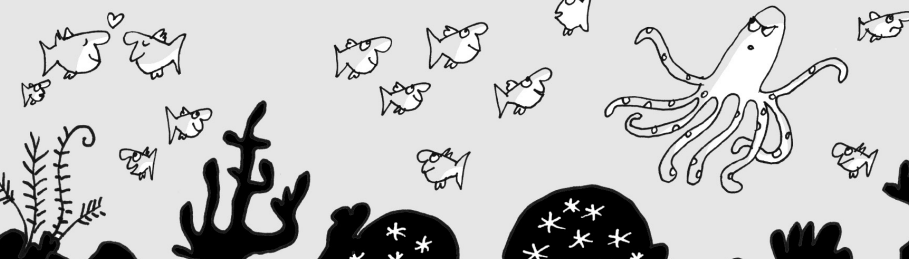
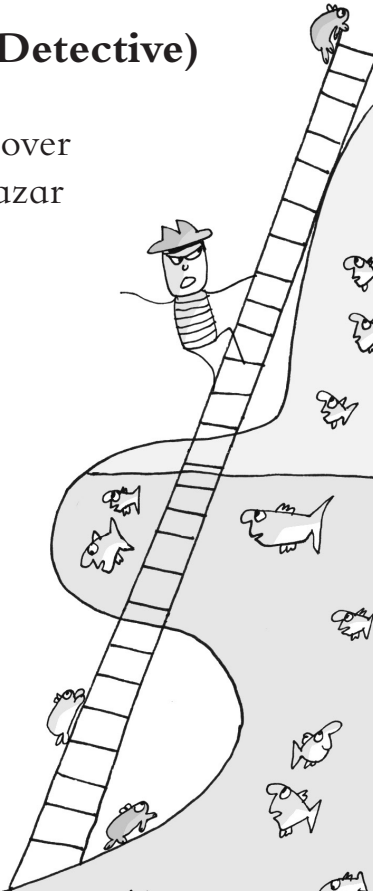
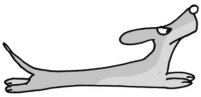





Rory Branagan (Detective)

