NO.1 BOY DETECTIVE

The Popstar's Wedding



Barbara Mitchelhill
Illustrated by
Tony Ross

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For Tom who likes football
and Alexandra who loves pink

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Chapter 1

My name is Drooth. Damian Drooth. Crime-buster extraordinaire. Ace detective.

Let me tell you about my latest case.

It started when a letter arrived for Mum. It was addressed to Mrs Drooth, Home Cooking Unlimited.

'Guess who this is from!' she shrieked. I could tell she was in a real tizz.



So I read the letter.

Dear Mrs Drooth,
I was wondering if you would be interested in providing the food for my wedding. Perhaps you could come to see me and discuss the menu.
Yours sincerely,
Tiger Lilly

I stared at the signature. I was gobsmacked.

'***Tiger Lilly?***' I yelled. (It was difficult to stay calm.) '***The singer? One of the Bay Babes?***'

Mum nodded and my head exploded. She was my most favourite singer EVER! I was her NUMERO UNO fan! Wow! Wow! Wow!

That morning, Mum telephoned Tiger Lilly and arranged a meeting.

'I'll come with you,' I said.

'I don't think so,' said Mum as she wrote the date in her diary.



‘You might get lost,’ I insisted.

‘I can read a map, Damian.’

‘I could be your secretary and take notes.’

‘I don’t want a secretary.’

I tried a different approach.

‘Right! I’ll go on hunger strike if you don’t take me!’

Mum sighed. ‘Don’t be stupid, Damian!’ she said. ‘NO!’

In the end, she gave in. My mum’s brain power is no match for my razor-sharp cunning.

And so I got to meet the fabulous Tiger Lilly.



Chapter 2

Tiger Lilly's place was mega huge! Even the drive was longer than our street. As we pulled up outside the front door, there she was waiting for us on the steps. A Star! Some guys would have gone wild. But not me! Fame doesn't bother me. Even though her eyes were deep blue and her hair was blonde and right down to her waist – I stayed cool.



Then Mum spoke.

'This is my little boy, Damian,' she said in her mumsy voice. 'I hope you don't mind him coming with me. There was no one to look after him – and he's inclined to get into trouble.'

I ask you! Embarrassing or what? But I stuffed my hands in my pockets and just said, 'Hi!' as if I met celebrities every day.

We followed Tiger Lilly down the hall and into a fantastic room with big comfy chairs and a dangly chandelier.

'Well, Damian,' she said, as she poured us some tea. 'I've got a little brother and he's always in trouble, too!'

'It may seem like trouble to some,' I said, darkly. 'But the fact is I work undercover. I'm a Private Eye.'

I could see she was dead impressed.

'I track down crooks . . . bank robbers . . . forgers . . . that kind of thing.'