

Monsieur **MUSTARD**

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF FABIO FANGTOOTH



CHARLEY RABBIT



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*For my
Adam bear*

INTRODUCTION

Good evening! My name is Monsieur Mustard and I am the world's most famous (and most fashionable) detective.

But I know what you are thinking. I must be the world's smallest detective too, yes?

Incorrect!

Detective Hans Hamster from Hamburg is at least one whole grasshopper smaller than myself, so there you go! *Et voilà!*

Anyway, I am here to warn you that this story is not about fluffy unicorns, magic kittens and whatnot. *Non!*

This story is darker than the richest chocolate gâteau, with more twists than the twistiest moustache, and an ending so unexpected, *oh là là!*

Even I, the great

**Monsieur
MUSTARD**

did not
see it coming!



So, for those of you who don't want to
witness such **DARKNESS**,
such **MYSTERY**,
such **MAYHEM!**

*Au revoir!
Goodbye!*

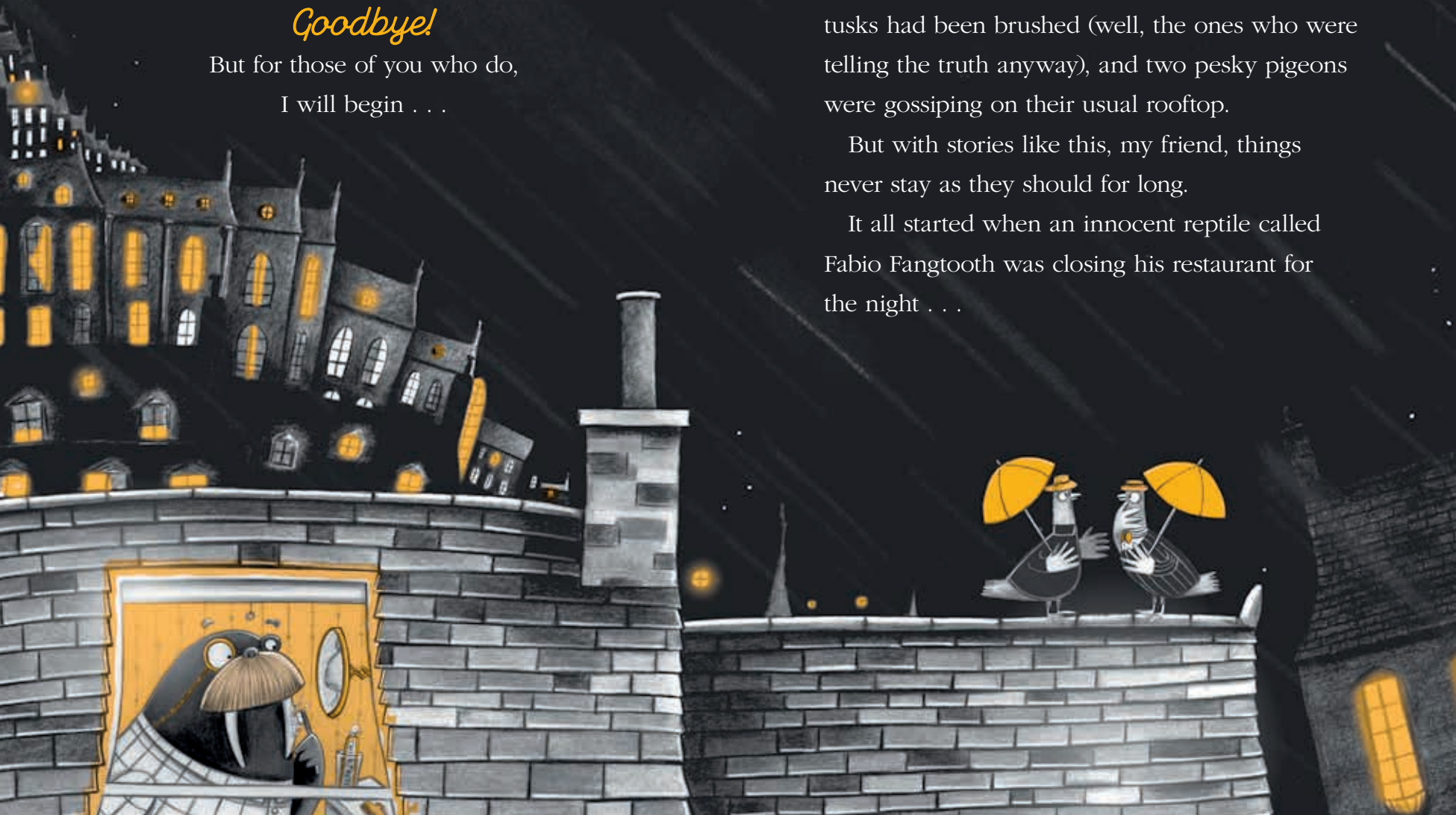
But for those of you who do,
I will begin . . .

