

KATE AND JOL TEMPLE

The UNDER DOGS

CATCH A CAT BURGLAR



ART BY
SHILOH
GORDON

The Underdogs Catch a Cat Burglar
published in 2021 by
Hardie Grant Children's Publishing
Wurundjeri Country
Ground Floor, Building 1, 658 Church Street
Richmond, Victoria 3121, Australia
www.hardiegrantchildrenspublishing.com

For our boys, Clancy and Arlo,
and their faithful hound. – KI & JT

For Mum and Dad. Thanks for all
the love and support. – SG

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Hardie Grant acknowledges the
Traditional Owners of the country
on which we work, the Wurundjeri
people of the Kulin nation and
the Gadigal people of the
Eora nation, and recognises
their continuing connection to
the land, waters and culture.
We pay our respects to their Elders
past, present and emerging.

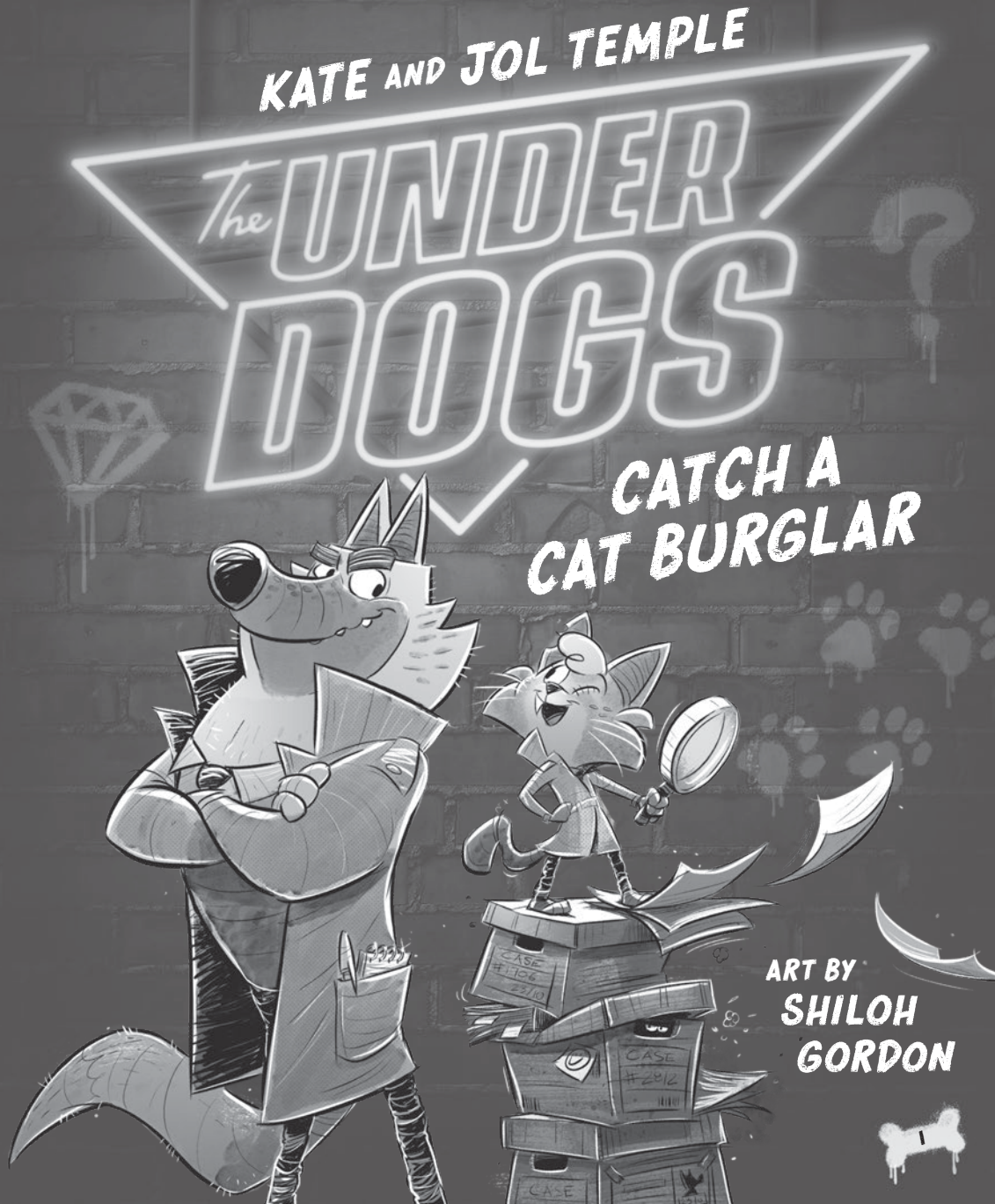
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Illustration copyright © 2021 Shiloh Gordon

Series design by Sarah Mitchell
Illustrations by Shiloh Gordon

ISBN: 9781760506780

Printed in Australia by Griffin Press, part of Ovato, an Accredited
ISO AS/NZS 14001 Environmental Management System printer.

