

The
Rescued
Puppy

For Ethan and Harry

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Chapter One



“I still think the blue lead was better,” Adam said, staring down at Lucky’s new lead with his arms folded and a sulky expression on his face.

“No, red looks lovely with his fur. If you hadn’t spent all your pocket money on sweets, you could have bought the new lead!” Georgia pointed out. “This is Lucky’s first proper walk. Do you

want Mum to say we can't go because we're fighting? She will, you know!"

"Oh, all right..." Adam muttered. Then he grinned at his twin sister. "I don't think you're going to be able to get the lead on him anyway!"

Lucky, Georgia and Adam's cocker spaniel puppy, was dancing around Georgia's feet, squeaking and yipping with excitement.

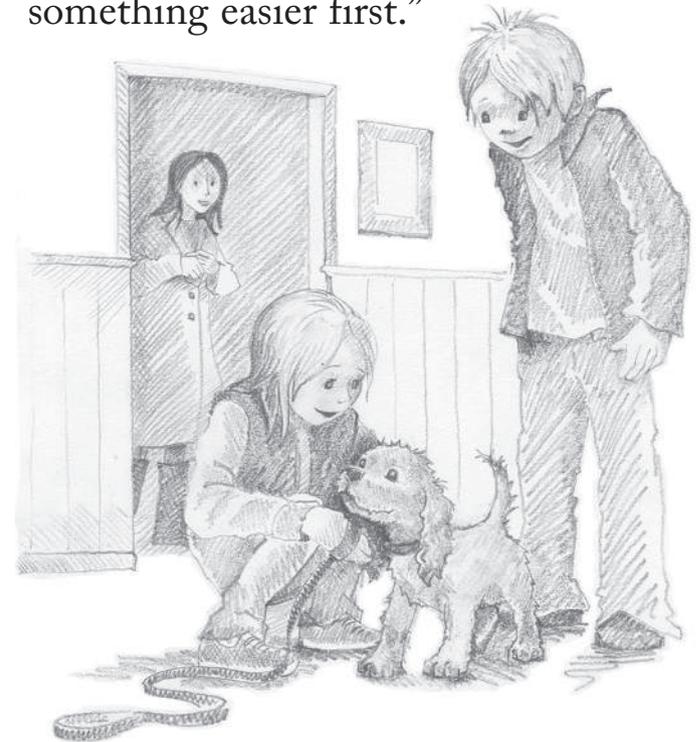
"Lucky, keep still!" Georgia giggled, trying to hook the lead on to his collar. "Look, we won't ever get to go on the walk if you won't let me clip this on!"

"Are you two ready yet?" Mum came into the hallway. "Where are we going for this special walk?"

"The park!"

"The woods!"

Georgia and Adam spoke at the same time, and Mum sighed. "I think Adam's probably got the best idea this time, Georgie. The woods might be a bit tiring for Lucky on his first big walk. The paths are so narrow, and there's lots of scrambling over fallen trees and things. Let's get him used to something easier first."



Georgia sighed. "I suppose so. I bet he'll love the woods when he's a bit bigger, though. Oooh!" Quickly she clipped the lead on to Lucky's collar, while the puppy was distracted, looking at Mum. "There! Now we're ready!"

Lucky pulled excitedly at the new lead, twirling himself round Georgia's ankles. He had been on a lead before, for his trips to the vet and the puppy parties he'd been to, to get used to other dogs, but it was still very exciting. He could feel that Georgia and Adam were excited about something too, and he couldn't stop jumping up and down.

Adam and Georgia had got Lucky two months before, as a joint ninth birthday present. They had been trying

to persuade their parents to get a dog for ages, but Mum and Dad had only just decided that they were old enough. Luckily, Georgia and Adam had agreed that they would really love a spaniel – one of their friends at school, Max, had a gorgeous black cocker spaniel called Jet, and they both loved to play with him when Max's mum brought him to pick up Max after school.

Georgia and Adam's mum had asked where Jet had come from, and Max's mum had given her the name of the cocker spaniel breeder. She told them the puppies were all properly looked after and used to children. But when Georgia and Adam's mum rang up, there was only one ten-week-old puppy left, and no new litter was expected for ages.

So the whole family had driven straight round to see him.

At first, all they could see was the puppy's mum, lying on a fluffy blanket. She was the most beautiful golden and white spaniel, with the longest, silkiest ears they'd ever seen.

"Oh wow..." Georgia breathed. "Can we stroke her?"

Lara, the breeder, nodded. "Just gently though. You have to be careful with mother dogs when they've got their puppies with them."

Adam frowned. "But she hasn't – I can't see a puppy!"

Georgia grabbed his hand. "Look!" she said in an excited whisper. "I've just spotted him – he's fast asleep, snuggled up right next to her. He's gorgeous!"

Adam leaned over. "I thought that was his mum's tail," he admitted. "He's really cute. And tiny!"

Lara laughed. "You should have seen him when he was born. He isn't really that small, to be honest I think his mum's sitting on him."

Georgia knelt down to get a closer look. "Yes, she is. Doesn't he mind?"



“No, he’s all warm and cosy. He likes being the only pup left, it means he gets all the attention, from his mum and us lot. He’s going to want loads of cuddles if you take him home.”

Adam and Georgia exchanged grins. That sounded perfect.

Just then, the little dog sighed, yawned and opened his eyes. He looked round at his mother and wriggled his bottom indignantly to tell her to get off. Then he heaved himself up and peered round, his tail wagging shyly. Who were all these people staring at him?

“Oh, he’s so beautiful...” Georgia whispered, then turned to her mum and dad. “Look at him, isn’t he perfect?”

He really was like a perfect mini

version of his mum, curly ears and all. He was golden and white, with pretty white patches on his back and a scatter of sweet brownish-gold spots around his shiny black nose. His eyes were nearly black too, and very bright and curious-looking, topped off with long whiskery eyebrows that made him look like a little old man.

Everyone had agreed that he was the perfect puppy, and Lara had said that they could come back and take him home the very next day. It was a few weeks before Georgia and Adam’s birthday, but they didn’t mind having their present early. As Georgia pointed out the following day, as they carefully carried the puppy out of Lara’s house to put him into the new pet carrier in the