

CRIME BITERS!

FANGS FOR EVERYTHING

TOMMY GREENWALD
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ADAM STOWER



| SCHOLASTIC PRESS | NEW YORK

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Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data available

ISBN 978-1-338-19328-2

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

19 20 21 22 23

Printed in the U.S.A. 23
First edition, February 2019

Book design by Yaffa Jaskoll



PART ONE

ALL BARK, NO BITE

CHAPTER I



PROFILE

Name: Jimmy Bishop

Age: The same age I was in the first book, except maybe a little older

Occupation: President of the CrimeBiteers

Interests: See above



PROFILE

Name: Irwin Wonk

Age: Two months older than me, which he loves to mention whenever possible

Occupation: Vice-president of the CrimeBiters

Interests: Wishing he were president of the CrimeBiters

IRWIN WONK AND I have been best friends since as long as I can remember. He also happens to have the most awesome trampoline in all of Quietville.

The two things are not related.

I swear.

The day after my little nap break, I was over at Irwin's house after school, bouncing up and down and telling him my innermost thoughts. "Could you believe Daisy yesterday? She was basically talking to me as if I were three years old and believed in fairy tales. Just because I happen to know that Abby has special qualities! I mean, what's with her?"

But Irwin, who didn't like jumping on the trampoline—I know, what a waste, right?—wasn't even listening to me. He was sitting off to the side, staring down at a brochure. "Holy smokes—Amazing Andy has fourteen different species, and he's bringing them all to my house!"

"Huh? Who?"

"Amazing Andy!" Irwin thrust the brochure in my direction. "He's going to be the entertainment at my birthday party next week!"

"Oh," I said, realizing there was no way Irwin was going to pay any attention to me and my problems.

FACT: When someone is planning their own birthday party, they pretty much don't want to talk about anything else.

I hopped off the trampoline. "Can I see that?"

Irwin handed me the brochure. *AMAZING ANDY AND HIS AWESOME ANIMALS* blared a giant headline. *HE'LL TURN YOUR PARTY INTO A REAL ZOO!* Inside, it said that Amazing Andy and his assistant, Reptile Ron, would bring all sorts of exotic animals right into your own home, where you could observe them, pet them, and even hold them.



“Are you sure this is safe?” I asked, pointing at a picture of a kid holding a giant snake.

Irwin snickered. “Of course it’s safe! He’s, like, the most popular birthday entertainer in the whole state!”

“Well, it sounds pretty cool,” I said, feeling a little annoyed that my last birthday party featured a miniature water slide and not much else. I suddenly had a thought that cheered me up. “Hey, can Abby come? She would totally love to see all these awesome animals!”

“Is that a joke?” Irwin snorted. “Absolutely not. That’s, like, the worst idea ever.”

“It is NOT,” I insisted, even though I pretty much knew it was.

Irwin gazed dreamily up to the sky. “Now I just have to decide what kind of cake I want. Originally I was thinking ice cream, but then I remembered Isaac makes a coconut chocolate cream pie that is absolutely to die for.”

“To die for? What does that mean?”

Irwin rolled his eyes. “It means delicious. Everyone knows that.”

I rolled mine right back. “Well, I definitely think you should go the Isaac route.” Isaac was this genius baker who started out at the farmer’s market but had recently opened his own small shop in downtown Quietville.

If you've never had one of his chocolate chip cookies, you're missing out on one of the great joys in life.

"I'll think about it," Irwin said, as if he were making a decision that would change the course of human history.

"You do that," I said. Sometimes best friends can be annoying. Especially when they are planning their own birthday parties.

BZZZZ! Irwin's phone buzzed with a text. He looked at it, and his eyes went wide with excitement. "It's Daisy!" I immediately checked my phone to see if she'd texted me too. She hadn't. My annoyance turned into stronger annoyance.

"What does she want?"

Irwin held his phone close to his chest as if it held some sort of top secret message. "She wants to know what we're up to."

I felt a bit of relief in my chest. At least she didn't think I was too immature to hang around with. Phew.

Irwin started typing. "Not much . . . Why . . .?"

He hit *SEND*, and we both sat there, not saying a word. There was no point trying to pretend to have a conversation when all we wanted to know was what Daisy was going to say next.

BZZZZ!

We stared at Irwin's phone.

WHY DON'T YOU GUYS COME DOWN TO THE BOYS BASKETBALL GAME? I'M HERE!

We both scratched our heads at the same time.

"Why would she want us to go down to the basketball game?" Irwin asked. "And what's she doing there?"

"Beats me." I hopped back up onto the trampoline. If we were going to meet Daisy at the game—and I was pretty sure we were—then I wanted to get a few last jumps in.

FACT: If Daisy Flowers asks you to do something, chances are very, very good that you're going to do it.

Irwin gathered up all his birthday preparation materials. "What color balloons do you think I should have?" he yelled out to me, but I pretended not to hear him.