

# MR. MEN MURDER MYSTERY

Roger Hargreaves



James Thomas

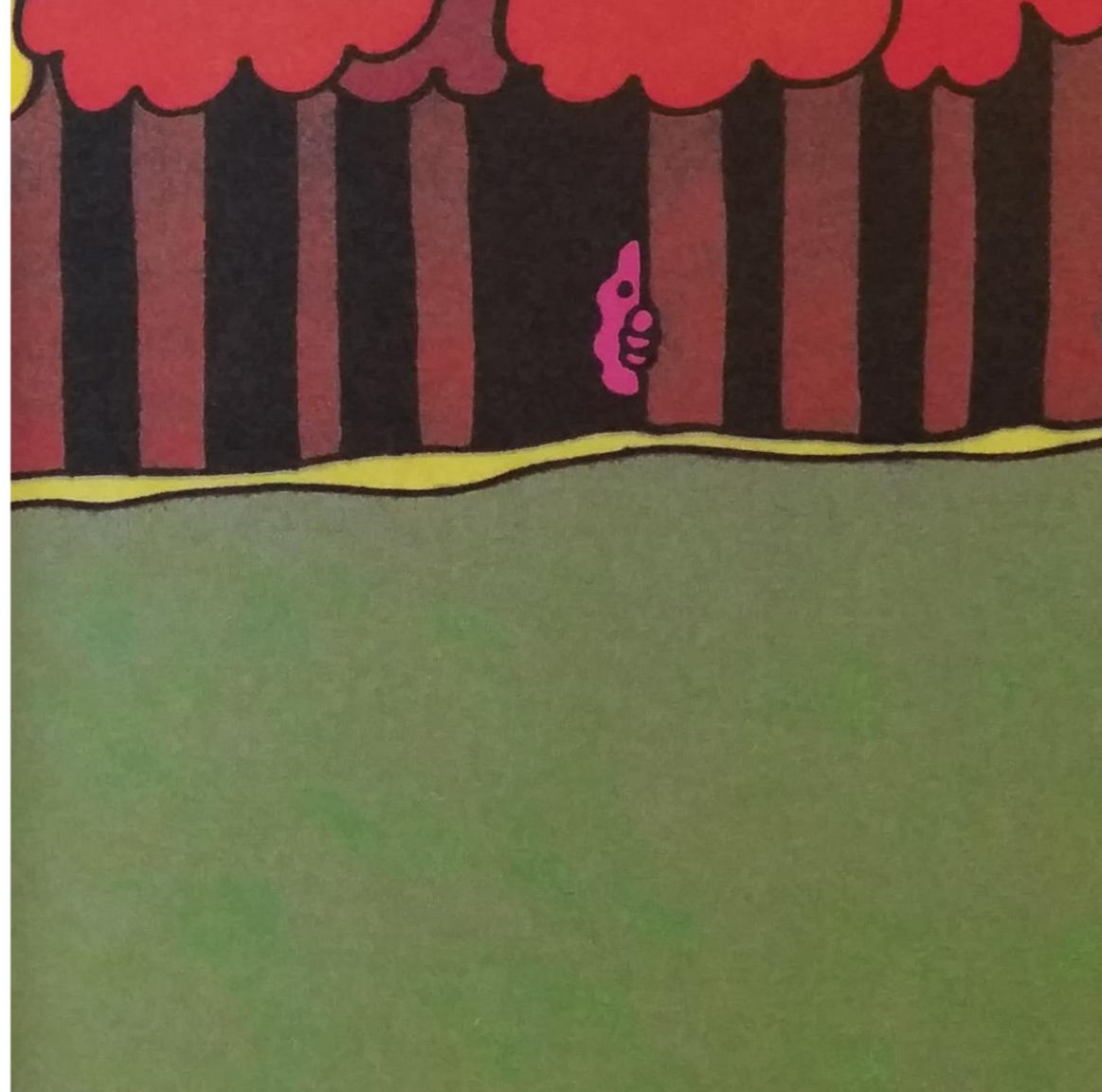
Mr Jelly was in a terrible state.

“Oh heavens! Calamity! It’s too much!” he shouted, as he ran around, hither and thither. More thither than hither, really.

He had a quick faint, then got up and started again.

“It’s simply too much! Help! Help!” he continued, even more terrified than before.

He ran away and hid in the woods. Then he got scared of the woods and ran out again!



