

DOGGIE'S last day. fkb. 10k

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Doggie's last day
Written in English by Nigel Toeg
and can be found
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Thank you.

wherz dogE. sed cris loucing Over at hiz
wIf mara hoo woz bisE flicing throo a
magazEn.

"Where's Doggie?" said Chris, looking over at his wife Mara who was busy flicking through a magazine.

dOnt nO. mara turnd hur hed az thO
expecting dogE too emurj from bEhInd
the sOfa or mAbE apEar in the dorwA. I
havnt sEn him orl dA.

"Don't know." Mara turned her head, as though expecting Doggie to emerge from behind the sofa, or maybe appear in the doorway.

"I haven't seen him all day."

mE nEther. cris stoud up too get a beter
louc throo the windO pEring left and rIt.

"Me neither."

Chris stood up to get a better look through the window, peering left and right.

cant sE him hE tOld hur shAcing hiz hed.
beter get hiz scAts on thO. not long now
bEfor wEer lEving.

"Can't see him," he told her, shaking his head.

"Better get his skates on, though.

Not long now before we're leaving."

sum distans from hiz hOm dogE woz
worcing along a lAn.

Some distance from his home, Doggie was walking along a lane.

the lAn led from hiz hows too the vilaj.

The lane led from his house to the village.

cerfulE crosing the rOd hE cort a glimps
ov brown fur at the botom ov a hedj and a
nOz pOcing owt ov the grEn lEvz.

Carefully crossing the road, he caught a glimpse of brown fur at the bottom of a hedge and a nose poking out of the green leaves

it woz fransis. helO fransis dogE sed too
the fox. how ar yoo.

It was Francis.

Hello Francis," Doggie said to the fox.

"How are you?"

not sO bad. fransis moovd a bit further
owt from the hedj. hav too cEp mI wits
abowt mE thO. duznt pA too gO
dAdrEming. lots ov pEpl rownd hEer dOnt
lIc foxez.

"Not so bad."

Francis moved a bit further out from the hedge.

"Have to keep my wits about me, though.

Doesn't pay to go daydreaming.

Lots of people round here don't like foxes."

sO Iv hEerd sed dogE. must bE hard.
fransis scratchd at the grownd with hiz
por. yooer not rong ther dogE. morz the
pitE.

"So I've heard," said Doggie.

"Must be hard."

Francis scratched at the ground with his paw.

"You're not wrong there, Doggie.

More's the pity!"

yes dogE agrEd. much harder bEing a fox
than a dog. fransis noded. enEwA hE
continUd. wer ar yoo gOing.

"Yes," Doggie agreed.

"Much harder being a fox than a dog."

Francis nodded. "Anyway," he continued.

"Where are you going?"

its mI last dA dogE tOld him. wEer

mooving hows sO I thort Id get owt and
abowt. hav a last louc rownd sA mI
goudbIz.

"It's my last day," Doggie told him.

"We're moving house, so I thought I'd get out and about, have a last look round, say my goodbyes."

I sE the fox sed turning hiz hed too wun
sId. left it a bit lAt havnt yoo. I nO sed
dogE. but I OnlE fownd owt wE wur lEving
last nIt.

"I see," the fox said, turning his head to one side.

"Left it a bit late, haven't you?"

"I know," said Doggie.

"But I only found out we were leaving last night."

pooer thing sed fransis. never nIc too hav
a last dA Id hav thort. it sownds sO
fInal.

"Poor thing," said Francis.

"Never nice to have a last day, I'd have thought.
It sounds so final."

yes it duz dogE agrEd. O wel. fransis gAv
a qwic louc up the lAn. best bE on mI wA.
and hE rEtrEted bac intoo the shelter ov
the hedj.

"Yes, it does," Doggie agreed.

"Oh well."

Francis gave a quick look up the lane.

"Best be on my way."

And he retreated back into the shelter of the hedge.

goud luc too yoo dogE hE corld owt az hiz
boushE tAl disapEerd.

"Good luck to you, Doggie," he called out as his bushy tail disappeared.

thancs dogE sed a litl sadlE wondering
wether hEd ever sE fransis agAn. giving a
larj sI hE heded of wuns mor toowords
the vilaj.

"Thanks," Doggie said, a little sadly, wondering whether he'd ever
see Francis again.

Giving a large sigh, he headed off once more towards the village.

az dogE worcd along hE fownd himself
thincing bac too the first dA hEd arIvd
at the hows thA wur now lEving.

As Doggie walked along, he found himself thinking back to the first
day he'd arrived at the house they were now leaving.

hE trId too remember how long agO that
had bEn but hE woznt verE goud with
tIm.

He tried to remember how long ago that had been but he wasn't very good
with time.

the wun thing that cAm too mInd thO

woz cris hiz Owner sAing hE had a
speshal present for him too marc the
fact thA had cum too a nU hOm.

The one thing that came to mind, though, was Chris, his owner, saying he had a special present for him to mark the fact they had come to a new home.

how exsIted dogE had bEn wondering
wot it coud bE. Iv Even rapd it up cris
went on too sA.

How excited Doggie had been, wondering what it could be.
"I've even wrapped it up," Chris went on to say.

dogE coud sE how cris woz hOlding
sumthing bEhInd hiz bac and hE jumpd up
and trId too get bEhInd him too sE wot it
WOZ.

Doggie could see how Chris was holding something behind his back and he jumped up and tried to get behind him to see what it was.

nO yoo dOnt cris corld owt lafing and
wAving hiz frE hand in the er. orl in goud
tIm dogE orl in goud tIm.

"No you don't," Chris called out, laughing and waving his free hand in the air.

"All in good time Doggie, all in good time."

and then cris plAd a litl gAm ov turning in
a surcl too stop dogE sEing wot hE woz

hOlding.

And then Chris played a little game of turning in a circle to stop Doggie seeing what he was holding.

dogE never lIcd it wen hiz Owner did this
cInd ov thing but hE woz a loyal dog and
went along with it too mAc cris hapE.

Doggie never liked it when his owner did this kind of thing but, he was a loyal dog and went along with it to make Chris happy.

cant catch mE cris showted continUalE
wurling arownd and arownd cEping dogE in
frunt ov him and the surprIz present
bEhInd hiz bac.

"Can't catch me," Chris shouted, continually whirling around and around, keeping Doggie in front of him and the surprise present behind his back.

thats wot yoo thinc dogE thort. if I rEalE
trId I coud get bEhInd yoo EsE az
enEthing EsE az pouting wun por in frunt
ov the other.

That's what you think, Doggie thought.

If I really tried, I could get behind you easy as anything, easy as putting one paw in front of the other.

after this had gon on a litl longer cris
sudenlE stopd and held wot hE had in hiz

hand toowords dogE.

After this had gone on a little longer, Chris suddenly stopped and held what he had in his hand towards Doggie.

it woz rapd in nUzpAper and had the shAp ov a larj bOn. bet yoo cant ges wot this iz. cris sed.

It was wrapped in newspaper and had the shape of a large bone. "Bet you can't guess what this is?" Chris said.

hm dogE thort. not for the first tIm wondering abowt the intelijens ov hiz Owner. it loucs lIc a bOn and smelz lIc a bOn sO mI best ges woud bE that its probablE a bOn.

Hmm, Doggie thought.

Not for the first time wondering about the intelligence of his owner. It looks like a bone and smells like a bone, so my best guess would be that it's probably a bone.

in fact a bOn woud bE mI OnlE sugestshun. wot a surprIz yooer gOing too hav cris went on. yool never ges.

In fact, a bone would be my only suggestion. "What a surprise you're going to have," Chris went on. "You'll never guess!"

not gOing too bE a surprIz unles it turns owt too bE a vaz or a soopspoon or mAbE

a bouc dogE thort.

Not going to be a surprise unless it turns out to be a vase or a spoon or maybe a book, Doggie thought.

tada. cris pout hiz clenched fist too hiz
mouth and lifted hiz hed mAcIng noyze
throo it lIc a prEtend bUgl blOWing a
fanfer.

"Ta-da."

Chris put his clenched fist to his mouth and lifted his head,
making noises through it like a pretend bugle blowing a fanfare.

and with this hE plAsd the rapd present
on the flor in frunt ov dogE.

And with this, he placed the wrapped present on the floor in front of
Doggie.

dogE dUtEful wagd hiz tAl and set too
pouling the pAper of. cris woz hoping up
and down Eger too sE dogEz fAs wen the
present woz rEvEld.

Doggie dutifully wagged his tail and set to pulling the paper off.
Chris was hopping up and down, eager to see Doggie's face when
the present was revealed.

az the bOn apEard from the raping dogE
mAd shooer hE didnt disapoynt. after orl
hE woz plEzd too hav a bOn and touc it in

hiz tEth and turnd hiz hed from sId too
sId mAcIng a soft growling sownd.

As the bone appeared from the wrapping, Doggie made sure he didn't disappoint.

After all, he was pleased to have a bone and took it in his teeth and turned his head from side to side, making a soft growling sound.

then hE wagd hiz tAl and jumpd up at
cris wIl hiz Owner rufld the fur on hiz
hed and sed wot a surprIz that must hav
bEn.

Then he wagged his tail and jumped up at Chris while his owner ruffled the fur on his head and said, "What a surprise that must have been."

dogE continUd along the lAn not stoping
until hE cAm too a plAs wer a mudE rOd
led toowords too foutborl pitchez.

Doggie continued along the lane, not stopping until he came to a place where a muddy road led towards two football pitches.

bEyond the pitchez wur several Acers ov
plowd fEld borderd bI woudz on thrE
sIds.

Beyond the pitches were several acres of ploughed field bordered by woods on three sides.

in the sumer cris and mara woud sumtImz
tAc a picnic and rambl throo the woudz

dogE runing on ahead luving orl the
diferent smelz and exploring parts hEd
never bEn too bEfor.

In the summer, Chris and Mara would sometimes take a picnic and ramble through the woods, Doggie running on ahead, loving all the different smells and exploring parts he'd never been to before.

sumtImz in the worm wether hEd tAc a
dip in the strEm. hE rememberd wun tIm
rEturning wet too wer cris and mara wur
chating on a mosE banc and shAcing hiz
fur sending drops ov worter orl Over hiz
Owners.

Sometimes, in the warm weather, he'd take a dip in the stream. He remembered one time returning wet to where Chris and Mara were chatting on a mossy bank and shaking his fur, sending drops of water all over his owners.

a smIl cAm too hiz fAs folOd bI a smorl
barc lIc chucl az hE rememberd ther
showts.

A smile came to his face followed by a small bark-like chuckle as he remembered their shouts.

nO dogE nO mara had crId owt loucing at
the mudE drops on hur dres. bad dog cris
had joynd in. bad dog dogE.

"No Doggie, no," Mara had cried out, looking at the muddy drops on her dress.

"Bad dog," Chris had joined in.
"Bad dog, Doggie."

on wun ov the footborl pitchez dogE coud
sE another dog runing after a borl
thrOwn for him. the dogs nAm woz stanlE
and stanlE woz a wipet.

On one of the football pitches, Doggie could see another dog
running after a ball thrown for him.
The dog's name was Stanley and Stanley was a whippet.

az dogE stopd and wotchd hE coudnt
bElEv how qwiclE stanlE coud run. mInd
yoo hE thort that wipet duznt hav an
owns ov fat on him.

As Doggie stopped and watched, he couldn't believe how quickly
Stanley could run.
Mind you, he thought, that whippet doesn't have an ounce of fat on him.

pitE the sAm cant bE sed abowt hiz
Owner. spoting dogE wotching stanlE ran
Over too wer hE woz siting bI the edj ov
the pitch.

Pity the same can't be said about his owner.
Spotting Doggie watching, Stanley ran over to where he was sitting by the
edge of the pitch.

helO dogE stanlE grEted him. wot ar yoo
up too. its mI last dA dogE sed. wEer

mooving hOm. sO I wonted too hav a last
louc rownd and sA goudbI.

"Hello Doggie," Stanley greeted him.

"What are you up to?"

"It's my last day," Doggie said.

"We're moving home.

So I wanted to have a last look round and say goodbye."

O that iz a shAm stanIE tOld him. wEI orl
mis yoo. thancs sed dogE loucing
downcast.

"Oh, that is a shame," Stanley told him.

"We'll all miss you."

"Thanks," said Doggie, looking downcast.

but then Im shooer yor nU plAs wil bE
grAt stanIE sed brItIE trIing too chEer
him up.

"But then, I'm sure your new place will be great," Stanley said
brightly, trying to cheer him up.

I hOp sO dogE sed. I sE yooer dooing the
borl thing. yes I fEl I hav too. pritE
poyntles if yoo asc mE.

"I hope so," Doggie said.

"I see you're doing the ball thing."

"Yes, I feel I have to.

Pretty pointless, if you ask me.

hE thrOwz the borl I run after it and pic

it up then tAc it bac too him OnlE for him
too thrO it agAn.

He throws the ball, I run after it and pick it up, then take it back to him, only for him to throw it again.

stanlE shouc hiz hed. Id much rather doo
wot I wont wen wEer owtdorz. tAc mI
tIm nOz arownd but hEz just bort wun ov
thOz plastic thingz for thrOwing the
borl.

