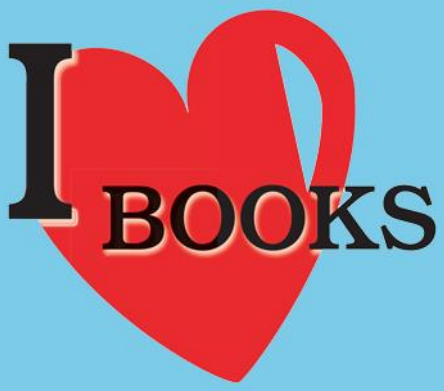


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Opening extract from

The Book You're Not Supposed to Have

Written & Illustrated by

Stephan Pastis

Published by

Walker Books Ltd

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THE BOOK YOU'RE NOT
SUPPOSED TO HAVE

What Timmy's fans say:

"This inspired book will prompt outbursts of laughter."
The Sunday Times 100 Children's Modern Classics

"One of those laugh your head off and
try not to be sick books."
Charlie, aged 9, *Lovereading4kids.co.uk*

"A fabulously fun read … original and quirky,
with real heart." Philip Ardagh, *Guardian*

"This is a hilarious, well-written story with totally
captivating illustrations." *We Love This Book*

"For Timmy Failure, success is the only option!"
Lincoln Peirce, creator of *Big Nate*

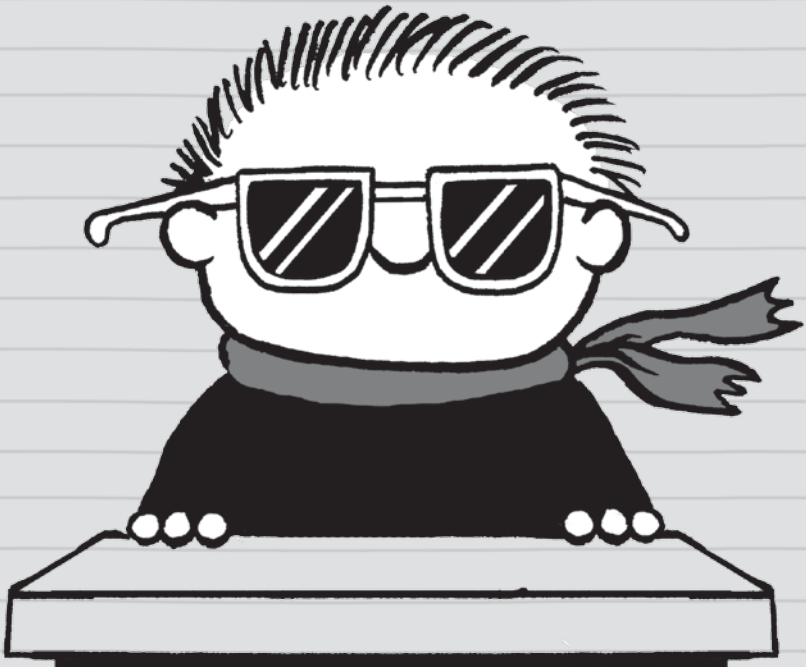
"Seldom has failure been so likable—or so funny."
The Wall Street Journal

"A great book for kids to read themselves,
or for adults and kids to read together."
Mumsnet reader review

"This book has the funniest illustrations ever and
you're sure to find yourself laughing out loud
on every page." Joe, aged 10, *First News*

TIMMY FAILURE

THE BOOK YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO HAVE



STEPHAN PASTIS

WALKER
BOOKS

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www.walker.co.uk

www.timmyfailure.com

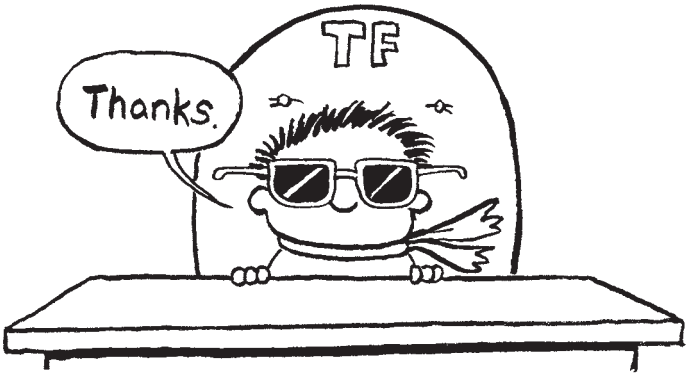


Author's Note: From the Desk of Timmy Failure

This book was not meant for publication. It is a private record of a sensitive time in my life as a detective.

And then the manuscript was stolen. Which is how it ended up in your hands.

So please put the book down and stop reading.



Preface:
Oh, Look, You're Still Reading

I don't know much about you.

But I do know this:

You don't have a lot of respect for an Author's Note.