13579108642



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Let me tell you how many cats there used to be in
THE UNDERDOG DETECTIVE AGENCY...

Zero. Zilch. Not one.

Then along came **Fang**. One eye. **Three** teeth. A kink in her tail. You wouldn't pick her as a Dogtown detective, would you?

Hi there!



For starters, she's not a dog. She's a **cat**. Yes, yes, I know what you're thinking. What's a cat even doing in Dogtown? Well, there are **lots** of different animals living in Dogtown. True, it's mostly dogs, but there's **always** exceptions.

Fang is one of them.



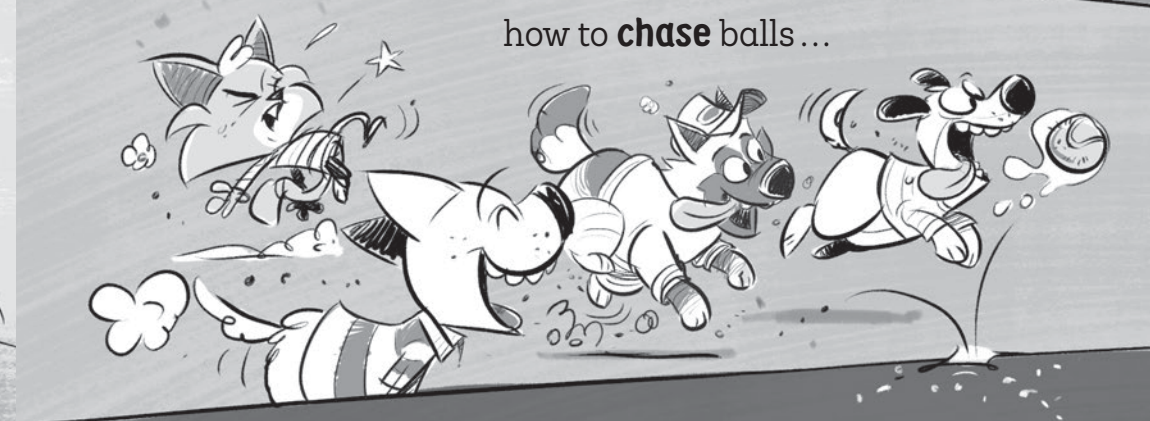
You see, Fang grew up in Dogtown. A **strange** place for a cat to grow up. But Fang's parents taught Cat at the local **school**, so Dogtown is all she ever knew.



At school, her dog friends showed her all the local customs.



how to **chase** balls ...



how to **wee** on trees ...

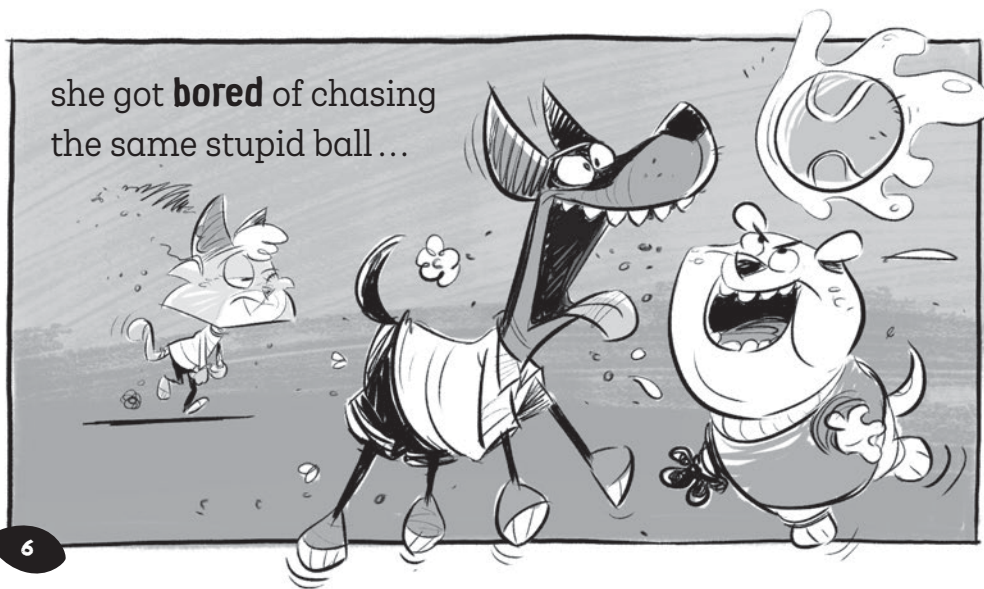


Fang's dog friends did all these things very well,
and Fang did them all very **badly**.