Mr Grumble was on his way to complain about a smell when he saw Mr Jelly hiding among the flowerbeds in the park.

He normally wouldn't take an interest in Mr Jelly's theatrics, but was certainly not prepared to have someone trampling the flowers.

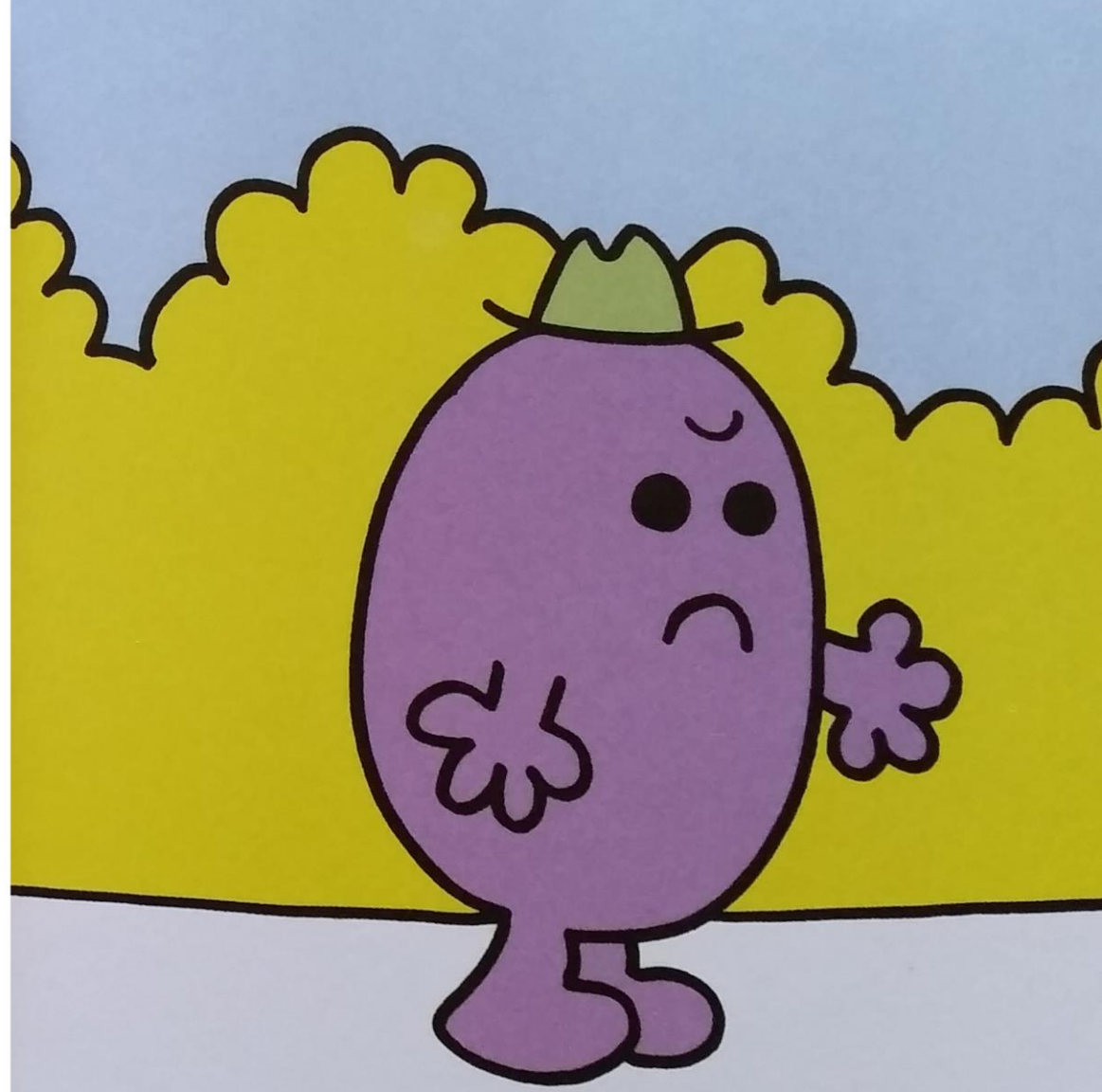
"I say!" he said. "What on Earth is the meaning of all this?"

Mr Jelly let out a big yelp. And then he tried to explain what the meaning of all this was.

