

# A WINTER DOUBLE



# DAISY

\* Two TROUBLESOME tales!  
By KES GRAY \*



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## **ABOUT THE BOOK**

*Daisy's in double the trouble in this brilliant collection!*

### **DAISY AND THE TROUBLE WITH BURGLARS:**

When three burglaries happen in Daisy's town, Daisy is so excited. She forms her own detective agency and sets out on the burglars' trail. Trouble is, detective work is hard when you're not allowed further than the end of the road . . .

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### **DAISY AND THE TROUBLE WITH CHRISTMAS:**

Daisy loves Christmas, especially when she's given a part in the nativity play. But when Daisy decides the dolly her teacher has chosen to play the Baby Jesus is a bit . . . boring, she comes up with a troublesome plan!

# A WINTER DOUBLE DAISY



Daisy and the Trouble with Burglars and  
Daisy and the Trouble with Christmas

BY KES GRAY

RHCP DIGITAL

# 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 . . .

Nooooooooooooo . . .

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?

Top detectives just get a phone call, find out there's a burglar and get on the case. FAST!

But not in our house.

Thanks to my mum. In our house, burglars get given loads of time to escape before I'm even allowed to think about starting a detective agency.

I mean, do you know what time it was when I was actually allowed to ring Gabby? Do you know what time it was when I was actually allowed to tell her that she needed to get over to my house really fast because we were soon going to be on the trail of dangerous criminals?

Twenty past eight!

Oh well, better late than never, I suppose . . .

## CHAPTER 5

When I told Gabby that a house in Holly Way and another in Cypress Drive had been burgled, PLUS the fish-and-chip shop had been burgled too, she squeaked like a guinea pig! Gabby said this was easily the best start to a summer holiday we had ever had. And she was right! When I told her we were going to catch the burglars ourselves by starting our very own detective agency, she nearly dropped the phone!



That's the **trouble with starting a detective agency**. It's exciting and dangerous at the same time.



I said it wouldn't matter how dangerous things got as long as we practised our martial arts skills in my bedroom first. Burglars are defenceless against karate chops and really good wrestling holds. Especially if you get them round the neck.



Gabby said her mum kept a pair of pink furry handcuffs in her bedroom and she would ask if we could borrow them. Then we made a list of all the other detective equipment we were going to need.

The **trouble with magnifying glasses** is no one in Gabby's family has got one and neither has my mum. Plus no one had any bulletproof jackets we could borrow either. So we decided we wouldn't put them on our list at all.



Luckily we had all the other things we needed:

*Notebooks* (for doing interviews)

*Pens* (for taking statements)

*My mum's camera* (for photographing evidence)



*Orange squash* (for drinking after chasing burglars)

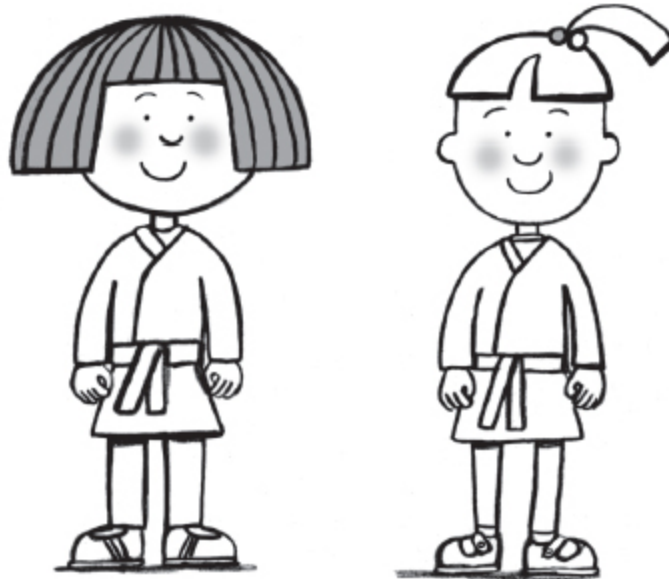
*Crisps* (for energy)

*Icing sugar* (for fingerprinting)

All we had to do next was meet up, decide on a name for our detective agency, do our combat training and get started!

## CHAPTER 6

By ten past nine, Gabby and I were both black belts in Burglar Fu (which is a bit like Kung Fu, only it's better for fighting baddies who are trying to bonk you on the head with silver candlesticks or flat-screen tellies).





By quarter past nine, the D & G Burglar Bashing and Catching Agency was nearly open for business!

When I told Mum that Gabby and I were starting our own detective agency and that she wasn't going to be in it, she didn't seem bothered at all.

Gabby said behaviour like that was very suspicious – if my mum carried on not wanting to chase burglars, people might think she was on the burglars' side. I said there was no way that a burglar would want my mum in her gang. For a start, she's usually in bed by ten o'clock, she'd never be able to carry a fifty-inch-screen telly by herself, she never drives above about forty-five miles an hour, plus she never wears black.

We still made her the first name on our list of suspects though.

Because we wanted to try out our pens.

After we'd made sure our notebooks and pens were working, we went through our list again and packed our crime detection bags.

The **trouble with crime detection bags** is they don't want to be too big and they don't want to be too small. If your crime detection bag is too big, it might slow you down when you're chasing a burglar. But if it's too small, you might not be able to fill it with valuable evidence, such as burglar masks that have been thrown into bushes in a hurry, or burglar trainers that have come off in deep mud.



The best crime detection bags have two right-sized compartments: one that's just the right size for valuable evidence and one that's just the right size for all the really important crime detection things you need.

Especially icing sugar.

The **trouble with icing sugar** is mums don't like you borrowing it.



Especially if you need the whole box.

Icing sugar is the most important thing to have in your crime detection bag if you need to dust for fingerprints. Trouble is, mums just want to use it for icing cakes.

When Gabby asked to borrow the whole box of icing sugar out of her kitchen cupboard, her mum stopped her before she could even put it in her bag. Even when Gabby explained what we needed it for, her mum wouldn't let her have any. Not even a spoonful.

Or any handcuffs.

So we decided to borrow the icing sugar from my kitchen cupboard instead. Without asking my mum. That way she couldn't say no.

The **trouble with borrowing things without asking** is it helps if the person you're not asking isn't there when you decide to not ask them.

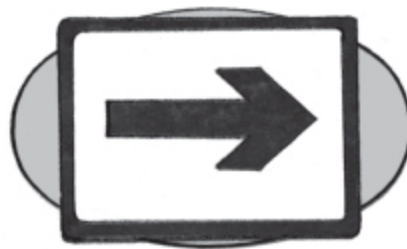


Trouble is, my mum was. She was standing in the kitchen, right in the way of the cupboard, so there was no way we could take the box out of the cupboard without her noticing.



So we needed to create a diversion.

The **trouble with diversions** is they have to be really good or your mum won't look the other way for long enough.



If your mum doesn't look away for long enough, it doesn't give you enough time to get the box of icing sugar out of the cupboard and put it in your bag without her noticing.

The **trouble with a pretend-coughing-fit diversion** is you need lots of room to do it in. Which was OK actually,