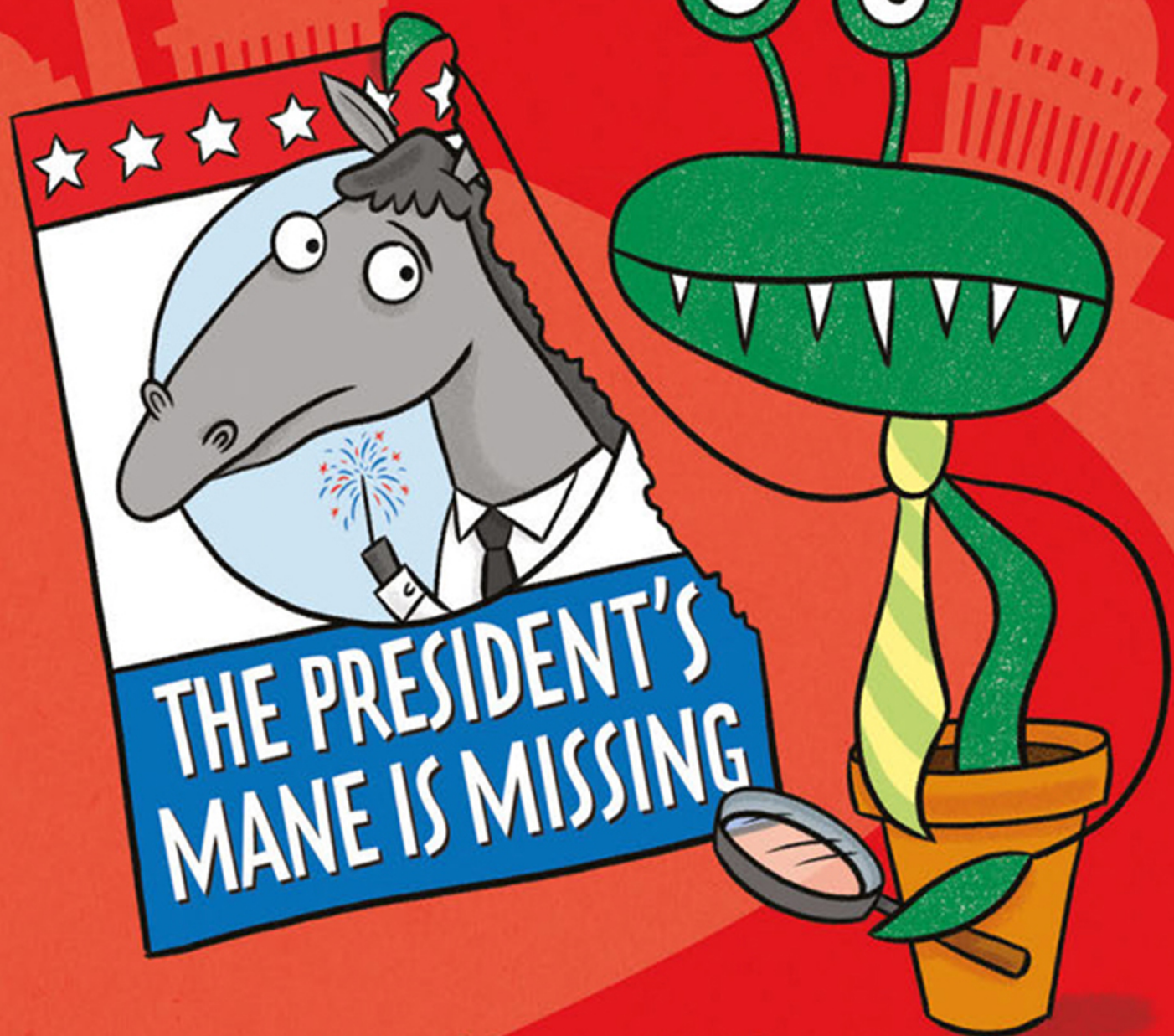


# Inspector #2 Flytrap



THE PRESIDENT'S  
MANE IS MISSING

*New York Times* bestselling authors

**TOM ANGLEBERGER & CECE BELL**

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## Chapter 1

**M**y phone rang.

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

A slow voice started asking me questions.

