

The Bassetville Burglar

There's been a burglary at the Bassetville Hotel! Emily and her two dogs, Marmutt and Pugson, are on the case but clues are tricky to find. The only lead they have is a lone tuft of ginger fur... that smells suspiciously like CAT! Is there a real cat burglar about? And, more importantly, can Emily and the dogs catch them?



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This book is Brown Band/Level 12

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Written by
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Illustrated by
Claudio Cerri



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'The Bassetville Burglar'

An original concept by Sue Walker

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Chapter 1

Someone screamed in the room next door. Emily shot up from beneath her duvet. “Did I dream that, or did someone scream?” she asked.

Her mum and dad were also sat up and rubbing their eyes.

“I’d better see what’s happening,” said her dad.

“You’re not on duty now,” said Emily’s mum, yawning. “Policemen should have holidays too.”

Emily’s dog Marmutt woofed and ran to the door.

Hotels are such interesting places! he thought.



But Emily's other dog Pugson was still dozing on his dog bed. *It's far too early for screaming*, Pugson thought.

Dad opened the door to find Mrs Ponsley, the lady from the room next door, crying in the corridor.

"Mrs Ponsley! Are you alright?" Dad asked.
"What's happened?"

"Oh, my beautiful diamond necklace! It's been stolen!" Mrs Ponsley cried. She swayed from side to side, her pink, silky dressing gown swishing behind her. She blew her nose and scooped up Bertie, her elderly Pekingese dog.

Stolen! Emily thought, inching towards the door. *Now things were getting interesting.*

"Let's go find the hotel manager," said Dad. "And get you a cup of tea."

"Yes, thank you, young man," said Mrs Ponsley, as Dad led her away.

Emily stepped out into the corridor with Marmutt and Pugson on their leads. *Maybe the thief is still around*, she thought. *How exciting it would be if we could catch them!*

"What do you think, boys?" Emily whispered to the two dogs. "Are you up for a little detective work?"

Marmutt and Pugson both woofed in approval. They wanted to catch the thief too!

"I'm taking Marmutt and Pugson round the hotel garden," Emily told her mum, thinking maybe they



could sniff out some clues.

“Okay,” Mum said. “But don’t be long.”

Emily peered into Mrs Ponsley’s room, noticing that the window was slightly open. She saw an open jewellery box on the dressing table opposite the door. It still contained lots of jewellery. *How strange*, she thought. *Only the necklace was stolen*.

Emily didn’t notice a little bit of ginger fur caught on the latch but Marmutt did. *Interesting*, he thought.

Pugson was more interested in sniffing. From just inside Mrs Ponsley’s room he could smell something familiar. He knew that smell like the back of his paw:

CAT!



Emily didn’t find any more clues as they went down to the hotel garden. Although she did pass her dad and Mrs Ponsley chatting to two police officers. Pugson didn’t smell any cat either. All he could smell on the hotel lawn was stinky pigeon feet and...

“*Squirrel!*” cried Emily.

Marmutt took off across the lawn, chasing fast as the squirrel ran towards a tree at the far end of the garden. Pugson ran too, his little legs a blur as he tried to keep up with Marmutt. But it was too late.