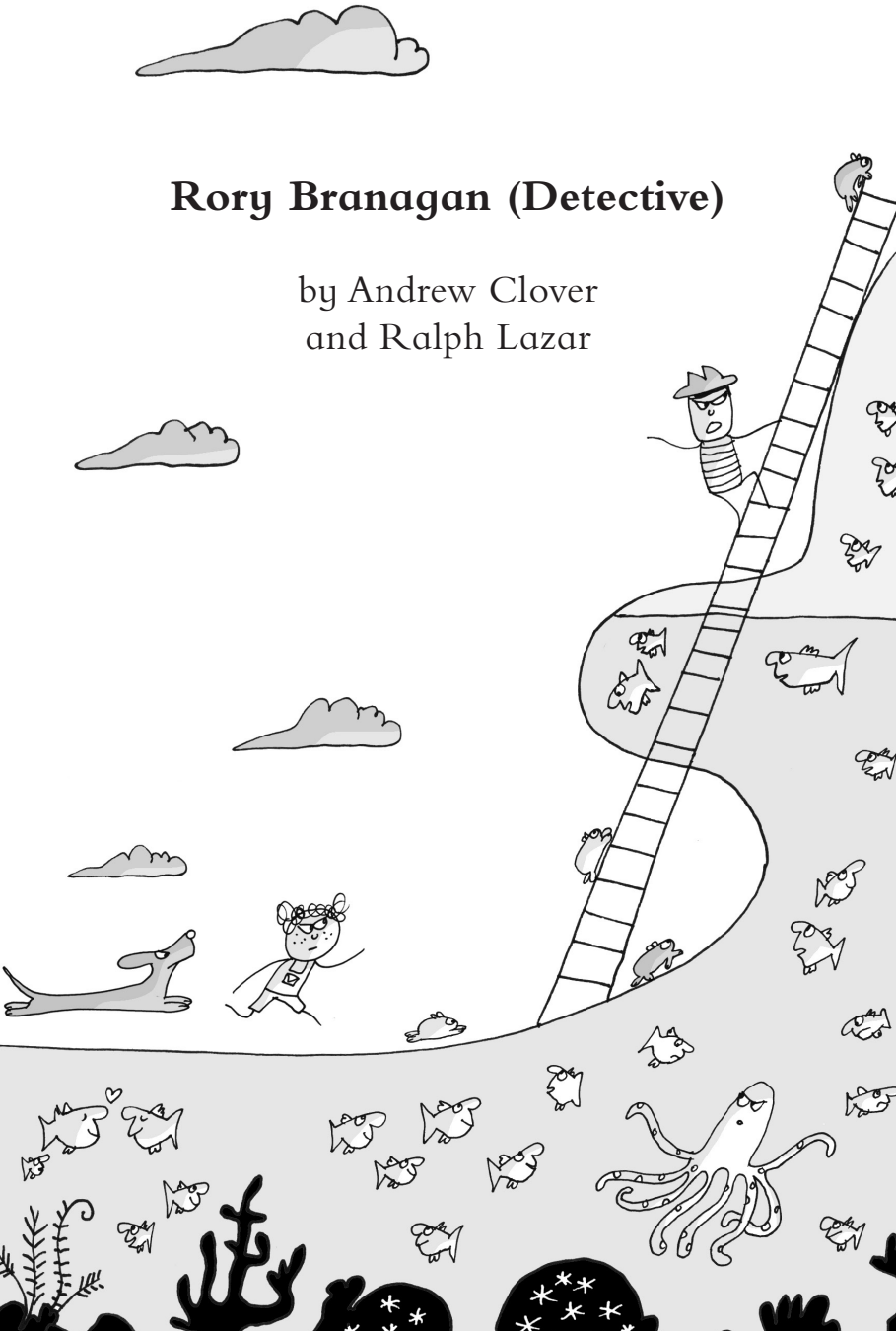
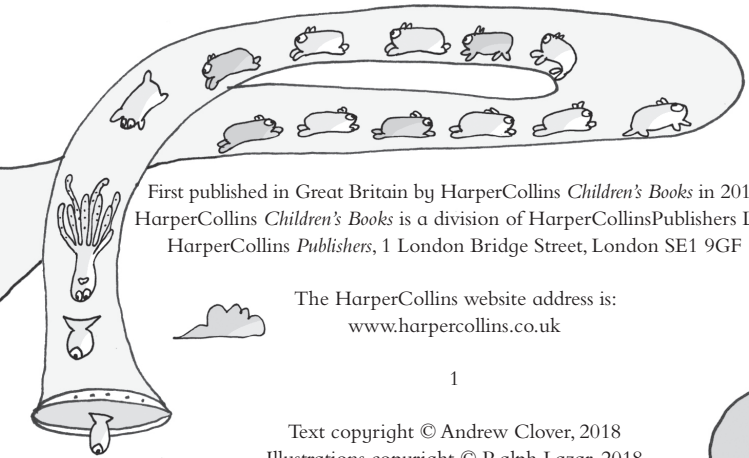
Rory Branagan (Detective)