. . . One evening, way past your bedtime, in
a city called Bath, everything was as it should
have been.

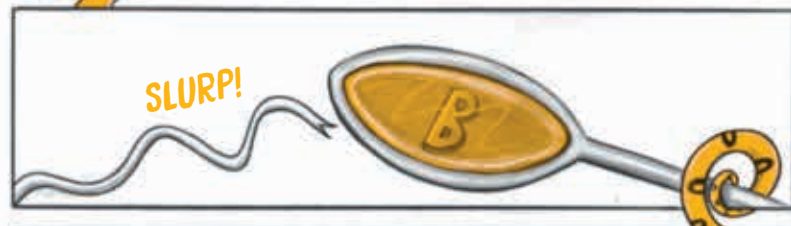
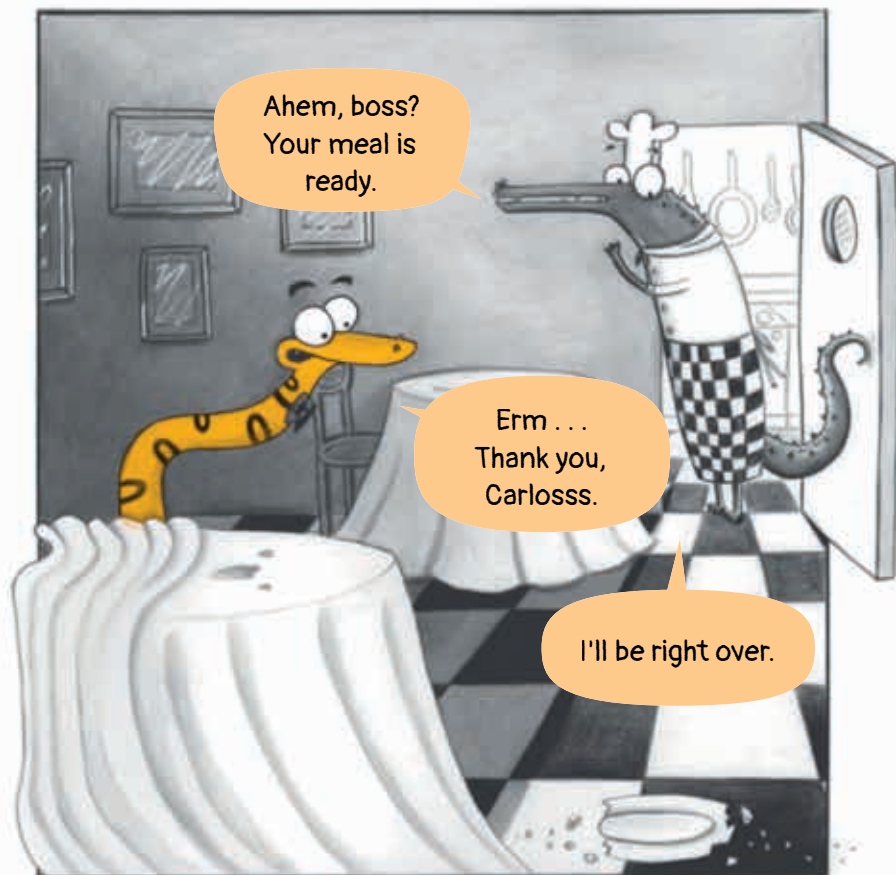
The usual butter colour of the buildings had
been gobbled up by the night, all the teeth and
tusks had been brushed (well, the ones who were
telling the truth anyway), and two pesky pigeons
were gossiping on their usual rooftop.

