



Friday 7th July

One summer afternoon, just after lunch, Detective Sergeant Stanley Smartpants of the Cat-Haven Cat-Police was deep in thought. He sat at his office desk, chewing the end of a pencil. He was trying to figure out why any cat would want to leave the bones of a dead mackerel in another cat's house. It was a puzzling mystery.

Stanley was a Blue Tabby Point Birman, and generally regarded as being a very handsome cat indeed. He had a thick coat of creamy-white fur, a bushy, fluffy, brownish tail, and intense sapphire blue eyes. The distinctive brown markings on his beautiful face and his chocolate brown ears were his most interesting feature. But it was the stylish way he dressed that made him stand out from other cats. Today he was dressed in one of his favourite outfits, a pair of red and black striped trousers and a bright blue

waistcoat that matched his eyes. He also wore a really cool pink bow tie with large white spots.

The telephone jangled noisily, interrupting his thoughts. It was his boss, Detective Chief Inspector Derek Dimwit. Stanley listened for a few moments. Then he hung up the phone, left his office, and walked across the corridor. Derek's office door was open and Stanley went straight in.

"Now look here, Stan," said Derek, "I told you I didn't want these mackerel bones on my desk."

"I agree. They shouldn't still be here. I'll get them sent down to the lab for examination. This is a fishy business, Chief."

"Very funny, Stan."

Stanley smiled. "Seriously though, I think we should go down to the Fish Market and see if we can find any clues."

Derek Dimwit stared at Stanley in annoyance. "I was just planning to have a little snooze in my office chair."

Stanley Smartpants was renowned in the Cat-Haven Cat-Police force for his ability to think on his feet, and make up a poem to suit every occasion. This was one such occasion:

*"If you want to catch the criminal-cat,
In your swivel chair you should not be sat.
Get on your feet,
Out in the street*