by Andrew Clover
and Ralph Lazar





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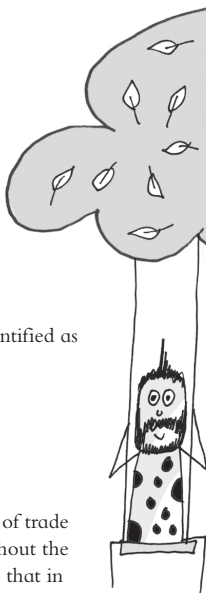
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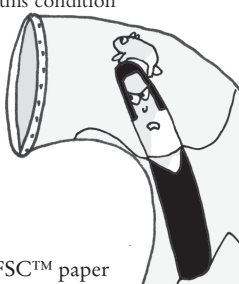
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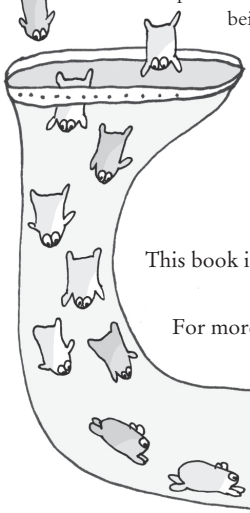
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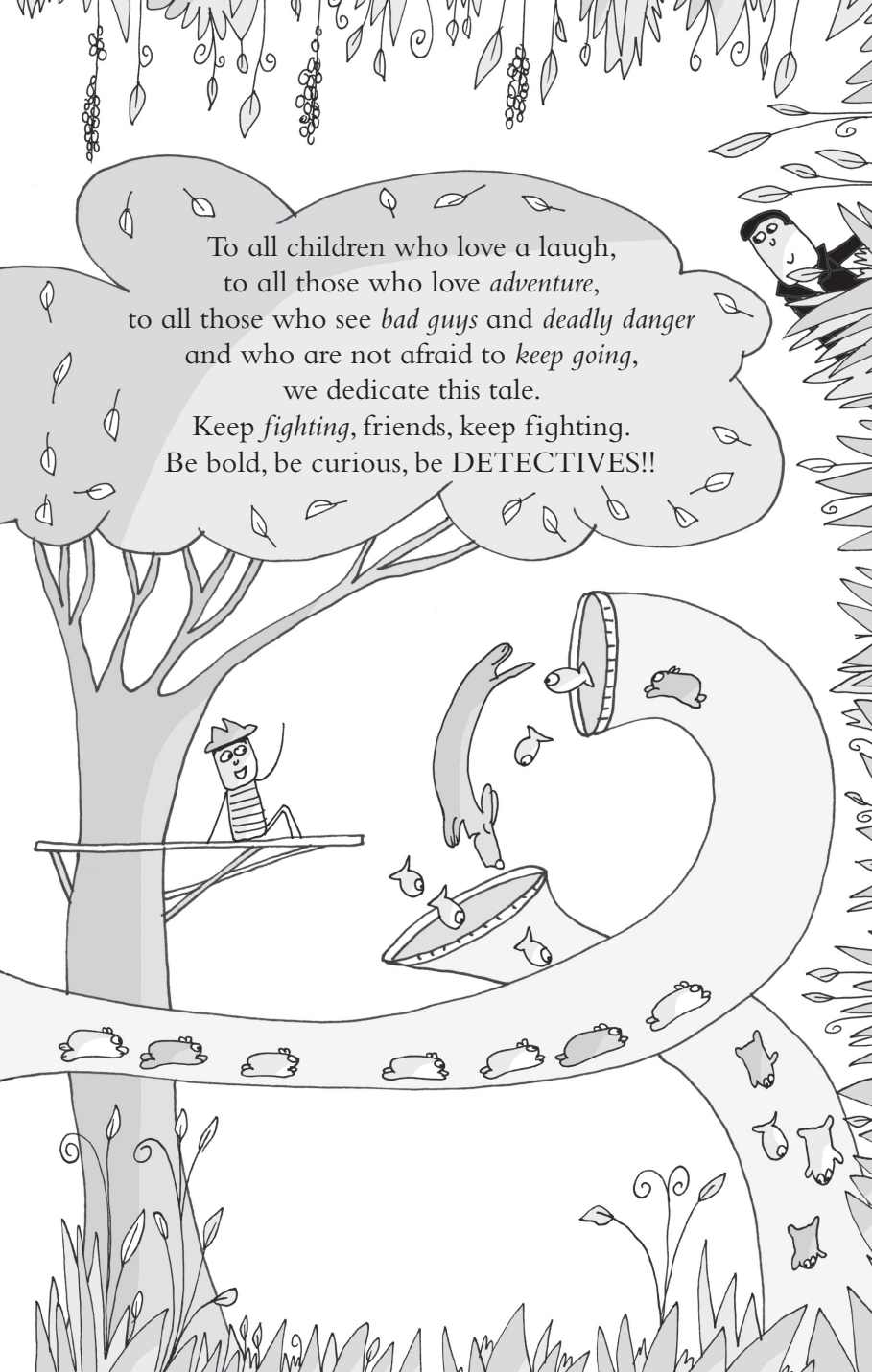