" Stanley shook his head.

"I'd much rather do what I want when we're outdoors, take my time, nose around, but he's just bought one of those plastic things for throwing the ball.

I sE wot yoo mEn dogE rEplId. woudnt
doo if hE throo the borl and yoo stAd
pout. thats rIt. hE spent Ajez on the
internet trIing too get a goud dEl on wun.

"I see what you mean," Doggie replied.

"Wouldn't do if he threw the ball and you stayed put."

"That's right.

He spent ages on the Internet trying to get a good deal on one.

olthO wI hE chOz oranj az a culor I
never nO. not stIlsh at orl.

Although why he chose orange as a colour I'll never know.
Not stylish at all!"

mI too ar the sAm sed dogE. cris spends

owerz browsing for Electronics and mara
bIz lots ov hur clOths onlIn.

"My two are the same," said Doggie.

"Chris spends hours browsing for electronics and Mara buys lots of her clothes on-line."

dogE hEerd a showt and loucd up too sE
andE stanlEz Owner mAcIng hiz wA Over.
lOping acros the footborl pitch in a mOst
ungAnlE fashun.

Doggie heard a shout and looked up to see Andy, Stanley's owner, making his way over, lolloping across the football pitch in a most ungainly fashion.

yor andEz pout on a lot ov wAt dogE sed
nOtising how the butons on hiz shurt wur
strAnd olmost too brAcIng.

"Your Andy's put on a lot of weight," Doggie said, noticing how the buttons on his shirt were strained almost to breaking.

I nO stanlE agrEd. its orl thOz chips and
snacs hE Ets and the fact hE sits on the
cowch mOst ov the dA wotching filmz not
too menshun the bAcon butEz.

"I know," Stanley agreed.

"It's all those chips and snacks he eats and the fact he sits on the couch most of the day watching films, not to mention the bacon butties."

stanlE. andE corld owt arIving owt ov

brEth. wot ar yoo dooing. yoo must cum
wen I corl.

"Stanley!" Andy called out, arriving out of breath.

"What are you doing? You must come when I call."

stanlE loucd up at hiz Owner and gAv an
apologetic barc folOwing this up with a
brush ov hiz bac agAnst andEz legs.

Stanley looked up at his owner and gave an apologetic bark,
following this up with a brush of his back against Andy's legs.

and yoo andE sed too dogE. yoo shoud hav
a run with mI stanlE. bit ov ruf and tumbl.
doo yoo dogs goud. cEp yoo fit.

"And you," Andy said to Doggie. "You should have a run with my
Stanley.

Bit of rough and tumble.

Do you dogs good.

Keep you fit."

yoo can torc dogE thort. and catching the
wipets I sor that stanlE woz thincing the
sAm.

You can talk, Doggie thought.

And catching the whippet's eye saw that Stanley was thinking the same.

cum on then. Il thrO the borl sum mor
andE sed jestering at stanlE too get up
from wer hEd sprorld on the gras.

"Come on then.

I'll throw the ball some more," Andy said, gesturing at Stanley to get up from where he'd sprawled on the grass.

Uzing the plastic thrOwer hE sent the
borl scitering acros the pitch. gO on
stanlE hE encurAjd. awA yoo gO. yooer a
goud dog rEalE.

Using the plastic thrower, he sent the ball skittering across the pitch. "Go on Stanley," he encouraged.

"Away you go.

You're a good dog really."

wuf wuf stanlE barcd in agrEment az hE
ran of too colect it. and wuf wuf too yoo
dogE corld owt too stanlE az hE set of on
hiz wA.

"Woof, woof," Stanley barked in agreement, as he ran off to collect it.

"And woof, woof to you," Doggie called out to Stanley as he set off on his way.

after the lAn had gon throo a sErEz ov
twistE turns dogE coud sE the vilaj in the
distanS.

After the lane had gone through a series of twisty turns, Doggie could see the village in the distance.

hE stil had a wA too gO but on this sunE
dA hE woz enjoying the worc hapE too gO

sLOIE az hE touc in the lOcal sIts for wot
woud probablE bE the fInal tIm.

He still had a way to go but on this sunny day he was enjoying the walk, happy to go slowly, as he took in the local sights for what would probably be the final time.

in the distans hE coud sE a red tractor
mAcIng its wA along a path bEtWEn too
fElds.

In the distance, he could see a red tractor making its way along a path between two fields.

dogE supOzd it woz wun ov farmer benz
fElds but woz having dificultE sEing
properlE sqinting throo the hAzE
sunshIn.

Doggie supposed it was one of Farmer Ben's fields but was having difficulty seeing properly, squinting through the hazy sunshine.

just az hE woz trIing too wurc owt wer
farmer benz land bEgan and ended a figur
jumpd owt ontoo the rOd rIt in frunt ov
him.

Just as he was trying to work out where Farmer Ben's land began and ended, a figure jumped out onto the road right in front of him.

a larj rabit stoud on hiz hInd legs grining.
how how how howz it gOing. it woz howard

and this woz hiz customarE grEting.

A large rabbit stood on his hind legs grinning.

"How, how, how, how's it going?

It was Howard and this was his customary greeting.

hE turnd hiz hed too wun sId and poushd
hiz pinc nOz intoo the er az hE spOc.

He turned his head to one side and pushed his pink nose into the air as he spoke.

howard dogE sed. wer did yoo spring
from. yoo gAv mE qwIt a start.

"Howard!" Doggie said.

"Where did you spring from? You gave me quite a start."

I woz just Over ther howard rEplId
poynting toowords a ditch that ran along
the sId ov the rOd. yoo wur sO dEp in
thort yoo didnt nOtis mE.

"I was just over there," Howard replied, pointing towards a ditch that ran along the side of the road.

"You were so deep in thought, you didn't notice me."

yes I supOz yooer rIt dogE sed too the
rabit. its mI last dA yoo sE bEfor wE
moov hows and I woz thincing abowt how
much I lIc living hEer and how Im gOing
too mis everEthing and everEwun.

"Yes, I suppose you're right," Doggie said to the rabbit.

"It's my last day, you see, before we move house and I was thinking about how much I like living here and how I'm going to miss everything and everyone."

thats a shAm sed howard. after orl wEv
had sum fun and gamz yoo and I. yes dogE
agrEd. wE sertAnIE hav.

"That's a shame," said Howard.

"After all, we've had some fun and games, you and I."

"Yes," Doggie agreed. "We certainly have."

howard thort for a mOment scratching
hiz Ear. yoo remember the tIm farmer
ben pout owt that luvIE picnic spred in
the garden at the bac ov the farmhows
and ascd orl the nAborz too cum Over.

Howard thought for a moment, scratching his ear.

"You remember the time Farmer Ben put out that lovely picnic spread in the garden at the back of the farmhouse and asked all the neighbours to come over."

ov cors sed dogE. tuns and tuns ov food.
and wE went down ther tOOgether. hE
wincd at dogE. after orl Im a nAbor sins I
lIv in the fEld rIt bI hiz farmhows.

"Of course," said Doggie.

"Tons and tons of food."

"And we went down there together."

He winked at Doggie.

"After all, I'm a neighbour since I live in the field right by his farmhouse."

and yoo lIv a litl further awA but yooer
az goud az a nAbor in mI bouc. thats rIt
dogE agrEd smIling at the memorE.

And you live a little further away but you're as good as a neighbour in my book."

"That's right," Doggie agreed, smiling at the memory.

and yoo touc too sandwidjes and a sosAj
from the tAbl. dogE chucl and gAv a
soft barc. and I didnt rEalIz farmer ben
coud sE mE from the citchen windO.

"And you took two sandwiches and a sausage from the table."

Doggie chuckled and gave a soft bark.

"And I didn't realise Farmer Ben could see me from the kitchen window.

I woz just abowt too tAc another sosAj
wen hE apEard. howard lafd. il never
forget hiz fAs.

I was just about to take another sausage when he appeared."

Howard laughed.

"I'll never forget his face!

orl red and blotchE with anger az hE touc
of after yoo showting and wAving hiz stic.
but hE didnt catch mE and I hav too sA
the food woz dElishus.

All red and blotchy with anger, as he took off after you, shouting and waving his stick."

"But he didn't catch me and I have to say the food was delicious."

dogE ran hiz tung Over hiz lips at the
memorE. and best ov orl howard pout in.
wIl hE woz distracted runing after yoo it
alowd mE too get in ther and trI sum ov
the razberEz.

Doggie ran his tongue over his lips at the memory."

And best of all," Howard put in.

"While he was distracted running after you, it allowed me to get in there and try some of the raspberries.

bUtEful thA wur. rIp az enEthing. yes
dogE sed. that woz sertAnlE a fun dA.

Beautiful they were. Ripe as anything."

"Yes," Doggie said. "That was certainly a fun day."

for the tIm bEing the sun had gon
bEhInd a clowd and hE coud now sE that
it woz farmer benz sun alec drIving the
tractor.

For the time being, the sun had gone behind a cloud and he could now see that it was Farmer Ben's son Alec driving the tractor.

and doo yoo remember how lAter that
horibl her rojer turnd up and trId too get
himself sum ov the food.

"And do you remember how later that horrible hare Roger turned up and tried to get himself some of the food?"

yes dogE sed. Iv never lIcd rojer. too
foul ov himself. I agrE sed howard. and
hE cEps corling mE howE.

"Yes," Doggie said. "I've never liked Roger.
Too full of himself." "I agree," said Howard.
"And he keeps calling me Howie."

Iv tOld him I dOnt lIc it. ascd him too
stop. the rabit scratchd hiz hed.
but hE tAcs nO nOtis just carEz on
thincs its funE.

"I've told him I don't like it, asked him to stop."
The rabbit scratched his head.
"But he takes no notice, just carries on, thinks it's funny."

wel hE got mor than hE bargAnd for that
dA dogE sed smIling. farmer ben turnd
the hOzpIpe on him.

"Well, he got more than he bargained for that day," Doggie said,
smiling.
"Farmer Ben turned the hosepipe on him."

yes howard agrEd. I woz trIing not too
grin wen hE cAm past orl bedragld. sO
woz I dogE pout in. but I dOnt thinc I
sucSEded.

"Yes," Howard agreed.
"I was trying not to grin when he came past, all bedraggled."

"So was I," Doggie put in.
"But I don't think I succeeded."

then howard ascd doo yoo nO wer yooer
mooving too. not rEalE dogE rEplId. but
from wot I can mAc owt its qwIt a wA
awA.

Then Howard asked, "Do you know where you're moving to?"
"Not really," Doggie replied.
"But from what I can make out it's quite a way away."

wel yool just hav too mAc nU frends the
rabit sed giving several nods az hE spOc.
yes I nO dogE agrEd in a resInd voys.

"Well, you'll just have to make new friends," the rabbit said, giving
several nods as he spoke.
"Yes, I know," Doggie agreed, in a resigned voice.

and after thEz last fU words thA sed
ther goudbIz and parted companE.

And after these last few words, they said their goodbyes and parted
company.

az dogE cAm clOser too the owtscurts ov
the vilaj hE thort abowt hiz mEting with
the rabbit and nU hE woud mis howard hoo
woz olwAz chErful and redE too gO and
doo sumthing tOOgether.

As Doggie came closer to the outskirts of the village, he thought

about his meeting with the rabbit and knew he would miss Howard who was always cheerful and ready to go and do something together.

hE rememberd another tIm a munth bac.
Ed bEn dOzing in the sun hed resting
bEtwEn hiz frunt porz wen howard
apEard.

He remembered another time, a month back.

He'd been dozing in the sun, head resting between his front paws when Howard appeared.

how how how howz it gOing. the rabbit had
sed in hiz UzUal fashun. dogE rAZd a
slEpE I. orl rIt hE tOld him. just having a
nap after lunch.

"How, how, how, how's it going?" the rabbit had said in his usual fashion.

Doggie raised a sleepy eye. "All right," he told him.

"Just having a nap after lunch.

mara gAv mE the remAnz ov a stU and it
woz verE tAstE. hE rAZd hiz hed. mInd
yoo shE coud hav hETed it up a litl mor
for mE but stil never mInd it woz
exselent nuntheles.

Mara gave me the remains of a stew and it was very tasty."

He raised his head.

"Mind you, she could have heated it up a little more for me but still, never mind, it was excellent, nonetheless."

sumtImz I wish I woz a dog sed howard.
lap ov luxurE yor lIif iz. food prOvIded
everE dA. nIc bascet with a cushun for a
bed.

"Sometimes I wish I was a dog," said Howard.

"Lap of luxury, your life is.

Food provided every day.

Nice basket with a cushion for a bed.

everEthing lAd on. troo dogE agrEd. but I
hav too doo wot cris and mara sA a lot ov
the tIm. hE stoud up and stretjd.

Everything laid on."

"True," Doggie agreed.

"But I have to do what Chris and Mara say a lot of the time."

