

Percy Pigeon: Doughnut Detective

Percy Pigeon has a dream: to be a great detective like his great-grandfather. But there's just one problem: crime solving is very tricky. After Percy loses a thief and accidentally eats the evidence, he is close to giving up. Until Percy and his friend, Mouse the rat, are given a second chance. Will they save the day in the end?



Maverick
Chapter Readers



RRP £6.99
maverickbooks.co.uk



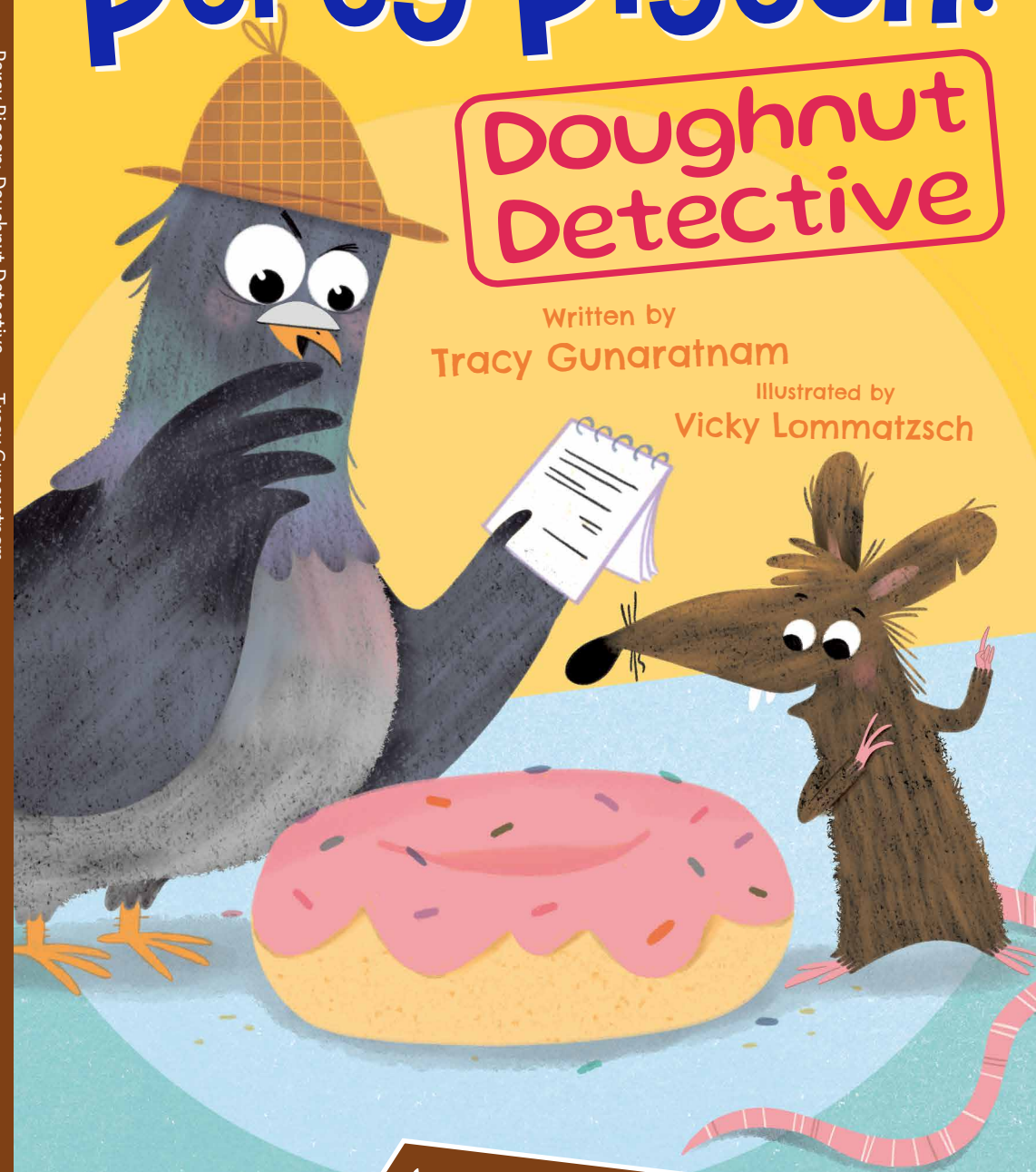
This book is Brown Band/Level 12

Percy Pigeon:

Doughnut Detective

Written by
Tracy Gunaratnam

Illustrated by
Vicky Lommatzsch



Maverick Chapter Readers

Percy Pigeon: Doughnut Detective

Tracy Gunaratnam

Maverick

'Percy Pigeon: Doughnut Detective'

An original concept by Tracy Gunaratnam

© Tracy Gunaratnam 2022

Illustrated by Vicky Lommatzsch

Published by MAVERICK ARTS PUBLISHING LTD

Studio 11, City Business Centre, 6 Brighton Road,
Horsham, West Sussex, RH13 5BB

© Maverick Arts Publishing Limited August 2022

+44 (0)1403 256941

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available at the British Library.

ISBN 978-1-84886-914-1

Maverick
publishing
www.maverickbooks.co.uk



This book is rated as: Brown Band (Guided Reading)

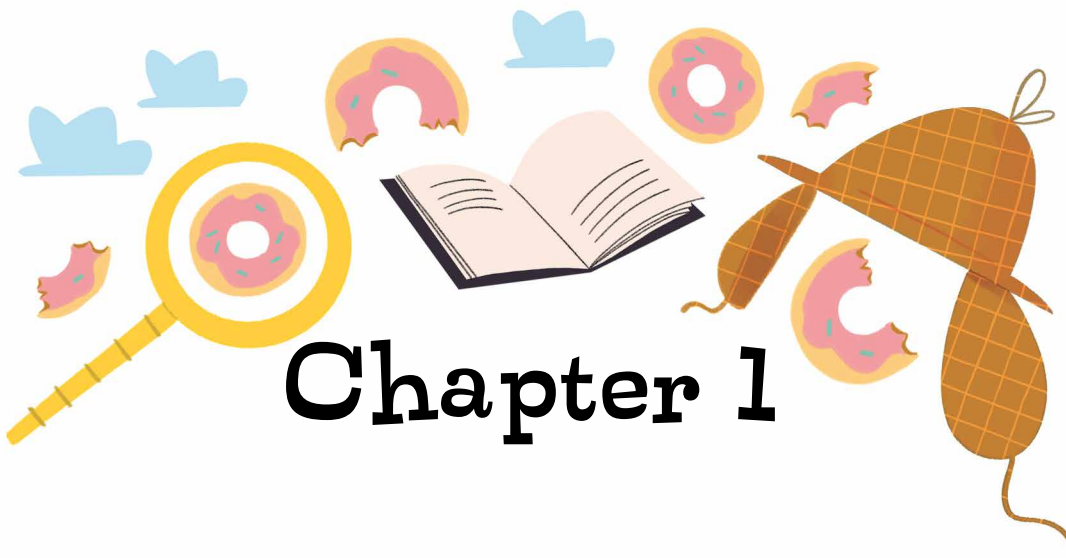
Percy Pigeon:

Doughnut Detective

Written by
Tracy Gunaratnam

Illustrated by
Vicky Lommatzsch





Chapter 1

Percy was a pigeon. A pigeon on a mission! This mission was so marvellous, Percy couldn't possibly keep it to himself. And who better to share it with, than his best friend Mouse.



Mouse was sitting on his favourite wheelie bin outside Number 33.