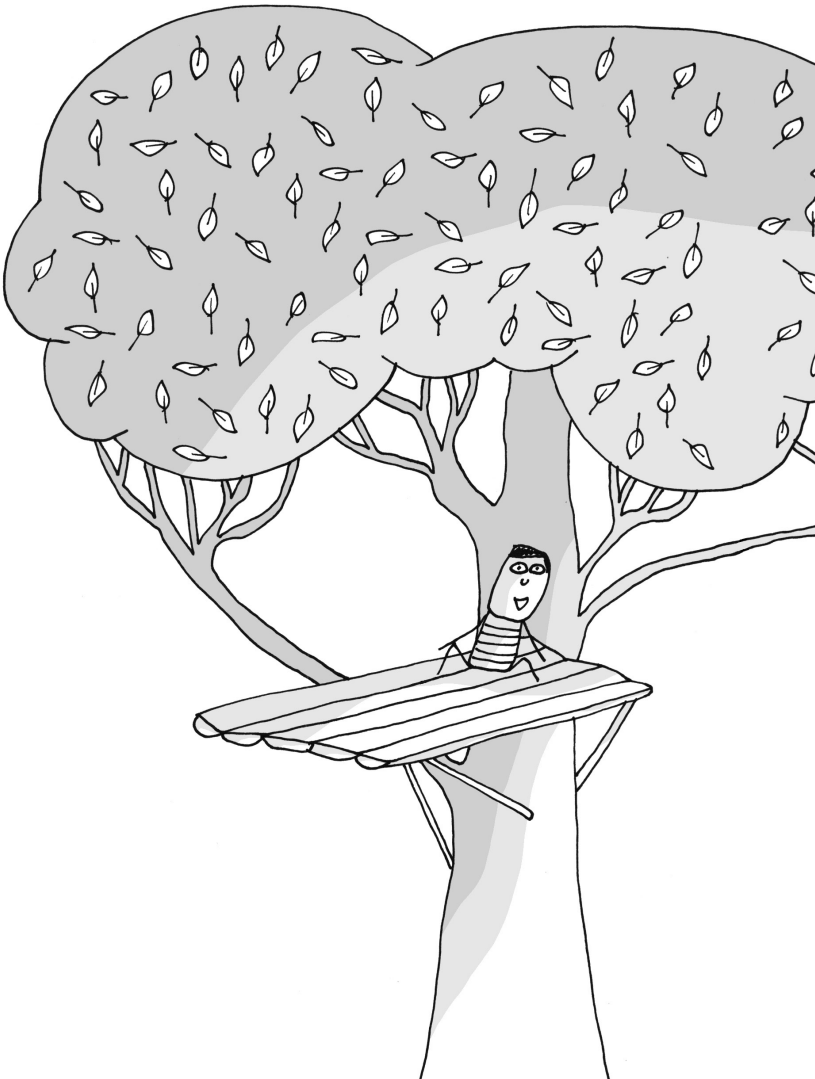


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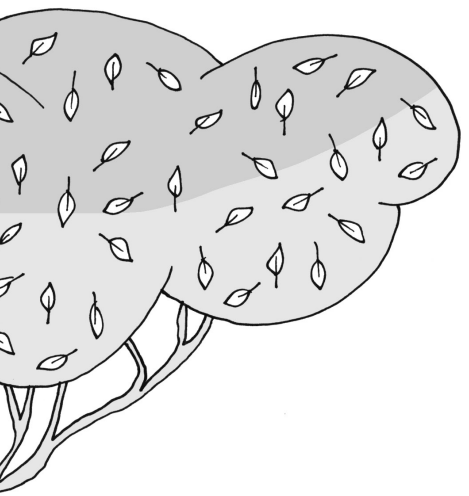
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To all children who love a laugh,
to all those who love *adventure*,
to all those who see *bad guys* and *deadly danger*
and who are not afraid to *keep going*,
