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Opening extract from

# Timmy Failure We Meet Again

Written by

**Stephen Pastis**

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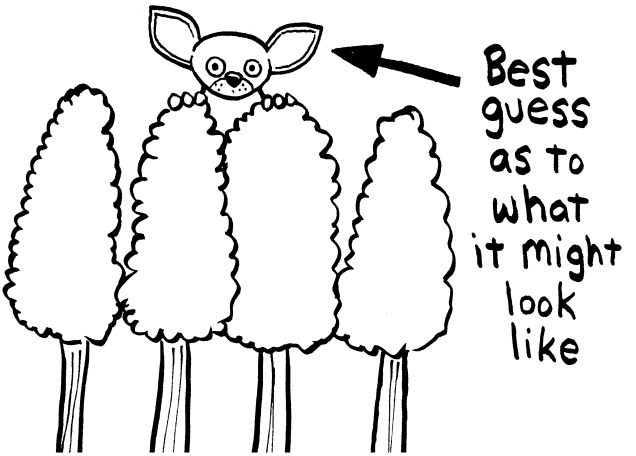
# A Prologue That Puts Me Between a Dog and a Hard Face and Lets You Guess Which One I'll Choose

The scariest thing you'll ever see is the thing you never see.

And such is the Scrum Bolo Chihuahua.

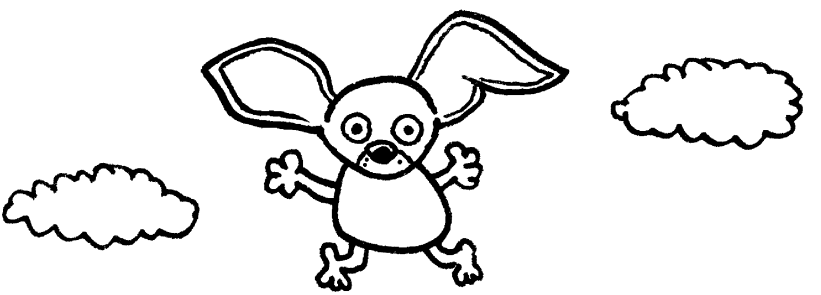
The Scrum Bolo Chihuahua is a gigantic four-ton Chihuahua who lives at the top of a grove of coastal redwood trees.

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There, shrouded in fog, he listens for children.

And when he hears one, he leaps from the tree and steers his way down to the forest floor, using his giant Chihuahua ears.

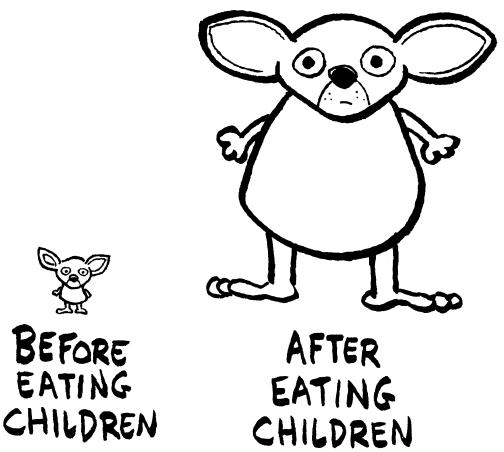


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And swallows the child whole.




Which is how he got so big.




But the Scrum Bolo Chihuahua will not eat just *any* child.

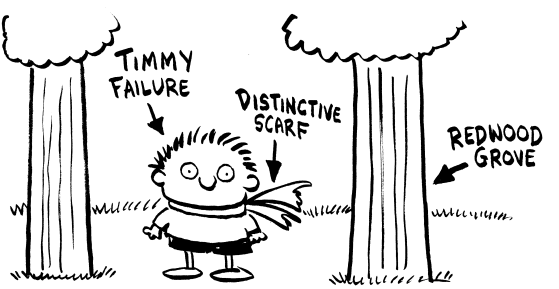
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The child must first be a camper at Camp Monkeychuck, a run-down cluster of cabins at the edge of the redwood grove.

Which is why the leaders of Camp Monkeychuck issue this warning to each and every new camper:




Which is why I am now in the redwood grove.