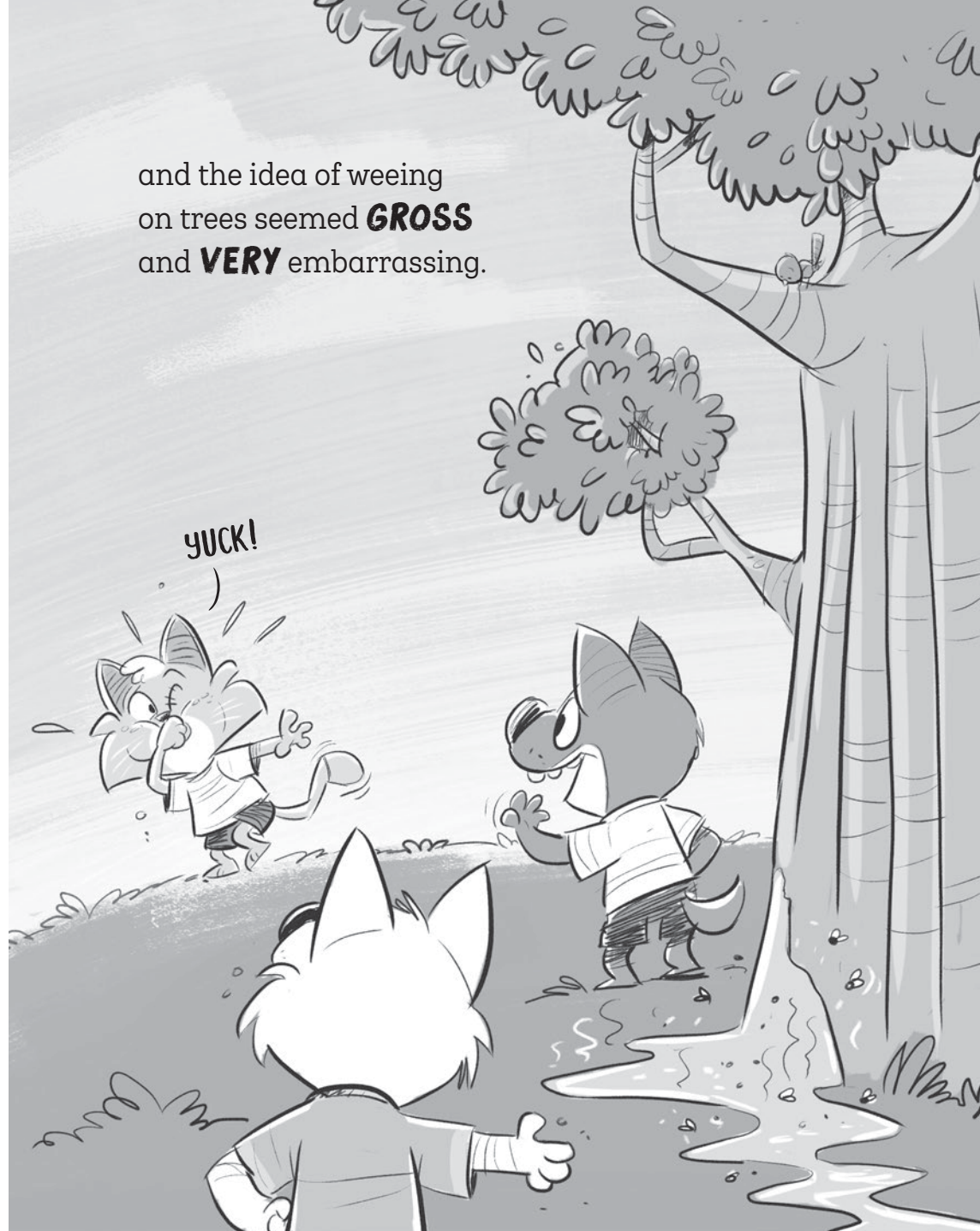
Her bark was a **meow** ...



she got **bored** of chasing
the same stupid ball ...

