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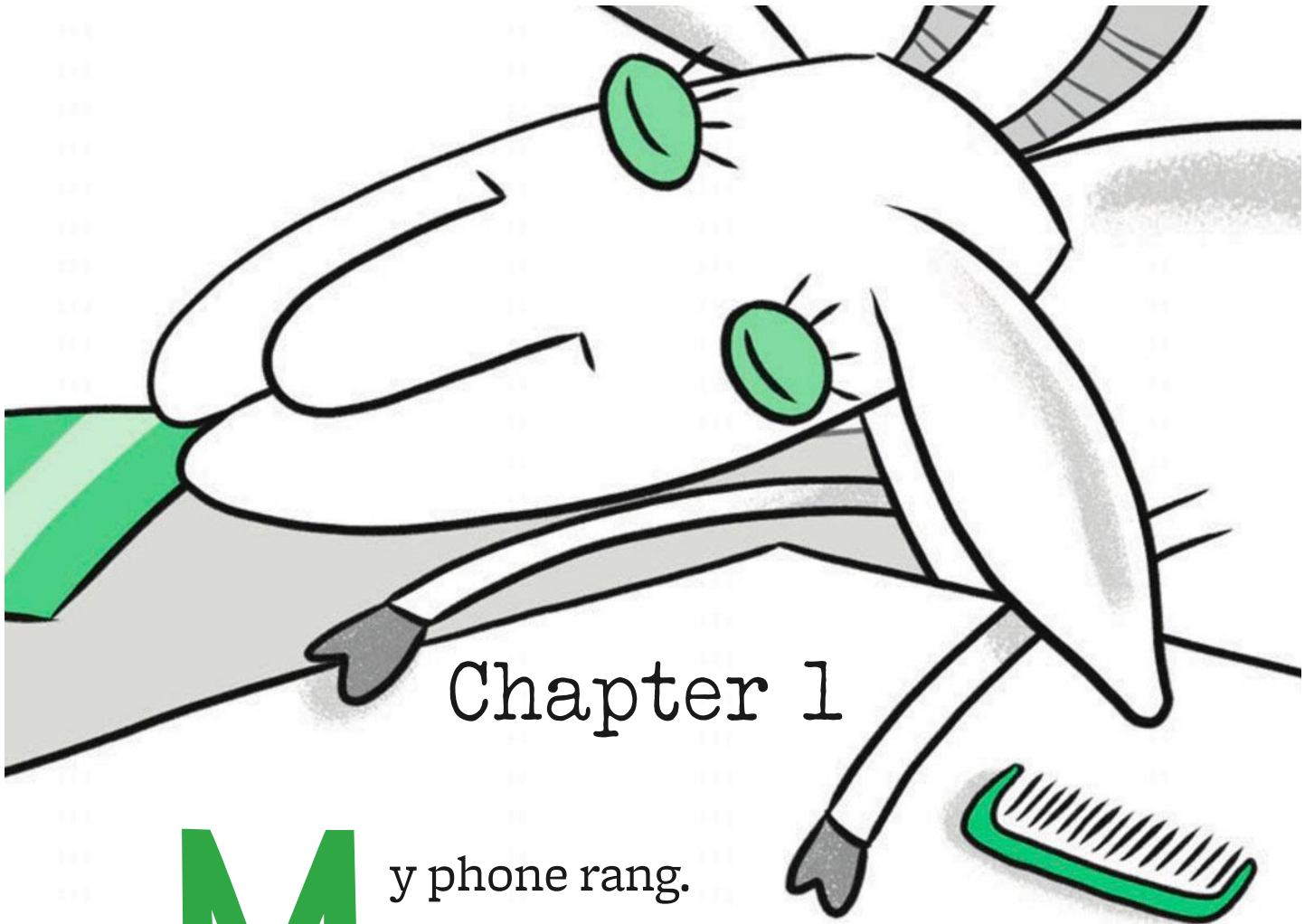
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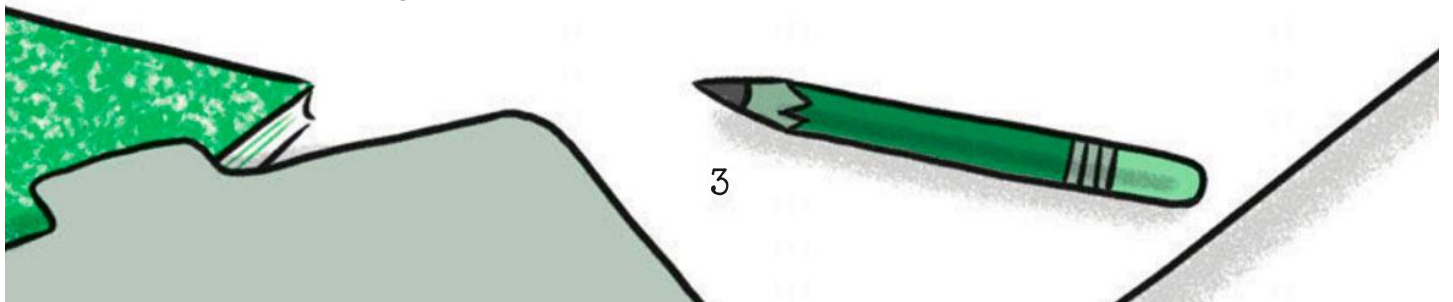
Chapter 1