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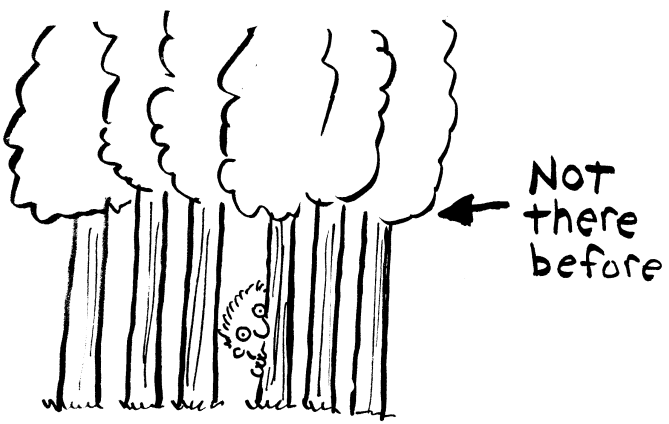
I am here because I am a world-class detective.

And the rules don't apply to us.

And so I wandered.

And I was brave.

But redwood trees can grow quickly. And soon new trees began to sprout all around me. And my once-clear path became filled with towering redwoods that were not there before.




And so I sat on the forest floor.

And watched as the ocean fog crept in around the trees.

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And heard, above the thick mist, a faint sound.

"Arf, arf, arf, arf."

The cry of the Scrum Bolo Chihuahua.

And looming death has a way of focusing the mind.

So I thought back to something another camper had told me.

About the only possible way to escape the Scrum Bolo Chihuahua.

It was an option so repulsive, so distasteful, that he didn't even want to say it.

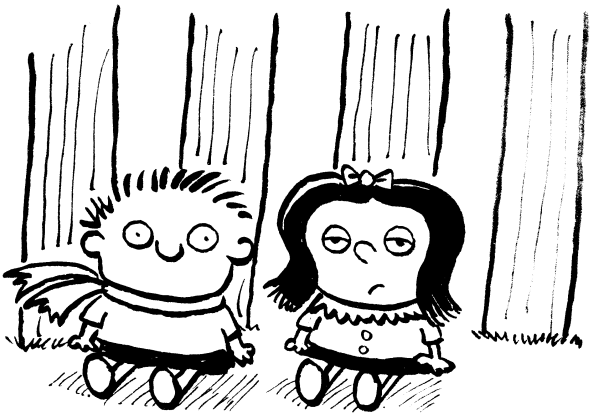
So he wrote it down.




And it is here that I must tell you that I was not the only person to wander into the woods that day.

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There was one other.



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# CHAPTER 1

## A Roomba with a View

Some detectives drive cars.

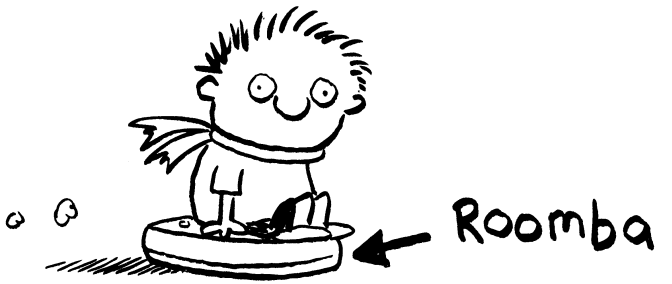



Others take cabs.



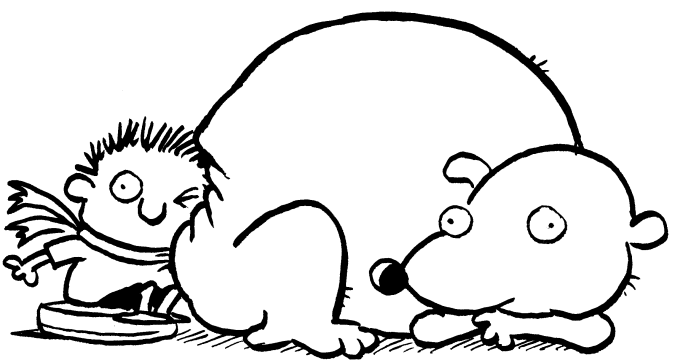

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And some sit on their mother's Roomba.




The Roomba is a robotic vacuum that roams across my mother's carpet in a pattern I have yet to discern.

As a result, I am frequently running into my polar bear.