“Is this . . . Mr. Flytrap?”

“My name,” I answered, “is INSPECTOR Flytrap. I am a detective. Do you have a THRILLING mystery for me to solve?”

“Wait a minute,” said the slow voice slowly. “I thought . . . you solved . . . BIG DEAL mysteries.”

“Yes, I do,” I said. “However, I am also trying to become the World’s Greatest Detective. So I’ve decided to solve only THRILLING mysteries.”

“But I have a . . . BIG DEAL mystery,” said the slow voice.

“That’s fine,” I said, “as long as it is also THRILLING. Please tell me what the mystery is AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE, and I’ll tell you if I am thrilled.”

“I have lost my . . . pickle paperweight.”

“I am NOT thrilled,” I said. “A missing pickle paperweight is not THRILLING, and it’s not even a BIG DEAL. Also, I have

already found your pickle paperweight once before. Remember?”

“No . . . you found A pickle paperweight . . . but it was not *MY* pickle . . . paperweight.”

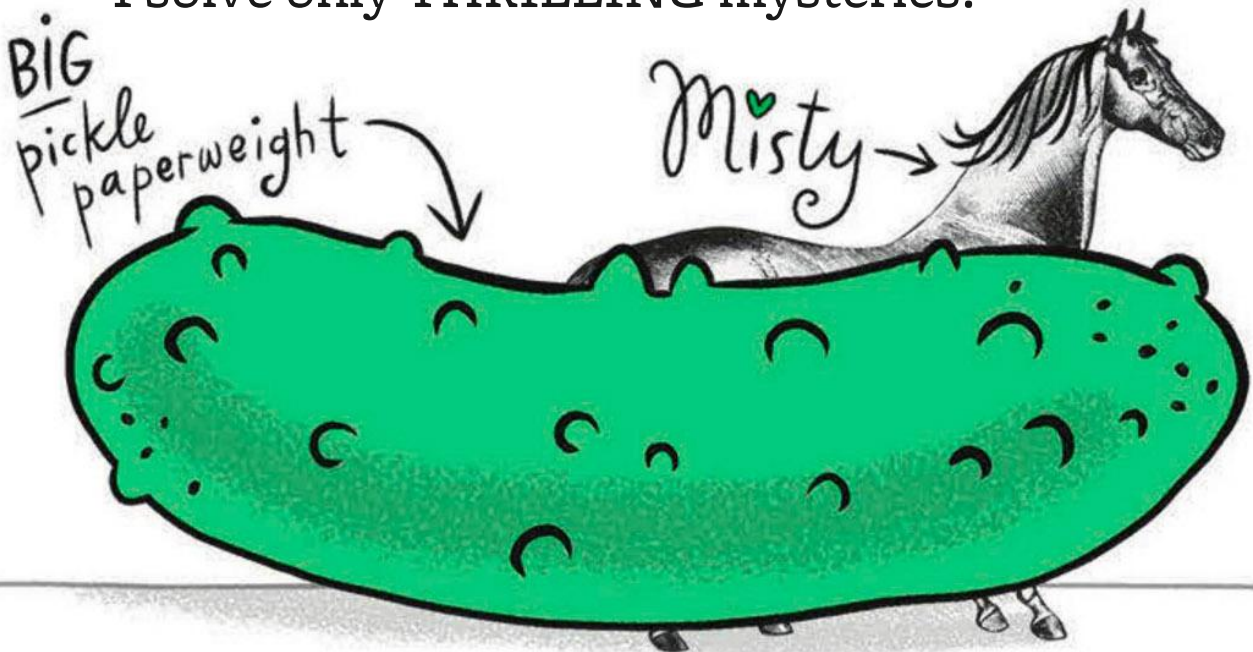
“It wasn’t?”

“No . . . mine is much bigger.”

“How big is it?”