"Murder!" he squeaked, as he shook like jelly. Like Mr Jelly, in fact.

"Bah!" moaned Mr Grumble, as he walked away. "I have a smell to complain about!"

"It wasn't me!" shouted Mr Jelly.



You could hear the commotion for miles around.

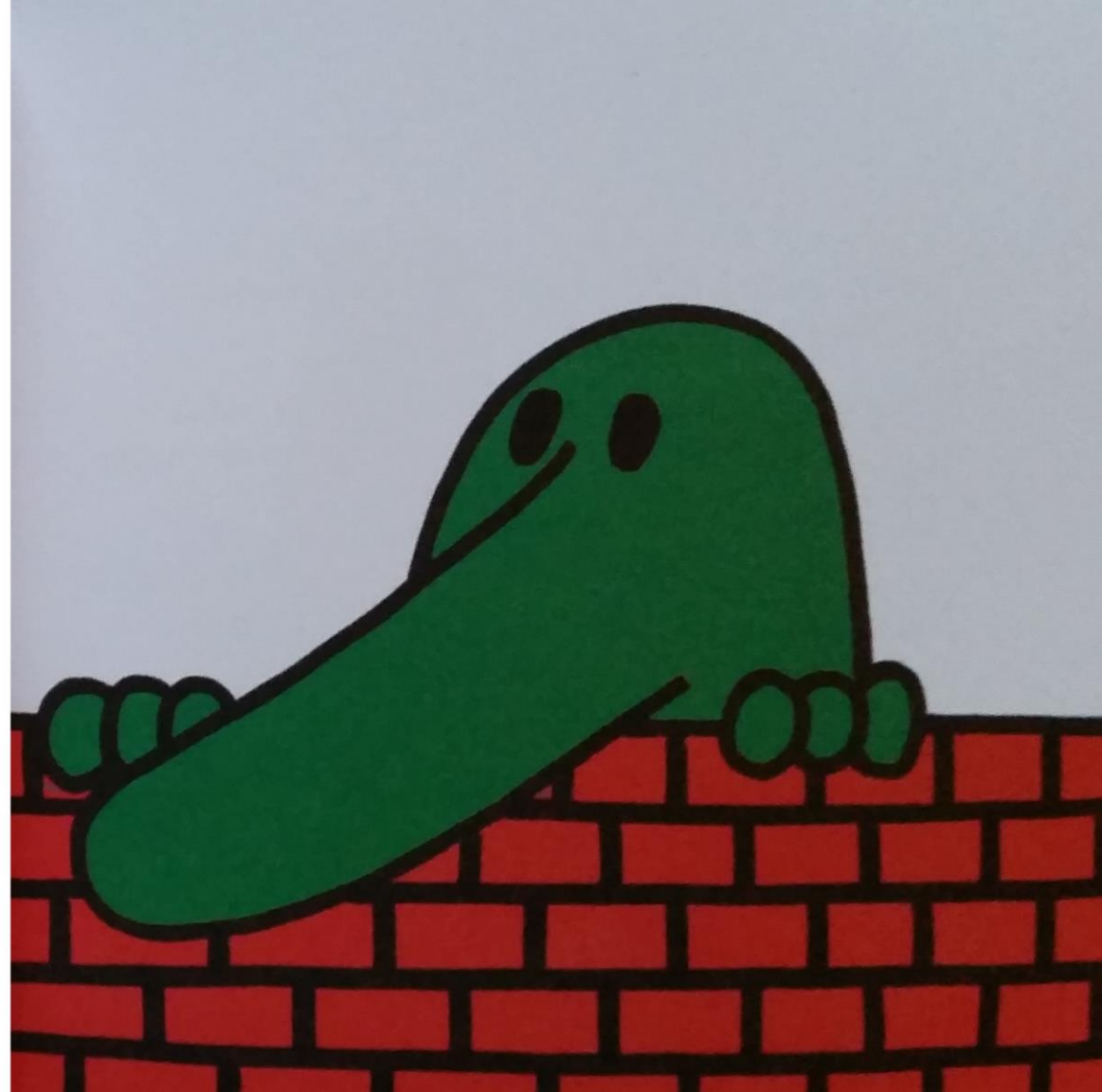
As usual, Mr Nosey was the first to arrive.  
Naturally, he had a question or twelve.

“Murder, you say? Who's been murdered, and by whom? When did the murder happen? Where did it happen? Why were they murdered? How did the murderer do it?” he asked poor, quivering Mr Jelly.