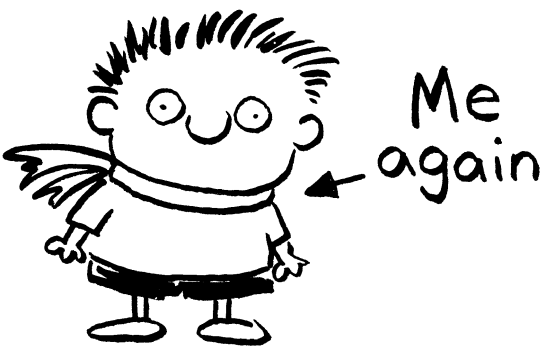


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And if you just said to yourself, *Wait, what polar bear? And by the way, who was the girl in that last chapter?* you must be one of the three or four people left in the world who did not read the prior volumes of my memoir.

So here, let me sum them up:

My name is Failure. Timmy Failure.




I am the founder, president, and CEO of the detective agency I have named for myself, Failure, Inc.

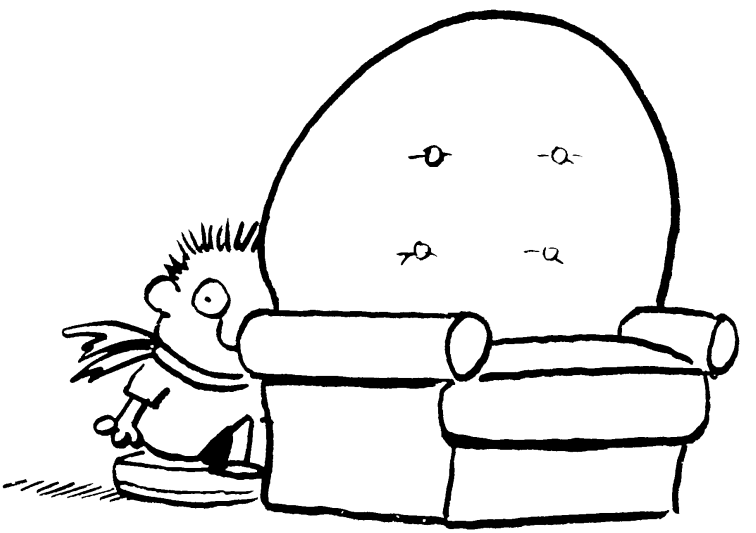
And I have solved most of the world's crimes.

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I say “most” and not “all” only because the world is filled with seven billion people, and I cannot be everywhere at once.

Though I try.

Which can be hard on a Roomba that is ramming me into a chair.



Now the Roomba wouldn’t be a problem if it had been programmed correctly. But that was the job of my business partner, Total.

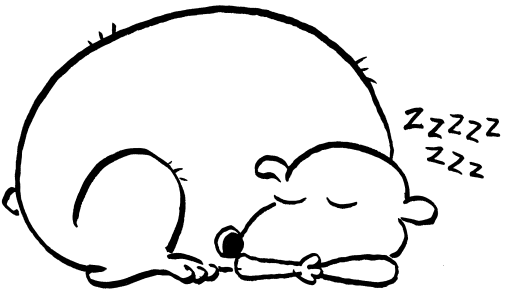
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If you are ever tempted to hire a polar bear named Total, and you are ever tempted to make that polar bear a partner in your detective agency, and you are ever tempted to change the name of that agency from "Failure, Inc." to "Total Failure, Inc." in his honor, you should first know the following:

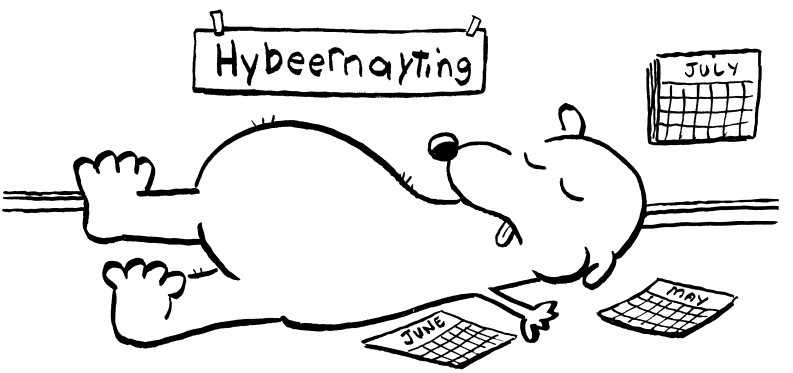
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Polar bears sleep twenty hours a day.




And don't even think about complaining.

Because if you do, the bear will announce it's time for hibernation and sleep for the next three months.




I'd tell you more about the bear if I could. But I can't.

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Because my Roomba is headed out the front door.



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