

THE QUESTIONEERS

IGGY PECK

AND THE MYSTERIOUS MANSION



By Andrea Beaty Illustrations by David Roberts

THIS NOTEBOOK BELONGS TO:

Iggy



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ANDREA BEATY AND
DAVID ROBERTS**

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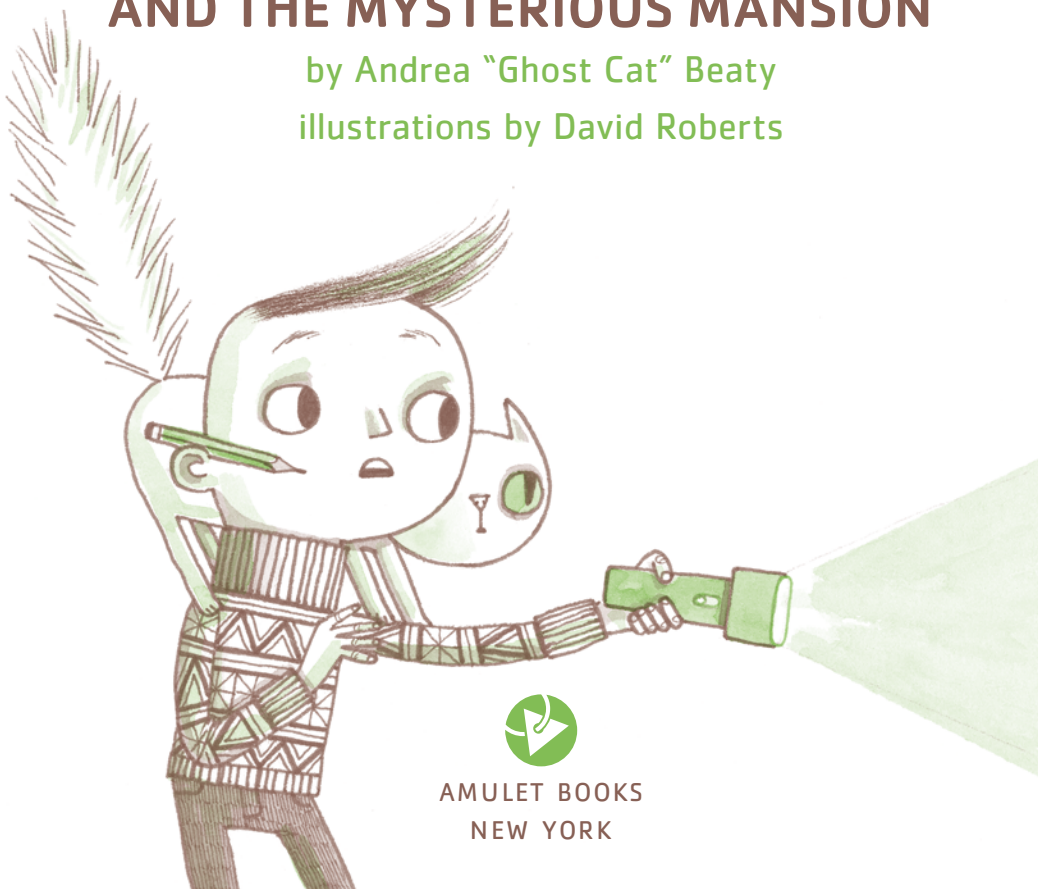
THE QUESTIONERS

IGGY PECK

AND THE MYSTERIOUS MANSION

by Andrea "Ghost Cat" Beaty

illustrations by David Roberts



AMULET BOOKS
NEW YORK

To Anna and Alexandra -A.B.

For Joel -D.R.

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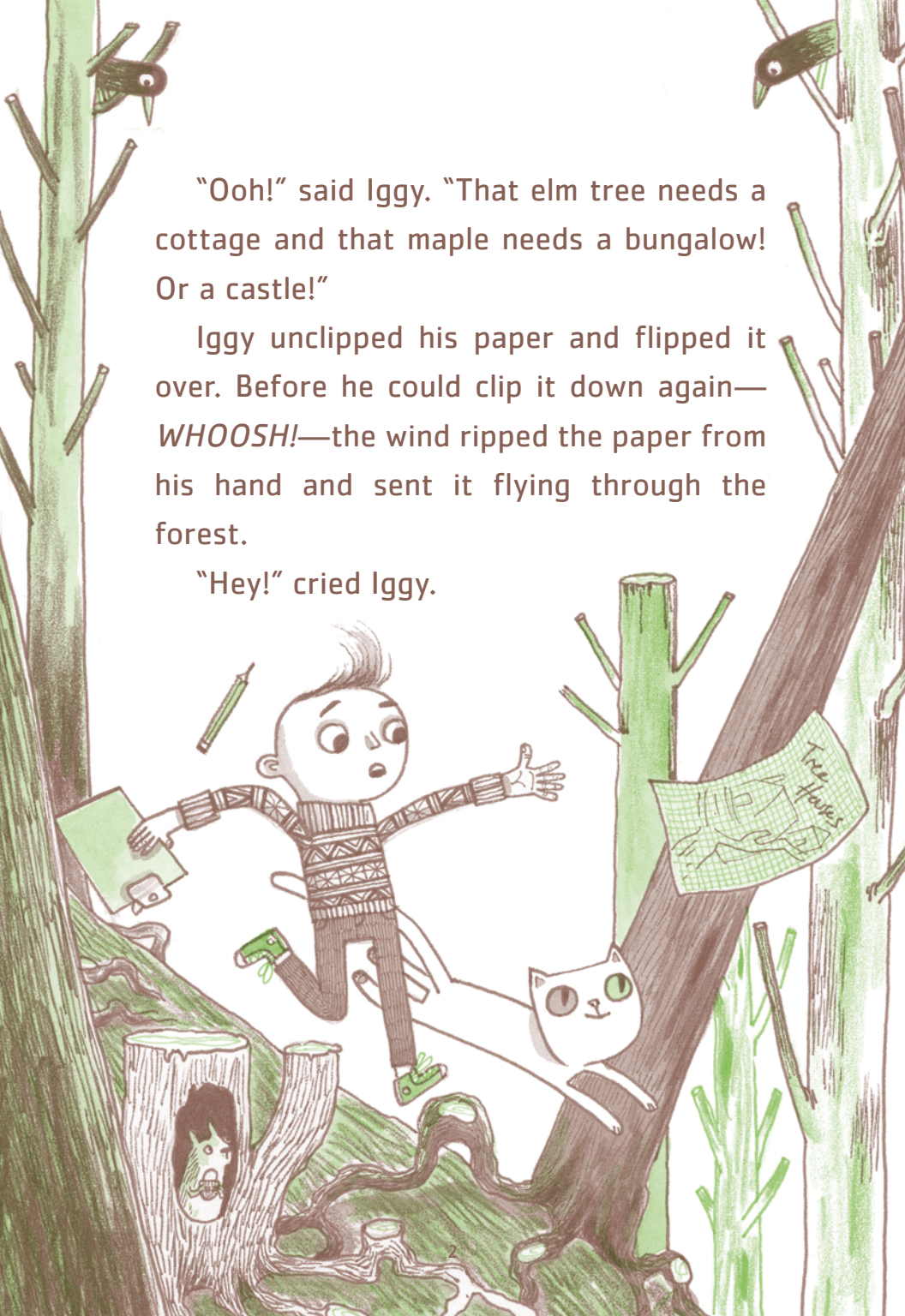
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CHAPTER 1

