

THE  
**STORY SHOP**  
DETECTIVE DASH!

For Mrs Kiss and the children of  
Edinbane Primary School x – T.C.

For Olive x – T. N.

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# THE STORY SHOP DETECTIVE DASH!



**TRACEY CORDEROY  
TONY NEAL**

**LITTLE TIGER  
LONDON**

# Contents

The Cursed Teeth! 10

I S-Pie Trouble! 54

The Demon Duck of Doom 96





# The Story Shop

Welcome to Puddletown High Street!


Looks completely normal, doesn't it?

Normal baker's selling normal bread.

Normal shoe shop selling normal wellies.

Normal toyshop selling normal bats and balls.

But nestled between the hairdresser's  
and the hardware store (which sells *entirely*  
normal brooms) is the most **unusual** shop:

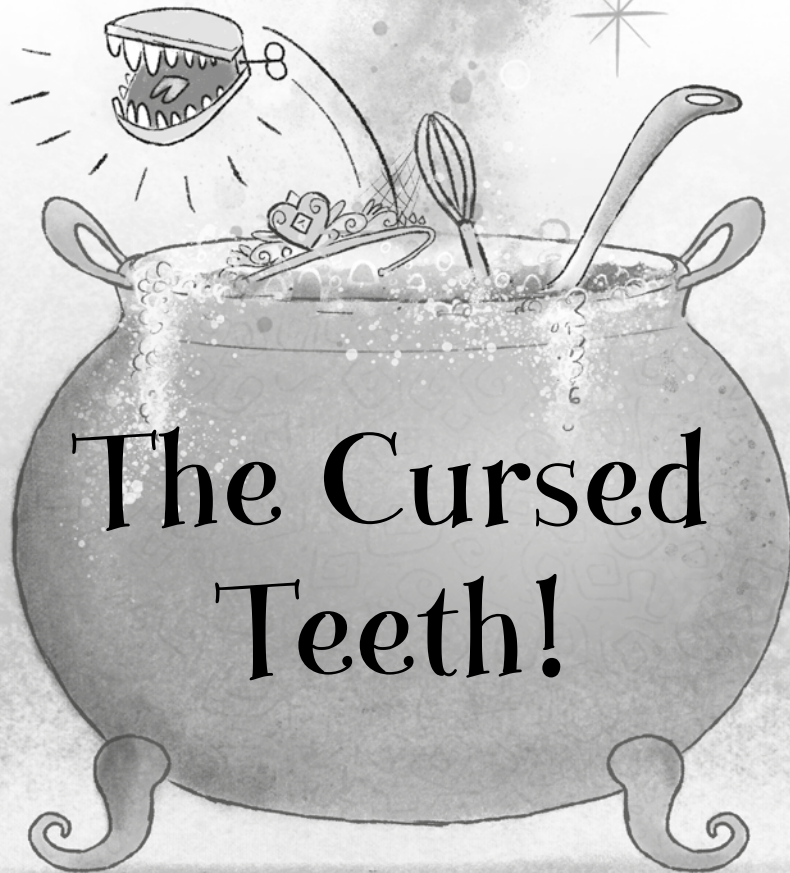


The Story Shop sells adventures you can  
BE in. With real characters you'll actually  
meet!

Shopkeeper Wilbur and his assistant  
Fred Ferret have props and plots galore.

So, what are you waiting for? Step inside  
if you're **BRAVE** enough.

But be warned, anything might  
happen...



# The Cursed Teeth!



"Ready for another adventure, Fred?" asked Wilbur as they arrived at the Story Shop bright and early.

Fred rubbed his paws together. "Can't wait!"

**CLICK!**

Wilbur unlocked the door and they stepped inside.

"I'll just pop the kettle o—" Wilbur stopped and glanced around. "What's that noise?"

Fred's ears pricked up. It was loud and gurgly. "Sounds like a blocked drain. Let's investigate!"

They followed the noise to the props' barrel.

Curled up inside it, snoring loudly, was ... a customer.

"A sleepy sloth?!" gasped Wilbur.

"How did she get there?"

Fred shrugged. "No idea."



He tickled her nose with his feather duster, and –

“A-a-a-a-chooo!”

she sneezed awake.

One bleary eye opened. “Is it morning?” she asked.

“Yes!” Fred and Wilbur nodded.

Yawning, the sloth clambered out of the barrel.

“I’m Wilbur,” said Wilbur. “And this is Fred.”

“I’m Sloth.” She stretched her long arms. “But my friends call me Snoozy Suzy.”

Suzy looked around. “I came in late yesterday afternoon. It was very busy, so I had a little power snooze and here I am.”

“Gosh! I’m so sorry!” Wilbur cried.

“I can’t think how we missed you.”

“Don’t worry.” Suzy smiled. “I love

snoozing. And now I’m first in the queue for my story adventure.”

“Our adventure,” grinned Fred. “I go too!”

“I just need to find the perfect one,” said Wilbur. “Let’s see.”

He set off around the shop finding costumes to “try for size”.







As Suzy placed the shepherd's crook on the counter, it hooked a pair of gloves by the till.

"Someone left those yesterday," said Fred.

"Interesting!" she replied. "Red gloves ... a bold colour. And a strand of fuzzy golden hair. Did a **lion** drop by?"

"**Yes,**" gasped Wilbur. "He had a fairy-tale adventure!"

"Then I bet these gloves belong to *him*," said Suzy. "I do enjoy a good mystery!"

Wilbur chuckled. "Then I think I have just the thing!"

He picked out two more costumes, passed one to Fred and hurried Snoozy Suzy to the changing room.

When she came back out...



"And I'm your assistant," Fred called, waving a torch and notebook.

"Let's get started then!" said Wilbur. He whisked the feather off his hat and waved it over a patch of bare floorboards. They parted – **SWISH!** – and up rose a big black pot.

"This is the **Story Pot,**" Fred told Suzy. She checked it out with her magnifying glass. An inky-blue liquid

simmered softly. And hooked over the pot's rim was a big silver spoon.

Wilbur added some ingredients – whisks, tennis balls, tiaras and a good glug of letters from a jar.



"Hey!" called Fred as Suzy's eyelids drooped. "Those letters make the **words** in your story."

"W-what? Oh!" Suzy peered in. "Wow!"

Wilbur handed Fred some props – a set of joke teeth, an icing bag and a clothes peg, which he popped in his rucksack.

"They could get us out of sticky story twists, Suzy," he said.

Wilbur also slipped him the feather duster. "Might come in handy." He winked.

Finally, he gave Fred a small toy camera, which Fred tucked away in his pocket.

"Now we stir," said Fred, placing the spoon in the mixture. "Suzy – quick, or you'll miss your adventure!"

She flopped out an arm and her super-long nails closed around the spoon handle.

As they started to stir...



**WHOOSH!**

a jet of bubbles shot from the pot and whizzed off around the shop. They plipped off props and plopped off books.

"**Too fast!**" wailed Suzy.

But...



**POP!**

the bubbles vanished. And Suzy and Fred were gone.