He stood up and stretched.

yoo nO sit down dogE fetch this dogE get
of the bed dogE cum on dogE wEer gOing
owt. dOnt Even thinc ov jumping on the
tAbl. nO yoo cant stA at hOm wEer lEving
now.

"You know— Sit down Doggie, fetch this Doggie, get off the bed Doggie,
come on Doggie we're going out, don't even think of jumping on the table, no
you can't stay at home, we're leaving now.

that sort ov thing. hE rAzd hiz hed and
loucd at the rabit. weraz yoo can doo az
yoo lIc. ansur too nO wun.

cum and gO az yoo plEz.

That sort of thing."

He raised his head and looked at the rabbit.

"Whereas you can do as you like.

Answer to no one.

Come and go as you please."

hE coud sE that howard woz abowt too
mAc a remarc and lifted a por too stop
him. yes I nO yoo hav too fInd yor Own
food but yoo hav yor frEdom and thats a
verE big thing.

He could see that Howard was about to make a remark and lifted a paw to stop him.

"Yes, I know you have to find your own food but you have your freedom and that's a very big thing."

I sE wot yoo mEn howard sed noding hiz
hed long Ears floping abowt. wen yoo pout
it that wA I supOz it iz.

"I see what you mean," Howard said, nodding his head, long ears flopping about.

"When you put it that way, I suppose it is."

further down the lAn the wId gAts ov
oldthorp farm cAm intoo vU with its torl
chimnEz and larj frunt yard.

Further down the lane, the wide gates of Oldthorpe Farm came into view with its tall chimneys and large front yard.

dogE woz hOping too sE hiz frend mAbel
the Old ponE hoo lIcd too stand with hur
hed Over the fens wotching the gOings
on in the lAn.

Doggie was hoping to see his friend Maybelle, the old pony, who liked to stand with her head over the fence watching the goings on in the lane.

olthO geting on in yEerz mAbel stil gAv
rIds too children from the lOcal scool.

Although getting on in years, Maybelle still gave rides to children from the local school.

mIcal the farmer at oldthorp had a yung
dorter ther and wun dA hur tEcher had
sujested trips too the farm too him sO
the children coud sE how a farm woz run
and mEt sum ov the animalz.

Michael, the farmer at Oldthorpe, had a young daughter there and one day her teacher had suggested trips to the farm to him, so the children could see how a farm was run and meet some of the animals.

it turnd owt too bE a verE enjoyabl wA ov
lurning and rIt at the end mAbel woud
olwAz giv Ech chIld a rId arownd the
farmyard.

It turned out to be a very enjoyable way of learning and, right at the end, Maybelle would always give each child a ride around the farmyard.

just bEyond the stEl gAts dogE gAv a litl
barc and within nO tIm mAbelz hed
apEard abuv the fens.

Just beyond the steel gates, Doggie gave a little bark and within no time Maybelle's head appeared above the fence.

helO dogE mAbel sed giving a soft wufling
sownd ov pleshur at sEing hur frend. its
bEn a wIl sins I last sor yoo.

"Hello Doggie," Maybelle said, giving a soft wuffling sound of pleasure at seeing her friend.

"It's been a while since I last saw you."

I nO sed dogE. wen I gO for worcs with
cris and mara wE dOnt often cum down
the lAn this far.

"I know," said Doggie.

"When I go for walks with Chris and Mara we don't often come down the lane this far.

wE UzUalE turn of much urlEer but yooer
on yor Own toodA bI the louc ov it mAbel
sed lifting hur hed and pEring bEyond
dogE up the lAn.

We usually turn off much earlier."

"But you're on your own today, by the look of it," Maybelle said, lifting her head and peering beyond Doggie up the lane.

thats rIt dogE noded and went on too tel
hur abowt it bEing hiz last dA and how hE
wonted too sE everEthing wun mor tIm.

"That's right," Doggie nodded, and went on to tell her about it being
his last day and how he wanted to see everything one more time.

yoo sownd a litl sad the ponE sed. but its
OnlE too bE expected. after orl yoov livd
hEer for qwIt sum wIl.

"You sound a little sad," the pony said.

"But it's only to be expected.

After all, you've lived here for quite some while."

yes I am sad. dogE agrEd noding hiz hed.
and I OnlE hEerd wE wur lEving last nIt
sO its cum az a bit ov a shoc. orl verE
suden.

"Yes, I am sad."

Doggie agreed, nodding his head.

"And I only heard we were leaving last night so it's come as a bit of a shock.
All very sudden."

it can bE hard too lEv a plAs yoo lIc
mAbel tOld him. but from wot I nO if the
plAs yoo gO too iz nIc az wel then yool
setl down EzilE and mAc plentE ov nU
frends.

"It can be hard to leave a place you like," Maybelle told him.

"But ,from what I know, if the place you go to is nice as well, then you'll

settle down easily and make plenty of new friends."

I hOp yooer rIt dogE sed a nOt ov
unsertantE in hiz tOn. I am mAbel
continUd in a calm voys. wot yoo wil mis at
first iz the familEaritE ov yor Old hOm.

"I hope you're right," Doggie said, a note of uncertainty in his tone.

"I am," Maybelle continued in a calm voice.

"What you will miss at first is the familiarity of your old home."

how doo yoo mEn. dogE ascd. wel nOWing
wer everEthing iz wot ther iz too doo and
sE hoo lIvz nEerbI.

"How do you mean?" Doggie asked.

Well knowing where everything is, what there is to do and see, who lives nearby.

litl thingz lIc wer too fInd a nIc worm
corner ov the hows sO yoo can hav a
snooz in the sun.

Little things like where to find a nice warm corner of the house so you can have a snooze in the sun."

I sE sed dogE. but verE soon az tIm gOz
bI mAbel went on. yor nU hOm wil bEcum
just az familEar az yor Old wun woz and
yool fEl setld and sAf.

"I see," said Doggie."

But very soon, as time goes by," Maybelle went on.

"Your new home will become just as familiar as your old one was and you'll feel settled and safe."

doo yoo rEalE thinc sO. yes I rEalE doo
mAbel sed rEasuringlE. I l tel yoo
sumthing. bEfor I cAm too lIv at
Oldthorp I livd a long wA awA from hEer.

"Do you really think so?"

"Yes, I really do," Maybelle said, reassuringly.

"I'll tell you something—before I came to live at Oldthorpe, I lived a long way away from here.

and I didnt bElong too farmer mIcal but
too hiz father hoo had stAbIs. hE trAnd
rAshorses wich ar bI nAtchur verE
nervosanimalz.

And I didn't belong to Farmer Michael but to his father who had stables.
He trained racehorses which are by nature very nervous animals

and hE had wun hors in particUlar hoo
ended up a grAt champEon. hE wun orl
sorts ov cups and prIzes.

and he had one horse in particular who ended up a great champion.
He won all sorts of cups and prizes.

but wen hE first arIvd hE woz scitish
wich mEnz that hE woz nervos exsItabl
and jumpd abowt orl the tIm.

But when he first arrived he was skittish, which means that he was nervous,

excitable and jumped about all the time.

mIcalz father woz having dificultE trIing too trAn him. Even geting him too acsept a sadl on hiz bac woz olmost imposibl at first.

Michael's father was having difficulty trying to train him. Even getting him to accept a saddle on his back was almost impossible at first.

in fact I hEerd mIcalz father sAing too the Owner wun dA that if thingz didnt improov hE woud hav too giv up Even thO it woz obvEos that the hors had a lot ov promis.

In fact, I heard Michael's father saying to the owner one day that, if things didn't improve, he would have to give up, even though it was obvious that the horse had a lot of promise.

the dA after I hEerd this I went and had a torc with fred that woz the nAm ov the hors. tOld him the sitUAshun. hE had a proper rAshors nAm but arownd the stAbls hE woz just nOwn az fred.

"The day after I heard this, I went and had a talk with Fred, that was the name of the horse, told him the situation. He had a proper racehorse name but around the stables he was just known as Fred.

but wen hE woz tAcen owt ov hiz stAbl
for exersIz the folOwing dA hE cicc owt
az UzUal and woz dificult too handl. I woz
nEerbI and went Over and rEmInder him
ov wot Id sed.

"But when he was taken out of his stable for exercise the following
day he kicked out as usual and was difficult to handle.

I was nearby and went over and reminded him of what I'd said

how hEd bE sent awA if hE carEd on lIc
this and hE calmd down strAtawA.

how he'd be sent away if he carried on like this - and he calmed down
straightaway.

mIcalz father sor the efect Id had on
him and from that tIm onward I bEcAm
hiz companEon. wE wur inseparabl and
everEwun coud sE the chAnj in fred woz
down too mE.

Michael's father saw the effect I'd had on him and from that time onward I
became his companion.

We were inseparable and everyone could see the change in Fred was down
to me.

hE just nEded sumwun too torc too and
cEp him calm. dIrect him a litl.

He just needed someone to talk to and keep him calm, direct him a little.

olmost at wuns hE bEcAm EsE too trAn
and bI the end ov hiz carEer fred woz
nOwn acros the land az a troo champEon.

"Almost at once, he became easy to train and, by the end of his career, Fred was known across the land as a true champion.

sO I had a wunderful lIf at the stAbls.
olwAz a foul hA bascet
fresh worter sum lIt exersIz. thA loucd
after mE rEalE wel and
everE dA I woz nIslE brushd and turnd
owt.

"So I had a wonderful life at the stables.

Always a full hay basket, fresh water, some light exercise.

They looked after me really well and every day I was nicely brushed and turned out.

I woud travel too rAs mEtings with fred
and it woz rEalE exsItIng wen hE won.

I would travel to race meetings with Fred and it was really exciting when he won.

mI lIf coudnt hav bEn beter. that iz until
wun dA I hEerd that mIcalz father woz
rEtIring and seling the stAbls.

"My life couldn't have been better.

That is until one day I heard that Michael's father was retiring and selling the stables.

fred woz rEtIerd himself bI that tIm
from rAsing and I fownd owt I woud bE
gOing too lIv with hiz sun mIcal mIls awA
in a plAs Id never hEerd ov.

Fred was retired himself by that time from racing and I found out I would be going to live with his son Michael miles away in a place I'd never heard of.

I woz devastAted. I sE dogE sed. nuthing
yoo coud doo thO. thats rIt mAbel
continUd. I woz led intoo a horsbox and
wE set of.

I was devastated." "I see," Doggie said.

"Nothing you could do, though."

"That's right," Maybelle continued.

I was led into a horsebox and we set off.

throooowt the journE I woz wurEd and
unhapE wundering wot woz gOing too
happen.

Throughout the journey I was worried and unhappy, wondering what was going to happen.

after jOlting arownd for wot sEmd lIc
Ajez wE fInalE stopd and Id arIvd at
Oldthorp. I remember mI legz wur
trembling az I wAted too bE let owt.

After jolting around for what seemed like ages we finally stopped and I'd

arrived at Oldthorpe.

I remember my legs were trembling as I waited to be let out.

wen the bac ov the box Opend mIcal woz
ther with a smIl on hiz fAs. hE led mE
owt himself and strOcd mI nec sAing sum
cInd words.

"When the back of the box opened, Michael was there with a smile on his face.

He led me out himself and stroked my neck, saying some kind words.

hE nU wot I ment too hiz father. then hE
touc mE too a nIc stAbl worm and drI
with plentE too Et.

He knew what I meant to his father.

Then he took me to a nice stable, warm and dry with plenty to eat.

it orl sEmd verE strAnj at first but in nO
tIm at orl it felt lIc hOm. shE lOerd hur
hed loucing dogE in the I. and Im shooer
it wil bE the sAm for yoo at yor nU plAs.

It all seemed very strange at first but in no time at all it felt like home.

She lowered her head, looking Doggie in the eye.

"And I'm sure it will be the same for you at your new place."

thancs mAbel dogE sed. yoov mAd mE fEl
a lot beter. yoo tAc cer dogE mAbel sed.
and dOnt forget.

remember wot Iv tOld yoo.

"Thanks Maybelle," Doggie said.

"You've made me feel a lot better."

"You take care, Doggie," Maybelle said.

"And don't forget.

Remember what I've told you."

having sed ferwel too mAbel hE set of
agAn. dogE woz now cuming too the first
fU howses in the vilaj.

Having said farewell to Maybelle, he set off again.

Doggie was now coming to the first few houses in the village.

it woz OnlE a smorl hamlet rEalE with
just a rO ov shops pOst box pub and
garaj.

It was only a small hamlet really with just a row of shops, post box, pub and garage.

az hE past wun ov the frunt gardens hE
hEerd sumwun sA louc rIan I thinc thats
dogE.

As he passed one of the front gardens he heard someone say, "Look Ryan, I think that's Doggie."

dogE turnd in the dIrecshun ov the voys
and sor jon bolden and hiz yung sun rIan
throo a gap in the hedj in ther frunt
garden.

Doggie turned in the direction of the voice and saw John Bolden and his young son Ryan through a gap in the hedge in their front garden.

hE gAv a litl barc too sA helO and rIan
ran throo the gAt and nelt down on the
pAvment too strOc dogEz fur.

