

Monsieur MUSTARD

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF FABIO FANGTOOTH

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CHARLEY RABBIT



ANDERSEN PRESS



*For my
Adam bear*

INTRODUCTION

Good evening! My name is Monsieur Mustard and I am the world's most famous (and most fashionable) detective.

But I know what you are thinking. I must be the world's smallest detective too, yes?

Incorrect!

Detective Hans Hamster from Hamburg is at least one whole grasshopper smaller than myself, so there you go! *Et voilà!*

Anyway, I am here to warn you that this story is not about fluffy unicorns, magic kittens and whatnot. *Non!*

This story is darker than the richest chocolate gâteau, with more twists than the twistiest moustache, and an ending so unexpected, *oh là là!*

Even I, the great

**Monsieur
MUSTARD**

did not
see it coming!



So, for those of you who don't want to witness such **DARKNESS**, such **MYSTERY**, such **MAYHEM!**

*Au revoir!
Goodbye!*

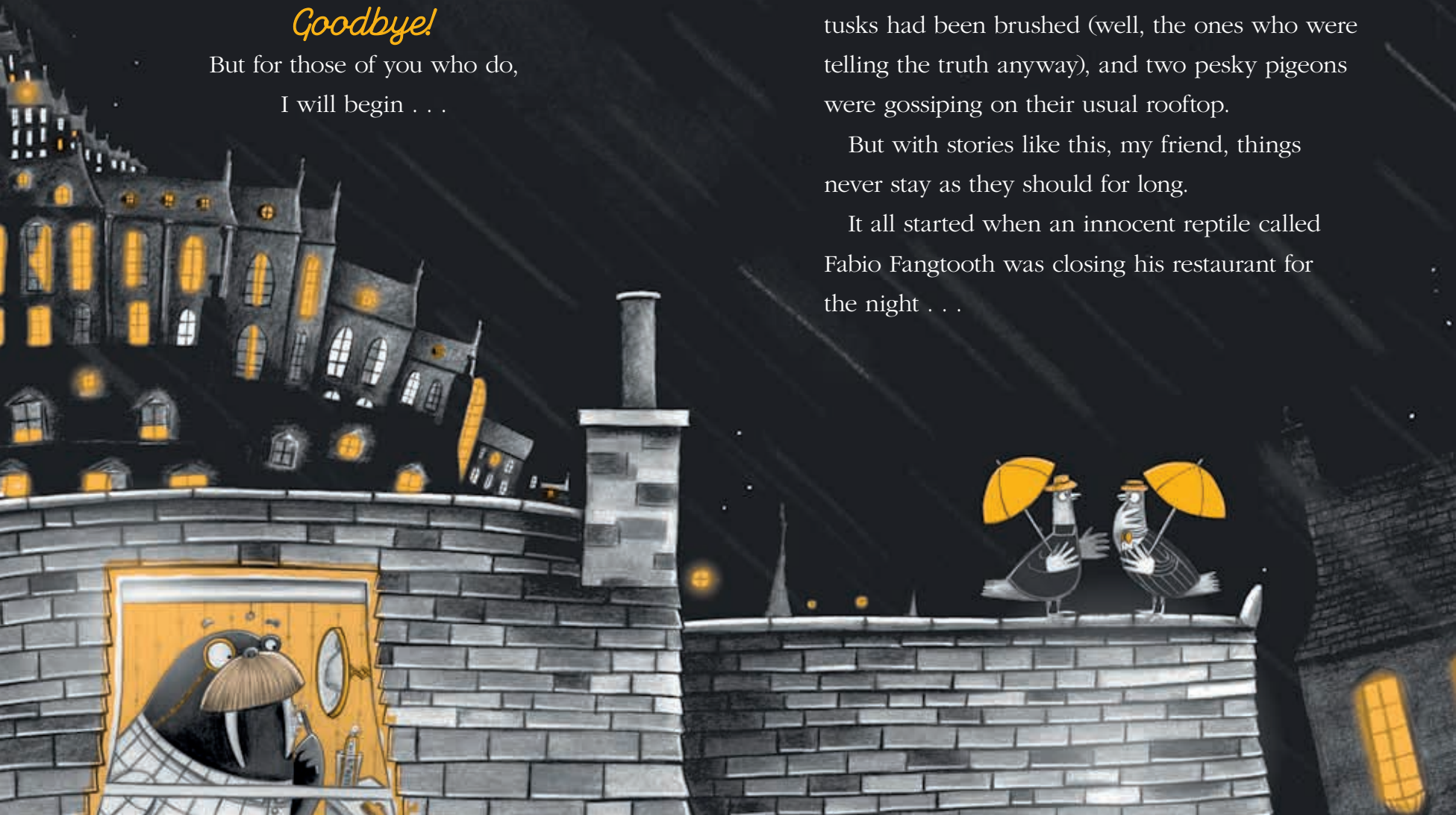
But for those of you who do,
I will begin . . .