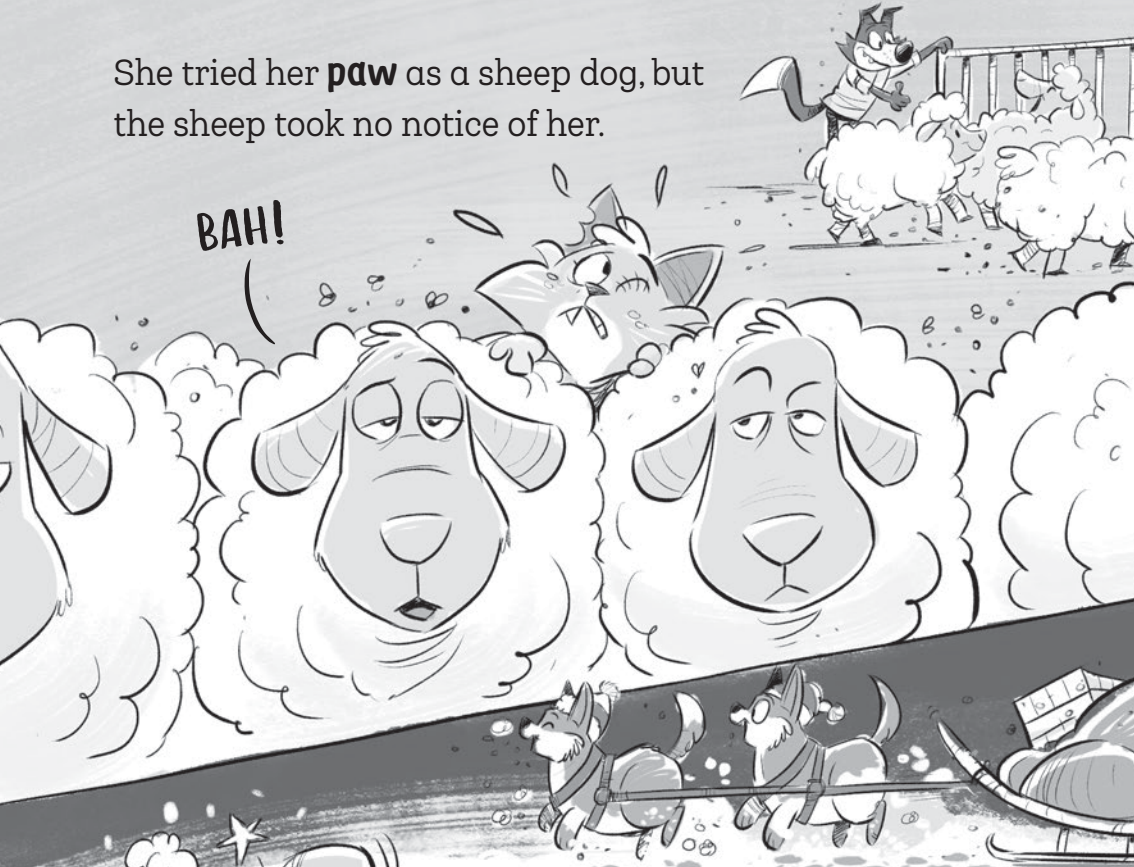


and the idea of weeing
on trees seemed **GROSS**
and **VERY** embarrassing.



When school finished, everyone went off to get jobs in Dogtown, including Fang.

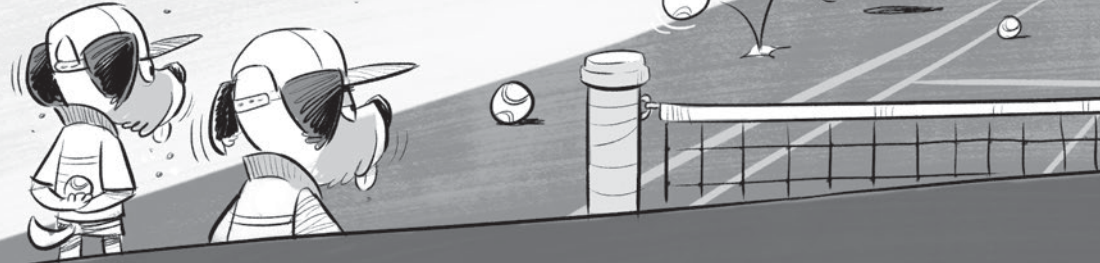
She tried her **paw** as a sheep dog, but the sheep took no notice of her.



BAH!

She put up her **tail** to work in the ski fields with the huskies, but she kept **slipping** over.

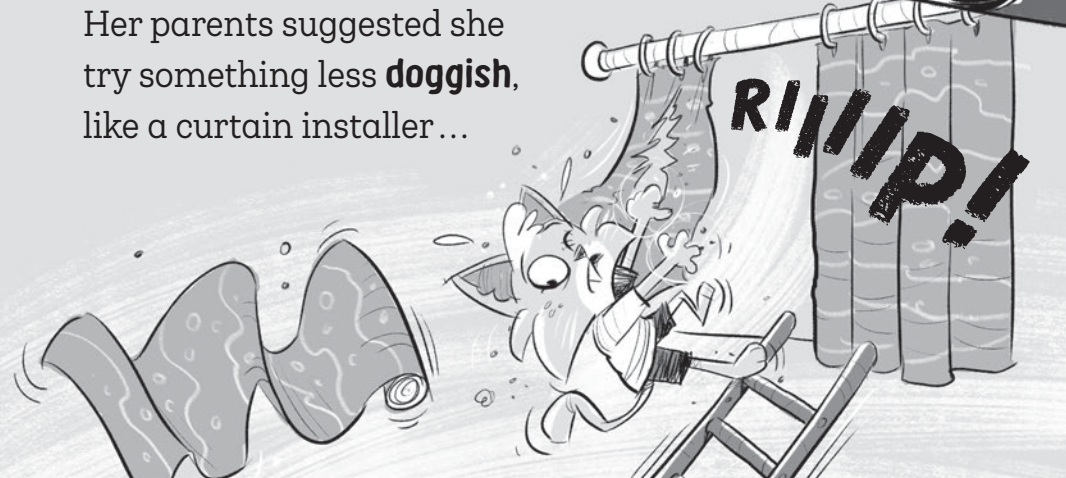
She spent a week as a ball girl at the tennis, but the Jack Russells just **shook** their heads.



EUGH!