He gave a little bark to say hello, and Ryan ran through the gate and knelt down on the pavement to stroke Doggie's fur.

hE woz clutching a brIt red fOn.
dogE lIcd the bOldens verE much. jon
bOldens wIf an olwAz mAd a fus ov him
az did rIan.

He was clutching a bright red phone.

Doggie liked the Boldens very much.

John Bolden's wife Ann always made a fuss of him as did Ryan.

thA Ownd the boutchers shop down the
strEt and ther woz olwAz a bOl ov worter
owtsId for dogs too drinc from.

They owned the butcher's shop down the street and there was always a bowl of water outside for dogs to drink from.

jon woud sumtImz cum owtsId wen dogE
woz wAting pAshentlE for cris and mara
too bI ther mEt and giv him a trEt.

John would sometimes come outside when Doggie was waiting patiently for Chris and Mara to buy their meat and give him a treat.

hEerz a titbit for dogE hE woud sA az hE
pout a litl sumthing on the grownd. a cUb
ov mEt haf a sosAj a triming ov fat from
a stAc.

"Here's a titbit for Doggie," he would say, as he put a little something on the ground — a cube of meat, half a sausage, a trimming of fat from a steak

wen this hapend dogE olwAz gAv a crisp
dublbarc too shO how much hE
aprEshEAted it. I hEer yool bE mooving
soon jon sed smIling down at dogE.

When this happened, Doggie always gave a crisp double-bark to show how much he appreciated it.

"I hear you'll be moving soon," John said, smiling down at Doggie.

must bE enE dA now Id hav thort from
wot cris sed. I cant remember the dAt
exactlE. dogE loucd up and gAv a short
barc.

"Must be any day now, I'd have thought, from what Chris said.
I can't remember the date exactly.

"Doggie looked up and gave a short bark.

wel wE cant hav yoo lEving us withowt
giving yoo a litl sumthing. mmm dogE thort
Iz lIting up. just wot I lIc too hEer.

"Well, we can't have you leaving us without giving you a little something.

"Mmm, Doggie thought, eyes lighting up. Just what I like to hear.

cum along too the shop and I sE wot I
can doo. its rIans burthdA toodA and wE
nEd too colect hiz cAc from the bAcerE
next dor.

"Come along to the shop and I'll see what I can do.
It's Ryan's birthday today and we need to collect his cake from the bakery
next door."

Im ten rIan sang owt proudlE. thats rIt
hiz father sed. hood hav thort it. wEv
just given him hiz first fOn az a present.

"I'm ten," Ryan sang out, proudly.
"That's right," his father said.
"Who'd have thought it!
We've just given him his first phone as a present."

hE loucd Over at hiz sun. mInd
yoo bE cerful with it lad.
dOnt drop it.
I wOnt rIan ansurd tapping at the red fOn
az hE spOc.

He looked over at his son.
"Mind you be careful with it, lad.
Don't drop it."
"I won't," Ryan answered, tapping at the red phone as he spoke.

thancs dad. its the best present ever.
cum on then burthdA boy hE sed rufing

hiz suns her.

"Thanks, Dad.

It's the best present ever."

"Come on then birthday boy," he said, ruffling his son's hair.

dogE worcd along hapilE bEsId the per
and thA shortlE arIvd owtsId the
boutchers.

an woz bEhInd the cownter and jon stepd
throo the dor.

Doggie walked along happily beside the pair and they shortly arrived outside the butchers.

Ann was behind the counter and John stepped through the door.

arnOld drAc hoo ran the red lIon pub
stoud insId bIing sum cornish pastEz and
dogE had often Overhurd pEpl sAing how
goud bOldens pastEz wur.

Arnold Drake who ran the Red Lion pub stood inside buying some Cornish pasties and Doggie had often overheard people saying how good Bolden's pasties were.

rIan woz siting on a lO worl wurcing hiz
fOn and dogE setld down bEsId him. it
woznt long bEfor jon rEapEard with a
plAt cuverd in tin foyl.

Ryan was sitting on a low wall working his phone and Doggie settled down beside him.

It wasn't long before John reappeared with a plate covered in tin foil.

hEerz wun for yoo hE sed lifting up the
foyl too rEvEl a sosAj. dogE woz on hiz
fEt but the sosAj woz oferd too rIan hoo
rEchd owt too tAc it in hiz hand.

"Here's one for you," he said, lifting up the foil to reveal a sausage.
Doggie was on his feet but the sausage was offered to Ryan who
reached out to take it in his hand.

I thort that woud bE for mE dogE thort
fEling disapoynted. jon rEplAsd the foyl
and went too turn awA and gO bac intoo
the shop.

I thought that would be for me, Doggie thought, feeling disappointed.
John replaced the foil and went to turn away and go back into the shop.

at the last mOment hE turnd bac. just
ciding dogE. therz wun for yoo and sum
nIc bAcon scraps az wel.

.
At the last moment, he turned back. "Just kidding, Doggie.
There's one for you and some nice bacon scraps, as well."
.

hE pout the plAt on the grownd and dogE
gAv hiz crisp dublbarc bEfor mAcIng
short wurc ov it.

He put the plate on the ground and Doggie gave his crisp double-bark before
making short work of it.

Il just gO next dor and sE abowt
colecting the cAc jon sed too rIan. bac in
a tic. OcA dad. rIan gAv a nod withowt
loucing up from hiz fOn.

"I'll just go next door and see about collecting the cake," John said
to Ryan.

"Back in a tick."

"Okay, Dad."

Ryan gave a nod without looking up from his phone.

a fU mOmOnts lAtEr dogE woz licing up
the last ov the bAcon fat wen rIan stoud
up tilting the fOn first wun wA and then
another.

A few moments later, Doggie was licking up the last of the bacon fat
when Ryan stood up, tilting the phone first one way and then another.

the hAzE sunshIn shon brItlE and dogE
coud sE hE woz fInding it dificult vUwing
the scrEn.

The hazy sunshine shone brightly and Doggie could see he was finding it
difficult viewing the screen.

stil loucing at hiz fOn rIan set of for a
patch ov shAd along the strEt too trI and
sE beter.

Still looking at his phone Ryan set off for a patch of shade along the street
to try and see better.

dogE woz abowt too setl down agAn bI
the worl wen a glint ov metal cort hiz I.
from a thin lAn Usd for dEliverEz too the
bacdorz ov the shops a van woz bacing
owt ontoo the mAn rOd.

Doggie was about to settle down again by the wall when a glint of metal caught his eye.

From a thin lane used for deliveries to the backdoors of the shops, a van was backing out onto the main road.

rIan continUd on heding toowords the
patch ov shAd. Iz glood too hiz fOn az hE
turnd it this wA and that stil trIing too
sE the scrEn properlE.

Ryan continued on, heading towards the patch of shade, eyes glued to his phone as he turned it this way and that still trying to see the screen properly.

it touc dogE OnlE a split second too
rEalIz wot woz abowt too hapen. with orl
hiz atenshun on the nU fOn rIan woz
abowt too step owt intoo the path ov the
rEvursing van.

It took Doggie only a split-second to realise what was about to happen.

With all his attention on the new phone, Ryan was about to step out into the path of the reversing van.

jumping too hiz fEt dogE barcd lowdlE
and started too run toowords rIan. the
van continUd too revurs and woz now OnlE
a short distance from hiting the boy.

Jumping to his feet, Doggie barked loudly and started to run towards Ryan. The van continued to reverse and was now only a short distance from hitting the boy.

barcing fUrEoslE dogE hurEd forward
rIan woz on the poynt ov steping intoo
the rOd and dogE nU that the drIver
woud bE unAbl too sE him in hiz miror dU
too a hI worl.

Barking furiously, Doggie hurried forward, Ryan was on the point of stepping into the road and Doggie knew that the driver would be unable to see him in his mirror, due to a high wall.

for just a second rIan porzd and haf
turnd hiz hed wundering wI dogE woz
barcing sO much.

For just a second, Ryan paused and half-turned his head, wondering why Doggie was barking so much.

but then the boy worcd on rEturning hiz
atenshun bac too the fOn.

But then the boy walked on, returning his attention back to the phone.

the brEf porz thO had bEn enouf and gAv
dogE the chans too lunj forward tAcing
hOld ov rIans trowser leg in hiz tEth and
pouling him bacwords.

The brief pause, though, had been enough and gave Doggie the chance to lunge forward, taking hold of Ryan's trouser leg in his teeth and pulling him backwards.

seconds lAter the van went past mising
the boy bI nO mor than a
fU inches. az it went bI a wumans scrEm
coud bE hEerd.

Seconds later the van went past, missing the boy by no more than a few inches.

As it went by, a woman's scream could be heard.

rIan had topld bacwords ontOO the
grownd stil clutching hiz fOn. an rushd
Over and rapd an arm arownd hur sun.

Ryan had toppled backwards onto the ground, still clutching his phone.

Ann rushed over and wrapped an arm around her son.

dogE rEalIzd that it must hav bEn hur
hood scrEmd. then cAm jon a fU steps
bEhInd hurEing from the bAcerE with a
cAc box in hiz hands.

Doggie realised that it must have been her who'd screamed.

Then came John, a few steps behind, hurrying from the bakery with a cake

box in his hands.

thanc goudnes yooer sAf shE tOld rIan.
and orl thancs too dogE. shE pout hur
other arm arownd dogE and sqEzd him too
hur.

"Thank goodness you're safe," she told Ryan.

"And all thanks to Doggie.

"She put her other arm around Doggie and squeezed him to her.

thanc yoo dogE. thanc yoo thanc yoo
thanc yoo. wot hapend. jon ascd. I sor it
orl from the dorwA an tOld hur husband.

"Thank you, Doggie.

Thank you, thank you, thank you."

"What happened?" John asked.

"I saw it all from the doorway," Ann told her husband.

rIan woznt pAing atenshun loucing at hiz
fOn wen hE shoud hav bEn loucing at the
rOd. dogE pould him bac just in tIm.

"Ryan wasn't paying attention—looking at his phone when he should have been looking at the road.

Doggie pulled him back just in time."

shE gAv dogE another big sqEz. if hE
hadnt rIan woud hav bEn hit bI the van.
Im sorE rIan sed in a smorl voys.

Doggie another big squeeze.

"If he hadn't, Ryan would have been hit by the van."

"I'm sorry," Ryan said, in a small voice.

and sO yoo shoud bE hiz father sed
sturnlE. wEl nEd too hav a torc abowt this
lAter. the drIver had now parcd up and
hurEd Over loucing wurEd.

"And so you should be," his father said, sternly.

"We'll need to have a talk about this later."

The driver had now parked up and hurried over, looking worried.

iz hE orl rIt. hE sed. the boy. I didnt hit
him did I. nO an rEplId. and hE shoud hav
bEn loucing wer hE woz gOing not at hiz
fOn.

"Is he all right?" he said.

"The boy. I didn't hit him, did I?"

"No," Ann replied.

"And he should have been looking where he was going, not at his phone."

thats a relEf the drIver sed. Im sorE its
sO dificult too revurs owt ov ther az the
hI worl stops mE sEing enEwun cuming
along the strEt in mI mirror until the last
mOment.

"That's a relief," the driver said.

"I'm sorry, it's so difficult to reverse out of there as the high wall stops me seeing anyone coming along the street in my mirror until the last moment.

I woz gOing az sLO az I coud. jon bolden

noded nOwing this woz troo.

I was going as slow as I could.

"John Bolden nodded, knowing this was true.

wel nO harm dun I supOz hE sed leting
owt a brEth. and orl thancs too dogE.
bac at the shop a fU minits lAter jon
presented dogE with a bOl ov mEt.

"Well, no harm done, I suppose," he said, letting out a breath.

"And all thanks to Doggie.

"Back at the shop a few minutes later, John presented Doggie with a bowl of meat.

mI fInest stAc the boutcher sed. and nO
wun desurvz it mor than yoo. dogE setld
down too Et and it woz troolE the best
mEal hEd ever had.

"My finest steak," the butcher said.

"And no one deserves it more than you.

"Doggie settled down to eat and it was truly the best meal he'd ever had.

wen hEd finishd an cAm and gAv him a
last cudl wIl rIan strOcd hiz fur
wispering hiz thancs intoo dogEz Ear.

When he'd finished, Ann came and gave him a last cuddle while Ryan stroked his fur, whispering his thanks into Doggie's ear.

after dogE left the bOldens hE mAd hiz

wA along the strEt loucing at the shops.

After Doggie left the Boldens, he made his way along the street looking at the shops.

hE thort ov orl the tImz hEd cum hEer
with cris and mara and wun OcAshun in
particUlar stuc in hiz mInd.

He thought of all the times he'd come here with Chris and Mara and one occasion in particular stuck in his mind:

the dA hEd met a strAnj animal hE didnt
nO the nAm ov. that dA the shopping
olmost dun and with just a lof ov bred stil
too get.

The day he'd met a strange animal he didn't know the name of.
That day, the shopping almost done, and with just a loaf of bread still to get.

dogE woz wAting owtsId wIl mara went
intoo the bAcerE. hE woz hOping that hiz
Owner mIt cum owt with a pEs ov carot
cAc or mAbE sum jinjer biscets.