Iggy Peck sat on a log and studied the giant oak towering above him. A chilly wind rattled the golden leaves and sent them tumbling, one by one, onto the forest floor. Iggy's cat, Bricks, chased the leaves with a loud MEOW.

Iggy did not notice. He was busy designing a treehouse. Iggy Peck was an architect and he designed houses everywhere he went, even the forest.

"This oak is perfect for a Victorian mansion," said Iggy.

A colorful illustration of a boy named Iggy in a forest. Iggy is a young boy with a tuft of hair, wearing a patterned sweater and dark pants. He is running with his arms outstretched, looking surprised. A white cat with green eyes is running alongside him, reaching out with its front paws. In the background, there are several trees, some with birds perched on them. A green paper with a drawing and the words "Tree Houses" is pinned to a tree trunk. In the foreground, a tree stump has a small, grumpy-looking creature with a large nose and a mustache peeking out from a hole. A green pencil is floating in the air near Iggy. The scene is set in a lush green forest with a path leading through the trees.

“Ooh!” said Iggy. “That elm tree needs a cottage and that maple needs a bungalow! Or a castle!”

Iggy unclipped his paper and flipped it over. Before he could clip it down again—*WHOOSH!*—the wind ripped the paper from his hand and sent it flying through the forest.

“Hey!” cried Iggy.



“Meow!” cried Bricks.

Iggy and Bricks scrambled after the paper, which tumbled deeper and deeper into the dim woods.

WHACK!

Iggy’s sneaker hit a root and he tripped. The clipboard flew out of his hand as Iggy stumbled and tumbled head over heels down . . . down . . . down the hill.

“Whooooaaaaaaaaa-whoooooaaaaa!” he yelled.

Iggy slammed into something very hard beneath the leaves. He sat up and rubbed his shoulder.

“Ouch!” he said.

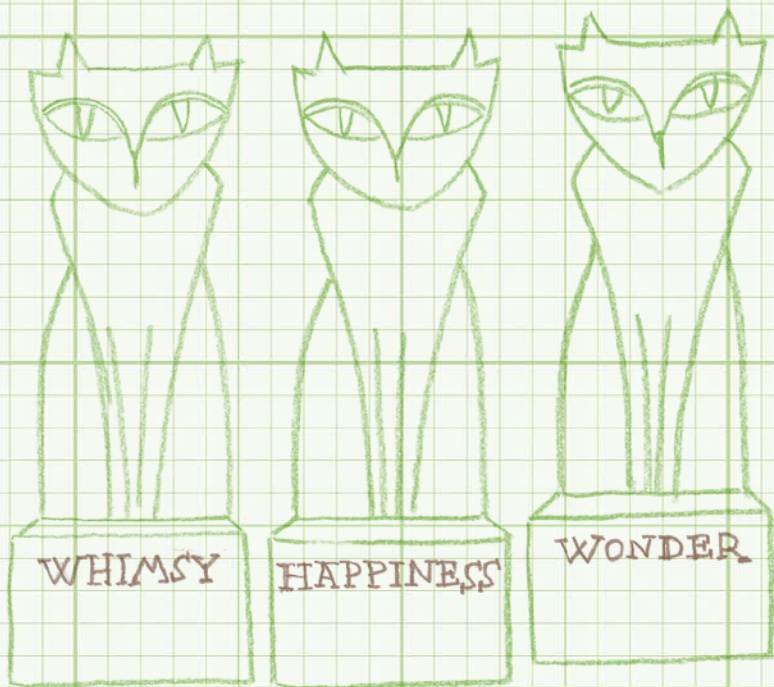
Bricks hissed.

“What’s wro—?” Iggy started.

Suddenly, a strong gust of wind blew away the leaves and revealed what Iggy had hit.

“Whoa,” he said, staring into a pair of stone-cold eyes.

Three White Marble
CATS



∩ (a bit like Bricks) ∩