray

Some words about burglars

Copyright

About the Book

No matter the occasion, Daisy just can't help getting into trouble!

When three actual burglaries happen in Daisy's town, Daisy is beside herself with excitement. Two houses and the fish and chip shop have been broken into (and lots of cods and haddocks have been stolen). Anyone could be next!

Daisy wants to help. Together with Gabby and Dylan, she forms her own detective agency. Armed with a notebook, a magnifying glass, a camera and a box of icing sugar, she sets out on the burglars' trail.

Trouble is, detective work is hard when you're not allowed to go further than the end of the road . . .

DAISY



and the **TROUBLE** with
BURGLARS

by **Kes Gray**

RHCP DIGITAL

To Kathy,
best wishes on your retirement!





CHAPTER 1

The **trouble with burglars** is they are really hard to catch.



If burglars were easier to catch, then my mum would never have got told off by a policeman this evening. Or let a policeman see her in her nightie. Or had her car taken away.

Catching burglars is one of the hardest things to do in the whole wide world. Especially if you've only got one box of icing sugar. And no fingerprinting brush. And no microscopes either. Which isn't my fault!

CHAPTER 2

I knew something exciting was happening this morning because the phone in our house rang at 6.52!

The **trouble with phone calls** is it's really hard to know what's being said unless you are one of the people who is holding the phone. Even when I sat right up close beside my mum and strained my ears really hard, I still couldn't tell what she was talking about.





Whatever was being said in the phone call was definitely, definitely, really, really interesting though. These are the words that I could hear clearly:

Aha?

Aha.

Aha.

Aha.

Aha.

Aha.

Aha.

No.

Aha.

Aha.

Aha.

Aha.

Noooo . . .

Noooooooooooo . . .

Aha.

They didn't?

Three?

In one night?

Aha.

Aha.

Aha.

Aha.

Nooooo . . . they never.

Anything valuable?

Aha.

Aha.

Aha . . .

That's terrible.

Haddock?

Haddock and cod too!

Noooo.

No.

Nooooo.

Nooooo . . .

No burglar alarm then . . .!

I bet they'll get one now.

As soon as Mum said the 'b' word, I knew exactly what had happened. Well, not exactly. But almost exactly.

Someone - I wasn't sure who . . .

somewhere - I wasn't sure where . . .

had . . .

for absolutely definite . . .

wait for it . . .

been burgled!



CHAPTER 3

As soon as Mum put the phone down, I jumped on her lap and asked her who she had been talking to.

The **trouble with jumping on someone's lap** is you shouldn't really do it if they are holding a cup of tea. Luckily my mum had been talking on the phone for ages, so her tea wasn't very hot. It was still a bit wet though.





When she had dried herself, she told me that the person who had rung her before seven o'clock in the morning was Grampy! Apparently Grampy had walked to the shopping parade early that morning to collect his newspapers, and guess what? When he got to the parade, there were police cars all over the place!

Not outside the newsagent's - outside the fish-and-chip shop!

That's the **trouble with fish and chips**. Burglars can't resist them!





And that's not all they can't resist!!!!!! Not only had the burglars burgled the fish-and-chip shop, they had burgled two actual houses in the same actual night too! And in the same actual town. The same actual town where me, Mum and Nanny and Grampy actually live!

As soon as I found out that two actual houses had been burgled in our actual town, I ran to the window to see if anyone had been burgled in our street too!

But there weren't any police cars to be seen. So I ran back to my mum to hear more.

Mum said that after Grampy had paid for his newspapers, he had bumped into the fish-and-chip-shop owner outside the shop. According to the fish-and-chip-shop owner, burglars had broken into his fish-and-chip shop in the middle of the night. But not only that. According to Grampy they had done it "under the cover of darkness".

The **trouble with the cover of darkness** is it covers you really darkly. I reckon as soon as a burglar gets right under a cover of darkness, it's a bit like wearing an invisible cloak. Especially if they're wearing a black jumper too. And black trousers. And black shoes and a black mask. Black everything really.



That's what I'd wear if I was a burglar.



Grampy said he reckoned the burglars had probably broken into the fish-and-chip shop because they were trying to steal all the money in the till. Fish-and-chip shops make loads of money selling fish and chips. Especially large cods and medium skates.

What the burglars didn't know, though, is that the fish-and-chip-shop owner had emptied his till the evening before. So when the burglars tried to steal all the money, they found there wasn't any money in the till to steal!

Mum reckoned that's why they stole some big bags of frozen cods and haddocks instead.

I reckon they might have just worked up an appetite. Especially if they had burgled two actual houses already.

When I asked what the burglars had stolen from the houses, she said Grampy didn't know. One of the houses that had been burgled was in Holly Way, though, and the other one was in Cypress Drive, which were both almost nearly quite close to where we live!

But Mum didn't know what had been taken. Probably jewels and whopping big tellies.

(Plus salt and vinegar for the burglars' fish and chips.)

CHAPTER 4

As soon as I found out that actual burglars had been doing actual burgling in the actual town where I lived, I knew exactly what I had to do. Number one: Ring Gabby. Number two: Start a detective agency FAST!!! Well, fastish.

The **trouble with starting a detective agency fast** is it gets a whole lot slower when your mum suddenly thinks of loads of other things you need to do first.



Like get dressed, have your breakfast and clean your teeth.

Mum said my detective work would be a whole lot better if I was investigating on a full stomach and without sticky-uppy hair.

When I told her that the burglars' trail would be getting cold and that I really needed to get on the case straight away, she wasn't the slightest bit interested. In fact, she even made me put my breakfast spoon and bowl in the dishwasher! And damp my hair down with a really wet flannel. I mean, what is the matter with her? Hasn't she seen actual detective programmes on the actual telly? Doesn't she know that actual detectives on the actual telly never have time to damp their hair down? Or pick their clothes and toys up off their bedroom floor?