Doggie was waiting outside while Mara went into the bakery.
He was hoping that his owner might come out with a piece of carrot cake or maybe some ginger biscuits.

hE particUlarIE lIcd carot cAc az did
mara and thA woud sumtImz sher a sLIIs

tOOgether bEfor gOing hOm.

He particularly liked carrot cake, as did Mara, and they would sometimes share a slice together before going home.

it woz az hE woz thincing this that hE
hEerd the sownd ov mUsic. not the sort
ov mUsic hiz Owners plAd at hOm but a
rather mor mistErEos sownd.

It was as he was thinking this, that he heard the sound of music.
Not the sort of music his owners played at home but a rather more
mysterious sound.

and nO sooner had hE hEerd this than a
truc with an Open bac turnd intoo the hI
strEt. it woz brItlE pAnted and dogE
stoud up too sE beter.

And no sooner had he heard this, than a truck with an open back
turned into the high street.
It was brightly painted and Doggie stood up to see better.

on the truc wur too juglers thrOWing
borlz intoo the er and a clown wAving and
torcing too the pEpl in the strEt.

On the truck were two jugglers throwing balls into the air and a
clown waving and talking to the people in the street.

the truc moovd verE slOlE and the clown
had a stac ov lEflets in hiz hand giving

them owt az thA went along.

The truck moved very slowly and the clown had a stack of leaflets in his hand, giving them out as they went along.

a sIn along the sId ov the truc red harE
starz surcus. but the strAnjest thing ov
orl woz the animal bEing led alongsId the
truc.

A sign along the side of the truck read: HARRY
STAR'S CIRCUS.

But the strangest thing of all was the animal being led alongside the
truck.

it woz a lIt brown culor with a long nec
and a sort ov hump on its bac. wen the
truc cAm nErer the animal gAv dogE a
long ster az it went bI.

It was a light brown colour with a long neck and a sort of hump on
its back.

When the truck came nearer, the animal gave Doggie a long stare as it went
by.

a litl further down the rOd the truc
stopd and pEpl gatherd rownd. it woz a
saturdA dogE rememberd and menE wur
owt geting ther shoping for the wEcend.

A little further down the road, the truck stopped and people gathered
round.

It was a Saturday, Doggie remembered, and many were out getting their
shopping for the weekend.

dogE dEsIded hE woud gO Over and
investigAt. az hE aprOchd the smorl
crowd hE discoverd that the strAnj larj
animal had bEn tId too the truc bI its
lEd.

Doggie decided he would go over and investigate.

As he approached the small crowd, he discovered that the strange large animal had been tied to the truck by its lead.

heLO dogE sed gOing nErer. wot sort ov
animal ar yoo. lOwering its nec too bE
nErer dogEz level the animal loucd at him
for a long mOment bEfor sAing yoo mEn
yoo dOnt nO.

"Hello," Doggie said, going nearer.

"What sort of animal are you?"

Lowering its neck to be nearer Doggie's level, the animal looked at him for a long moment before saying, "You mean you don't know?"

dogE shouc hiz hed. ar yoo shooer yoo
dOnt nO. ar yoo bEing sErEos. if I nU I
woudnt bE ascIng yoo dogE sed giving an
impAshunt litl barc.

Doggie shook his head.

"Are you sure you don't know? Are you being serious?"

"If I knew, I wouldn't be asking you," Doggie said, giving an impatient little bark.

nO nEd too bE lIc that. I just fInd it surprIsing thats orl. wel I dOnt nO dogE sed agAn starting too get fed up with the conversAshun.

"No need to be like that.

I just find it surprising, that's all."

"Well, I DON'T know," Doggie said again, starting to get fed up with the conversation."

orl rIt then the animal sed. Il tel yoo. Im a camel. a slIt porz. camel. duz that mEn enEthing too yoo.

"All right, then," the animal said. "I'll tell you. . . I'm a camel."

A slight pause. "Camel. . . does that mean anything to you?"

and wen dogE continUd too hav a blanc louc. ship ov the dEsurt. can gO for a long tIm withowt worter.

And when Doggie continued to have a blank look.

"Ship of the Desert? Can go for a long time without water?"

ring enE belz. dogE shouc hiz hed. can travel for dAz acros the sandE wAstland with not a trE in sIt.

Ring any bells?"

Doggie shook his head.

"Can travel for days across the sandy wasteland, with not a tree in sight?"

and wen dogE continUd shAcing hiz hed

the camel gAv wot coud OnlE bE
descrIbd az a ful on exasperAted sI.

And when Doggie continued shaking his head, the camel gave what could only be described as a full-on exasperated sigh.

hav yoo bEn tort nuthing. louc dogE sed
geting anoyd. how menE mor tImz doo I
hav too tel yoo.

"Have you been taught NOTHING?"

"Look," Doggie said, getting annoyed.

"How many more times do I have to tell you.

Iv never hEerd sEn met or had enEthing
too doo with a camel in mI entIer lIf.

I've never heard, seen, met or had anything to do with a camel in my entire life.

and if torcing too yoo iz enEthing too gO
bI Im not shooer that I wont too hav
enEthing too doo with enE camel.

And if talking to you is anything to go by, I'm not sure that I want to have anything to do with any camel."

OcA the camel sed calm down now. calm
down. nO nEd for orl that. dOnt yoo tel
mE too calm down yoo big.

"Okay," the camel said, "Calm down, now. Calm down.
No need for all that."

"Don't you tell me to calm down you big . . ."

dogE stopd trIing too cum up with a
sootabl word camel woz orl hE coud thinc
ov. big camel. thats wot yoo ar. nuthing
but a big camel.

Doggie stopped, trying to come up with a suitable word, “. . . Camel,” was all he could think of.

“Big camel.

That’s what you are.

Nothing but a big camel.”

for a mOment the too animalz glerd at
wun another bEfor the fAntest hint ov a
smIl apEard on the camelz fAs.

For a moment the two animals glared at one another, before the faintest hint of a smile appeared on the camel’s face.

sEing this dogE coudnt help but smIl
himself and a second lAter thA bOth
burst owt lafing.

Seeing this, Doggie couldn’t help but smile himself and a second later they both burst out laughing.

jerald the camel intrOdUsd himself wuns
thAd manAjd too stop lafing. plEzd too
mEt yoo. dogE sed dogE. and lIcwIz.

“Gerald,” the camel introduced himself, once they’d managed to stop laughing.

“Pleased to meet you.”

“Doggie,” said Doggie.

"And likewise."

wEer seting up a big tent for the surcus
in wun ov the fElds just bEyond the vilaj
jerald explAnd. dooing a shO toomorO
nIt.

"We're setting up a big tent for the circus in one of the fields just beyond the village."

Gerald explained.

"Doing a show tomorrow night."

that sownds exsItIng dogE sed. Iv never
bEn too a surcus. wot hapens.

"That sounds exciting," Doggie said.

"I've never been to a circus.

What happens?"

wel wE hav trapEz artist clownz a hI wIer
act juglers and orl sorts ov other acts
inclooding a band.

"Well, we have trapeze artists, clowns, a high wire act, jugglers and all sorts of other acts including a band."

and wot doo yoo doo. dogE ascd.
thats a goud qwestshun the camel sed.
and the ansur iz that I dans.

"And what do you do?" Doggie asked.

"That's a good question," the camel said.

"And the answer is that I dance."

O sed dogE rather tAcen abac. the band
plA mUsic and I dans. withowt wishing too
blO mI Own trumpet Im UzUalE rather a
hit with the ordEans.

"Oh," said Doggie, rather taken aback."

The band play music and I dance.

Without wishing to blow my own trumpet, I'm usually rather a hit with the audience."

owt ov the corner ov hiz I dogE coud sE
mara owtsId the bAcerE loucing arownd
for him.

Out of the corner of his eye, Doggie could see Mara outside the bakery, looking around for him.

perhaps yool bE Abl too cum. jerald
sujested. seven Ocloc toomorO nIt. Il sE
wot I can doo dogE rEplId. must gO now
mI Owners loucing for mE.

"Perhaps you'll be able to come?" Gerald suggested.

"Seven o'clock tomorrow night."

"I'll see what I can do," Doggie replied.

"Must go now my owner's looking for me."

az hE left dogE stopd and picd up wun ov
the lEflets hE nOtisd on the grownd and
touc it with him in hiz mowth.

As he left, Doggie stopped and picked up one of the leaflets he noticed on the ground and took it with him in his mouth.

ah ther yoo ar dogE mara sed. wots that
yoov got in yor mowth. and this woz how
dogE got too gO too the surcus.

"Ah, there you are, Doggie," Mara said.

"What's that you've got in your mouth?"

And this was how Doggie got to go to the circus.

mara touc the lEflet and shOd it too cris.
wot doo yoo thinc. cris ascd hur. I thinc it
loucs goud. coud bE fun. and wEv nuthing
els pland toomorO Evening.

Mara took the leaflet and showed it to Chris.

"What do you think?" Chris asked her.

"I think it looks good.

Could be fun.

And we've nothing else planned tomorrow evening."

thinc wE can tAc dogE. dOnt sE wI not
hiz wIf sed. its in a tent in a fEld. OcA
then. lets gO.

"Think we can take Doggie?"

"Don't see why not," his wife said.

"It's in a tent in a field."

"Okay then.

Let's go."

sO the folOwing Evening thA set of in the
car and parcd owtsId the fEld wer a larj
tent had bEn pout up.

So the following evening they set off in the car and parked outside the field where a large tent had been put up.

dogE woz wurEd that hE woudnt bE let in.
but wen thA rEchd the gAt it woz max
the Owner ov the fEld hoo woz seling the
ticets.

Doggie was worried that he wouldn't be let in.
But when they reached the gate, it was Max the owner of the field who was selling the tickets.

OcA for dogE too cum in. cris ascd. dogE
loucd up hOpfulE at max and held hiz
brEth wAting for an ansur.

"Okay for Doggie to come in?" Chris asked.
Doggie looked up hopefully at Max and held his breath waiting for an answer.

if hE sed nO dogE nU hE woud hav too
spend the next ower or sO in the car. O
yes max sed. dogEz a wel bEhAvd dog. nO
problem ther. and wots mor hE can cum in
for frE.

If he said no, Doggie knew he would have to spend the next hour or so in the car.

"Oh, yes," Max said.

"Doggie's a well-behaved dog.

No problem there.

And what's more, he can come in for free."

the surcus had atracted a lot ov pEpl
from the lOcal erEa and az thA went
throo the flap in the tent thA coud sE it
woz orlredE Over haf foul.

The circus had attracted a lot of people from the local area and, as they went through the flap in the tent, they could see it was already overhalf-full.

dogE felt exsIted and loucd around for
jerald but hE woz nOwher too bE sEn.
ther woz a big Open erEa with sETs gOing
orl the wA rownd and thA qwiclE fownd
sumwer too sit.

Doggie felt excited and looked around for Gerald but he was nowhere to be seen.

There was a big open area with seats going all the way round and they quickly found somewhere to sit.

bI the tIm ten minits had gon bI the plAs
woz foul and the band started plAing.

By the time ten minutes had gone by the place was full and the band started playing.

soon a man in a red cOt wIt trowsers blac
boots and a top hat ran owt intoo the
senter and intrOdUsd himself az the
ringmaster.

Soon, a man in a red coat, white trousers, black boots and a top hat ran out into the centre and introduced himself as the Ringmaster.

hE had a larj waxd moustash and dogE
wundering wether it woz rEal. wots hE
gOing too doo. cris ascd mara. hE
intrOdUses the acts shE tOld him.

He had a large waxed moustache and Doggie wondered whether it was real.

"What's he going to do?" Chris asked Mara.

"He introduces the acts," she told him."

and intrOdUs hE did. for dogE it orl past
in a bit ov a blur. the sparclE costUms ov
the purformerz the antics ov the clownz
and the scilz ov the diferent acts.

And introduce he did.

For Doggie it all passed in a bit of a blur:

The sparkly costumes of the performers, the antics of the clowns and the skills of the different acts.

dogE fownd himself loucing up along with
everEwun els az a gurl worcd along the hI
wIer jumping sciping bownsing and orl
withowt forling of.

Doggie found himself looking up, along with everyone else, as a girl walked along the high wire — jumping, skipping, bouncing and all without falling off.

dogE woz amAzd. then the trapEz tEm
swinging owt and leting gO catching wun

another az thA floo throo the er.

Doggie was amazed.

Then the trapeze team swinging out and letting go, catching one another as they flew through the air.

next it woz the turn ov the juglers dogE
had sEn on the truc and this woz folOd
bI a troop ov acrObats prOpeling
themselvz up intoo the er tumbling and
twisting.

Next it was the turn of the jugglers Doggie had seen on the truck and this was followed by a troop of acrobats propelling themselves up into the air, tumbling and twisting.

and then sudenlE jerald apEard with a
brIt cloth cuverd in tInE litl mirors
drApd acros hiz bac.