He left out What, but the What was the easy part.  
The What was Murder.

“All I know is Where! It was in the park!”

And so Mr Nosey followed his nose and went off to investigate.



Mr Jelly wobbled home, afraid of his own shadow.

But he was so scared that he got confused.

First, he took a wrong turn. Agh!

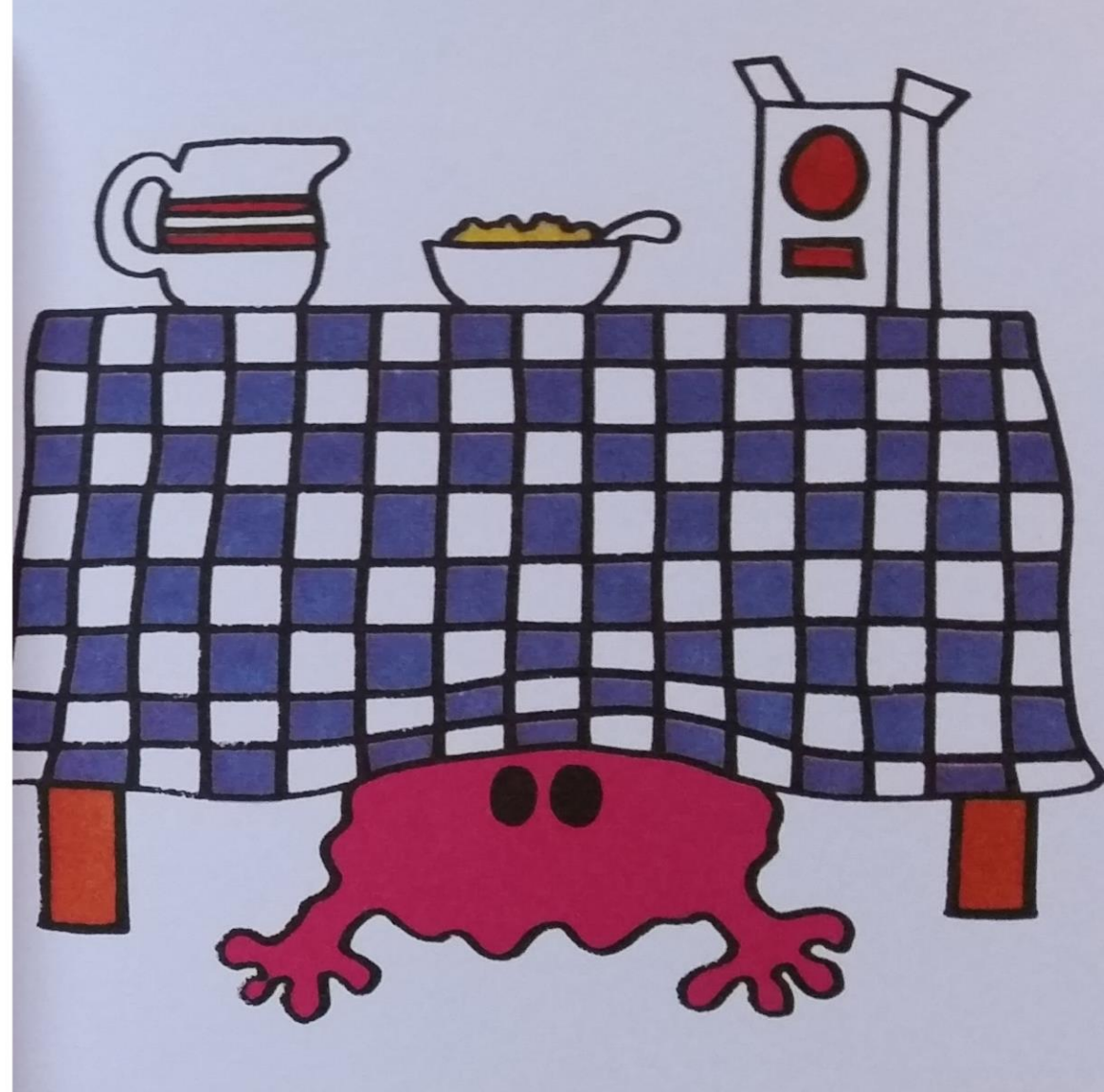
Then, he clattered into some dustbins. Agh!