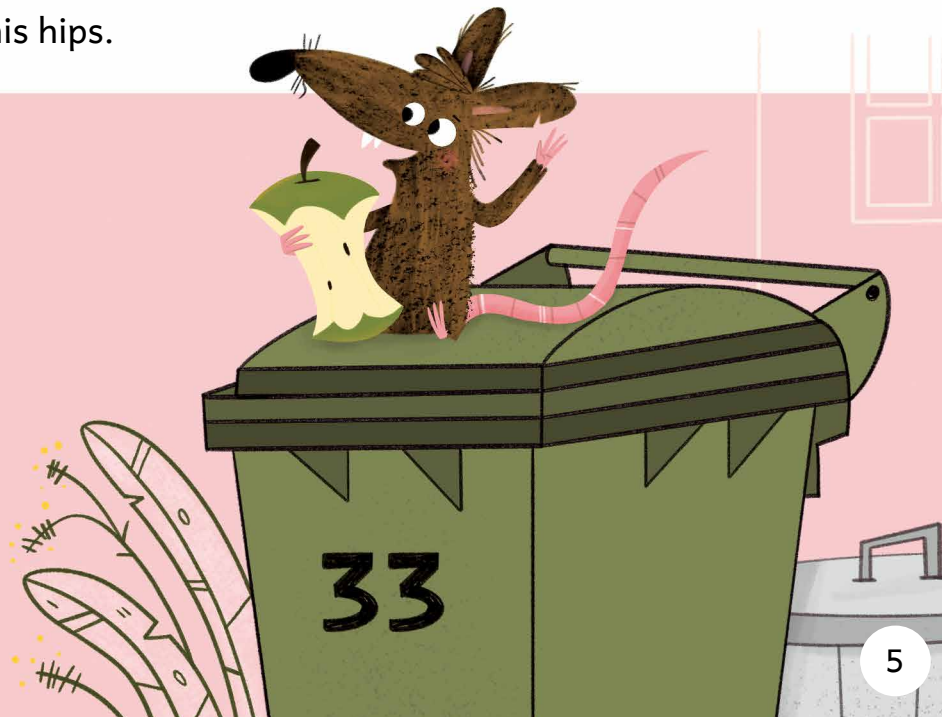
"I thought I'd find you here, Mouse," said Percy. "Guess what?"

"Erm," replied Mouse. "You've found the Loch Ness monster?"

"NO!" groaned Percy, shaking his head.

"You've tunnelled your way to Australia?"

"NO!" bristled Percy with his wings on his hips.



“Wait a minute,” said Mouse worriedly. “You didn’t find a tasty snack and eat it without me, did you?”

“NO!” cried Percy at the top of his voice. “I’d never do that. We’re a team!”

“Exactly!” said Mouse. “Well, in that case Percy, I give up.”

Phew, thought Percy.

“Listen up, Mouse,” he said, puffing out his chest. “I, dear friend, am going to follow in my great-grandad’s footsteps! And I’ve got a proper detective hat to prove it. It’s called a ‘deer stalker’, you know. It’s got earflaps and ribbons, see!” Percy pulled the hat right down over his head. “Ta-da!”

Mouse was so flabbergasted he almost fell off the wheelie bin.

“But Percy,” he said. “Correct me if I’m wrong:



wasn't your great-grandad the most famous Pigeon Detective of all time?"

"Indeed," replied Percy proudly. "Isn't it exciting?"

"That's one word for it," said Mouse, "and bonkers is another. Seriously, Percy, are you sure it's wise? I mean, you don't know anything about being a detective. And as for your observational skills..."

Percy looked puzzled. "What observational skills?" he asked.

"Exactly," replied Mouse. "Let's put it this way: you've been calling me Mouse since the moment we met. But I'm not a mouse at all. I'm quite obviously and unmistakably a *rat*."

Percy took a good, long look at his best friend. "You're right!" he said, blushing with embarrassment. "How terrible of me."

"It's not terrible at all," replied Mouse. "I love my nickname: it's really cool. Anyway, my real name's Basil, and who wants to be called that? But that's not the point. The point is: to be a great detective, a pigeon needs a smidgen of know-how and a sharp eye for detail."

"I've got plenty of know-how!" huffed Percy.

Mouse raised a furry eyebrow. "Well, it never hurts to have a little more. Come on, I know just the thing."