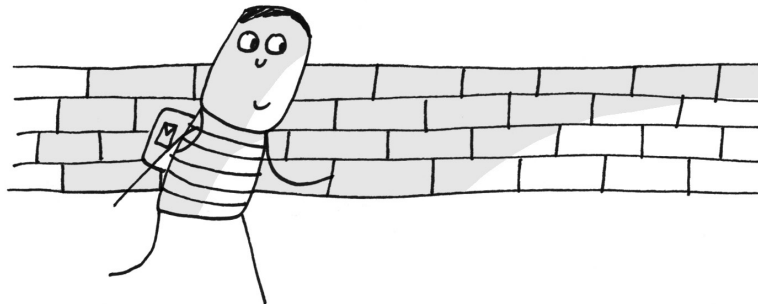




CHAPTER ONE: Brilliant

It all starts on a bright Monday morning. I am actually in a good mood (even though I'm going to school).



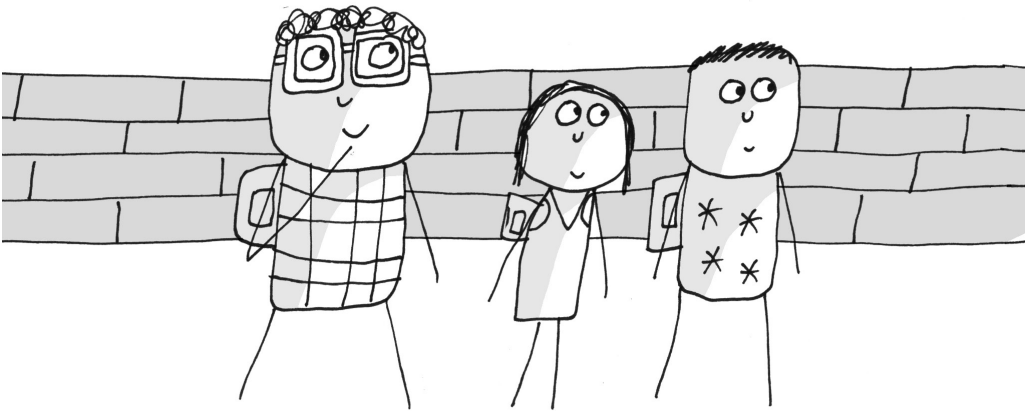
It is only one week since I solved the Big Cash Robbery. As I come out of my house, my friend Corner Boy sees me and he sings, 'RORY BRANAGAN! (He's a detective!) RORY BRANAGAN! (He'll solve all your crimes!).'

Which I like. We're being watched by some kids from Year Two.



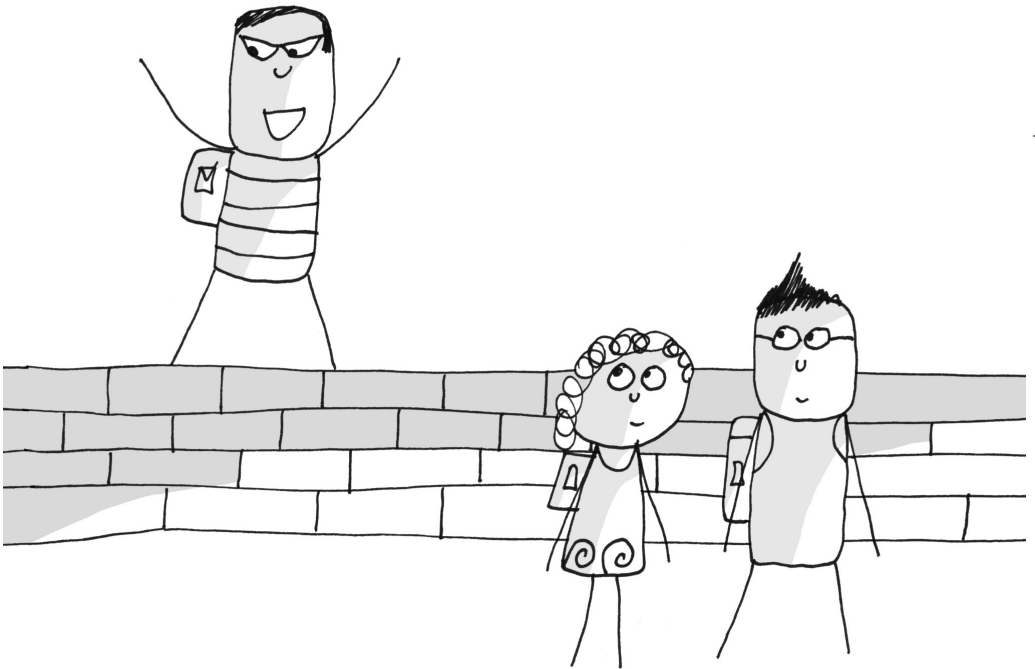
'Why are you singing that?' asks one.
Corner Boy tells him the whole story.
'Is it true?' the kid asks me.