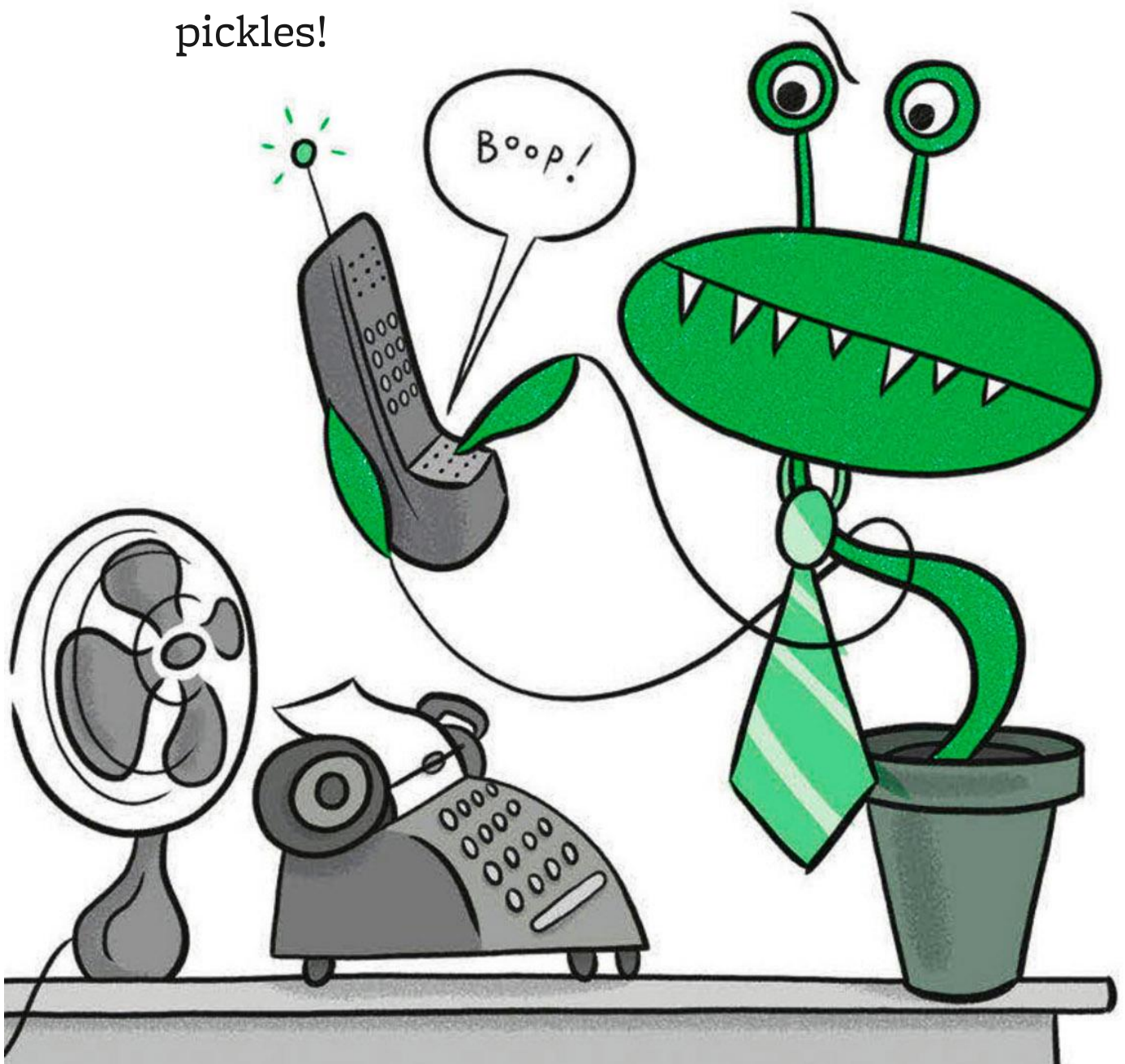
“Big enough for . . . a hoofed mammal to hide behind!”