we dedicate this tale.
Keep *fighting*, friends, keep fighting.
Be bold, be curious, be DETECTIVES!!



I am Rory Branagan. I am actually a detective.



This is my treehouse den. It's where I come to read, relax and *spy on people*.

That is my mum.



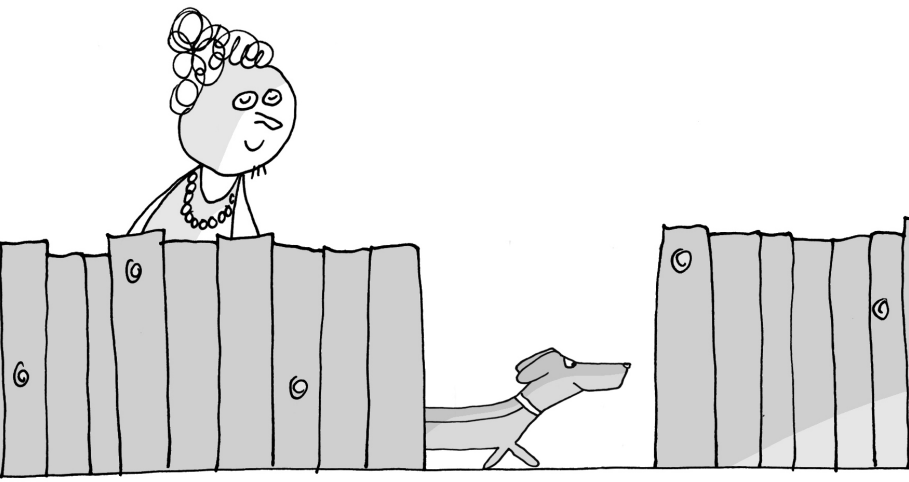


That is my brother.

