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Opening extract from

Winnie Goes Wild!

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For Oliver, Anna and Julia in Cape Town – K.P.
For Clare Graffy, with love – xx

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Detective Winnie



'Ooo, Wilbur!' Winnie clutched poor Wilbur as if he was a cushion. She peeped around him at the television. 'That poor lady has been kidnapped! She's been tied like a sweet flea plant to a stake, and she can't escape! Ooo, whatever is going to happen to her?'

'Mrrugug!' gurgled poor Wilbur.

On the television, Detective Derek had found Bad Boris in his woodland den.

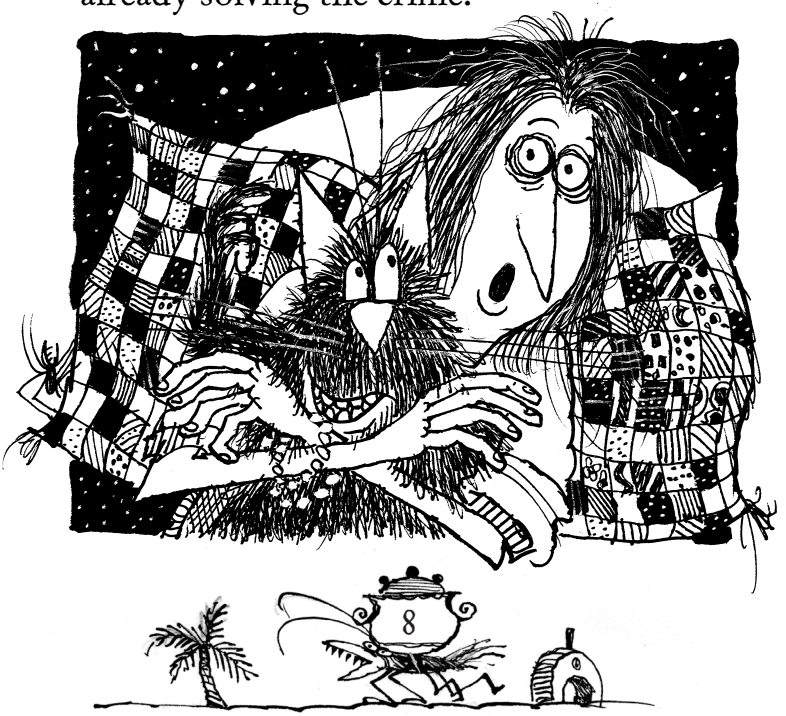


‘Where have you hidden her, Boris? That handbag doesn’t go with your outfit, so I know it isn’t yours. It must be stolen. It’s hers, isn’t it! But what have you done with her, eh?’

‘Shan’t tell!’ said Bad Boris.

‘Oh poor lady!’ said Winnie.

But cunning Detective Derek was already solving the crime.



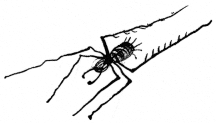
'Those are strange footprints, Bad Boris,' he said. 'Your left footprints are blue while your right ones are yellow. So I reckon you've got her in that old paint factory!'

'It's true, I have!' wailed Bad Boris.

So the lady was rescued from the paint factory, and given back her handbag. Winnie turned off the televison.

'He's as clever as a clog, that Detective Derek!' said Winnie.





The next morning Winnie and Wilbur were in the village when…

'Yap yap yap!'

'Whatever's that?' said Winnie. 'Oo, look, Wilbur! There's a dear little doggy tied up to that post, just like the lady on the telly. He must have been dognapped by a baddie like Bad Boris!'



'Meeo!' Wilbur was shaking his head.

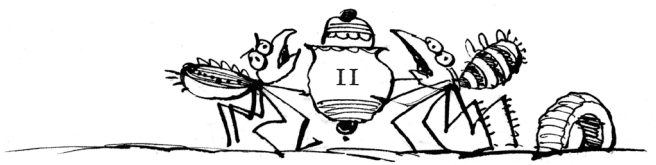


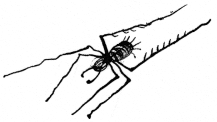


'We must save him!' said Winnie. 'That's what Detective Derek would do!'

So Winnie untied the little dog, and popped it into her shopping bag. Then they went home. **Yarooo! Yap yap yap!** noises came from the bag.

'He's just upset by being dognapped,' said Winnie.





Back home, Winnie took the dog from the bag.

'Grrr snap!'

'You're not a crocodile, so stop that!' said Winnie, snatching her fingers out of the dog's way. 'You're frightened, aren't you, you poor little pooch?'