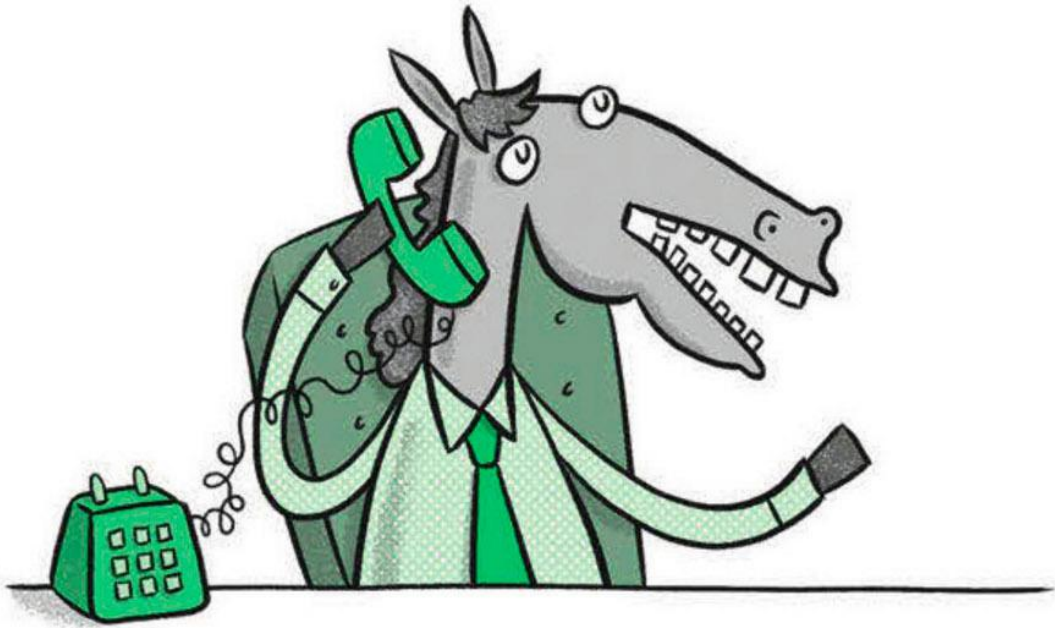
“Well, that is big,” I said. “But like I said, I solve only **THRILLING** mysteries!”



And I hung up before he could start a slow argument about it!

Sheesh! I'm trying to become the greatest detective that ever grew! I don't have time to go around looking for big metal pickles!





## Chapter 2

**M**y phone rang.  
“Hello,” I said. “Flytrap Detective Agency.”

A rude voice started asking me questions.

“Is this Mr. Spyflap?”

“My name,” I answered, “is Inspector Flytrap. I am a—

“What the hay is a flytrap?”

“A flytrap is a plant that eats flies.”

“So your name is Spyflap the Flytrap?”

“It’s not SPYFLAP,” I yelled into the phone. “It’s FLYTRAP!”

“That’s nuts!”

“It’s not nuts! I’m a Venus flytrap, so it makes sense that my name is Flytrap!”

“Yeah, maybe. But I still think Flytrap is a dumb name!”

“My name is *Inspector* Flytrap! I am a famous detective.”

“Oh yeah? If you’re so famous, how come I’ve never heard of you?”

“You must have heard of me!”

“Nope.”



“But YOU are calling ME on the phone!”

“Well, I’m trying to reach Nina the Goat.”

Nina the Goat is my assistant. Since I am a plant and live in a flowerpot, I need someone to move me from one thrilling crime scene to the next. Nina pushes me from place to place on a skateboard—really fast. Too fast!

“I’m sorry, Nina the Goat cannot talk on the phone right now.”

“Why not?”

“Because if I give her the phone, she’ll eat it.”

“She still eats stuff?”

“Yes, she eats just about everything, including cans, can openers, wires, belt

buckles, books, e-books, small cars, door-stops, lacrosse sticks, tables, and toilets.”

“She ate the toilet?”

“Yes.”

“How do you go to the bathroom?”

“I’m a plant. I don’t have to go to the bathroom.”

“Really? What about—”

“This is ridiculous!” I screamed into the phone. “My bathroom habits are none of your business! Now, do you want to leave a message for Nina or not?”

“Oh yeah . . . uh . . . tell her the President of the United States of America called. Just tell her to stop by the Capitol Building at noon. You can come, too, Flyball.”

And then he hung up.

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