Finally, he backed into his own front door. Agh!

He dismantled the doorbell, locked the doors, closed the curtains and hid under the kitchen table.

Was he right to be so afraid?

Let's find out!



Sure enough, just where he had been told to look, Mr Nosey found the body.

It was somebody he didn't recognise – a stranger in Misterland.

Well, I don't need to tell you that Mr Nosey found this very exciting indeed!

But a crowd soon gathered, and each of the onlookers had something different to say.

"This is not cool," said Mr Cool.

"It's disgusting!" shouted Little Miss Neat.

"Maybe he hit his head," added Mr Bump.

"What did I miss?" asked Little Miss Late.



“Oh no! What will we do?” somebody asked.

Nobody knew.

Little Miss Giggles had never seen anything so sad in her life.

“My eyes! My heart! My giggles!” she cried.

Mr Happy lost his laugh, and his mouth shrivelled up.

Mr Funny couldn't think of a joke. Well, he could, but this was no time for jokes.

Mr Greedy tucked a bit of spaghetti back into his mouth. It wouldn't do to be slurping one's dinner at a time like this.



"HE'S DEAD!" roared Mr Noisy.

Little Miss Splendid rolled her eyes.

"Step aside!" interjected Mr Clever, who then cleaned his glasses for a better look.

He hummed and aaaahed and nodded.

"Yes. Most unfortunate. The gentleman is deceased," he announced.

And so he took charge of the investigation.

"I'm taking charge of the investigation!" he said, in a serious voice. "This is a murder mystery!"

Mr Forgetful was thrilled. He loved murder mysteries! But then he gasped.

"Wait! Someone's been murdered?"





"We need clues!" said somebody.

What a bright idea!

"He has a moustache!" shouted Mr Sneeze, who then sneezed, because the thought of a moustache tickled his nose.

"Here's his handkerchief!" said Mr Tickle, who had reached out and picked it up.

"Put that back!" cried Mr Clever.

"There are patches on his clothes!" shouted Little Miss Helpful.

"No, no. We should look at the big picture!" said Mr Clever. "For example: he was killed in the park!"

How right he was, he thought.

Little Miss Brainy knew what was coming next.  
Questions! (And Mr Bump.)



Mr Bump rolled down the hill and landed in the middle of the crowd. BUMP!

"Where were you this morning, Mr Bump?" asked Mr Clever. "You look like you've been in a fight!"

"Me? I had my hand stuck in a pillar-box," answered Mr Bump.

Mr Nosey, who had been inside the pillar-box (reading people's letters) confirmed this. He could also confirm that Mr Cool's results had come back from the clinic, but this really wasn't the right time.

Mr Clever turned to Little Miss Late. "And you? You only just got here. Where have you been?"

"I'm on my way to a job interview. It's on next week!" she replied. "I don't want to be late this time!"

Mr Tall spoke up. "It's true. I saw her coming. She's been on the road since yesterday!"



"And what about you?" he asked Little Miss Trouble.

"Me? What are you suggesting?" she snapped.

In the middle of an investigation! Oh dear. That sort of behaviour didn't look good at all.

Mr Clever tilted his head, as clever people often do. It meant something like "Do continue".

"Fine! I was getting people in trouble, all right?"

She was telling the truth!

In fact, she had spent the entire morning spreading a rumour, according to a very disgruntled Mr Skinny.

(Can't tell you. But Mr Nosey can.)



Soon, conversation turned to what the murderer would do next.

Mr Nobody reasoned to himself that, if he were gone, he wouldn't be missed. Not true!

Mr Uppity decided, rather loudly and publicly, that he was too important to be murdered. Not true!