My phone rang.
“Hello,” I said. “Flytrap Detective Agency.”

A gruff voice started barking questions at me.

“You solve mysteries—right, bud?”

“I am not a bud. I am a fully grown Venus flytrap,” I replied.



“A Venus flytrap? Isn’t that one of those plants that can eat flies?”

“Yes,” I replied. “I eat flies, and I also solve mysteries. But I only solve the world’s greatest mysteries.”

“Huh?” growled the voice.

“I want to be the World’s Greatest Detective,” I said. “So I’ve decided to solve only the world’s greatest mysteries from now on. Is your mystery one of the world’s greatest mysteries?”



“Uh, well,” whimpered the voice. “We’re putting on a dog show, and someone stole an invitation to compete in it.”

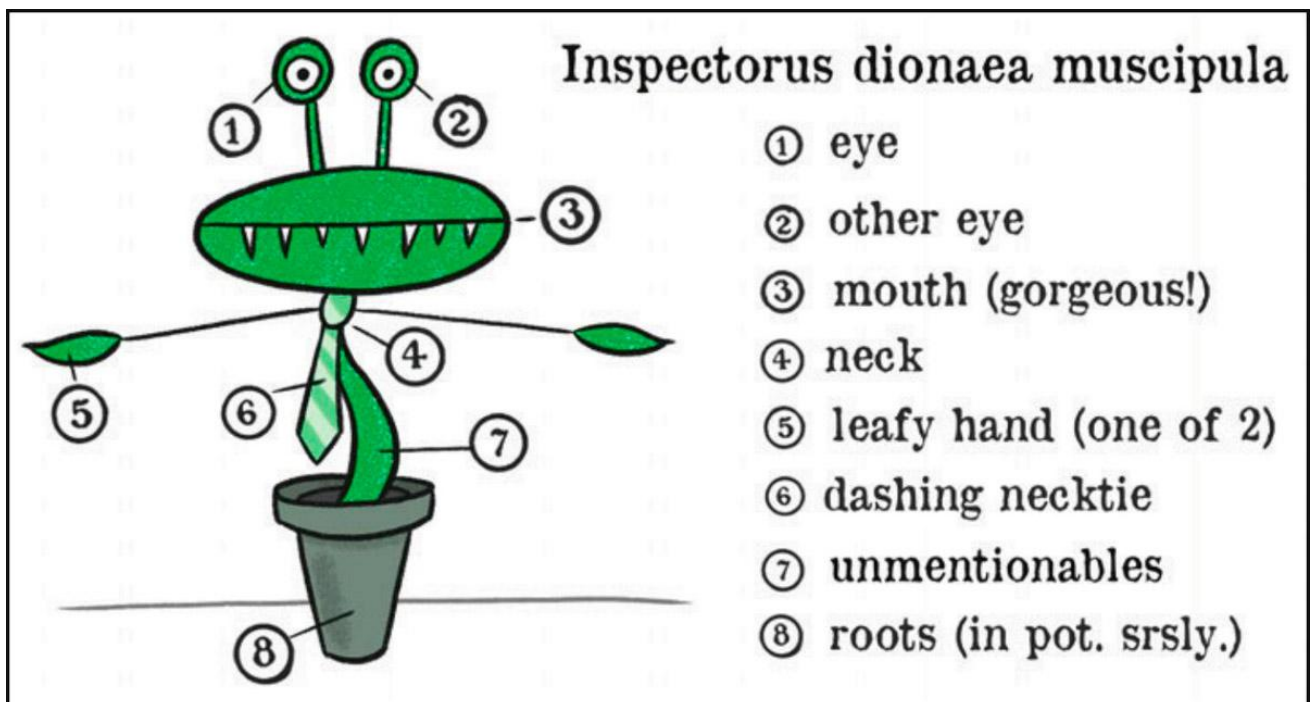
“Hmm,” I said. “That sounds more like a paperwork problem than one of the world’s greatest mysteries. I’m sorry, but I can’t help you.”

