



Chapter Three

Maud couldn't stop thinking about the disastrous inspection as she opened a bag of crisps that evening. Quentin jumped out of her pocket and ran down her arm towards the crisps.

"Wait, Quentin!" said Maud. "Not until I offer them."

Quentin paused on Maud's sleeve and looked back and forth from her to the crisps.

"That's better," said Maud. She handed him a crisp, and he held it in both paws as he gnawed on it.

“I hope the school doesn’t get in too much trouble,” said Maud.

Her twin sister Milly stomped into the living room and dumped herself down on the sofa next to her. She was still wearing her neat navy-blue Primrose Towers uniform.

“Well, that was a yawnsome day,” said Milly. “Our class spent the whole morning making sure all the pencils were the same length in time for our inspection, and guess what? The Inspector didn’t even turn up.”

Maud suspected the poor Inspector had needed a long rest after her experience at Rotwood.

Mr Montague walked in and crashed down on his chair without even taking his driving gloves off.

“Busy day at the garage?” asked Maud.

“That would be putting it mildly,” said Mr Montague. “You’ll never guess who we’ve just won as a client. Only Peregrine Prenderghast!”