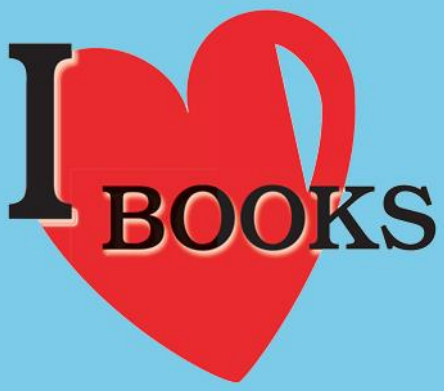

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Opening extract from

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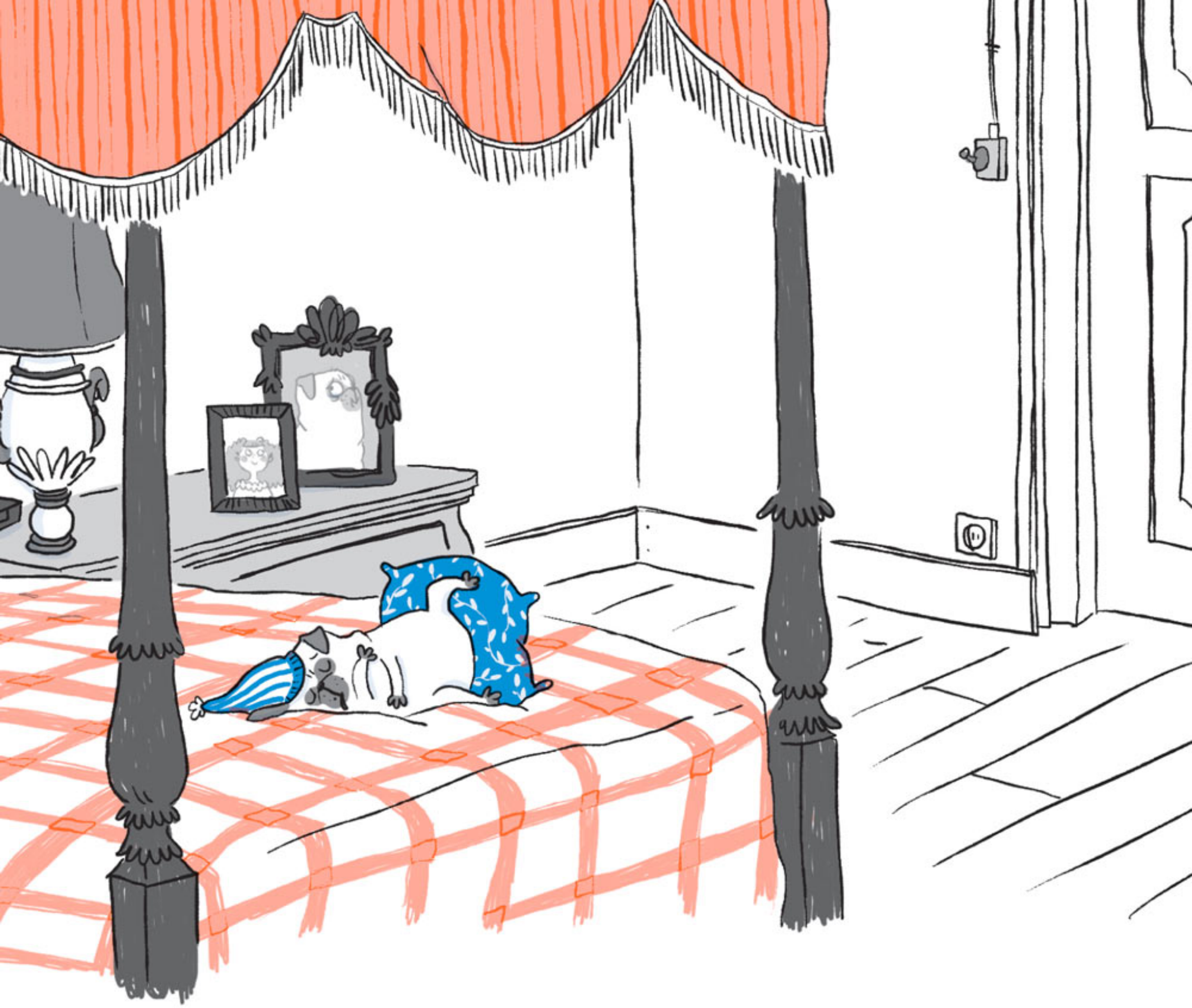
Chapter 1

It was an ordinary morning at No. 10, The Crescent, and everyone was busy except Pug and his freckled companion, Lady Miranda, who were both still in bed, snoring.



Pug lay at the foot of the bed dreaming of jam tarts whilst Lady Miranda slept soundly, her eye mask firmly in place.

There was a gentle knock on the bedroom door. It was Lady Miranda's housekeeper, Wendy, carrying the breakfast tray. Pug wagged his curly tail in greeting, then padded over to where Lady Miranda was sleeping. He put his nose as close to hers as possible and breathed on her . . .

‘Urgh, Pug!’ said Lady Miranda, waking up with a start. ‘Do you have to do that?’

‘Your breakfast, m’lady,’ said Wendy, placing the tray on Lady Miranda’s lap and patting Pug on the head.

Mmmmmmmmmm.

Pug's tummy was rumbling. Wendy had baked them some of her delicious jam tarts. Jam tarts were Pug's favourite breakfast.