

The Dennis Bones Mystery Book

by JIM and MARY RAZZI

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Pictures by CARTER JONES

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For Jack and Margaret Mooney

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02

Commonwealth Edition

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Introduction

Dennis Bones, the world-famous detective, lives in Kennelwood, U.S.A. His good friend Scotson, a retired army captain, lives there too. Together they have solved many mysteries around town. No clue escapes the sharp eye of Bones. No puzzle is too hard for his computerlike brain to solve.

Match wits with Bones and Scotson as they solve the seven puzzling cases in this book. There is always a clue for you to find, so read every word and look at every picture.

The Parking Space Mystery



Dennis Bones was sitting in his favourite chair by the window just as it started to snow. He looked at his watch — it was one o'clock. Scotson was late. He and Bones had a date to go shopping in town. "I'll bet he went back to his house for his galoshes," thought Bones.

He shook his head and picked up his riddle book. He had already solved two crossword puzzles, one mystery story, and three riddles while waiting. As he reached for the pencil, the doorbell rang. It was Scotson.



“Went back to my house for my galoshes,” said Scotson. “Sorry I’m late.”

“Exactly,” was all Bones said as he joined Scotson outside in the falling snow.

As they walked down Main Street, the town hall clock struck one thirty. Just then they saw their old friend, Benny Bulldogger, with a policeman. The policeman was giving Benny a parking ticket, and Benny looked upset.

When Benny saw Bones, he yelled, “Oh, Bones, what luck! You are just the one to help me!”

“What’s the trouble, Benny? I’ll be glad to help if I can,” Bones said.





Benny said that he was getting a ticket for overtime parking.

"This meter showed that your time was up before you came back for the car," the policeman said.

"But I put a coin in the meter when I parked," said Benny. "It's supposed to be good for a whole hour, and I have only been gone for ten minutes. The meter must be broken!"

"Which car is yours?" asked Bones.

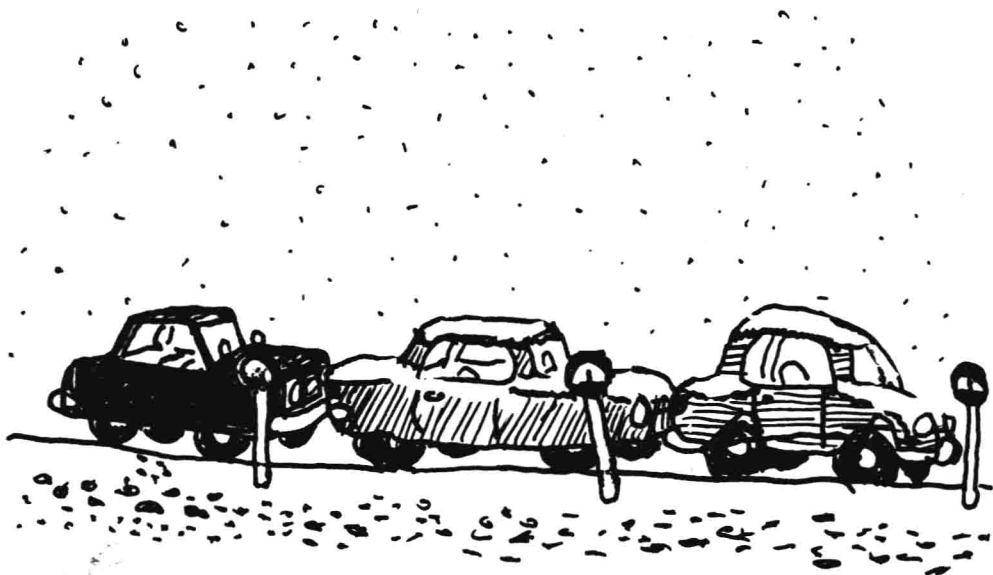
"That new brown one." Benny pointed to his car.

Bones looked at Benny's car and at two other cars parked in front of it. He saw by looking at their meters that the other two cars had been parked there less than an hour. Scotson watched Bones and said, "It's a real problem, eh, Bones?"

"Not really, Scotson," said Bones. He turned to the policeman. "Officer, I can prove that Benny must be telling the truth. He has been parked here only a few minutes."

How did Bones prove it?

The clue is in the picture.



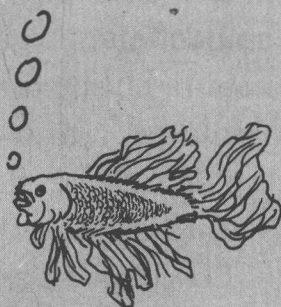
Solution to

"The Parking Space Mystery"

It had been snowing ever since one o'clock. Bones pointed out that the two cars in front of Benny's car had a lot of snow on them. Benny's car had very little snow on it. That means that Benny's car had not been there nearly as long as the other two cars.

The meters showed that the other two cars had been there less than an hour. And so Benny's car could not possibly have been there longer than an hour. It must have been there for just ten minutes, as Benny had said.

The Stolen Goldfish



Dennis Bones wanted a new fish for his aquarium. He asked Scotson to go over to Carol Collie's "Tropical Fish Paradise" with him.

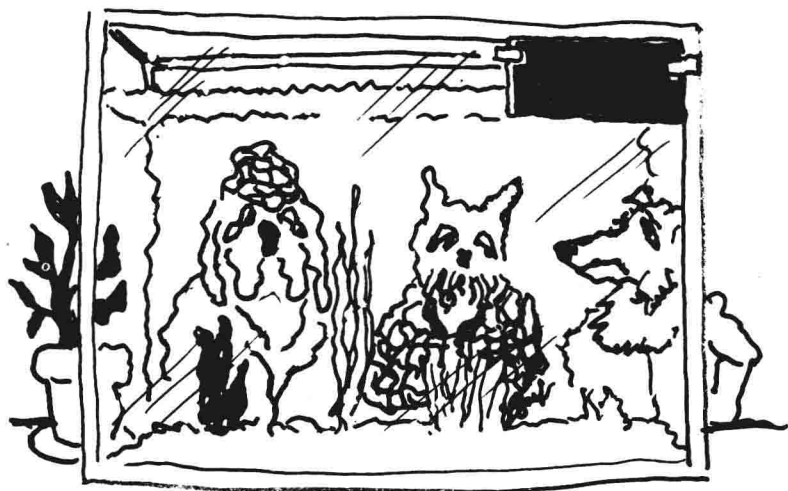
Just as they walked in, Carol discovered that her prize goldfish was gone! Carol was very upset. She had raised the fish since it was a baby. And besides, it was worth a lot of money.

"Take it easy, Carol," Bones said. "The thief can't have got very far. The floor is still wet in front of the counter. Scotson and I will help find your goldfish."

"Yes," said Scotson. "Tell us how it happened."

"I was in the back," Carol said. "I heard someone at the front and came to see who it was — but no one was here. That was a little while ago. And then, just now, I saw the water on the floor — and found the fish had disappeared!"

"Do you have any idea who could have wanted to steal the fish?" asked Bones.



“Well, I’m not sure,” said Carol. “Billy Beagle came in this morning. He wanted to buy the goldfish for his aquarium. But I told him it was my prize fish and I would not sell it. He got so angry he slammed the door as he left.”

“Aha!” said Scotson.

But Carol wasn’t finished with her story yet. “I put a ‘Not for Sale’ sign next to my fish after that. While I was doing it, Horace Hound came in. Horace wanted to