And then suddenly Gerald appeared with a bright cloth covered in tiny little mirrors draped across his back.

for a mOment hE stoud qwIt stil and the
ordEans hushd. then the band started up
and hE bEgan too dans. it woz clEer that
the ordEans had never sEn enEthing lIc
it.

For a moment he stood quite still and the audience hushed.

Then the band started up and he began to dance.

It was clear that the audience had never seen anything like it.

gerald folOod the bEt cLOsIE mooving hiz
fEt and lifting hiz legs this wA and that
withowt ever geting owt ov tIm.

Gerald followed the beat closely, moving his feet and lifting his legs this way and that without ever getting out of time.

first hiz frunt legs and then hiz bac
legs with Even a swish ov hiz tAl too
match the drumers clash ov simbolz.

First his front legs and then his back legs, with even a swish of his tail to match the drummer's clash of cymbals.

bI the tIm hEd finishd menE in the
ordEans wur on ther fEt claping and
wistling ther aprooval.

By the time he'd finished, many in the audience were on their feet clapping and whistling their approval.

gerald for hiz part went too the
senter ov the ring and dipd hiz long nec in
a dEp bow.

Gerald, for his part, went to the centre of the ring and dipped his long neck in a deep bow.

dogE hood bEn qwIet up too this poynt
gAv a hOl sErEz ov barcs too shO hiz
aprEshEAshun.

Doggie, who'd been quiet up to this point, gave a whole series of

barks to show his appreciation.

qWIet mara sed loucing down at him. yool
hav us thrOwn owt. whatever's got intoo
yoo.

"Quiet," Mara said, looking down at him.

"You'll have us thrown out!

Whatever's got into you?"

but dogE barcd on and woz plEzd too sE
jerald rAz hiz hed and louc hiz wA.

But Doggie barked on and was pleased to see Gerald raise his head
and look his way.

after jeralds act the clownz ran owt
triping Ech other up and
prEtending too hit wun another.

After Gerald's act the clowns ran out, tripping each other up and
pretending to hit one another.

this led too wun clown forling Over and
loozing hiz trowsers another having a
bucet ov worter emptEd Over hiz hed and
a thurd geting a custard pI foul in the
fAs.

This led to one clown falling over and losing his trousers, another having a
bucket of water emptied over his head and a third getting a custard pie full in
the face.

after a cuPl mor acts the shO clOzd with
too horses runing rownd the ring ther
rIders standing up on ther bacs and
jumping from wun hors too the other az
thA past.

After a couple more acts, the show closed with two horses running round the ring, their riders standing up on their backs and jumping from one horse to the other as they passed.

lAter az thA mAd ther wA bac too the
car dogE nU that hiz nIt at the surcus
woud bE wun hE woud olwAz remember.

Later, as they made their way back to the car, Doggie knew that his night at the circus would be one he would always remember.

bI this tIm dogE had olmost rEchd the
other end ov the vilaj.

By this time, Doggie had almost reached the other end of the village.

hE heded for the garaj wich touc up
mOst ov wun corner ov the hI
strEt with a larj Open erEa at the frunt
and a wurcshop insId.

He headed for the garage, which took up most of one corner of the High Street with a large open area at the front and a workshop inside.

az hEd hOpd hiz frend jeb woz ther

stretjd owt on the forcort and tAcing
advantAj ov the shAd from an
overhanging trE.

As he'd hoped, his friend Jebb was there, stretched out on the
forecourt and taking advantage of the shade from an overhanging tree.

jeb woz a dog with a poyntE fAs and long
wIt fur. this gAv him a rather comical
expreshun az thO hE fownd everEthing
sumwot amUsing.

Jebb was a dog with a pointy face and long white fur.

This gave him a rather comical expression, as though he found everything
somewhat amusing

menE pEpl in the vilaj corld him the garaj
dog az hE sEmd too hav bEn ther forever.

Many people in the village called him The Garage Dog as he
seemed to have been there forever.

indEd wen the garaj chAnjd hands a fU
yEerz agO jeb stAd on adopting the nU
pEpl az hiz Owners.

indeed, when the garage changed hands a few years ago Jebb stayed on,
adopting the new people as his owners.

ah dogE jeb corld owt. wundering wen
yood turn up. I hEer yooer mooving hows.

"Ah, Doggie," Jebb called out.

"Wondered when you'd turn up.

I hear you're moving house."

hOwd yoo hEer that dogE ascd. I OnlE
fownd owt mIselF last nIt. I dOnt nO
rEalE jeb rEplId. I woz siting hEer and
then.

"How'd you hear that?" Doggie asked.

"I only found out myself last night."

"I don't know really," Jebb replied.

"I was sitting here and then. . .

sudenlE the thort that yoo wur lEving
popd intoo mI hed owt ov nOwer. thats
amAZing dogE sed. I cant bElEv how that
can hapen.

suddenly the thought that you were leaving popped into my head out of nowhere."

"That's amazing," Doggie said.

"I can't believe how that can happen!"

dOnt bE silE. cors it cant hapen. stanlE
tOld mE. cAm in with andE in the car too
hav a nU baterE pout in.

"Don't be silly! 'Course it can't happen.

Stanley told me.

Came in with Andy in the car to have a new battery put in."

O I sE dogE sed fEling a litl foolish too
hav forlen for wun ov jebz lInz.

"Oh, I see," Doggie said, feeling a little foolish to have fallen for

one of Jebb's lines.

sO wen doo yoo gO jeb ascd. dOnt rEalE
nO. lAter toodA I thinc.

"So, when d'you go?" Jebb asked.

"Don't really know.

Later today, I think."

and hav yoo sed goudbI too everEwun.
mOstlE yes. its a bit rushed. I OnlE
hEerd wE wur lEving last nIt.

"And have you said goodbye to everyone?"

"Mostly, yes. It's a bit rushed.

I only heard we were leaving last night."

how abowt that french poodl babet jeb
sed with a winc. sed goudbI too hur hav
yoo. jeb wincd agAn.

"How about that French poodle, Babette," Jebb said with a wink.

"Said goodbye to her have you?" Jebb winked again.

got sumthing in yor I dogE sed. just sAing
jeb went on. just sAing wot. just sAing
that I thinc shEs tAcen a bit ov a shIn
too yoo. I can tel.

"Got something in your eye?" Doggie said.

"Just saying," Jebb went on.

"Just saying what,"

"Just saying that I think she's taken a bit of a shine to you.
I can tell."

nO dogE sed wondering wether hE woz
blushing. babets a fansE dog. livd with hur
Owner in paris bEfor shE cAm Over hEer.

"No," Doggie said, wondering whether he was blushing.

"Babette's a fancy dog.

Lived with her owner in Paris before she came over here."

sO wots that got too doo with enEthing.
wel dogE continUd. fansE dog lIc hur
woudnt bE interested in the lIcs ov mE.

"So, what's that got to do with anything?"

"Well," Doggie continued.

"Fancy dog like her wouldn't be interested in the likes of me."

jeb turnd hiz hed sLOIE sId too sId. dOnt
yoo bE sO shooer. shE mIt sEm lIc shE
haz erz and grAses. hers and wot. dogE
sed loucing confUd.

Jebb turned his head slowly side to side.

"Don't you be so sure.

She might seem like she has airs and graces—"

"Hairs and what?" Doggie said, looking confused.

it mEnz that shE sEmz a bit consEted.
foul ov hursel and how wonderful shE
loucs.

"It means that she seems a bit conceited, full of herself and how
wonderful she looks.

but yoov got too remember that babets a
pedigrE dog and orl pedigrE dogs ar a bit
lIc that.

But you've got to remember that Babette's a pedigree dog and all pedigree
dogs are a bit like that."

exactlE dogE sed. not lIc us comon or
garden dogs. mAbE. but that duznt mEn
shE wOnt lIc yoo. dOnt doo yorself down.

"Exactly," Doggie said.

"Not like us common or garden dogs."

"Maybe.

But that doesn't mean she won't like you.

Don't do yourself down.

and enEwA hEer jeb gAv a barclIc chucl
yoo dOnt louc az bad az orl that
speshEalE if yor Owners giv yoo a brush.

And anyway," here Jebb gave a bark-like chuckle, "you
don't look as bad as all that, 'specially if your owners give you a brush."

hE got too hiz fEt and stretjd. enEwA
duznt mater now I supOz. worter under
the bridj sEing az yooer lEving.

He got to his feet and stretched.

"Anyway, doesn't matter now, I suppose.

Water under the bridge seeing as you're leaving."

yes yooer rIt dogE sed thincing Over wot
hiz frend had tOld him. too lAt now. hE
gAv a sI. much too lAt now.

"Yes, you're right," Doggie said, thinking over what his friend had told him.

"Too late now."

He gave a sigh.

"Much too late now."

sO enEwA dogE. best ov luc too yoo and
cum and sE mE if yooer ever bac in the
erEa. wil doo dogE tOld him az hE set of
too rETurn throo the vilaj.

"So anyway, Doggie. Best of luck to you and come and see me if you're ever back in the area."

"Will do," Doggie told him, as he set off to return through the village.

O and bI the wA jeb corld owt after hEd
gon a fU steps. shEl bE owt for hur worc
soon. hoo wil. dogE ansurd stoping and
loucing bac at hiz frend.

"Oh, and by the way," Jebb called out, after he'd gone a few steps.

"She'll be out for her walk soon." "Who will?" Doggie answered, stopping and looking back at his friend.

babet hoo els. jeb sed. Owner tAcs hur
regUlar az clocwur long az the wethers
fIn. up the lAn a litl wA and then bac
throo the vilaj.

"Babette, who else?" Jebb said.

"Owner takes her regular as clockwork, long as the weather's fine.
Up the lane a little way and then back through the village."

hE gAv a chucl. shAm too mis hur. az hE
rEturnd along the hI strEt dogE mAd a
dEtor throo the narO pasAj at the sId ov
the red lIon pub.

He gave a chuckle.

"Shame to miss her!"

As he returned along the High Street, Doggie made a detour through
the narrow passage at the side of the Red Lion pub.

this led throo intoo a garden at the bac
and hE pout hiz frunt porz up on the lO
bric worl and pErd amung the chers and
tAblz.

This led through into a garden at the back and he put his front paws
up on the low brick wall and peered among the chairs and tables.

a familE ov for wur finishing ther mEal at
wun tAbl. fish and chips bI the louc ov it
and a yung cupl sherd sandwidjes at
anuther.

A family-of-four were finishing their meal at one table—fish and chips by the
look of it—and a young couple shared sandwiches at another.

nEer the end ov the garden wer the land
started too drop awA sat a mEdEum sIzd

brown dog. dogE mAd hiz wA Over.

Near the end of the garden where the land started to drop away sat a medium sized brown dog.
Doggie made his way over.

helO esmA hE bEgan siting down alongsId
the brown dog. I sE the vUz az goud az
ever. dogE. how nIc ov yoo too cum and
visit esmA sed.

"Hello Esme," he began, sitting down alongside the brown dog.

"I see the view's as good as ever."

"Doggie! How nice of you to come and visit," Esme said.

dogE loucd bac at the vU mooving hiz Iz
from wun part too another. it rEalE woz
wunderful with brOcen grownd borderd
bI yelO gors bushez at first and then
merjing intoo fElds ov hA.

Doggie looked back at the view, moving his eyes from one part to another.

It really was wonderful with broken ground bordered by yellow gorse bushes at first and then merging into fields of hay.

further bac a brIt bloo lAc shimmerd in
the sunshIn along the bancs ov wich stoud
torl darc trEz ther truncs strAt and troo
az thO garding the worter.

Further back, a bright blue lake shimmered in the sunshine along the banks of which stood tall dark trees, their trunks straight and true as though guarding the water.

and bEyond orl this a rooind casl on a hil
throo up turets and towerz agAnst the
horIzon. worm brown wer the sun cort
the stOn on wun sId and darc shadOz on
the uther.

And beyond all this, a ruined castle on a hill threw up turrets and towers against the horizon, warm brown where the sun caught the stone on one side and dark shadows on the other.

hav I ever tOld yoo wI I sit hEer sO
often. esmA ascd turning too fAs dogE.
nO. dogE shouc hiz hed. I just nO yoo lIc
dooing sO.

"Have I ever told you why I sit here so often?"

Esme asked, turning to face Doggie.

"No." Doggie shook his head.

"I just know you like doing so."

wen I first turnd up in the vilaj arnOld
hood just bEcum the landlord hEer fownd
mE owtsId loucing rather bewilderd and
touc mE in.

"When I first turned up in the village, Arnold, who'd just become the landlord here, found me outside looking rather bewildered and took me in.

I had nO colar and hE touc mE too the

vet too sE if Id bEn chipd with an adres
az orl dogs hav too bE now. but ther woz
nuthing.

I had no collar and he took me to the vet to see if I'd been chipped
with an address as all dogs have to be now.
But there was nothing.

the vet sed that I apEard too bE in goud
helth apart from a smorl bump on the sId
ov the hed olthO hE didnt thinc this woz
sErEos.

The vet said that I appeared to be in good health apart from a small bump
on the side of the head, although he didn't think this was serious.

wot ov cors thA didnt nO woz that Id lost
mI memorE. a lIclE explanAshun iz that
Id bEn hit bI a car but Il never bE Abl
too fInd owt for sertAn.