She even tried out as an **Official Butt Sniffer ...**

Her parents suggested she try something less **doggish**, like a curtain installer ...



RIIIP!

But that didn't work out either. Fang knew there had to be **something** she was good at, but what?

What Fang needed was a **sign**.



DO YOU HAVE
WHAT IT TAKES
TO BE AN
UNDERDOG
DETECTIVE?



Fang went inside. It didn't look much like a detective agency. It looked like a **soup factory**.



Wait a minute ... IT **WAS** A SOUP FACTORY!

There was a conveyor belt with lots of tins going around on it, and a big bubbly pot of something that smelt **DISGUSTING!**

'Um, hello? Is this where I become a **dog detective?**' asked Fang.


A **gruff-looking** terrier answered her. 'No. This is McTavish's Soup Factory. I'm Mrs McTavish.'



Fang crinkled her nose.

‘What’s that **TERRIBLE** smell?’

‘That’s my famous **brussels sprout** and **blue cheese** soup!’ barked Mrs McTavish. ‘If you’re looking for the Underdog Detective Agency, it’s upstairs.’



She pointed to a **rickety** staircase and Fang followed it upstairs. She was happy to get away from the **stench!**

'Hello?' called Fang. 'Is **this** where I become a dog detective?'

A Chihuahua in **sunglasses** and a **Hawaiian shirt** looked up from the front desk ... and immediately started **laughing**.

HAHAHAHA!

Detective Barkley,
there's a **CAT** here
who wants to be a
DOG DETECTIVE!

CARL:

- Chihuahua.
- Wearer of Hawaiian shirts.
- Occasional answerer of phones.



This is **Detective Barkley**. He's a German shepherd. Most German shepherds join the police force. Not Barkley. Sirens make him **howl**.



'OK Carl, knock off the **gags!**' barked Detective Barkley. Barkley looked Fang up and down. 'Are you delivering **fish heads?** The soup factory is **downstairs.**'

'I'm not **delivering** anything,' replied Fang. 'I'm here about the job.'



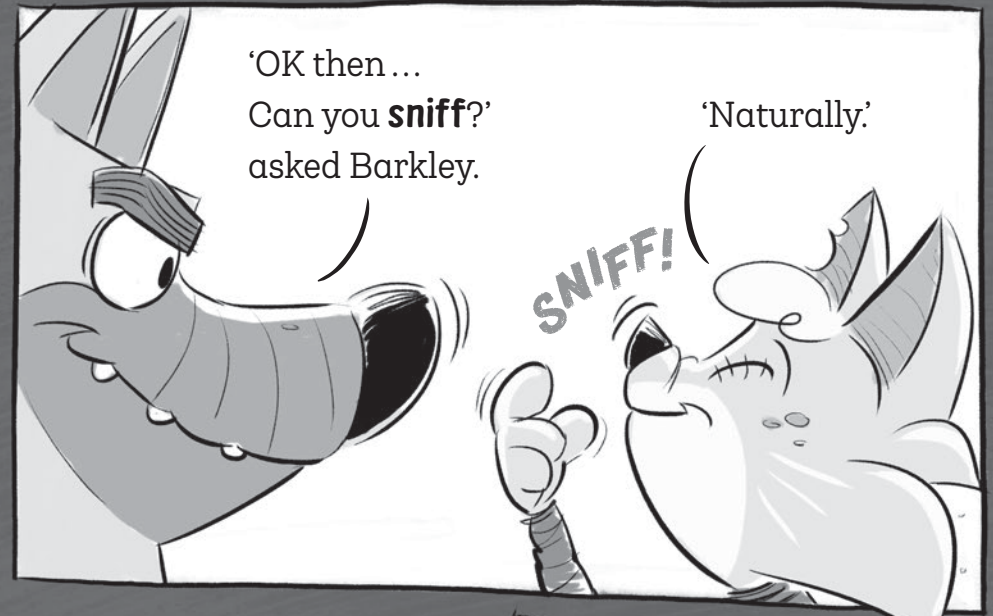
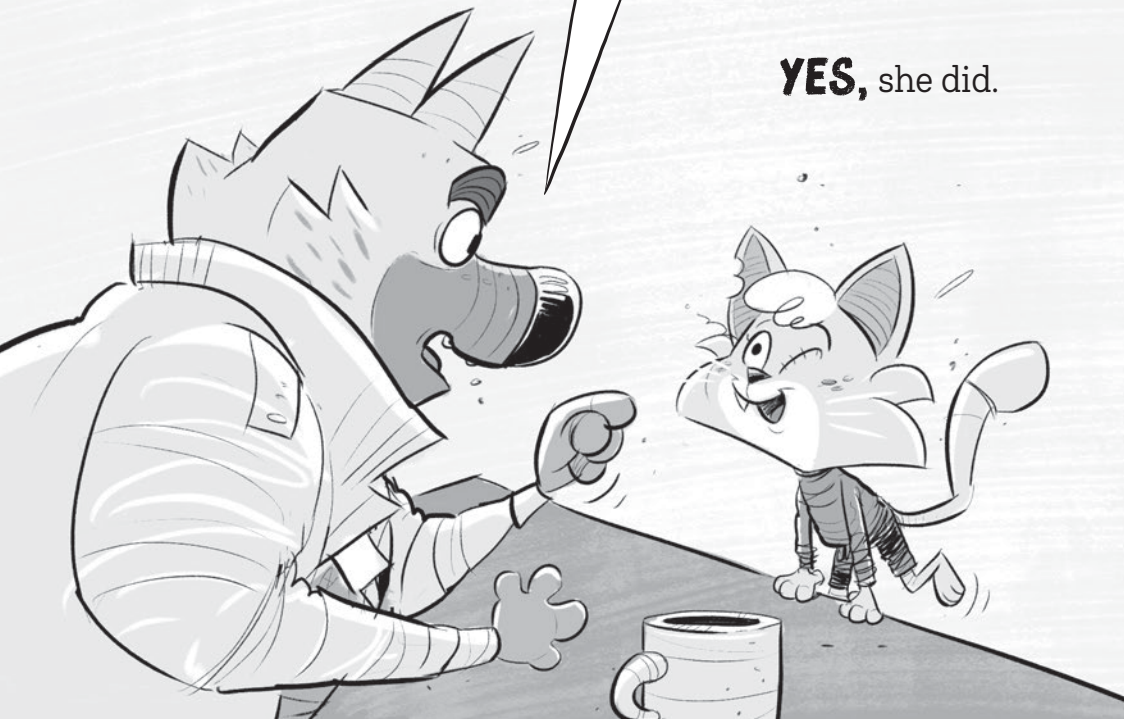
'We're not some cat café,' frowned Barkley. 'We're detectives. We go **undercover** to investigate **mysteries** and solve **crimes**.'

