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Opening extract from

The Ghostly Guinea Pig

Written by

Kate Pankhurst

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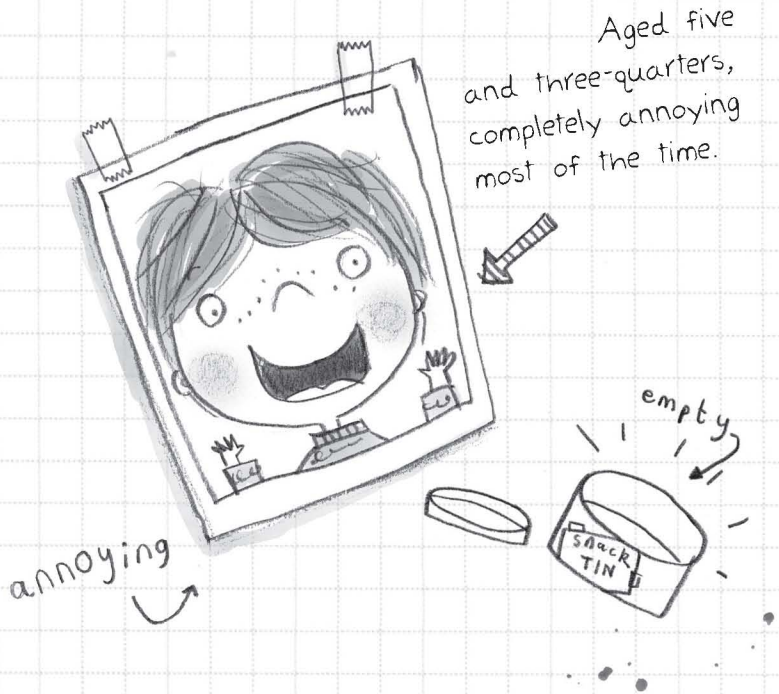


I've only been up for forty-five minutes and I've already solved a mystery. I'm definitely getting

Rehearsals for the talent show are scheduled for 8:40am in the school playground, so I head down to Mystery Girls Headquarters (tree house Dad built at the end of the garden) to get my tap shoes. I left them in there after last night's Mystery Girl team meeting.

I realise security has been breached! The Mystery Girls snack tin has been raided, a pot of felt-tip pens has been tipped over on top of some very important bits of evidence, and the Mystery Phone handset has been dislodged from its usual position. None of the Mystery Girls would do this. So who could it be?

My amazing powers of deduction enable me to deduce who the intruder is. Pinned to our notice board, in the section for Mystery Girl team members, is a photograph of a familiar face.



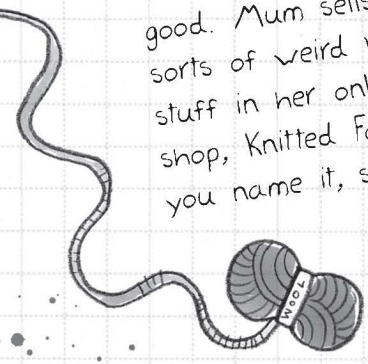
I have told my little brother, Arthur, he can't join the Mystery Girls because **A:** He is not a girl and **B:** he is too annoying to help me with my very serious work solving mysteries.

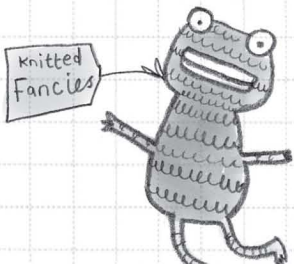


Arthur (prime suspect) is sitting in the kitchen as if nothing has happened. To make matters worse, he's stroking MY trusty sidekick and cat (Watson). I threaten to pour ketchup on his ChocoPops unless he confesses. He denies all knowledge. I know he's lying. Adults are no help whatsoever.



Too busy packing a customer's order of knitted zoo animals to notice her son has been up to no good. Mum sells all sorts of weird knitted stuff in her online shop, Knitted Fancies – you name it, she'll knit it.







Reading the *Puddleford Gazette* (that's where he works). Successfully ignoring the evidence that Arthur has committed a terrible crime.

I decide to get a guard dog, or a really fancy alarm system, for Mystery Girls HQ. I'll do that when I've saved up enough money to get the Mystery Phone connected. Mum says having a working phone line in a tree house is extravagant. I say it's essential if I'm ever going to open my own detective agency.

Case closed, for now.

