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Opening extract from

My Dog Daisy

Written by

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Illustrated by

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My Dog Daisy

Jean Ure

With illustrations by
Charlie Alder

Barrington Stoke

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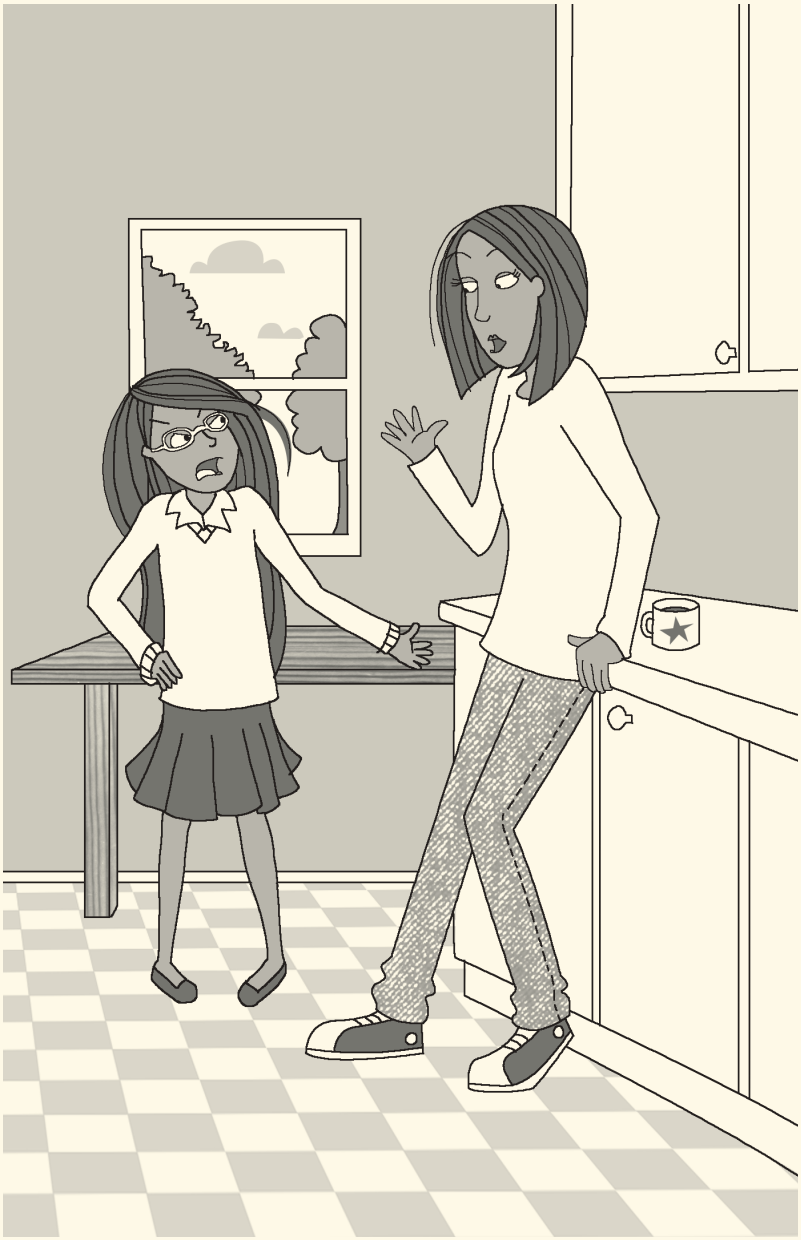
Chapter 1
Goldfish

"*I don't want a goldfish!*" I cried.

I didn't want a goldfish. I wanted a dog! Mum knew I wanted a dog. How many times had I begged her?

Mum sighed. "Oh, Lily," she said. "We've been over this so many times."

"But you promised!" I shouted it at her. "You said, when I was 12 I could have one."



"I promised we'd think about it," Mum said.

She'd promised I could have one! Angry tears began to roll down my cheeks. Maybe it's a bit babyish to cry when you're 12 years old, but I had wanted a dog for *such* a long time.

"Gran would have let me," I said.

"Yes. Well." Mum pinched her lips together. "We don't live with your grandmother any more," she said. "I'm sorry, Lily, I know how much you want a dog, but it isn't possible. Not in a small flat with no garden."

'Huh,' I thought. If Mum hadn't fallen out with Gran we wouldn't *be* living in a small flat with no garden. It so wasn't fair!

"To be honest," Mum said, "I'm not even sure we'd be allowed to have a dog here. I think it's against the rules."

"What rules?" I said.

Mum looked at me rather hard. She doesn't like it when I speak to her in what she calls "that tone of voice". She says it's rude.

"I don't know why we came here in the first place," I grumbled.

"Lily, you know why we came here," said Mum. "This is what we could afford. Don't be cross with me! I'm doing the best I can. There are all sorts of other pets you could have. How about a hamster? Hamsters are fun."

I didn't want a hamster! I wanted a dog. I wanted one *so much*. I'd wanted one as long as I could remember. Ever since the lady next door to Gran had got a tiny puppy. It was so cute! I used to go and play with it. If only we could have stayed with Gran. It was bad enough that Mum had moved us out – now she wouldn't even let Gran come and visit. She wouldn't even let *me* visit *Gran*. All because they'd had a row.

I snatched up my school bag and banged my way across the kitchen.

"I'm going to school," I said.

"Lily, please don't be like that," Mum said.

For just a moment I hesitated. Maybe I was being unfair. It was true that Gran hadn't always treated Mum very well. And Mum *did* do her best. She was out working all day, looking after other people's gardens for them. Digging and weeding and planting stuff. I knew she would have loved to have a garden of her own.

If we had a garden of our own, I could have my dog.

It was Mum who was being unfair, not me.

"I'm going to meet Keri," I said.

Mum followed me up the hall.

“Don’t I even get a goodbye kiss?” she begged.

I gave her a quick, cross peck on the cheek and rushed out. I slammed the door, really hard, behind me.