'That's what I want to do,' said Fang.

Barkley raised one **bushy** eyebrow.

YOU want to go undercover
to investigate mysteries
and solve crimes?

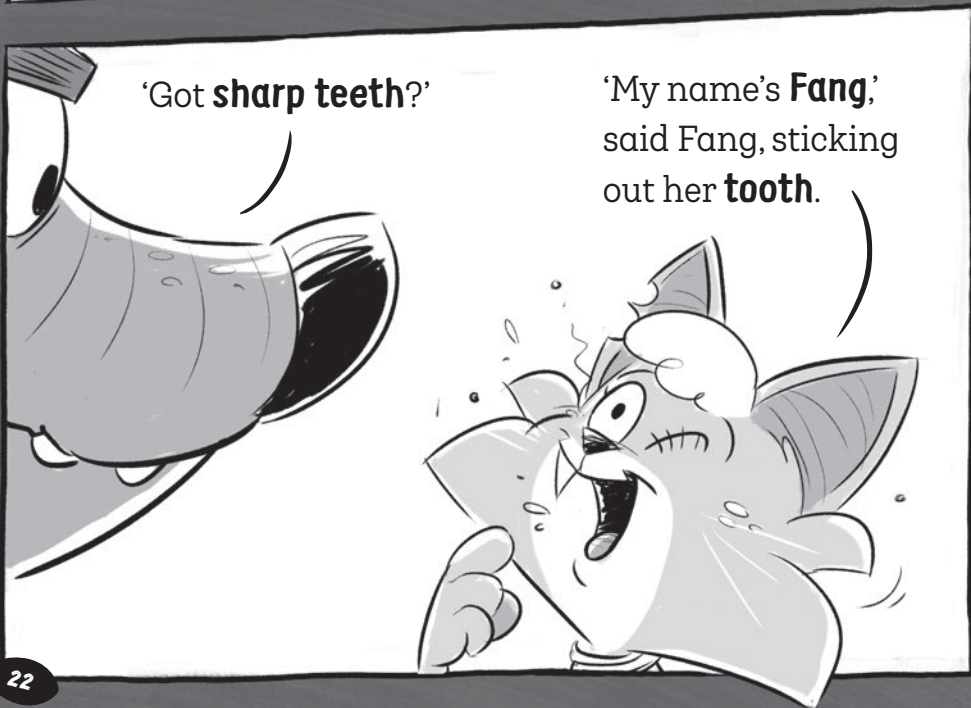
YES, she did.





'What about **climbing**?'

'Better than
a **monkey**.'