. . . One evening, way past your bedtime, in a city called Bath, everything was as it should have been.

The usual butter colour of the buildings had been gobbled up by the night, all the teeth and tusks had been brushed (well, the ones who were telling the truth anyway), and two pesky pigeons were gossiping on their usual rooftop.

But with stories like this, my friend, things never stay as they should for long.

It all started when an innocent reptile called Fabio Fangtooth was closing his restaurant for the night . . .





Goodnight,
Mr and Mrs
Sss-Stevens-ssss!

Thanks,
Fabio!

Goodnight!



DING-A-LING-A-LING!



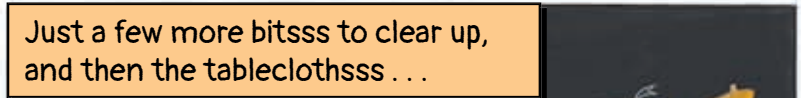
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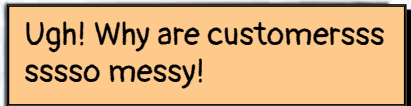
Ahh, nearly time to go home.



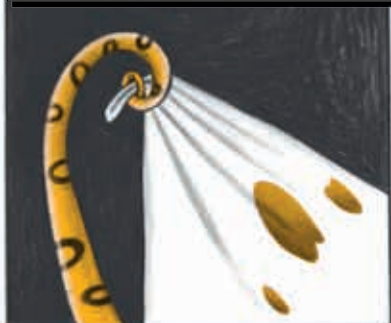
PHPPPPPPPPPT



Just a few more bitsss to clear up,
and then the tableclothsss...



Ugh! Why are customersss
ssso messy!



SMASH!!



Ahem, boss?
Your meal is
ready.

Erm ...
Thank you,
Carlosss.

I'll be right over.



One alphabetti
spaghetti!



Ahh, my
favourite.



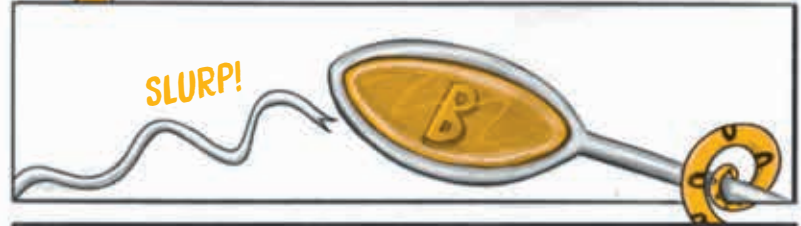
Enjoy it, boss!
See you tomorrow.

Thanksss,
Carlosss!

Ssssee you!



SLURP!



SLURP!



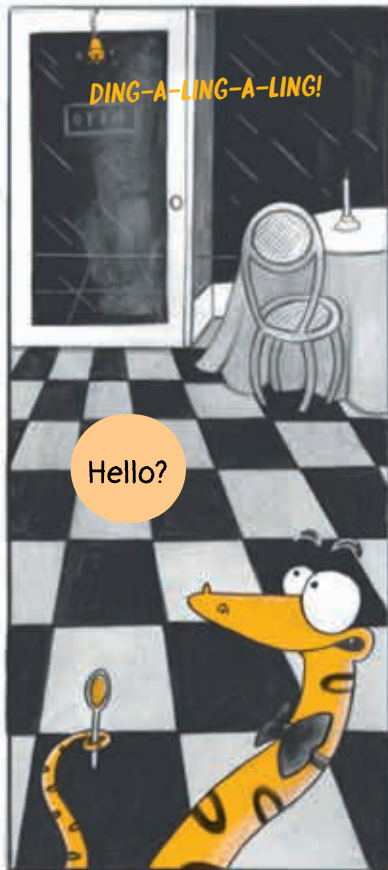
SLURP!