What of course they didn't know was that I'd lost my memory.
A likely explanation is that I'd been hit by a car but I'll never be able to find
out for certain.

enEwA I rememberd nuthing abowt mI
lIf bEfor I arIvd in the vilaj and stil
dOnt too this dA. not Even mI nAm.

"Anyway, I remembered nothing about my life before I arrived in
the village and still don't to this day.
Not even my name."

that must hav bEn orful dogE pout in. it
woz sertAnlE verE strAnj. wen wE
rEturnd from the vet.

"That must have been awful," Doggie put in.

"It was certainly very strange.

When we returned from the vet.

arnOld brort mE owt hEer too this verE
spot and pout down a bOl ov food. hE
loucd at mE for a mOment and sed hE
woud corl mE esmA after a caracter in a
film hE lIcd.

Arnold brought me out here, to this very spot, and put down a bowl of food.

He looked at me for a moment and said he would call me Esme,
after a character in a film he liked.

I fownd I woz starving and At qwiclE. wen
Id finishd wE sat loucing owt at the vU
and I remember thincing that this iz wer
mI nU lIf bEginz.

I found I was starving and ate quickly.

When I'd finished, we sat looking out at the view and I remember thinking
that this is where my new life begins.

I mA not remember mI past lIf but mI
nU lIf starts rIt hEer now with arnOld.
shE smIld at dogE.

I may not remember my past life but my new life starts right here now with

Arnold.”
She smiled at Doggie.

thats wI its sO speshal and wI I cum
hEer often. I understand sed dogE and
then went on too tel esmA abowt mooving
hOm and lEving the erEa.

“That’s why it’s so special and why I come here often.”

“I understand,” said Doggie, and then went on to tell Esme about
moving home and leaving the area.

Il bE sorE too sE yoo gO esmA tOld him.
wEv had sum goud conversAshuns
tOOgether.

“I’ll be sorry to see you go,” Esme told him.

“We’ve had some good conversations together.”

Il bE sorE too lEv dogE sed with a sI. if it
woz up too mE Id stA. I nO sed esmA.
but wE cant olwAz doo wot wE wont.

“I’ll be sorry to leave,” Doggie said with a sigh.

“If it was up to me I’d stay.”

“I know,” said Esme.

“But we can’t always do what we want.”

after sAing goudbI dogE thort hE shoud
probablE get bac too the hows. hEd bEn
owt for a long tIm and cris and mara woud
bE wundering wot had hapend too him.

After saying goodbye, Doggie thought he should probably get back to the house.

He'd been out for a long time and Chris and Mara would be wondering what had happened to him.

rEturning along the hI strEt hE nOtisd a wuman siting on a bench. shE had hur bac too him torcing on a fOn but wen hE aprOchd hE recognIzd babets Owner.

Returning along the High Street he noticed a woman sitting on a bench.

She had her back to him, talking on a phone, but when he approached he recognized Babette's owner.

the french poodl however woz nOwher too bE sEn and dogE felt a surj ov disapoynted espesEalE after wot jeb had sed.

The French poodle, however, was nowhere to be seen and Doggie felt a surge of disappointment, especially after what Jebb had said.

olthO hE stil didnt nO wether too bElEv him. ther woz a path not far from the bench and dogE coud hEer sumwun singing.

although he still didn't know whether to believe him.

There was a path not far from the bench and Doggie could hear someone singing.

soon hE coud mAc owt the top haf ov a

litl gurl sciping smartlE along. rEching the
end ov the path shE stepd owt and dogE
coud now sE babet on a lEd bI hur sId.

Soon he could make out the top half of a little girl skipping smartly along.
Reaching the end of the path she stepped out and Doggie could now see
Babette on a lead by her side.

az UzUal the french poodl had bEn
groomd bUtEfulE with not a her owt ov
plAs. louc another dog the gurl sed
spoting dogE.

As usual, the French poodle had been groomed beautifully with not a hair out
of place.

"Look another dog," the girl said, spotting Doggie.

lets gO and sA helO. shE cAm up and
pated dogE hoo wagd hiz tAl. wI dOnt yoo
too dogs hav a plA and il gO and sit with
antE anna.

"Let's go and say hello."

She came up and patted Doggie who wagged his tail.

"Why don't you two dogs have a play and I'll go and sit with Auntie Anna.

and sAing this shE unclipd babets lEd and
turnd toowords the bench. for a mOment
thA loucd at Ech other and then babet
sed helO dogE its olwAz nIc too sE yoo.

And saying this, she unclipped Babette's lead and turned towards the bench.
For a moment they looked at each other and then Babette said, "Hello

Doggie, it's always nice to see you.

wot brings yoo down too the vilaj.
dogE encurAjd bI hur frendlE words sed
wel its just. its mI last dA yoo sE.

What brings you down to the village?"

Doggie, encouraged by her friendly words, said, "Well, it's just. .
it's my last day, you see."

last dA babet frownd. last dA for wot.
yes sorE. Im not bEing verE clEer. and hE
went on too explAn
abowt mooving hOm.

"Last day." Babette frowned.

"Last day for what?"

"Yes, sorry.

I'm not being very clear."

And he went on to explain about moving home.

thats a shAm babet tOld him. wEv never
had a chans too get too nO wun anuther.
Id hav lIcd that. mE too dogE sed. Id hav
lIcd that verE much.

"That's a shame," Babette told him.

"We've never had a chance to get to know one another.

I'd have liked that."

"Me too," Doggie said.

"I'd have liked that very much."

but yoo olwAz Usd too rush bI with just a

qwic grEting. I never thort yoo wonted
too stop and chat. get too nO mE.

"But you always used to rush by with just a quick greeting.
I never thought you wanted to stop and chat, get to know me."

dogE gAv a nod ov agrEment. yooer rIt.
but I wish now that I had. babet pout hur
hed too wun sId and loucd dogE in the I.

Doggie gave a nod of agreement.

"You're right. But I wish now that I had."

Babette put her head to one side and looked Doggie in the eye.

iz it bEcoz ov the roomerz abowt mE.
dOnt thinc I dOnt nO abowt them. wot
sum ov the other dogs hav bEn sAing.

"Is it because of the rumours about me?"

Don't think I don't know about them.

What some of the other dogs have been saying.

how Im snootE and thinc Im supErEor and
orl the uther words thA Us lIc hortE and
consEted.

How I'm snooty and think I'm superior and all the other words they use like
haughty and conceited."

wel. . . dogE started too sA. it iz that iznt
it. babet continUd. O it mAcS mE sO mad.

"Well. . ." Doggie started to say.

"It is that, isn't it?" Babette continued.

"Oh! It makes me so mad."

I supOz it had sumthing too doo with
it. . . wel a lot too doo with it rEalE. dogE
tOld hur. I didnt thinc yood bE
interested in nOwing mE.

"I suppose it had something to do with it. . . well a lot to do with it,
really.

"Doggie told her.

"I didn't think you'd be interested in knowing me."

but dogE yooer a luvlE dog and yoo hav
such cInd Iz. ov cors Id wont yoo too bE
mI frend. dogE gAv a sI.

"But Doggie, you're a lovely dog and you have such kind eyes.

Of course I'd want you to be my friend."

Doggie gave a sigh.

I wish Id nOwn. and now Im lEving and its
orl too lAt. yes it iz too lAt babet sed az
the litl gurl rAzd a hand and wAvd babets
lEd too shO that shE wonted too gO.

"I wish I'd known.

And now I'm leaving and it's all too late."

"Yes, it is too late," Babette said, as the little girl raised a hand and
waved Babette's lead to show that she wanted to go.

orl I can doo iz wish yoo bon voyaj. and
wen dogE loucd mistEfI. its french. it
mEnz I hOp yoo hav a goud journE too yor

nU hOm.

"All I can do is wish you bon voyage."

And when Doggie looked mystified.

"It's French.

It means I hope you have a good journey to your new home."

thanc yoo woz orl dogE coud fInd too sA.
on the wA bac along the lAn dogE coudnt
help fEling sad.

"Thank you," was all Doggie could find to say.

On the way back along the lane, Doggie couldn't help feeling sad.

hed misd hiz chans too bE friends with
babet and now had too fAs lEving the
plAs hE woz hapE in.

He'd missed his chance to be friends with Babette and now had to face
leaving the place he was happy in.

hE thort ov mAbelz words ov
encurajment but trI az hE mIt thA did
litl too stop him fEling mizurabl.

He thought of Maybelle's words of encouragement but try as he might they
did little to stop him feeling miserable.

wuns agAn it crosd hiz mInd how long hEd
bEn owt and hOpd hiz Owners woudnt bE
angrE.

Once again, it crossed his mind how long he'd been out and
hoped his owners wouldn't be angry.

the urlEer hAzE sunshIn had now orl but
disapEerd with OnlE a glint ov brItnes
left in wun tInE corner ov the skI.

The earlier hazy sunshine had now all but disappeared with only a glint of brightness left in one tiny corner of the sky.

in its plAs a number ov darc clouds had
moovd in Overhed giving a gloomE fEl too
the surowndings matching dogEz mood.

In its place, a number of dark clouds had moved in overhead, giving a gloomy feel to the surroundings, matching Doggie's mood.

up ahed too pEpl wAted at the bus stop
and dogE soon recognIzd AmE hoo wurcd
part tIm for arnOld at the red lIon.

Up ahead, two people waited at the bus stop and Doggie soon recognized Amy who worked part time for Arnold at the Red Lion.

standing with AmE woz hur dorter shurIE
hood grOwn up in the vilaj but moovd awA
after shE marEd. louc wooz hEer AmE sed
az dogE aprOchd the bus stop.

Standing with Amy was her daughter Shirley, who'd grown up in the village but moved away after she married.

"Look who's here," Amy said, as Doggie approached the bus stop.

yoo remember dogE shurl. hE bElongs too

the pEpl wE wur just torcing abowt cris
and mara. dogEz Ears pricd up at the
menshun ov hiz Owners nAmz and
wundering wot thAd bEn sAing abowt
them.

"You remember Doggie, Shirl.

He belongs to the people we were just talking about, Chris and Mara."
Doggie's ears pricked up at the mention of his owners' names and
wondered what they'd been saying about them.

yes its a rEal shAm shurLE sed crowching
down and strOcing dogEz bac. I wunder
wots gOing too hapen. nO IdEa sed hur
muther shAcing hur hed.

"Yes, it's a real shame," Shirley said, crouching down and stroking
Doggie's back.

"I wonder what's going to happen?"

"No idea," said her mother, shaking her head.

its a bad sitUAshun. dogE gAv a litl barc
at this. wot bad sitUAshun hE thort
fEling the furst sInz ov wurE.

"It's a bad situation."

Doggie gave a little bark at this.

What bad situation, he thought, feeling the first signs of worry.

wE dOnt nO wots gOing too hapen too yoo
doo wE AmE sed torcing too dogE. wer
yooer gOing too gO or enEthing.

"We don't know what's going to happen to you, do we," Amy said, talking to Doggie.

"Where you're going to go, or anything.

shE bent forward too strOc hiz hed.
pooer thing shE continUd. but I supOz
sumthing wil bE sorted owt.

" She bentforward to stroke his head.

"Poor thing," she continued.

"But I suppose something will be sorted out."

itl dEpend on how bad thingz ar for cris
and mara shurIE pout in. wether therz
enEthing thA can doo.

"It'll depend on how bad things are for Chris and Mara," Shirley put in.

"Whether there's anything they can do."

yes thats troo AmE agrEd and aded hood
hav thort it coud hapen. dogE woz now
thurorIE confUsd and bEcuming verE
wurEd.

"Yes, that's true," Amy agreed and added, "Who'd have thought it could happen!"

Doggie was now thoroughly confused and becoming very worried.

wun thing woz cLEer sumthing had hapend
too hiz Owners and it woz not goud nUz.
the best thing hE coud doo now woz hurE

hOm.

One thing was clear, something had happened to his owners and it was not good news.

The best thing he could do now was hurry home.

az hE set of along the lAn a flurE ov rAn
cAm down. dogE glansd up and sor that
the clouds wur much darcen now.

As he set off along the lane, a flurry of rain came down.

Doggie glanced up and saw that the clouds were much darker now.

bI the tIm hE arIvd bac at the hows hiz
fur had bEcum sOcd throo. the rAn
forling hevile.

By the time he arrived back at the house his fur had become soaked through, the rain falling heavily.

the furst thing hE nOtisd woz how the
hows loucd orl shut up wich woz strAnj.

The first thing he noticed was how the house looked all shut up, which was strange.

nO sIn ov the rEmooval van and olsO nO
sIn ov the car UzUalE parcd on the
drIvwA. perhaps thAv pout it in the garaj
dogE thort.

No sign of the removal van and also no sign of the car, usually parked on the driveway.

Perhaps they've put it in the garage, Doggie thought.

standing bI the frunt dor dogE gAv a cupl
ov barcs too let them nO hE woz ther.
and then a cupl mor wen the dor didnt
Open.