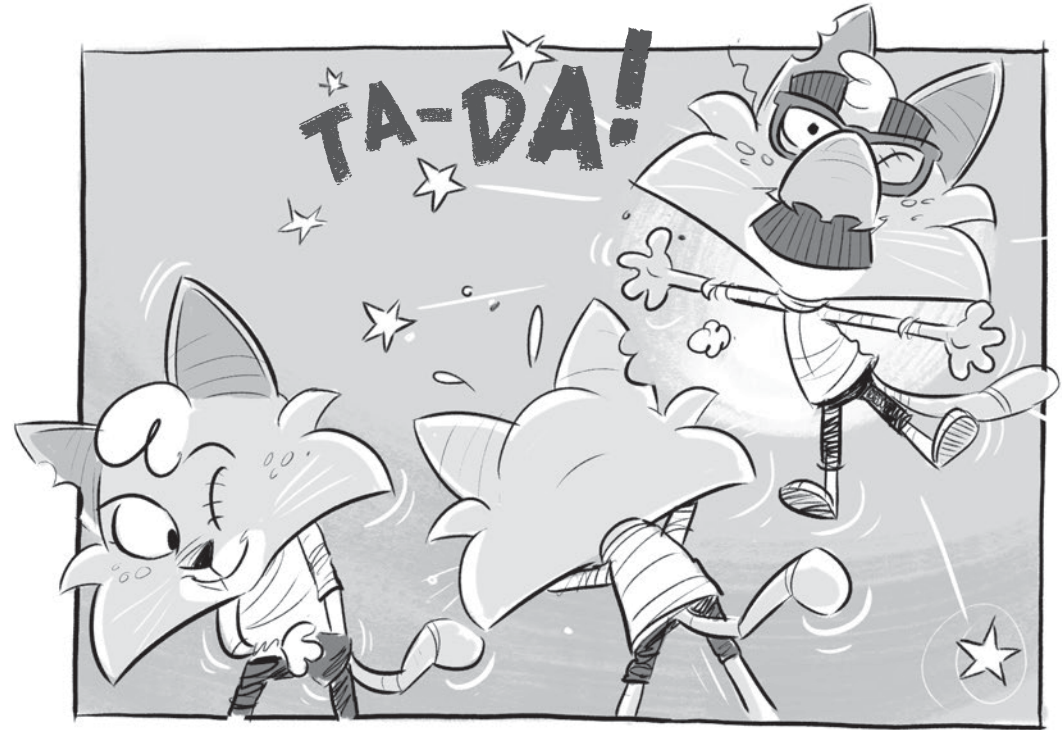


'Got **sharp teeth**?'

'My name's **Fang**,
said Fang, sticking
out her **tooth**.'

'OK. OK...' Barkley said. 'But how do you feel about wearing a **disguise**? Cats hate **dressing up**.'

Fang reached into her pocket. 'I'm fine with it.'

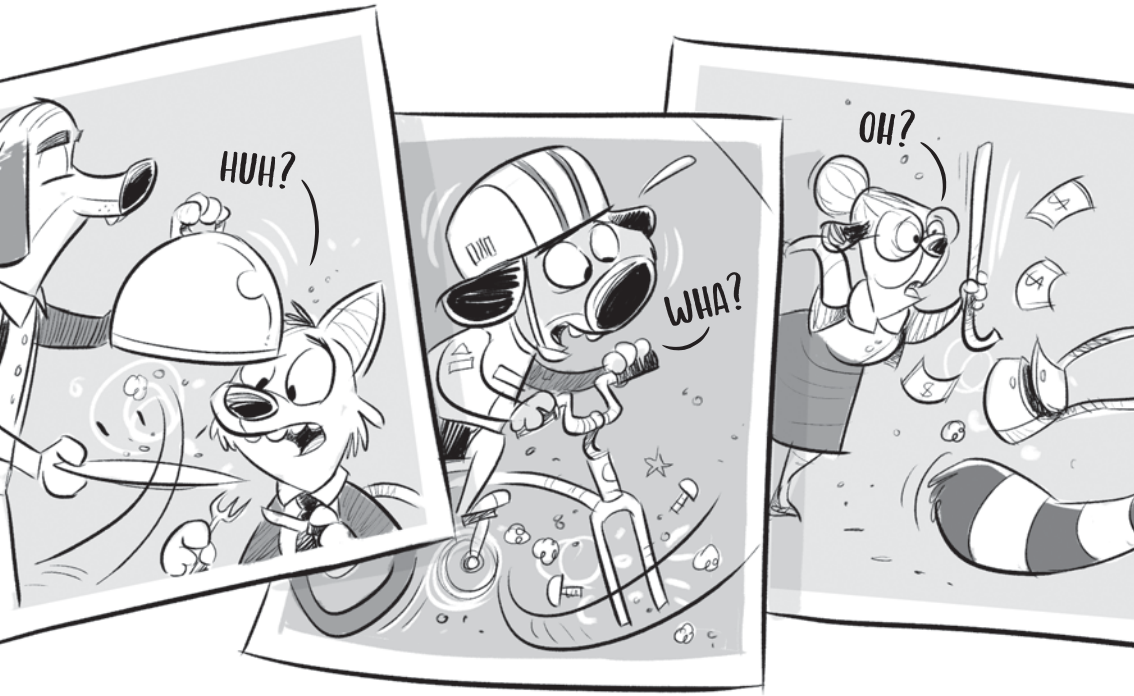


TA-DA!

Barkley couldn't quite put his paw on it, but he knew there was **something** he liked about Fang. And having a cat on the team might actually be a good idea. No-one would ever suspect she was an **undercover DOG detective**.