Because when the Author's Note on the previous page asked you to put this book down and stop reading, you took that to mean:



So let me get right to the point.
I am Timmy Failure. I am a detective.
And I am banned from detective work.



You don't need to know the details.
You just need to know that none of the

detective work you are about to read about was supposed to happen.

And the only reason I kept a record of it at all was that I knew I was going through the most productive career phase ever experienced by a detective.

So if you're going to keep reading (and so far, I haven't been able to stop you), I need you to raise your right hand and swear the following oath:

I, (state your name), do hereby agree to never reveal the contents of this book to anyone, including, but not limited to, Timmy's mother, who would crush Timmy like a bug if she ever found out he was doing detective work during the time of his banishment.

And I do hereby further agree that if any part of this oath shall be broken by me, intentionally or otherwise, I shall be subjected to the following punishment:

I will be covered in mustard and eaten by a polar bear.

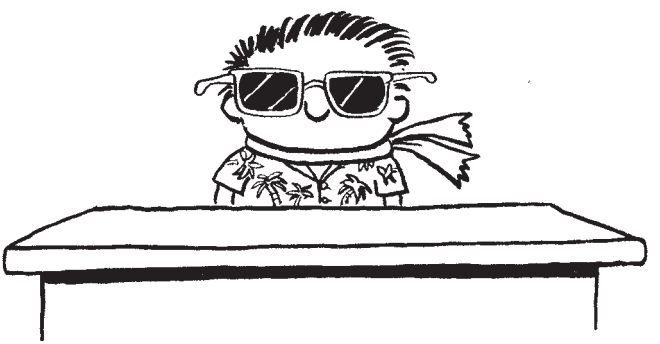


CHAPTER 1

Not Really the Start of the Story, but Intriguing Nonetheless

I am Hawaii Joe.

And my sunglasses are large.



As is my polar bear.

Whom I have named after the state fish of Hawaii:

Humuhumunukunukuapuaa.



"Come here, Humuhumunukunukuapuaa," I say to my polar bear. "Because I am about to make an announcement to all of the employees of our detective agency."

(Well, it is not really *our* detective agency. It is *my* detective agency. But I like to be inclusive so as not to offend the feelings of Humuhumunukunukuapuaa.)

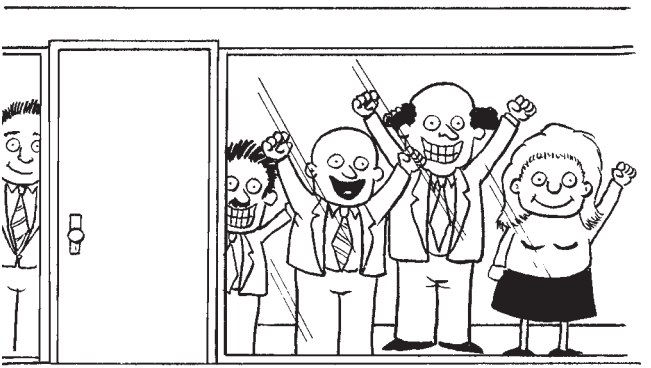
So I press the red intercom button on my telephone.

"Greetings, employees of Failure, Inc. This is your founder, president, and CEO, joined by my administrative assistant, Humuhumunukunukuapuaa."

As I talk, I see my employees begin to gather outside the glass wall of my office.

"It is hard to imagine, but it was not long ago that I, Timmy Failure, was doubted by the petty masses, including my rotund best friend, Rollo Tookus; my tangerine-scented classmate, Molly Moskins; and my lifelong foe, She Whose Name Shall Not Be Uttered But Can Now Be Uttered Because We Have Defeated Her and No Longer Care, Corrina Corrina."

There is a roar of approval from the employees.



"But those days are a distant memory. And now look at us. We are a massive detective agency with over a hundred employees, multiple offices, a global reach, and free donuts every Friday."

Everyone applauds.

"Speaking of the donuts, I understand there has been a battle going on for the maple bar ones."

Humuhumunukunukuapuaa nods.

"My administrative assistant here informs me that some of you have been seen racing to the donut box and licking the maple bar donuts so as to claim them as your own."



A few of the employees look away.

"I am speaking specifically of Liz Bicknell, Carter Hasegawa, and Ann Stott. Please stop licking the maple bar donuts."

Heads down, Liz, Carter, and Ann leave the group of gathered employees in shame.

"Now some of you are probably wondering how we got here. How I took my grand vision of a detective empire and made it reality."

Humuhumunukunukuapuaa coughs.

"How *we* made it reality," I say, correcting myself.

Humuhumunukunukuapuaa smiles.

"We did it by following one guiding moral principle. A principle that I have had printed upon a banner that will now hang in our office forevermore. And it is this:"