Standing by the front door, Doggie gave a couple of barks to let
them know he was there.

And then a couple more when the door didn't open.

tIm went bI and stil nO wun cAm. the dor
remAning furmlE shut.

dogE mAd hiz wA along the sId pasAj too
the bac garden and loucd intoo the siting
room throo the french windOz.

Time went by and still no one came, the door remaining firmly shut.
Doggie made his way along the side passage to the back garden and
looked into the sitting room through the French windows.

the room woz emptE. nO furnichur
enEmor and just paterns ov dust on the
ber bords too shO wer it had bEn. Even
hiz dog bascet had bEn rEmoovd.

The room was empty—no furniture anymore and just patterns of dust on the
bare boards to show where it had been.
Even his dog-basket had been removed.

dogE didnt nO wot too thinc. hE felt sad
too sE the hows hE luvd stripd ov

everEthing that mAd it hOm.

Doggie didn't know what to think.

He felt sad to see the house he loved stripped of everything that made it home.

and with Ech mOment that went bI woz
bEcuming mor and mor wurEd abowt hiz
Owners. wot had AmE and shurIE hEerd.

And with each moment that went by was becoming more and more worried about his owners.

What had Amy and Shirley heard?

the rAn cAm down harder stil lashing
agAnst the hows az lItning fracchurd the
skI. dogE hurEd awA too fInd shelter in
the garden shed.

The rain came down harder still, lashing against the house as lightning fractured the sky.

Doggie hurried away to find shelter in the garden shed.

the dor didnt shut properIE and hE woz
Abl too get insId. hE felt wet wurEd and
thurorIE mizurabl.

The door didn't shut properly and he was able to get inside.

He felt wet, worried and thoroughly miserable.

wuns under cuver hE shouc the rAndrops
from hiz fur and trId too thinc. nO
furnichur in the hows ment that the

removal van had been and gone.

Once under cover he shook the raindrops from his fur and tried to think.

No furniture in the house meant that the removal van had been and gone.

and it seemed like his Owners had also left.
that would have been driving from here too
the new house so perhaps that had had a car
accident he thought his worry increasing.

and it seemed like his owners had also left.

They would have been driving from here to the new house so perhaps they'd had a car accident, he thought, his worry increasing.

and with this thought the feeling of
uncertainty made his mind go off in all
sorts of directions.

And with this thought, the feeling of uncertainty made his mind go off in all sorts of directions.

what had Amy meant by saying that she didn't know that she
didn't know what would happen to him or where
he would go.

What had Amy meant by saying that she didn't know what would happen to him or where he would go?

if something had happened too close and maybe
he could end up on his Own or worse put in
a cruel summer.

If something had happened to Chris and Mara, he could end up on his own or worse, put in a kennel somewhere.

the thort ov it sent a shiver down hiz
spIn. hE rememberd hiz conversAshun
with howard abowt frEdom and how the
rabit coud doo az hE plEzd with nO wun
too ansur too.

The thought of it sent a shiver down his spine.

He remembered his conversation with Howard about freedom and how the rabbit could do as he pleased with no one to answer to.

but dogE nU this woz not for him. hE
enjoyd the companEonship ov hiz Owners
and ther woz nO wA hE coud forAj for
food lIc howard.

But Doggie knew this was not for him.

He enjoyed the companionship of his owners and there was no way he could forage for food like Howard.

after wAting in the shed a litl longer hE
went bac owt intoo the garden and barcd.
the rAn had now Ezd too a drizl with grA
clouds hanging in the scI.

After waiting in the shed a little longer, he went back out into the garden and barked.

The rain had now eased to a drizzle with grey clouds hanging in the sky.

dogE didnt expect hiz Owners too

sudenlE apEar but didnt nO wot els too
doo and it woz beter than dooing nuthing.

Doggie didn't expect his owners to suddenly appear but, didn't know what else to do and it was better than doing nothing.

sO hE barcd and barcd and barcd. furst
in the bac garden and then rownd bI the
frunt dor agAn.

So he barked and barked and barked.

First in the back garden and then round by the front door again.

fInalE hiz barcing prOdUsd a result in
the form ov jim ther next dor nAbor. ah
ther yoo ar dogE jim sed. bac at last.

Finally, his barking produced a result in the form of Jim their next door neighbour.

"Ah, there you are, Doggie," Jim said.

"Back at last."

hE becond dogE Over. Im too louc after
yoo for the tIm bEing. cum along.

"He beckoned Doggie over.

"I'm to look after you for the time being.
Come along."

sO dogE folOd jim next dor just az jims
wIf anjela rEturnd hOm from the bus
stop with a red umbrela.

So, Doggie followed Jim next door just as Jim's wife Angela returned home from the bus stop with a red umbrella.

must bE lAter than I imagind dogE thort.
anjelaz bac from wurc orlredE. helO luv
jim sed. goud dA.

Must be later than I imagined, Doggie thought.

Angela's back from work already.

"Hello love," Jim said.

"Good day?"

best not too asc hiz wIf rEplId. and then
O helO dogE wot ar yoo dooing hEer. hEz
bEn mising orl dA. jim explAnd.

"Best not to ask," his wife replied.

And then, "Oh, hello Doggie, what are you doing here?"

"He's been missing all day."

Jim explained.

the rEmooval vanz bEn and gon and cris
and mara had too gO too. thAl bE at the
nU plAs thAer renting bI now.

The removal van's been and gone and Chris and Mara had to go too. They'll be at the new place they're renting by now.

I sed wEd cEp an I owt and louc after
dogE til thAer Abl too cum bac and fetch
him.

I said we'd keep an eye out and look after Doggie 'til they're able to come back and fetch him."

dogE loucd up expecting him too continU
expecting him too sA mor. wen hE didnt
dogE rEalIzd that jim coucnt hav hEerd
the bad nUz abowt hiz Owners.

Doggie looked up, expecting him to continue, expecting him to say more.

When he didn't, Doggie realised that Jim couldn't have heard the bad news about his owners.

hEer jim sed too dogE. cum intoo the
citchen. dogE folOd and jim poynted at a
bOl ov worter bI the bac dor. therl bE
food for yoo lAter.

"Here," Jim said to Doggie.

"Come into the kitchen."

Doggie followed and Jim pointed at a bowl of water by the back door.

"There'll be food for you later."

after drincing sum worter dogE rEturnd
too the siting room too fInd jim and
anjela wotching tv. hE gAv a hevE wurEd
sI and lA down qIetlE on the flor bEsId
them.

After drinking some water, Doggie returned to the sitting room to find Jim and Angela watching TV.

He gave a heavy worried sigh and lay down quietly on the floor beside them.

sum wIl lAter the fOn rang and jim went
too ansur. helO hE sed. O helO cris. at

the menshun ov hiz Owners nAm dogE
jumpd too hiz fEt with a fEling ov relEf.

Some while later the phone rang and Jim went to answer.

"Hello," he said. "Oh, hello, Chris."

At the mention of his owner's name Doggie jumped to his feet with a feeling of relief.

at lEst cris woz orl rIt enouf too Us a
fOn. and then. wots that. sA that agAn.
nO yoo cant bE sErEos.

hE listend for a wIl withowt spEcing.

At least Chris was all right enough to use a phone.

And then. "What's that? Say that again.

No, you can't be serious!"

He listened for a while without speaking,

a frown on hiz fAs. dogE gAv a wimper.
wot bad luc. and it woz orl hapening wen
yoo got ther yoo sA.

a frown on his face.

Doggie gave a whimper.

"What bad luck.

And it was all happening when you got there, you say."

stil hOlding the fOn hE mowthd sumthing
too anjela but shE shouc hur hed too shO
shE hadnt understoud. and sorE wot woz
that cris.

Still holding the phone, he mouthed something to Angela but, she shook her head to show she hadn't understood.

"And sorry, what was that, Chris?"

anjE woz torcing too mE. hE listend for a
mOment. yes hEz hEer hE loucd down at
dogE. yes hEz fIn. nuthing the mater.

Angie was talking to me."

He listened for a moment.

"Yes, he's here," he looked down at Doggie.

"Yes, he's fine.

Nothing the matter.

yes nO problem. wE can louc after him.
yes orl rIt wel torc in the morning. OcA.
rEplAsing the fOn jim shouc hiz hed
several tImz.

Yes, no problem. We can look after him.

Yes, all right we'll talk in the morning. Okay."

Replacing the phone, Jim shook his head several times.

wot. anjela ascd. wot doo yoo mEn bI bad
luc. wots hapend. yoo wOnt bElEv it jim
sed. if yoo dOnt get on and tel mE I wOnt
nO wether Il bElEv it or not hiz wIf sed.

"What?" Angela asked.

"What do you mean by bad luck? What's happened?"

"You won't believe it," Jim said.

"If you don't get on and tell me, I won't know whether I'll believe it
or not," his wife said.

jim sat bac down and bEgan too explAn
cris and mara folOd the rEmooval van too

the nU plAs but wen thA arIvd ther thA
fownd too fIer enjins and smOc gOing
up intoo the scI.

Jim sat back down and began to explain, "Chris and Mara followed the removal van to the new place but, when they arrived there they found two fire engines and smoke going up into the sky.

a bilder had dun sum last minit Electrical
wurc for ther nU landlord and it sEmz
lIcIE that it woznt dun properIE and
corzd the fIer.

A builder had done some last-minute electrical work for their new landlord and it seems likely that it wasn't done properly and caused the fire.

the hOl citchens bEn burnt owt and part
ov the living room. cris sed the plAs iz a
rec and thA wOnt bE Abl too moov ther
now.

The whole kitchen's been burnt out and part of the living room.
Chris said the place is a wreck and they won't be able to move there now."

lucE it hapend bEfor thA wur setld in if
yoo asc mE anjela sed. but wot abowt
toonIt wer ar thA stAing.

"Lucky it happened before they were settled in, if you ask me,"
Angela said.

"But, what about tonight, where are they staying?

I hEerd yoo sA thAd bE in tuch toomorO.
thats rIt. cris haz just manAjd too get
hOld ov arthur burowz hoo Owns next dor
and ascd if thA coud cum bac sIn a nU
rental contract.

I heard you say they'd be in touch tomorrow."
"That's right.

Chris has just managed to get hold of Arthur Burrows who owns next door
and asked if they could come back, sign a new rental contract.

arthur hadnt pout the hows on the
marcet yet az hed wonted too pAnt the
owtsId furst. hEz olwAz lIcd cris and
mara and woz hapE too agrE.

Arthur hadn't put the house on the market yet as he'd wanted to
paint the outside first.

He's always liked Chris and Mara and was happy to agree.

orl ther stuf wil stA in the rEmooval van
OvernIt and thAv boucd intoo a bed and
breccfast. the van wil rEturN with
everEthing toomorO too pout it orl bac.

All their stuff will stay in the removal van overnight and they've
booked into a bed and breakfast.

The van will return with everything tomorrow to put it all back.

shoud bE hEer abowt ten. sO thA wOnt
bE mooving after orl.

Should be here about ten.

So they won't be moving after all."

dogE had bEn listening cerfulE az jim
spOc and felt a surj ov rElEf now that hE
nU hiz Owners wur wel and hadnt cum too
enE harm.

Doggie had been listening carefully as Jim spoke and felt a surge of relief now that he knew his owners were well and hadn't come to any harm.

with thOz fU words ov explanAshun hiz
wurld had chAnjd from wurE and desper
too hapEnes. ther had bEn nO car
accident.

With those few words of explanation, his world had changed from worry and despair to happiness.
There had been no car accident.

the bad thing AmE and shurIE had hEerd
abowt woz the fIer and not bEing Abl too
moov.

The bad thing Amy and Shirley had heard about was the fire and not being able to move.

dogE gAv a larj sI ov relEf and then
spent a mOMent thincing abowt cris and
mara and how disapoynted thA must bE.

Doggie gave a large sigh of relief and then spent a moment thinking about Chris and Mara and how disappointed they must be.

but after the mOment woz up hE gAv a
litl barc the tIp ov barc hE OnlE gAv wen
hE woz rEalE rEalE hapE.

But after the moment was up, he gave a little bark, the type of bark
he only gave when he was really really happy.

the thort ov loozing hiz frends had mAd
him rEalIz just how important thA wur
too him. and this woz olsO troo ov the
erEa in wich hE livd.

The thought of losing his friends had made him realise just how important
they were to him.

And this was also true of the area in which he lived.

now that hE woz Abl too stA dogE felt
hed bEn given a second chans and ment
too enjoy everE mOment too the foul.

Now that he was able to stay, Doggie felt he'd been given a second chance
and meant to enjoy every moment to the full.

in hiz mInd hE woz orlredE thincing ov orl
hiz fAvorit worcs along the lAns and in
the woudz.

In his mind, he was already thinking of all his favourite walks along the lanes
and in the woods.

and the frends hE woud stil bE Abl too sE

howard and fransis mAbel esmA jeb
stanlE and ov cors babet.

And the friends he would still be able to see Howard and Francis, Maybelle, Esme, Jebb, Stanley and, of course, Babette.

the end.

