

## Hoo's Writing Corner



### The cake thief

Hoo and Zebby were on their way to the cake shop to photograph the most enormous cake they'd ever seen. It was a strawberry sponge, Zebby's favourite, to celebrate Mayor Poli's birthday. But when they got there, the cake was nowhere to be seen.

An hour later, the terrible news had been confirmed. The cake had been stolen.

'You must track down the thief.' Mr Z asked Hoo an hour later as he sat in his boss's huge office.

'No problem.' Hoo answered confidently. 'What do we have to go on?'

'Just this.' Mr Z said handing a picture to Hoo. It was a photograph of a red tractor next to a lake. 'It was dropped where the cake had been left in the kitchen.'

'Umm.' Hoo said thoughtfully.

A smile slowly spread over Zebby's face as he disappeared without a word.

## Hoo's Writing Corner



Hoo found Zebby back at home with his nose in a big blue book.

'Look here, Hoo.' Zebby called.

'Interesting. Well found Zebby.' Hoo said impressed with his friend's work.

It appeared that Zebby had found the exact make and model of the extremely rare tractor which was on Mr's Z's photograph. It would be simple to track down the owner, with the help of the local farmer, Birch. Birch was a wise old Elephant, and it helped that he happened to be one of the nosiest creatures in Pinkleton. If anyone knew who owned such a machine, it was Birch. The big question still remained, why would anyone want to steal the cake?

'Yes, I know who owns that, or did own that.' Birch said confidently, as he ushered his pigs into the pen. 'Old man Cross. But he disappeared a long time ago.'

Hoo frowned, the name Cross sounded familiar, but he couldn't think why. He decided to visit Cross's old farmyard just in case there were any

## Hoo's Writing Corner



clues to be found there. He thanked Birch for his information and off they went disappointed to have come to a dead end.

An hour later Hoo and Zebby had searched all over the old farmyard and come up with nothing.

'What are we going to tell Mr Z?' Hoo said sadly.

'We must have missed something.' Zebby said hopefully walking across the yard again. 'I just hope we find the thief before Axel does. We don't want him getting the scoop on the story before we do.'

'Zebby you're a genius!' Hoo called out hugging his friend.

As police dog Copper put a sad looking Axel into the back of the police car, Hoo stepped forward, glad that he had remembered that Axel's last name was Cross. There was one thing bothering him.

'Why Axel? Why did you steal the cake?' Hoo asked.

'To get back at Mayor Poli, he's the reason my father left town.'

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As the pair of friends watched Axel being taken to the police station, happy they'd solved the case, Hoo realised that Axel had just opened another one. Why had Axel's father disappeared?