That is Mrs Welkin, my neighbour,

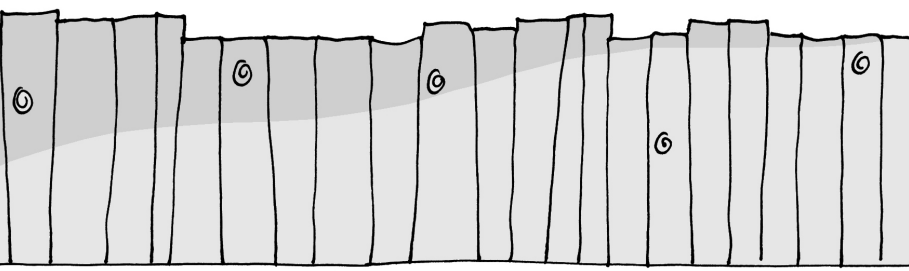
and – **yes!** –

I *detect* that she is with . . .



Wilkins Welkin,

her dog,



who is probably my best friend in

the whole world!!

You might think it's a bit weird having a best friend who's a sausage dog.



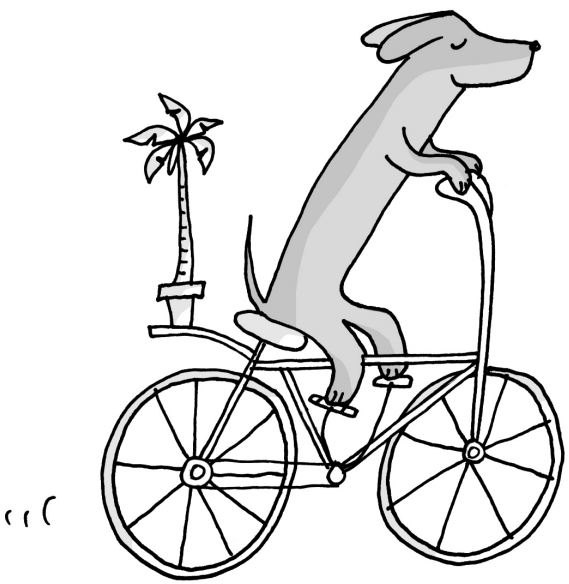
But Wilkins comes over most afternoons and usually we go out and mess about with balls in the park.



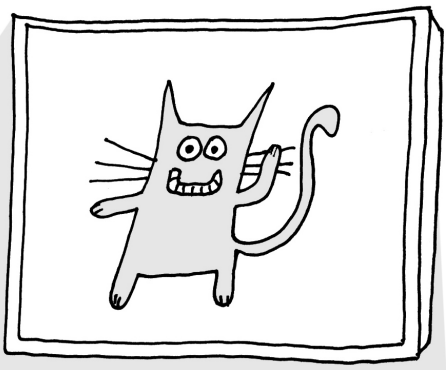
He's just like a normal best friend.

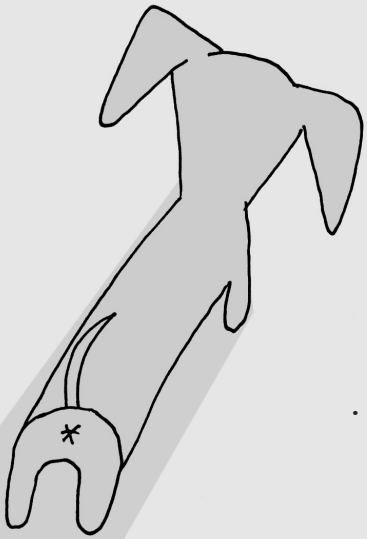
The only difference is . . .

. . . he'd never come round on a bike.



And if we're watching TV, he only *really* pays attention . . .





. . . if there's a cat.

He even comes for sleepovers, and I don't mind admitting that when he does Wilkins Welkin and I . . .



. . . we do hug.



As he *dreams* he kicks his little sausage legs, and just *thinking* what Wilkins might be dreaming about – that makes me smile.