



## The Bad Butler



"Oh no!" screamed Miss Fancypants. "My Ruby, my precious ruby. Get Treacle on the phone NOW!"

When I got there it seemed like there wasn't any evidence of a break in so it must have been an inside job. I sent Scrapper, my dog accomplice, down to the wine cellar to see if he could sniff out any clues.

Suddenly I heard barking, so I ran down to the cellar to find Scrapper with a brand new walking boot in his mouth. "Ha ha, robbers. We're one step closer to catching you," I muttered.

The next day, after a good night's sleep, I was good and ready to solve my latest crime. I had a thorough look inside and outside the house when I stumbled upon a brand new boot in the bush, exactly the same as the one Scrapper found. I thought that if I had a spoonful of treacle I would go mental and be a clue finding machine. After all, they don't call me Dr Treacle for nothing.

My first suspect was the butler because he was always at his friend's house. My plan was to spy on him when he went there.

Later, when the butler was on his way out, I followed him. I hid behind bins and trees for thirty minutes before we got there, but finally "Ding dong!" "Come in," shouted a voice from behind the door.

The butler entered. I looked through the window and there was the ruby.

"Bingo! Say cheese," I thought whilst taking a photo for evidence.

But my luck was about to run out. He saw me, and then the chase began. He shot me so I got angry and took out my pistol "AVE IT!" Amazingly, I hit his arm and managed to grapple my way back to Miss Fancypant's house. By this time, there were loads of cops there. The butler was captured and sent to court. Miss Fancypants got her ruby back.

"Hmm, I wonder what my next case will be?"

By

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