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Opening extract from

Puppy Academy: Scout and the Sausage Thief

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Gill Lewis

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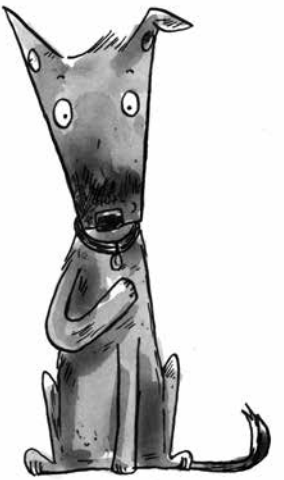
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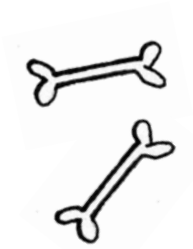
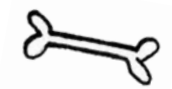
PUPPY ACADEMY



Scout

AND THE SAUSAGE THIEF

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1

Scout hid behind the stack of baked-bean cans and waited. The supermarket was busy with Saturday morning shoppers. She knew this was the moment when Frank Furter, the notorious sausage thief, would strike again. He could steal a salami from a sandwich or a hot dog from a hot-dog stand without ever being seen. No police dog had caught him in action yet.

No one knew just how Frank Furter stole the sausages. But Scout thought she knew. She'd worked it out and now she was ready. She looked up at the ceiling of the supermarket and waited for Frank's next move.

High above people's heads, one white ceiling tile slid slowly sideways. Frank's face appeared in the gap, spying down on the fresh meat counter. Scout could see the bungee rope tied around his chest. She'd have to be quick on her feet to catch him.

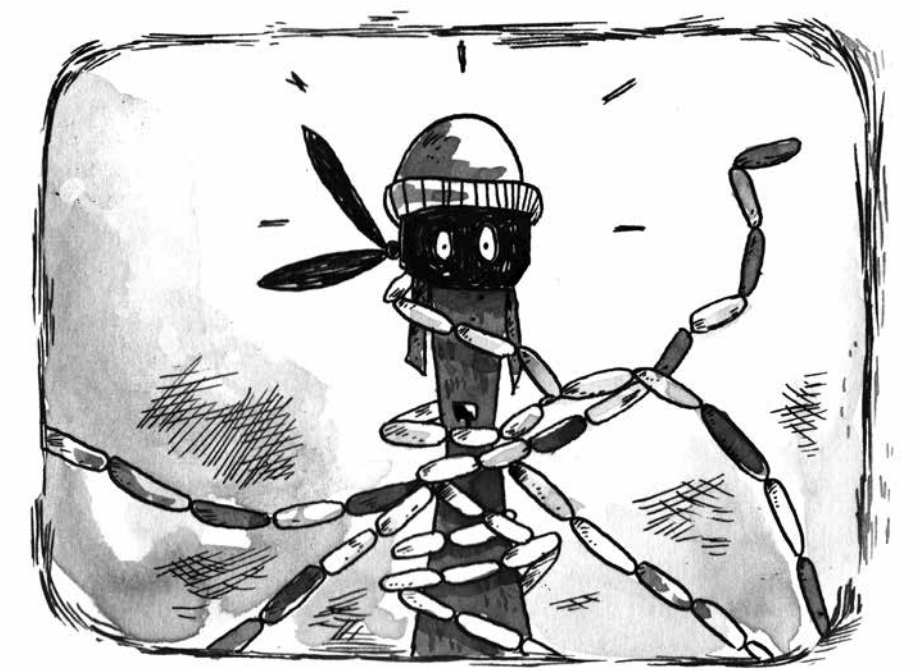
Down came Frank.


Gotcha!

‘Gotcha!’ shouted Scout.

She pounced, wrapping the string of sausages round and round him, tying him up in a big sausage knot.

Everyone cheered. Frank Furter had been caught at last and Scout was their hero.





'Scout!'

'Scout!'

Scout woke up from her daydream.

'Come on, Scout,' said her mum. 'Finish your breakfast. You can't be late for school today.'

'Do you think Frank Furter will ever be caught?' said Scout.

Scout's dad put down his paper. 'He's very clever. No one has worked out just how he steals the sausages.'

'But how do you know it's him?' asked Scout.

'Frank's pawprints are found all over the crime scenes,' said Scout's dad. He shook his head. 'Your mum and I have been working on this investigation for months. If we don't catch him before the weekend, the village sausage festival will have to be cancelled.'

'Cancelled?' said Scout. 'But it's

the most famous sausage festival in the world.'

'I know,' said Mum. 'But unless Frank is caught, no one's sausages are safe. These are dark times. There hasn't been a case like this since Peppa Roni the Italian Spinoni hijacked Burt the Butcher's lorry.'

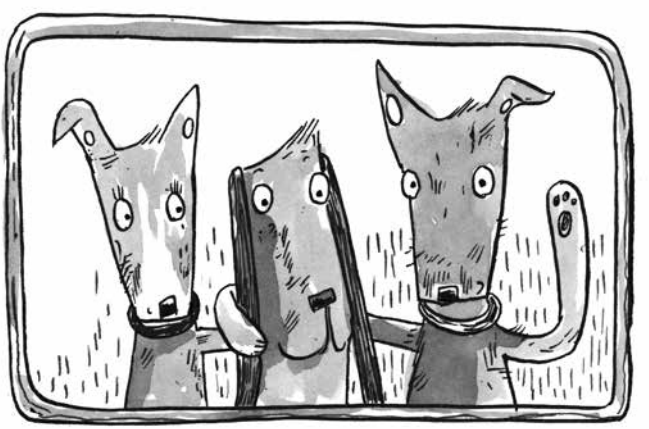
Scout frowned. 'If anyone can catch Frank, you and Dad can.'



Scout's mum sighed. 'I hope so, Scout. I hope so.'

Scout's mum and dad were well-known police dogs. They were loved by the villagers and feared by burglars. Until the recent spate of sausage robberies, there hadn't been a crime in Little Barking for three years.

Scout's mum went on. 'Frank trained to be a police dog with us when we were at Puppy Academy. He had a thing about sausages even back then.'



‘Frank Furter was a police dog!’ said Scout. ‘But he should know not to break the law.’

Scout’s dad looked across at her. ‘There have been a few police dogs who have forgotten their vows.’

Scout put her paw to her chest. ‘I vow to be honest, brave, and true, and to serve my fellow dogs and humans too.’

‘And above all else, be kind,’ smiled Scout’s mum. ‘I’m sure you will make a great police dog one day.’

Scout puffed out her chest in pride. She was a German shepherd.

She wanted to be a police dog like her mum and dad one day too. She wanted to catch burglars, find lost children, and keep people in Little Barking safe.