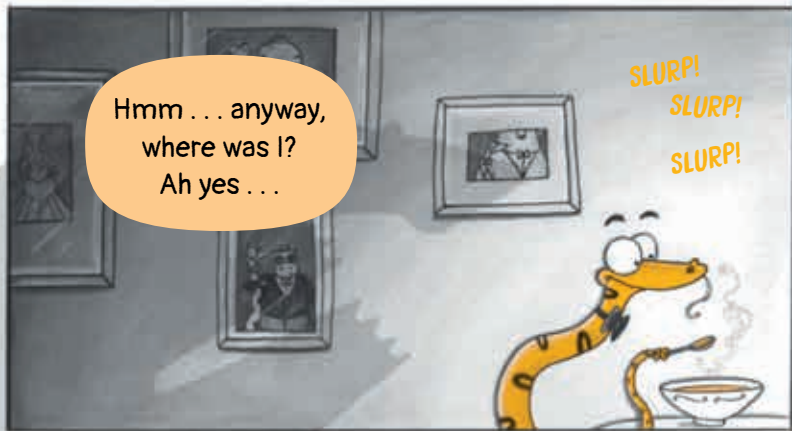
DING-A-LING-A-LING!



Ssssorry, but we're closed.

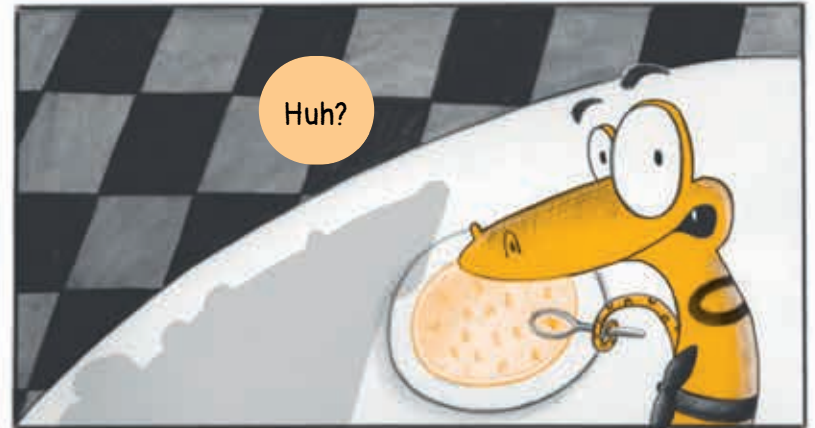


Hello?



Hmm . . . anyway, where was I?
Ah yes . . .

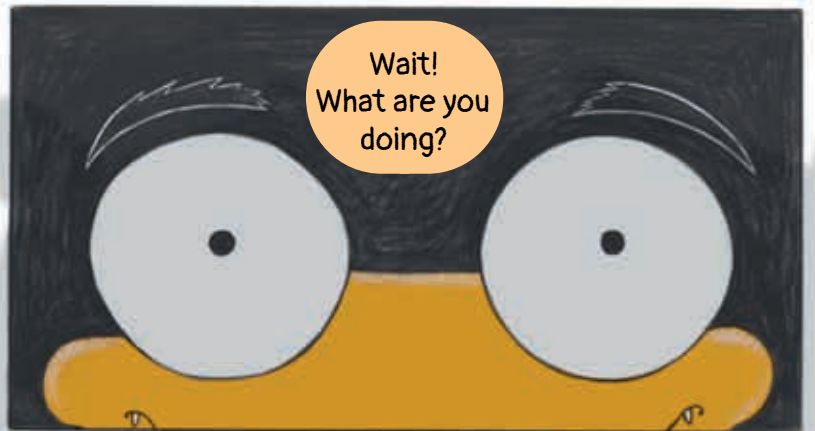
SLURP!
SLURP!
SLURP!



Huh?



Erm . . . can I help you?



Wait!
What are you doing?

Hissss!