

THE TIME DETECTIVES

THE MYSTERY OF  
**MADDIE**  
MUSGROVE



## **ReadZone Books Limited**

50 Godfrey Avenue

Twickenham

TW2 7PF

[www.ReadZoneBooks.com](http://www.ReadZoneBooks.com)

© in this edition 2014 ReadZone Books Limited

This print edition published in cooperation with Fiction Express, who first published this title in weekly instalments as an interactive e-book.



Fiction Express

First Floor Office, 2 College Street,

Ludlow, Shropshire SY8 1AN

[www.fictionexpress.co.uk](http://www.fictionexpress.co.uk)

Find out more about Fiction Express on pages 72–73.

Design: Laura Durman & Keith Williams

Cover Image: Shutterstock Images

Printed in Spain by Edelvives

© in the text 2014 Alex Woolf

The moral right of the author has been asserted.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of ReadZone Books Limited.

ISBN 978-1-783-22459-3

THE TIME DETECTIVES

THE MYSTERY OF  
**MADDIE**  
MUSGROVE

ALEX WOOLF

**FICTION**  
**EXPRESS**

## **What do other readers think?**

Here are some comments left on the Fiction Express  
blog about this book:

*"Maddie Musgrove just keeps getting better! :D"*

**Monica, Tamworth**

*"Alex Woolf I love all your books especially  
Maddie Musgrove!!!!!!"*

**S Sara, Leeds**

*"Alex your chapters are wicked and cool. I really like  
them a lot because there are loads of surprises".*

**Harroop, Nottingham**

*"The class did enjoy 'The Mystery of Maddie  
Musgrove'. In fact, they broke into spontaneous  
applause at the end of it!"*

**Sue Burn and Year 5, St Matthew's C of E  
Primary School, Gloucester**

*"This book is so good :)"*

**D. Kaur Sangha, Northamptonshire**

# Contents

<b>Chapter 1</b>	An Amazing Discovery	7
<b>Chapter 2</b>	A Sad Story	12
<b>Chapter 3</b>	House of Secrets	18
<b>Chapter 4</b>	Gathering Evidence	27
<b>Chapter 5</b>	A Brush with the Law	31
<b>Chapter 6</b>	More Suspects	39
<b>Chapter 7</b>	A Disaster and a Breakthrough	44
<b>Chapter 8</b>	A Trip to Town	49
<b>Chapter 9</b>	Under Arrest	56
<b>Chapter 10</b>	A Race Against Time	61
<b>About Fiction Express</b>		72
<b>About the Author</b>		85

*I would like to thank all the wonderful children who took the time to read this story and cast their votes on the Fiction Express website. Without your contribution, this book could not have been written. I would also like to thank Laura Durman, Paul Humphrey and Gill Humphrey at Fiction Express for their invaluable advice, support and editorial comments during the writing process.*

## *Chapter 1*

### **An Amazing Discovery**

Joe stared up in horror. A plane was falling out of the sky, trailing clouds of black smoke. It was heading straight towards him! Terrified, he turned and began to run through the graveyard. He ran so fast he lost his balance and tumbled, scratching his bare knees and banging his head on a gravestone.

Glancing behind, he saw the dark shape of the plane closing in on him, engine screaming, fire spurting from its wings. He shut his eyes tight and waited. There was a massive roar and a ripping, smashing sound. Heat from the blast scorched his face. A horrible burning smell filled his nostrils, making him choke.

Slowly, Joe opened his eyes. The plane had crashed metres from where he lay. It must have blown up on impact because there was hardly anything left but a charred, smoking wreck. The gravestone had saved his life, shielding his body from the full force of the explosion. Only the plane's tail had survived intact. Joe's blood turned cold when he glimpsed the sign on the tail. It

was a black cross – the symbol of the German Luftwaffe in the Second World War.

With a shaking hand, he reached through the long grass for the smartphone that had slipped from his grasp when he'd fallen. He prayed it wasn't broken.

The screen lit up. Thank goodness!

Nervously, he touched the "Timeshift" icon, scanned the screen and then touched "Emergency return".

\* \* \*

The scene changed immediately. He was still lying there in the churchyard, but the wreck of the plane had disappeared. It was now a peaceful, sunny day. The only smell was fresh-mown grass, and the only sound was birdsong. Everything, in fact, was exactly as it ought to be.

A wave of relief washed through him. Had he dreamed the whole thing? It hadn't felt like a dream. And his face still felt tender from the burning heat.

"Joe! Where are you?"

He looked up to see his cousin Maya walking along the path towards the churchyard. Joe climbed gingerly to his feet.

"Hey, cuz!" she cried when she saw him. "I've been looking all over for you. What are you doing here? And what's happened to your face?"

Joe touched his sore cheek. His finger came away covered in soot. He hesitated, unsure what to say. He didn't know his cousin that well. He felt sure she'd laugh

at him if he started telling her he'd just been back in time to the Battle of Britain. After all, she'd spent most of the past three days laughing at him for his strange country ways. That was when she wasn't completely ignoring him.

Joe had been sent to stay with Maya and her dad, Uncle Theo, here in Slade Common in south-east London. His parents thought it would do him good to spend some time with his relatives, instead of idling away his summer holiday reading detective stories at home in Dorset.

"It'll be fun!" his mum had assured him. "Your Uncle Theo's a historian, and you like history, don't you, Joe?"

That much was true. Uncle Theo *was* a historian, and Joe *did* like history. But what his mum hadn't told him was that Uncle Theo would be so busy writing his history books that he'd have hardly any time for Joe.

That meant Joe was forced to spend all his time with Maya.

She was Joe's age, but about as different from him as it was possible to be. Where Joe was quiet and polite, she was loud and rude. And she was *always* on the phone or texting her friends. She had about a hundred thousand of them, or so it seemed.

Joe could count his own friends on the fingers of one hand. He preferred books to people, if he was honest. And the books he loved most were detective stories. He'd read so many, he reckoned he could solve any crime. One day he'd be a famous detective. All he needed was a mystery to make his name – a mystery worthy of his talents.