by Andrew Clover
and Ralph Lazar





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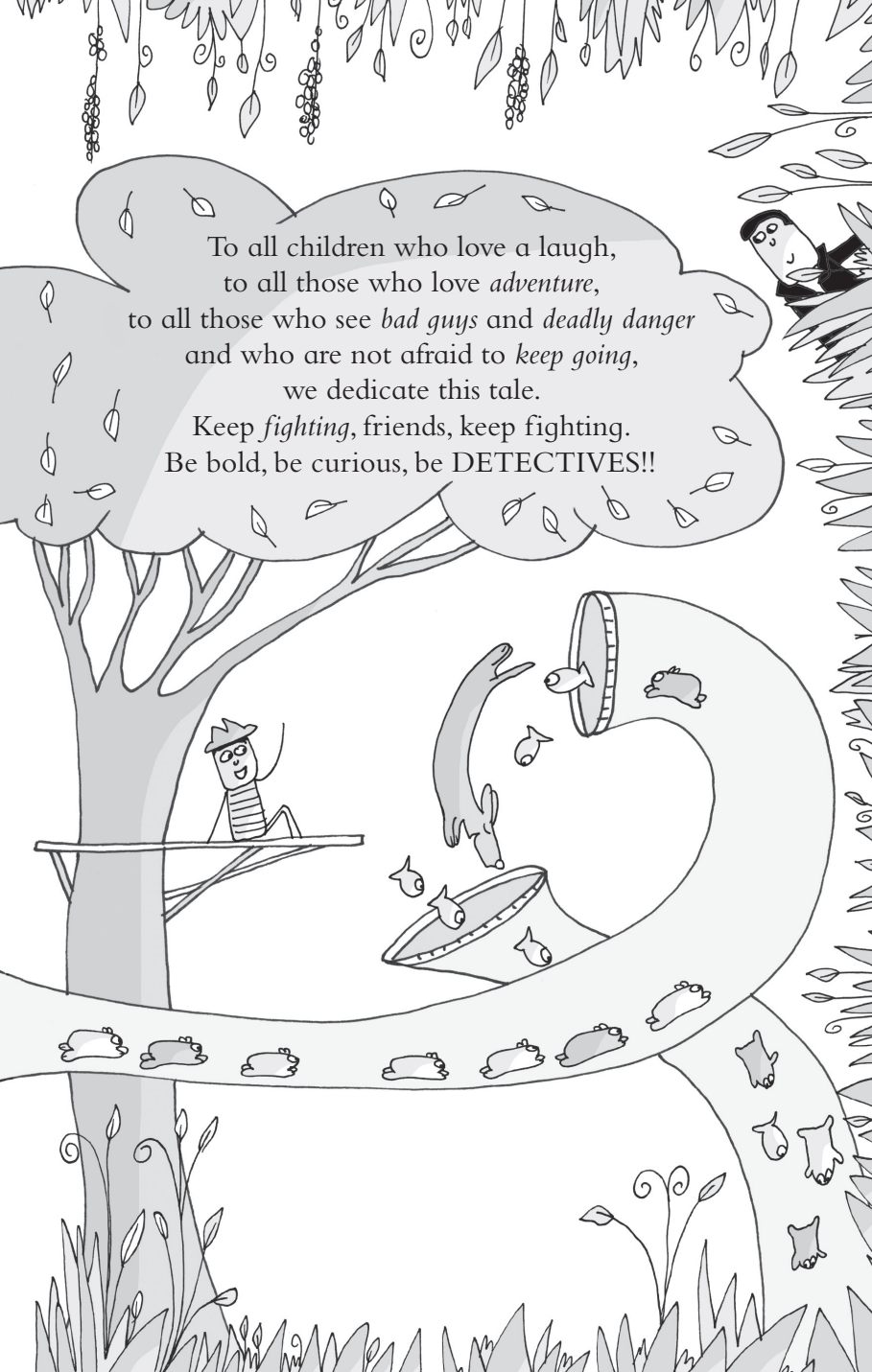
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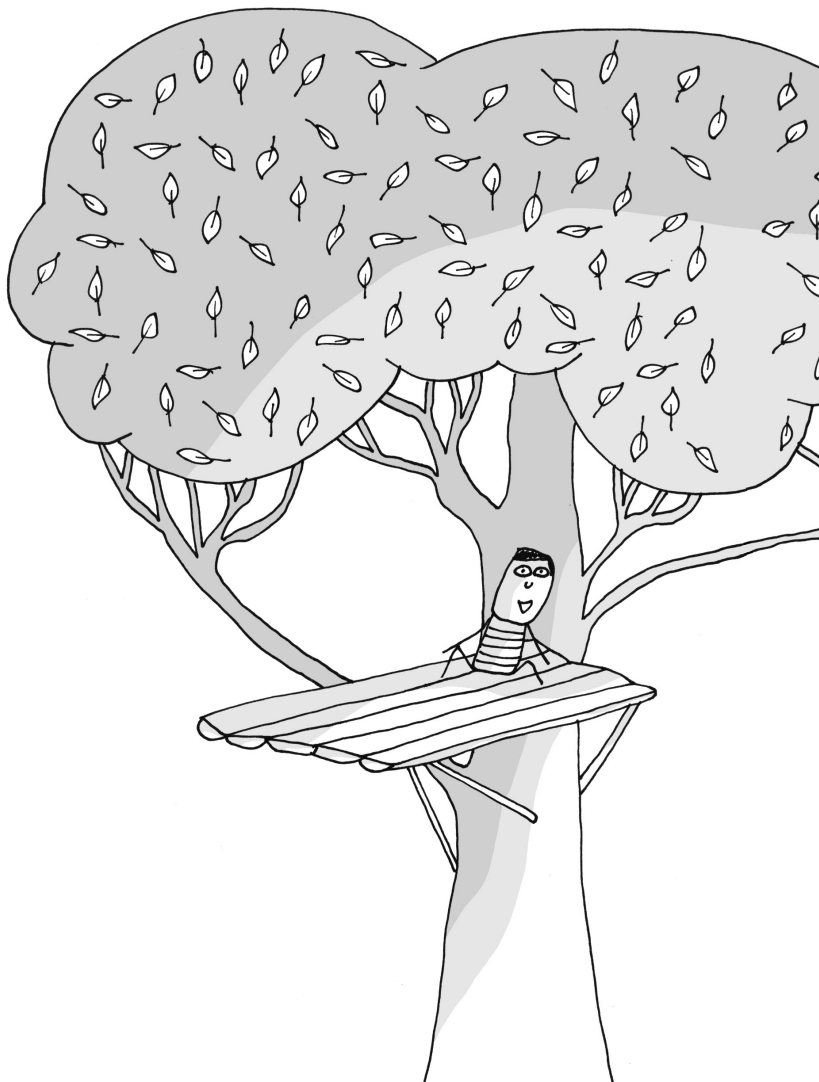
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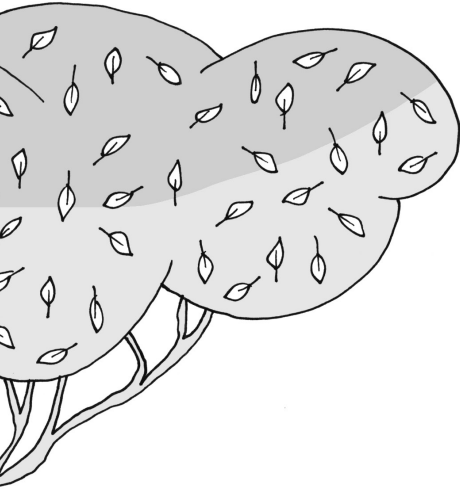


To all children who love a laugh,
to all those who love *adventure*,
to all those who see *bad guys* and *deadly danger*
and who are not afraid to *keep going*,
we dedicate this tale.

