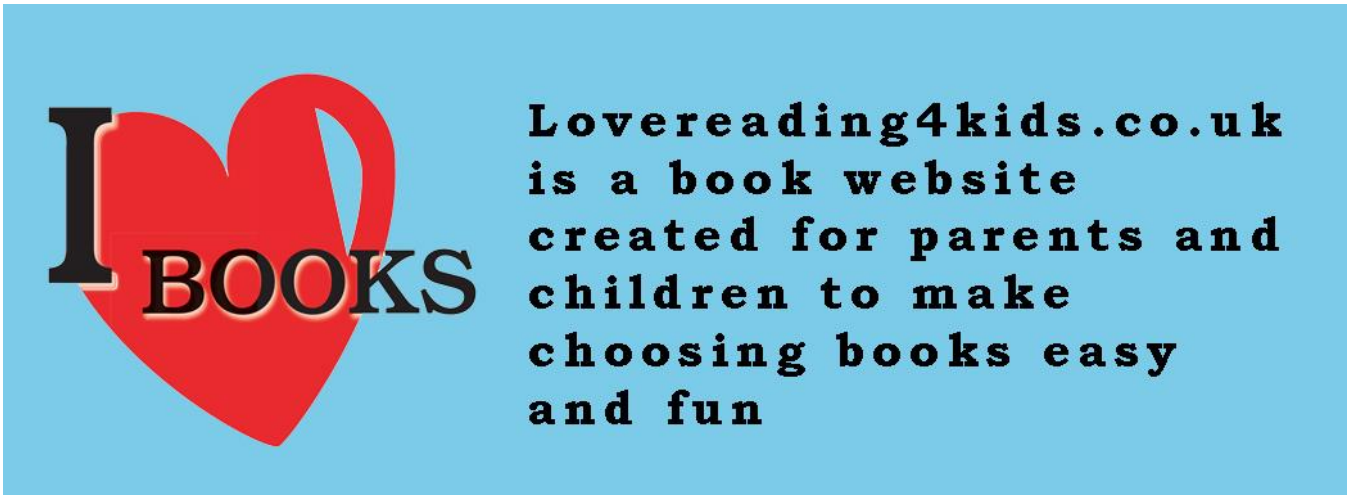


Opening extract from

Puppy Academy: Murphy and the Great Surf Rescue

Written by

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GILL LEWIS

PUPPY ACADEMY



ILLUSTRATED BY SARAH HORNE

MURPHY

AND THE GREAT SURF RESCUE

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1

'Help! Help!'

The small Labrador puppy splashed in the middle of the river.

The pups on the riverbank barked frantically.

'Pip's in trouble!' woofed Scruff.

Pip splashed one more time before his head slipped under the water.

There was nothing they could do.

'Oh no!' yipped Star. 'He's gone.'

A few bubbles rose to the surface

of the water, then all was still.

'Who can save him?' barked Scruff.

'WOOF!'

A big brown blur whizzed through the air.

The pups cheered. 'Save him, Murphy,' they shouted. 'Save him.'

Murphy hit the water.

SPLASH!!

He knew what he had to do. His huge webbed paws pulled him forward. His thick fur kept him warm. He swam and swam to the middle of the river.

He had to save Pip.

He had to.

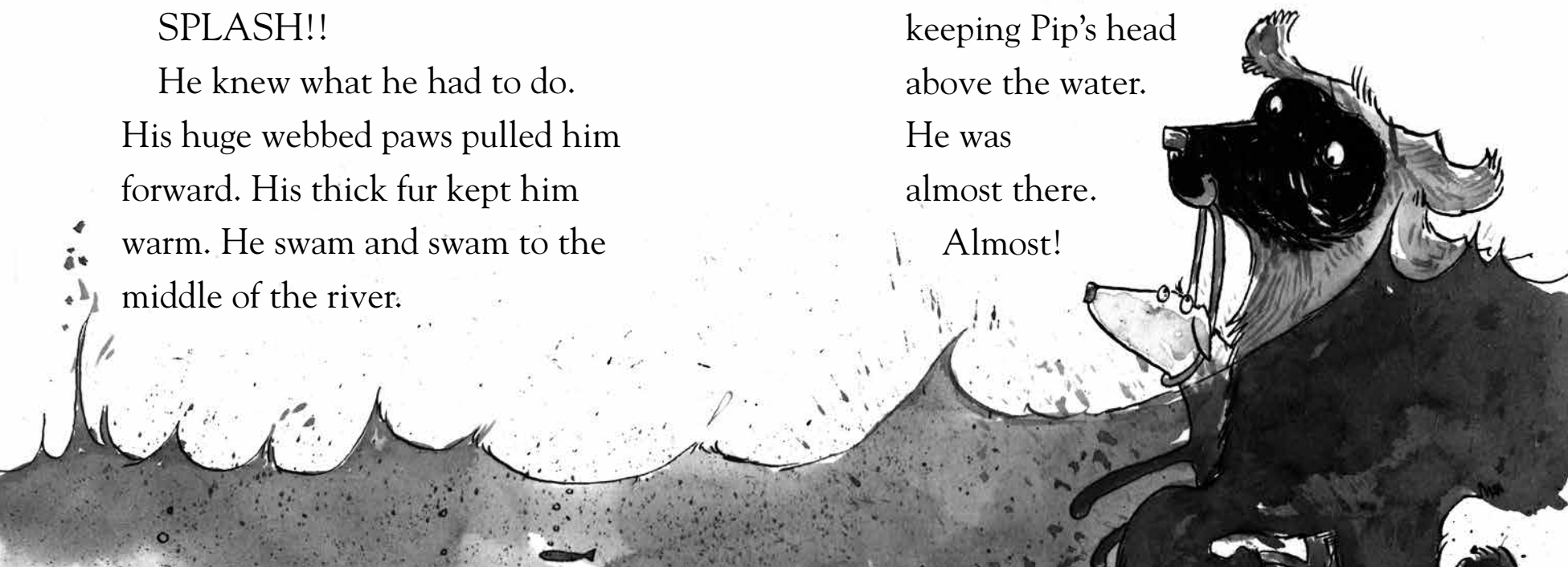
But time was running out.

