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Opening extract from

Kidnapped! The Hundred-Mile-an-Hour-Dog's Sizzling Summer

Written by

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1 Jabbed with the Eiffel Tower

You can't blame me. All I did was jump out of the window. OK, so it was the big window at the vet's surgery. Mrs Vet-Person shouldn't have left it open, should she, and anyhow, what would you do if a vet came at you with a whopping great big needle?

'Just a tiny jab,' Mrs Vet-Person said. Oh yes? I saw the evil grin on her face AND I saw the size of the pointy needle. Big? It looked like the Eiffel Tower! I was off like a streak of lightning.

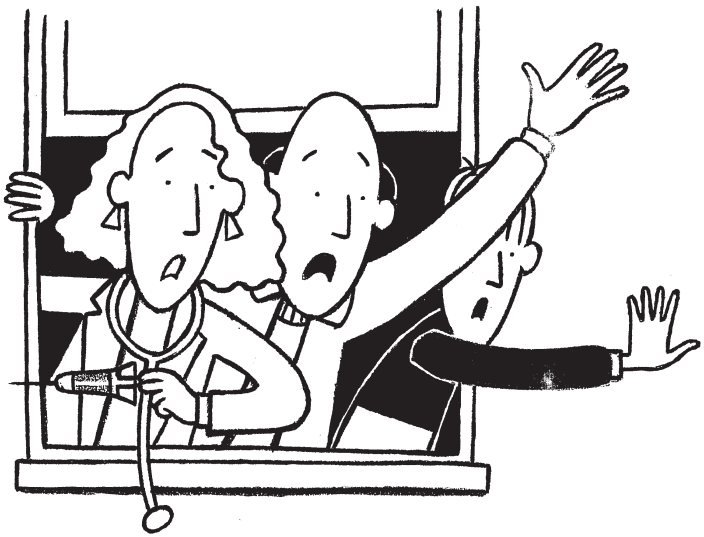


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(No, actually, I was off like a Streaker because that is my name – Streaker – and I am the speediest speedster in the World of Dog-Speed.)

I saw the vet, I saw the needle and I saw the open window. *SWOOOOOSH!* I was gone in a flish-flash! Ha ha! You can stick that needle in someone else's bottom, Mrs Vet-Person!

They all came chasing after me of course, but I was way too fast for them. Those two-legs



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can't run properly at all. I keep barking at them. 'Use all four legs! You can't run properly on two! You've got to use all four legs, like me!' But they never hear. That's because they have very small ears, unlike mine, which go flip-flap like towels on a washing line. I can catch the teeny-tiniest sounds, even like an ant sneezing or an earwig with earache going 'Ooooh!' in a very small earwiggy voice like that.



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Of course I was in big trouble at home after I'd run away from Mrs Vet-Person. Even Trevor Two-Legs, the boy I have to take for walks, was fed up. I thought he'd be pleased at my nifty bit of escapery but he wasn't. He was upset.

'It's for your own good, Streaker,' he told me.

Oh, really? My own good? I don't think so! I said, 'I'd like to see you get vaccinated with the Eiffel Tower!' Of course he didn't understand a word I said. Humans are hopeless. What's the point in having a dog as a pet if you can't understand what it tells you?

I had a long chat with Erik the Cat about it after I'd got home.

'Of course,' Erik said to me as he lay across half the sofa the way cats do. 'You do realize that you won't be going on holiday with them?'

'What holiday? What do you mean?'

'If you ever paid any attention to the two-legs, instead of living in a dreamworld made of sausages and pies, you would know that they are