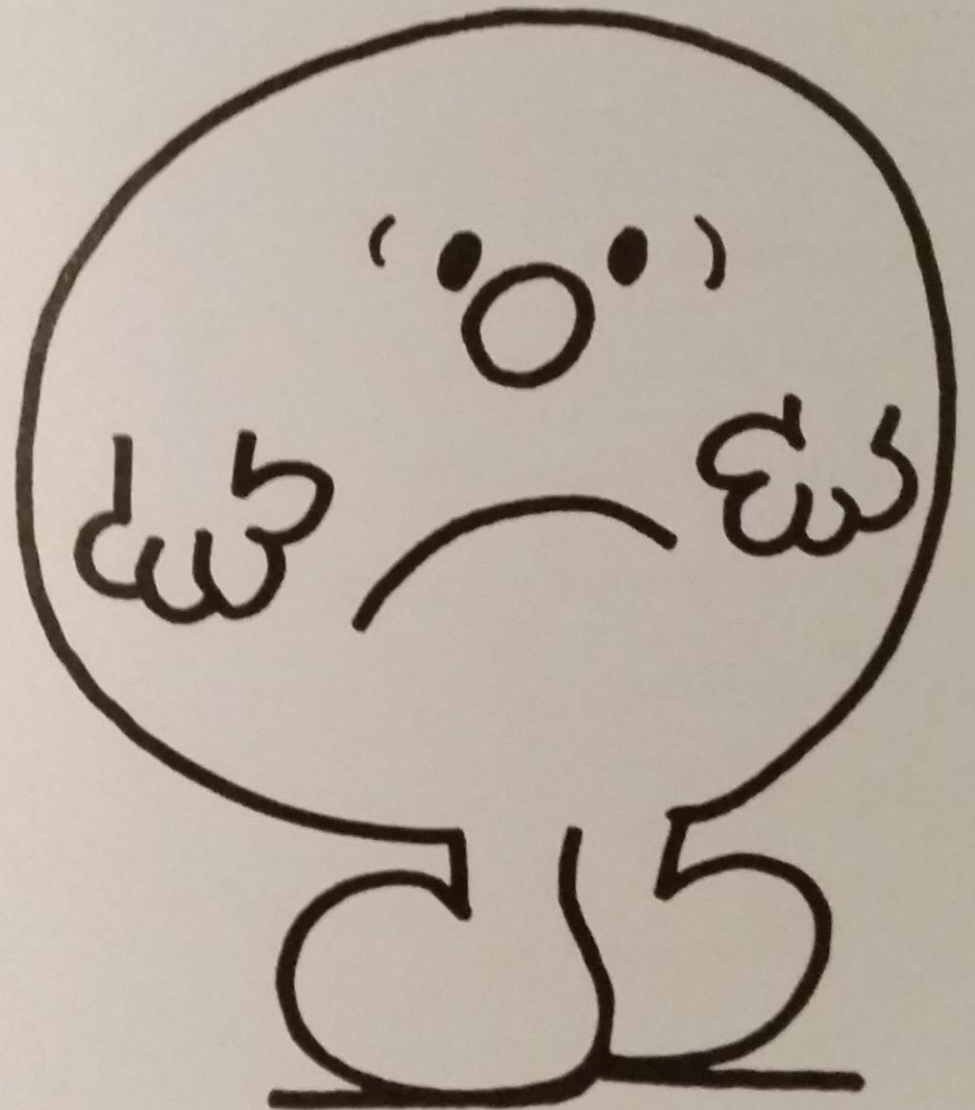
Little Miss Scary told everyone that nothing scared her - not even a murderer! Not true!

All anyone wanted to talk about was themselves!

Mr Quiet was afraid to speak up, so if he had seen anything, it was no help to anybody. Perhaps he didn't want to end up like the unfortunate man with the handkerchief.

Mr Clever, meanwhile, was running out of suspects.

But Little Miss Curious had an idea!



"Right, you lot! Here's the plan!" she said.

That sounded professional enough.

"Everybody point at a person who knows where you were this morning!"

So they did.

Except there were three people who didn't point at all.

Mr Perfect. Mr Impossible. And Mr Clever!

Nobody knew where they had been at the time of the murder. Very curious indeed!

Mr Perfect explained himself.

"It couldn't have been me. I'm perfect."

He had a point, but that wasn't enough.



"Maybe it WAS you," interrupted Mr Rude. "Maybe it was the perfect crime!"

"Ah, but the fish!" shouted Mr Nonsense, into the wrong end of a telephone.

Everybody ignored Mr Nonsense.

"I... think... that..." began Mr Slow, losing the crowd in the process.

"Well, it certainly wasn't ME," said Mr Clever. "Although, if I had done it, I wouldn't have left any clues, because I'm too clever."

There were a few boos.

"It could have been me," said Mr Impossible. "After all, I can do anything. I didn't, but I could have."



"Now listen here!" yelled Mr Fussy. "There really ought to be a trial! I must insist!"

Everybody in the crowd agreed (or at least the more sensible ones did).

"It is right and proper!" boomed Mr Clever, who really was enjoying the limelight. Then he remembered he was a suspect.