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*.



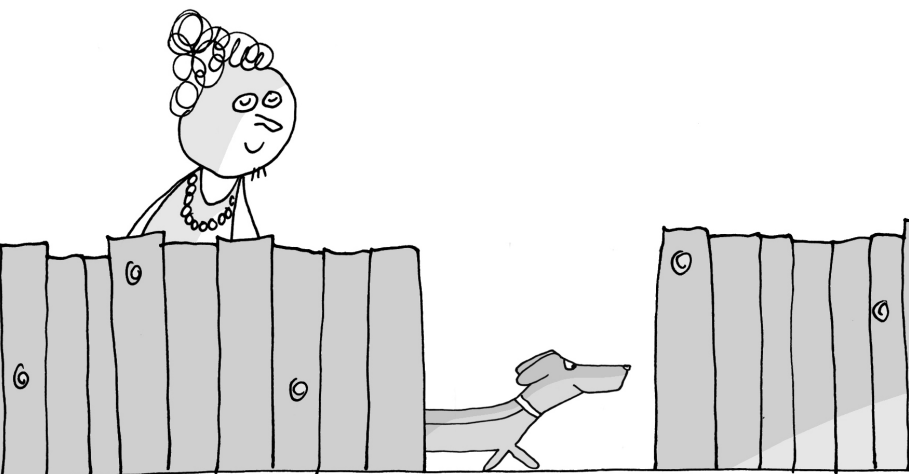
That is my mum.



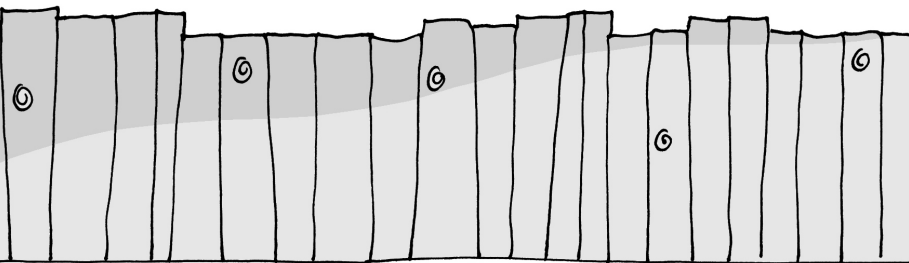
That is my brother.

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.



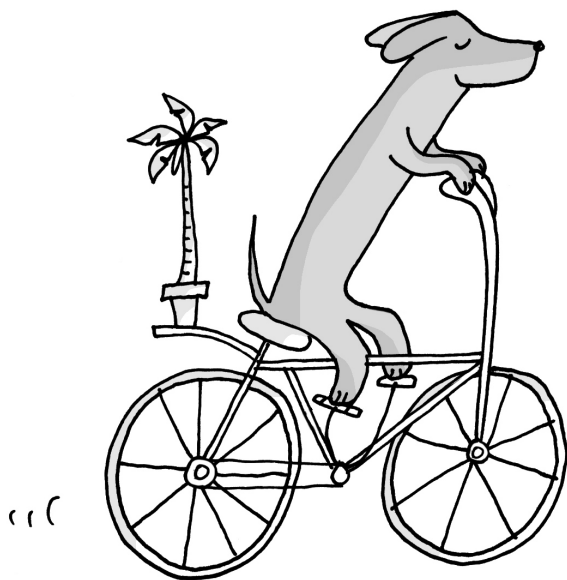
But Wilkins comes over most afternoons
and usually we go out and mess about
with balls in the park.



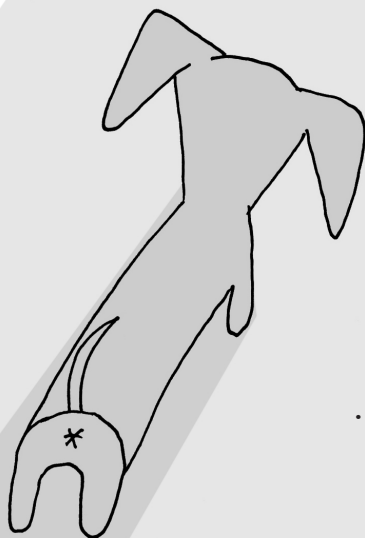
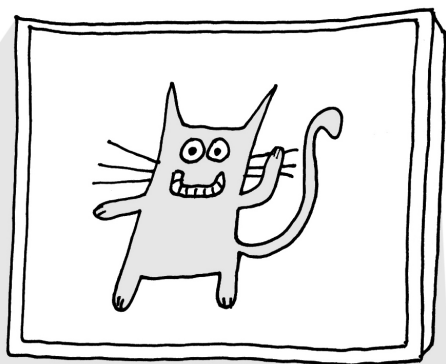
He's just like a normal best friend.

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.