'It is,' I tell him. 'I ended up climbing
into the house of Ms Turkey-head *the*
head teacher! We thought *she'd* taken the
money!'

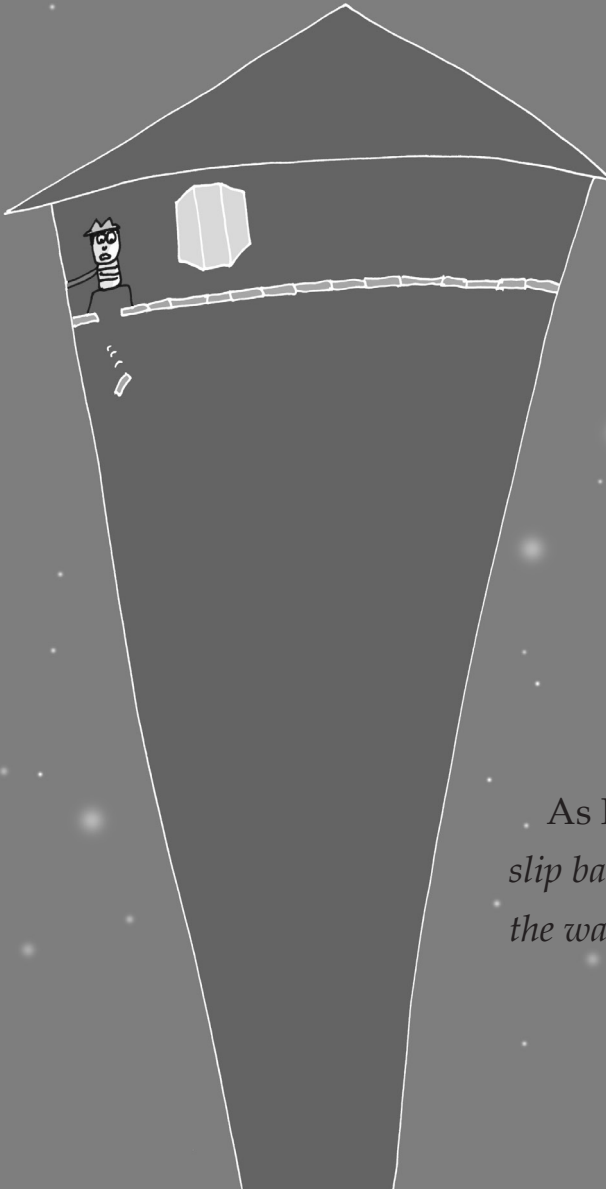


I am now acting it all out. I leap up on
to a garden wall.

'I had to climb along a deadly *high*
ledge to reach a window,' I say.

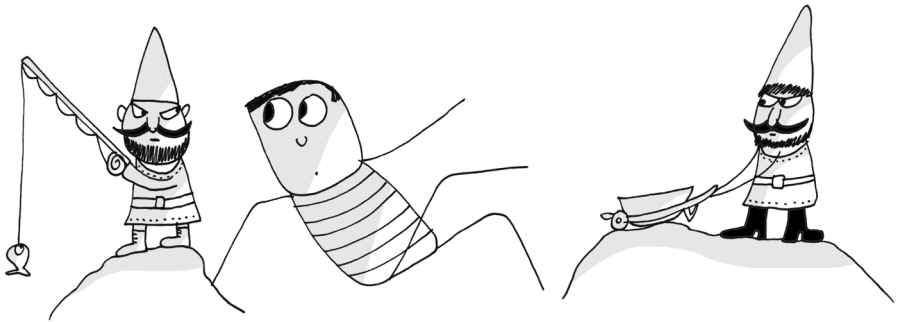


'If I'd fallen from there,' I tell my fans, 'I
would have been *crushed like a grape!!*'