"Who wants to be on the jury?" asked Mr Tall.

For a minute, it looked like nobody wanted to help. It did seem like a lot of hard work, after all!

Thankfully, Little Miss Dotty, Little Miss Scatterbrain, Mr Wrong, Little Miss Fickle, Mr Muddle, Mr Daydream, Little Miss Contrary, Mr Silly, Mr Nonsense, Little Miss Stubborn, Mr Lazy and Mr Dizzy were happy to volunteer.

What could possibly go wrong?



The trial had to be outdoors, because there was no courtroom in Misterland. Nobody had ever needed one before! Anyway, it would be a shame to stay indoors on such a lovely day.

Little Miss Curious and Mr Nosey began questioning the suspects.

"Where were you this morning?" Little Miss Curious asked Mr Impossible.

"I was eating tomorrow's breakfast."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mr Nosey.

"Oh yes," replied Mr Impossible. "Very much so."

"How do we know you're innocent?"

"Well, how do you know Mr Perfect is? I saw him in the park when I was flying to the shops."

There was a loud gasp.





Mr Perfect took the stand.

His hair looked wonderful.

Little Miss Curious leaned in and gave him a probing look.

"Well, Mr Perfect - where were YOU this morning?"

He blushed. Of course he did.

"Well, if you must know, I was going to meet Little Miss Star, and I stopped to pick a flower," he replied.

Little Miss Star had the flower to prove it.

The crowd was impressed. What a perfectly thoughtful thing to do!



Then it was Mr Clever's turn.

Mr Nosey poked his nose at him and asked what he'd been doing that morning.

This was an easy one, as Mr Clever always kept a diary.

"Let's see, shall we?" he began, taking out his little black book and leafing through the pages. "Ah yes. Seven o'clock, hard sums. Seven thirty, spinach for breakfast. Eight o'clock, learn Swedish. Nine o'clock, teach Swedish. Ten o'clock, play chess while having a nap..."

"Stop! I've heard enough!" shouted Mr Nosey. "Clearly you were too busy being boring to go to the park this morning. Besides, I already read your diary through your window!"

Mr Clever was deflated. He had really thought he'd have more time to show off.



"Have we got any witnesses?" asked Little Miss Brainy.

"Great idea!" cried Little Miss Curious.

Plenty of people raised their hands. Their stories, it turns out, had nothing to do with the murder. And they all shouted at the same time.

"All at nothing saw I!" said Mr Topsy Turvy, before he was asked.

"I saw a black cat!" wailed Mr Worry. "Surely that means something?"

"I found a rabbit's foot!" said Little Miss Lucky.

"That's no foot!" cried Mr Rude.

"Well, that doesn't help. One at a time, please!" shouted Little Miss Curious.



Mr Forgetful thought he had something to say, but he wasn't sure.

"Is this about my fence?" he asked.

Mr Nosey shook his head. "Next!"

It was Mr Chatterbox's turn. Oh dear.

"Well, now, it was about seven o'clock this morning, or perhaps a quarter to seven... I'm not sure, because I was out jogging and I hadn't brought my watch, which by the way is a Swiss watch, and it glows in the dark, which I can demonstrate later, if you like... but I remember that there was a cloud in the distance in the shape of a horse - or was it a dog? Yes, a dog, actually - and I stopped to talk to a worm, about..."

"STOP!" shouted everybody. And that was that.



Mr Nosey and Little Miss Curious were out of questions and no closer to solving the mystery. So they asked the jury if they had reached a verdict.

"Definitely!" said Little Miss Contrary.

"It was Mr Clever!" said Little Miss Fickle. "No - Mr Impossible! No - it was Mr Perfect!"

"Wouldn't it be silly," chuckled Mr Silly, "if nobody murdered him?"

"I didn't understand any of this," said Mr Dizzy.

"I think," said Mr Wrong, "it was the man on the ground!"

What a disaster!



Well, not entirely.

Mr Jelly had finally managed to calm down, and he thought he would help out with the investigation. Which was extremely brave of him.

And on his way to the park, who do you think he met?