Murphy put his head beneath the water, grabbed Pip's collar, and pulled him to the surface.

'Come on, Murphy,' barked the pups on the shore. 'You can do it.'

Murphy paddled back to them, keeping Pip's head above the water. He was almost there.

Almost!



His paws touched the soft mud. His claws gripped the ground and he pulled Pip out onto the riverbank.

The other pups bounced all around him. 'Hooray for Murphy,' they barked. 'You did it. You saved Pip.'

But Murphy was worried. Had he saved Pip in time?

He looked across at Major Bones who was holding up his stopwatch.



Major Bones was a teacher at the Sausage Dreams Academy for Working Dogs.

'Thank you, Pip, for pretending to be our pup in trouble today. I can now reveal Murphy's result.'

All the pups fell silent.

Murphy waited. The river water dripped from his fur and pooled in great puddles around his paws.

'Well, Murphy,' barked Major Bones, 'congratulations. You've passed your Level One River Rescue. And,' he added, 'you rescued Pip in two minutes and five seconds. That's a new record for the academy.'

The pups cheered.

'You're the champion,' woofed Star, 'the best!'

Murphy puffed out his chest in pride. He was a Leonberger pup. One day he would grow into a huge lion-like dog. His ancestors were Newfoundlands, which had once been bred to help fishermen in icy waters. Murphy had water rescue in his blood.

Murphy did what he did best after swimming.



He shook himself, starting at his nose, and then his head, and shaking out his chest and body, and then his tail, spraying water over everyone.

'Hey! Watch out!' yelped Star. 'You've got most of the river in your fur. We'll *all* look like we've half-drowned today.'

Pip jumped up and bounced back into the river. 'Save me again, Murphy,' he barked. 'That was fun. Save me again.' He swam around in circles, pretending to drown.

'No, save me,' barked Star, 'it's my turn.'

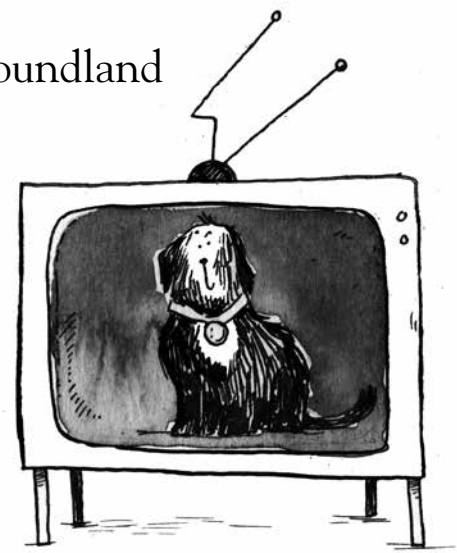
'I want to be saved by Murphy,' woofed Scruff.

Major Bones stood up. 'That's it for today, pups. It's time to get back. If we hurry, we might be able to slip Murphy into the Friday award ceremony.'

Murphy and the other pups trotted back to the Sausage Dreams Puppy Academy for Working Dogs. They were all in the same class. At the Puppy Academy, pups trained for all sorts of important jobs, such as guide dogs, sheep dogs, and search and rescue dogs. Some pups hadn't even decided what they wanted to be yet.

But Murphy knew.

He knew from the very first moment he had seen Boris of Bognor Regis on Dog TV, flying across the sand with the sun on his coat and the wind in his ears.



Boris was a Newfoundland surf rescue dog. He was the only dog to have ever been awarded the gold medal of gallantry for saving someone in peril at sea.

Boris was *everyone's* hero.

Murphy wanted to be just like him.

He wanted to be a hero too.