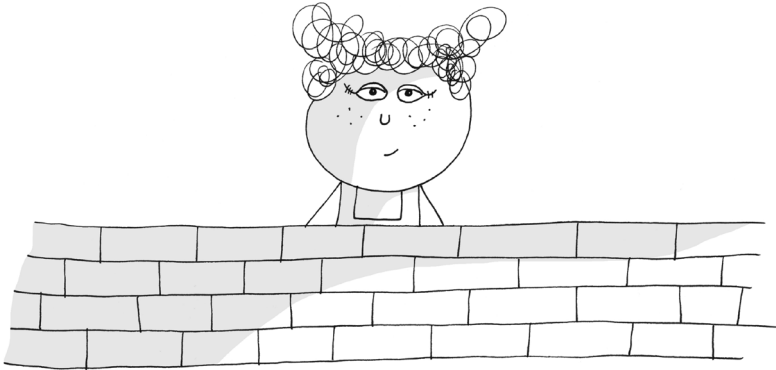
As I say this, I
*slip backwards off
the wall.*

I end up by a couple of gnomes.
One gives me a bad bruise with his
wheelbarrow. The other looks like he's
about to GET me with his fishing rod.



As I climb back on to the wall to escape
the evil gnomes, I find . . .

My Best Friend and Accomplice, *Cassidy Callaghan*, giving me a cool, catty look.



‘One of these days your big mouth will get you into Big Trouble,’ she says.

I am so pleased to see her.

‘Trouble,’ I tell her, ‘is *my* middle name.’

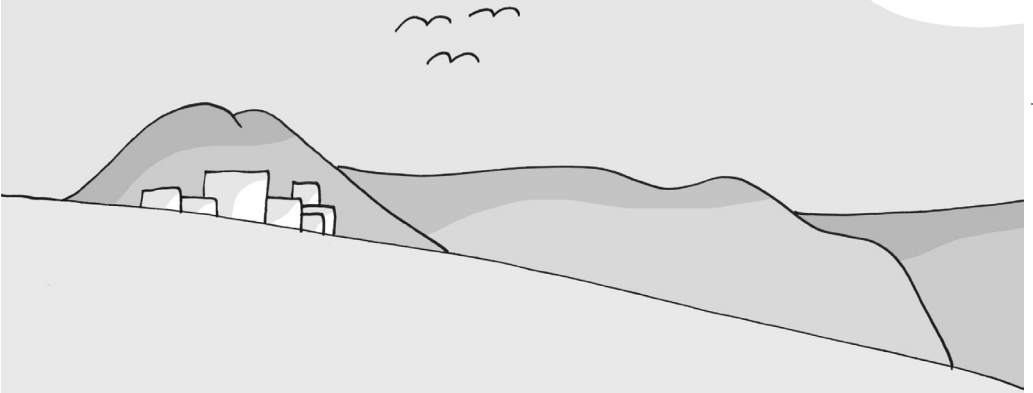
‘No,’ she says. ‘Your middle name is *Dougal*.’

‘My name is Rory Dougal *Trouble* Branagan,’ I tell her. ‘And *I blow my nose* at Trouble, and I *slap my bottom* at *Danger*.’

I slap my bottom now. *Everyone* laughs.
I jump down off the wall, and we all set
off together.



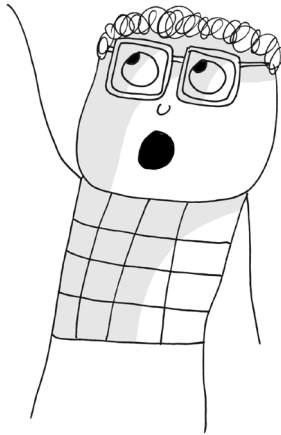
We are all in *brilliant* moods all the way
to school – where we hear a *surprise*.



'This term,' Mr Bolton announces in School Assembly, 'we will be holding *St Bart's Got Talent*, in which YOU will be invited to *sing, dance or perform*. And I, my friends, have prepared a RAP.'



Already, everyone is trying not to *laugh*.
'Mr Bolton,' asks Corner Boy, '*what* will
your rap be about?'



‘I shall be rapping about *grammar*,’ says Mr Bolton. ‘Specifically . . . about *Incorrect Uses of the Apostrophe*.’ And he holds up an apostrophe, as if he’s holding up a BOMB.