'Have you ever heard of the cat burglar?' growled Barkley.

Everyone had heard of the cat burglar. Even Fang. The cat burglar had **stolen** everything in Dogtown, from **handbags** to **ham sandwiches**. Nobody had been able to catch him.

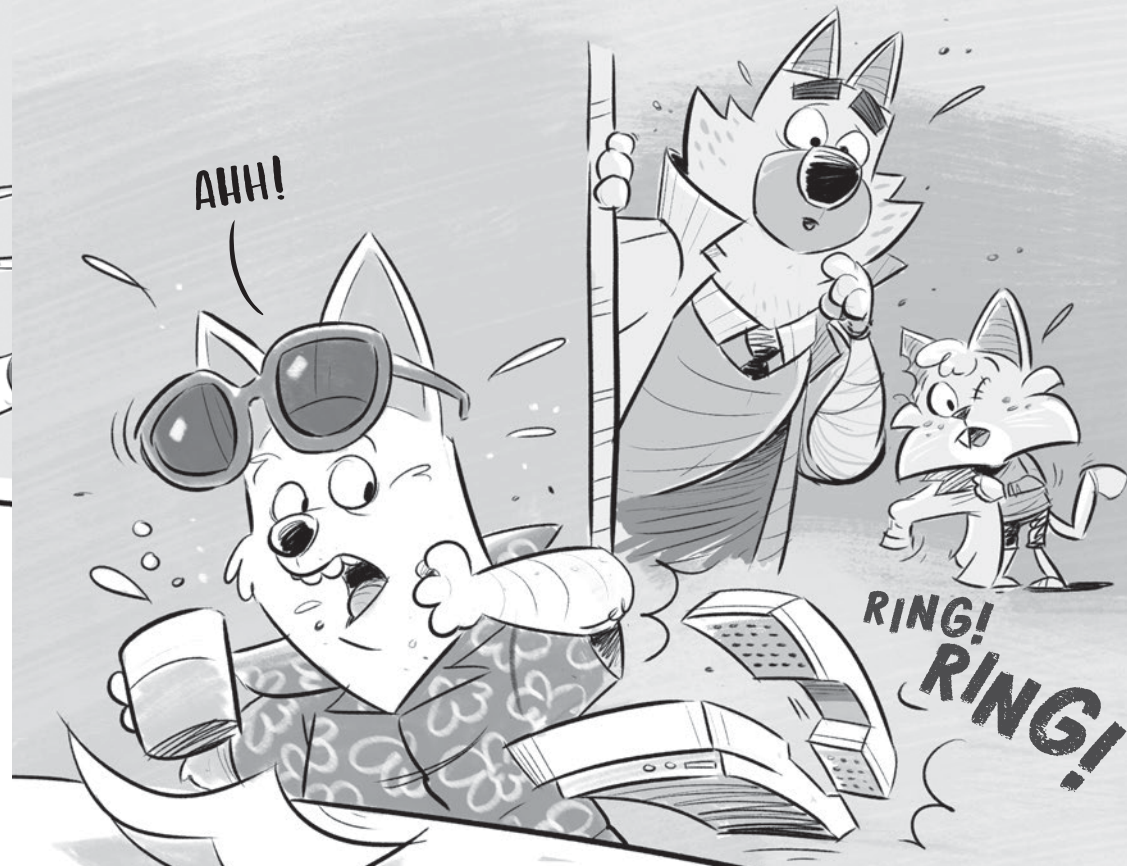


Barkley tapped his foot as he thought. *Why not use a cat to catch the cat burglar? It's so **crazy** it just might work.*

'Congratulations, cat. I can't believe I'm saying this, but I'm giving you a **shot**. We need all the help we can get right now,' said Barkley.

Fang grinned. 'I can be very **PURRRRRRsuasive**. When do I start?'

At that exact moment, the phone **rang**. Carl the Chihuahua receptionist looked at it in surprise.



'What's the **phone** doing?!' yelled Carl.

'Um, I think it's ringing,' offered Fang helpfully.

'Oh, ringing!' said Carl. 'That's right, I forgot phones did that.'

'Well... Are you going to **answer** it?' asked Barkley.

Carl picked up the phone. 'Hello? This is the ... wait a minute ... what are we called again?'

Barkley **grabbed** the phone from Carl. 'Oh, for dog's sake! Hello, this is the Underdog Detective Agency, no clue left un-dug.'

The voice on the other end of the phone was **LOUD**.



**THE CAT BURGLAR
HAS STRUCK AGAIN!**

Barkley turned to Fang.
'How about starting
right now?'

KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR BOOK 2



OH MY DOG!

**THERE'S AN ART FAKER ON
THE LOOSE IN DOGTOWN.**

When Puplo Picasso's **masterpieces** are **swapped** with pawfect imitations, it's up to the Underdogs to catch the **culprit**.

Can Fang and Barkley **solve** the case before the Top Dogs return from their ski trip? What does **soup** have to do with it?

And will Carl **finally** learn how to answer the **phone**?