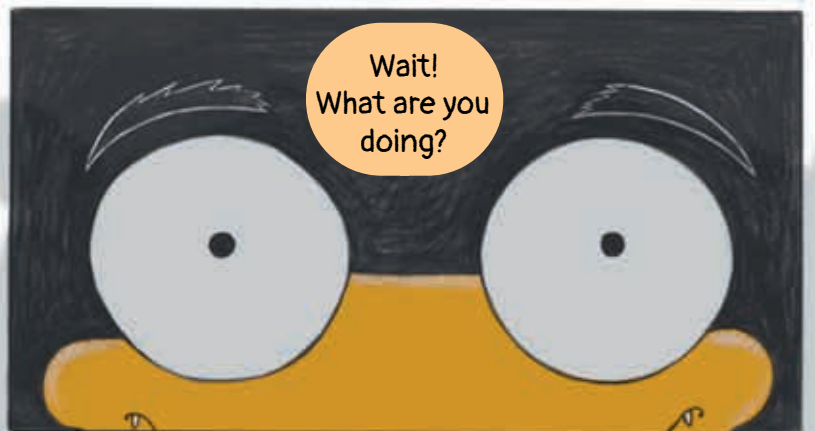
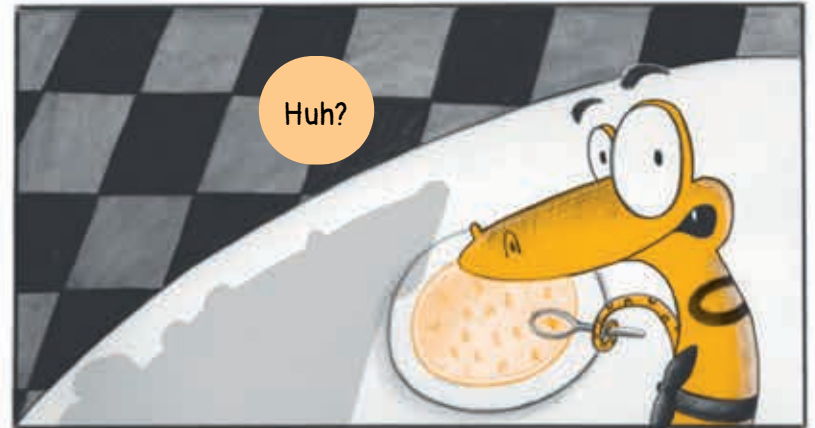
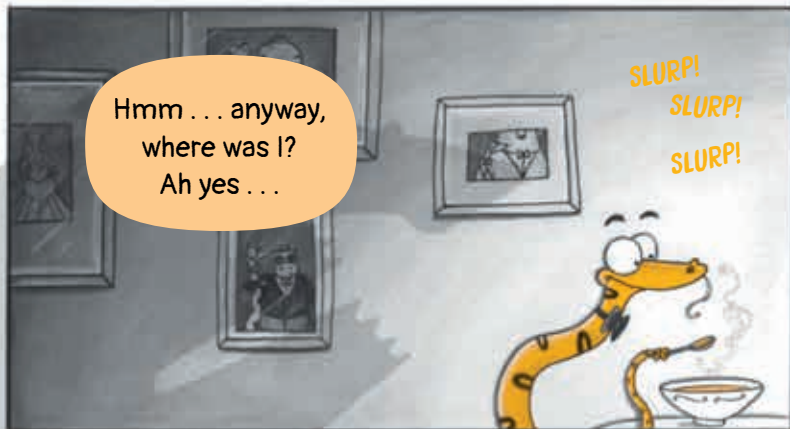
But with stories like this, my friend, things
never stay as they should for long.

It all started when an innocent reptile called
Fabio Fangtooth was closing his restaurant for
the night . . .









Hisssss!