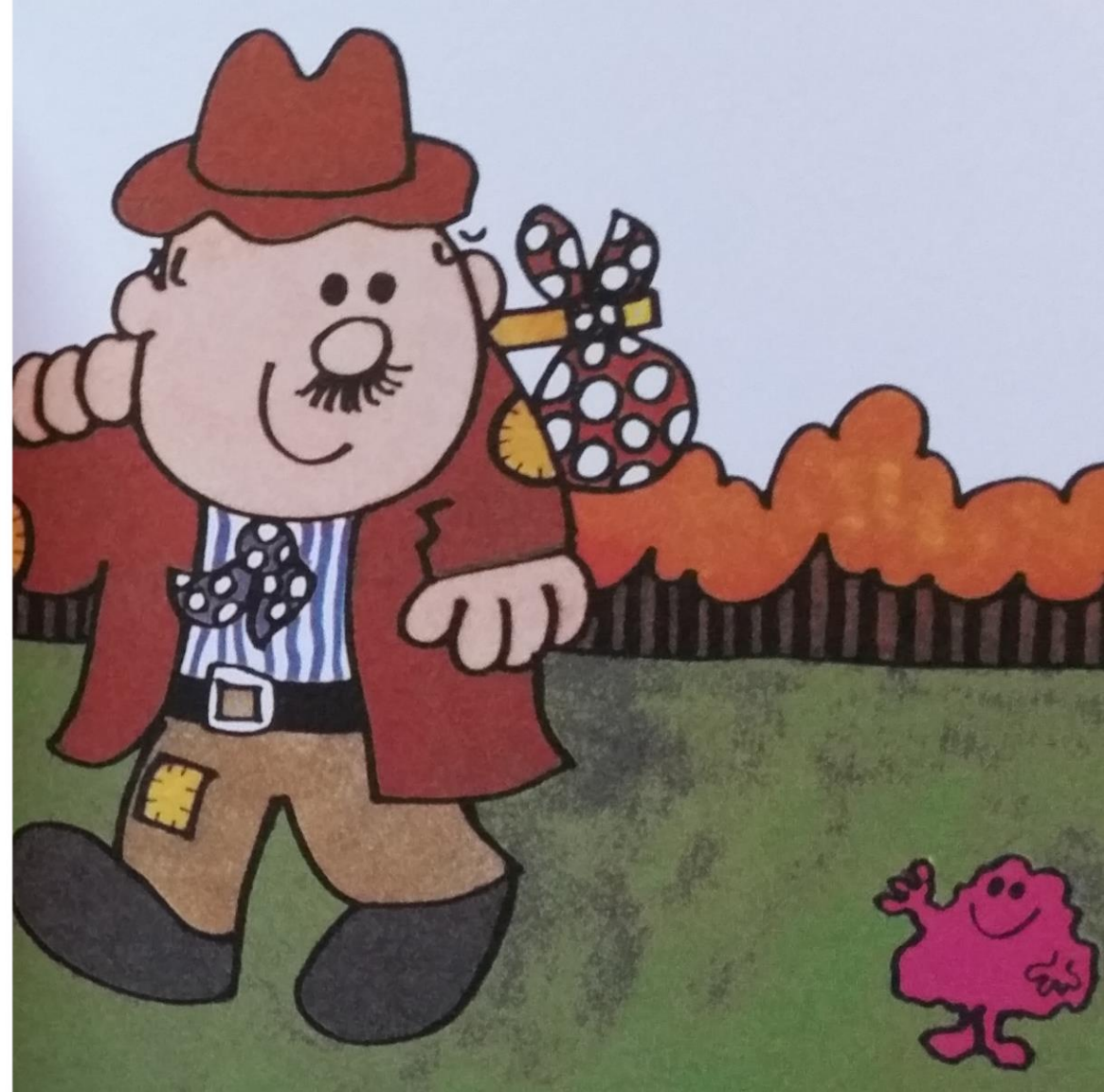
It was the dead man! Who wasn't dead at all, but had simply fainted in the heat!

What a relief.

Mr Jelly rushed back to his friends to tell everyone the news.

"Oh," they all said. "How disappointing."

Then they all went home.



"Rubbish of load a what!" said Mr Topsy Turvy.

# THANK YOU FOR READING

James Thomas  
2016

## Online:

[www.astonishingsod.com](http://www.astonishingsod.com)  
[twitter.com/AstonishingSod](https://twitter.com/AstonishingSod)

## Agent:

Natalie Galustian @ DHH Literary Agency

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

---

MR. MEN™ LITTLE MISS™ © THOIP (a SANRIO company)

Characters created by Roger & Adam Hargreaves