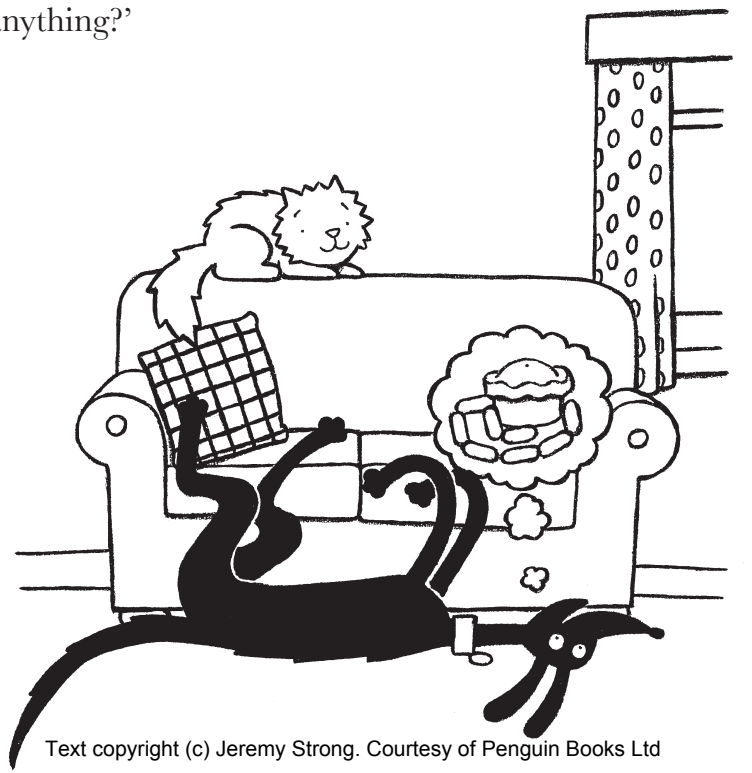
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going on holiday in a few weeks, to France.'

A dreamworld of sausages and pies? I don't think so! Sausages and pies are VERY REAL and IMPORTANT! Plus, if I was about to go on holiday I would need a suitcase full of them, unless the place we were going to had plenty. So I asked Erik.

'France? What's that?'

'It's another country,' sighed Erik. 'Sometimes I wonder about your education. Don't you know anything?'



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'I know lots and lots,' I told him. 'But I don't know about France. Can you eat it?'

'No. It won't fit in your mouth.' Erik smiled. I think that was meant to be a joke but only he understood it. I was still in Mystery-land.

'It's another country on the other side of the sea. Two-legs go there for holidays. Sometimes they take their pets with them. Your pal Trevor wants to take you, but they won't let you into France unless you have had your vaccination.'

I looked at Erik. My legs were going wobbly. 'You mean that thing like the Eiffel Tower?'

'Oh, do stop being such a drama queen,' sighed Erik. 'It's just a tiny jab.'

'That's what the vet said,' I muttered.

'Do you want to go on holiday to France, or not?'

'Is France nice? Do they have dogs there?'

Erik groaned loudly. 'There are dogs everywhere, numbskull.'

'Even on the moon?' I asked, wide-eyed.

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'Only you would ask a question like that,' sighed Erik again. 'Of course there aren't any dogs on the moon.'

'But you said they were everywhere, so numbskull yourself. *Nurr!*' Ha! I'd caught Erik out all right, pretending he was so clever. That moggy didn't know much at all. I knew there were no dogs on the moon. I was just checking.

Anyhow, that conversation made me think. The two-legs were going on holiday and wanted to take me with them but I couldn't go unless, unless – *woofy-aaaargh!* – the Eiffel Tower!

No wonder Trevor had been upset. I was going to miss out on a holiday with him. But what sort of holiday? I would have to be a doggy detective and find out, so I followed them around with my ears going flip-flap in case I caught a clue or two.

It turned out that Mr Trevor's dad wanted to play golf. In France. I don't know why he likes golf so much. Those white balls are horrible – and I should know because I ate one once.

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CRUNCH CRUNCH! It's like chewing a whole pile of rubber worms. ***YUK!*** I had to spit it out. ***SPLURRGH! SPLURRGH!***

Anyhow, Mr Trevor's dad had booked a camping holiday near a golf course in France. (France doesn't just have dogs, it also has golf courses.) But Mrs Trevor's mum said she hated golf and she hated poky tents even more and she'd rather stay in a beehive. (Is she *nuts*?????? I shall never understand those two-legs.)

Then Trevor said golf was the most boring game in the world and Mr Trevor's dad went

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red and began spluttering all over the place and marching about the room waving his arms around like a policeman directing the traffic only there weren't any cars, just a sofa and two armchairs – and they weren't even moving.

Mr Trevor's dad was trying to tell them that the campsite didn't just have golf nearby, it had mountain biking and archery and rock climbing and paintballing and canoeing and they wouldn't be in a tent at all because he had hired a caravan. A special silver caravan.

That was when they all went bonkers. Actually, first of all there was a long silence while they all looked at each other and Mr Trevor's mum said 'Mountain bikes?' in a kind of squeaky excited voice and Trevor said 'Canoeing?' in an even more squeaky excited voice and Mr Trevor's dad said 'Yes.' Then they began shouting and screaming and bouncing around like three ice creams that had just won first prize in an ice-cream-on-a-trampoline show.

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