FABIO

THE WORLD'S GREATEST

FLAMINGO DETECTIVE

THE CASE OF THE MISSING HIPPO

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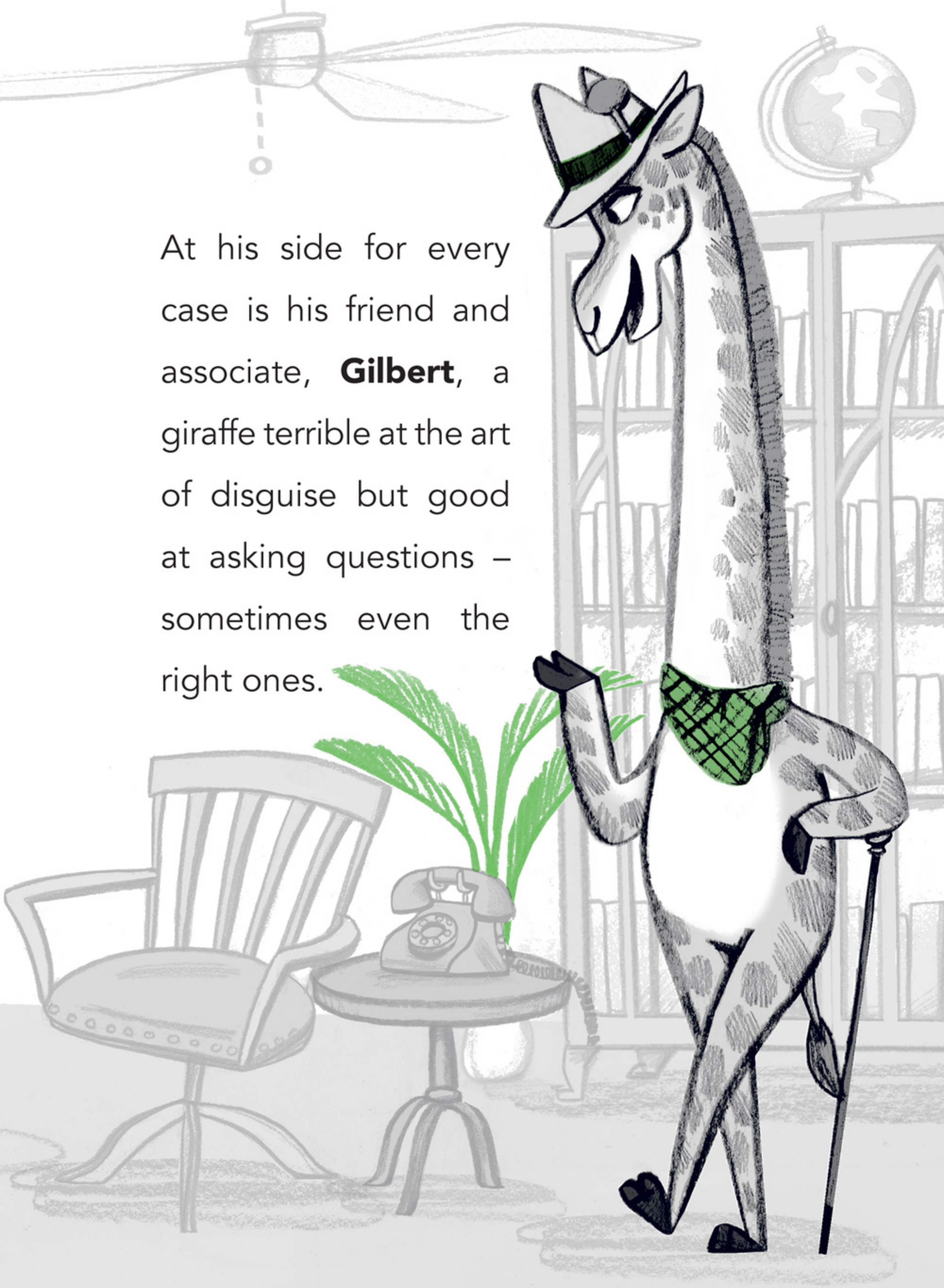
In a small town on the banks of Lake Laloozee lives the world's greatest flamingo detective. His name is **Fabio**. He's not tall or strong, but slight and pink. And he's very, very clever.

At his side for every case is his friend and associate, **Gilbert**, a giraffe terrible at the art of disguise but good at asking questions – sometimes even the right ones.




HOTEL
Royale

Chapter 1

As the sun began to set, Fabio and his great friend Gilbert walked through the splendid doors of the Hotel Royale. It was time for a cool glass of pink lemonade. Little did they know, as they were greeted by Smith, the hotel's owner, that this pleasant place was about to be hit by a big mystery.

'Good evening, gentlemen.'

Smith led them through the grand

but entirely empty lobby to the terrace at the back of the hotel, where they took their usual table by the pool.

At the bar a rhino rustled her newspaper.



Smith was a grumpy old vulture. Fabio had known him for many years. He ran the hotel with his sister, Penelope, who was a temperamental chef. Penelope's daughter Violet had just started working at the hotel too.

'It's very quiet in here this evening,' commented Fabio, taking note of his surroundings.

'Yes,' agreed Smith unhappily. 'Business is slow. Violet has decided to hold a talent contest to liven the place up a bit.' He presented Fabio and Gilbert with the lemonade menu and

gave a small bow. 'It won't work,' he added gloomily. Smith, Fabio knew, did not welcome Violet's schemes. She was going to have a tough time changing things at the hotel.

Fabio spotted Violet putting up a poster advertising the contest.



Smith beckoned her over. 'Violet, come and say hello to Mr Fabio and his good friend Gordon.'

'Gilbert,' Gilbert corrected him. He'd been correcting Smith for years.

'Hello, Mr Fabio, Mr Gilbert,' said Violet. 'Lovely evening, isn't it?'

The rhino at the bar thrust her nose over the top of her newspaper. 'I knew it!' she exclaimed. 'You're that pink detective, aren't you?'

Fabio politely tipped his hat. 'Fabio, the world's greatest flamingo detective at your service, madam.'

'The name's Daphne. But everyone calls me the General. I'm just back from safari. Shall I join you?'

Without waiting for a response, the General put her newspaper under her arm, bustled over to their table and took a seat between Fabio and Gilbert. It was a bit of a squash.

No sooner had the General sat down than there was an enormous splash as a hippo launched herself off the diving board and into the pool, drenching everyone at the table.



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