“Please!” howled the voice.

“Oh, okay. I’ll keep my eyes open for it.”

“You have eyes? I thought you were a plant.”

“Yes, I’m a plant, with eyes, a mouth, and leafy hands. Now—”



“What about feet? Do you have feet?”

“No, I have roots,” I said.

“Then how do you go around investigating mysteries?”

“Well, it’s none of your business, but I have a goat who pushes me on a skateboard,” I said. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, that goat is about to eat my new necktie. Goodbye.”

“You have a neck?”

I hung up!

“Nina, please stop eating my tie!” I said. “It was very expensive!”



“Big deal,” said Nina, but she stopped.

“Can you believe that person called me about a missing piece of paper?”

“Mmm, paper!” said Nina.

Nina the Goat is my assistant. She pushes me around so I can solve crimes. She is a goat. Goats are famous for eating almost anything. But for Nina there is no “almost.” She eats EVERYTHING—

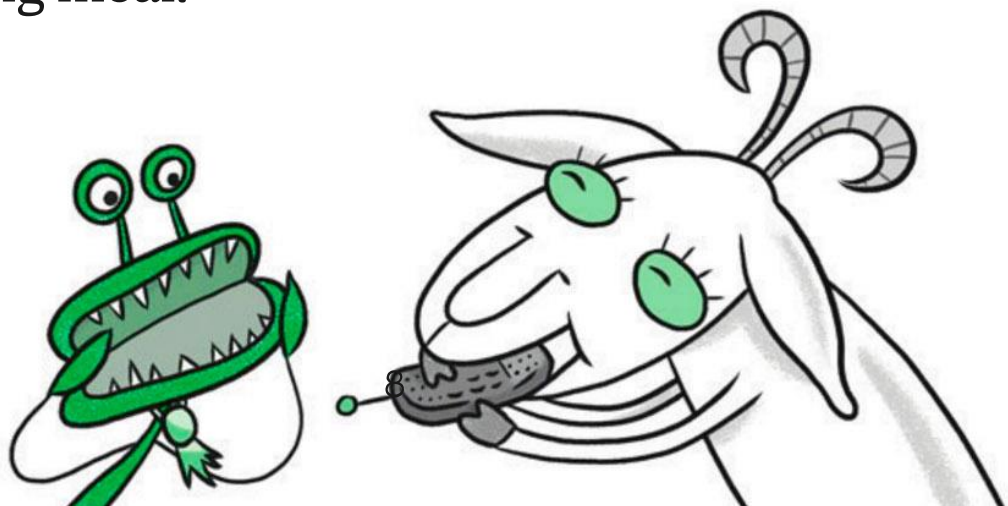




plastic buckets, metal cans, glass bottles, straw hats, wooden cabinets, cotton underwear, and whatever it is telephones are made out of! She really seems to like that.

“Nina! Stop eating the telephone! It could ring at any second with news of a brand-new world’s greatest mystery for me to solve!”

“Big meal.”





Chapter 2

My phone rang.

“Hello,” I said. “Flytrap Detective Agency.”

A very fancy voice started bossing me around.

“Flytrap, you must come down to the train station right away! My pickle paperweight has been stolen!”

“Sorry,” I said. “I have already found

missing pickle paperweights twice before. Now that I am solving only the world's greatest mysteries, I cannot waste any more time on pickle paperweights."

"But this is the world's GREATEST pickle paperweight," the fancy voice insisted. "It's a solid-gold pickle that's encrusted with emeralds, diamonds, and moon rocks, and I recently bought it for 100 million dollars!"

"I'll be right there," I said and hung up.

"Nina! The game is afoot! We have a world's greatest mystery to solve!"

"Big deal," said Nina, swallowing the rest of my tie.

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