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Opening extract from

The Pet Person

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For D.A.W. – J.W.

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The PET PERSON



Jeanne Willis Tony Ross

ANDERSEN PRESS

"What do you want for your birthday, Rex?"
"A pet person," said Rex.
"No, it'll ruin the furniture," said his mother.



"It won't," said Rex,
"I'll take it for walks."
"I'm not arguing," she said.
Rex went to find his father.

"Can I have a pet person for my birthday?" asked Rex.

"No," said his father. "It would eat us out of house and home. Anyway, they smell."

"Not if you look after them properly," said Rex.

"I'll end up looking after it," said his father.

"The answer is NO!"

Rex went to see Uncle Fido.

"People make lousy pets," said Uncle Fido. "They can be vicious. What if it attacked your little sister?"

Rex shrugged. "I'll train it not to," he said.

"They are impossible to train," said his Auntie Sheba.



Rex decided to ask his grandfather.
"The trouble with young dogs today," growled Grandfather, "is that they want it all."
"I don't," said Rex, "all I want is a person to call my own."



"Why can't you make do with a new bone, like anyone else?" snapped his grandfather. "Horrible things, people."



"Yes," said his grandmother. "They're sweet when they are little, but when they grow up, they develop embarrassing habits."

