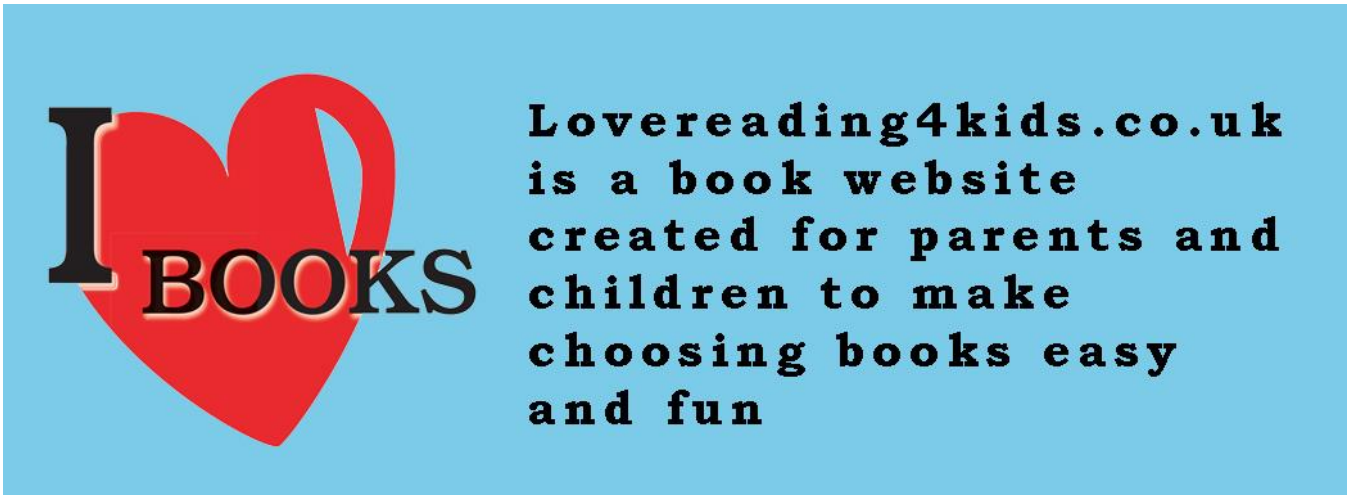


Opening extract from

Barking for Bagels

Written by

Michael Rosen

Illustrated by

Tony Ross

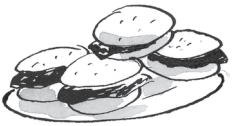
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Chapter One

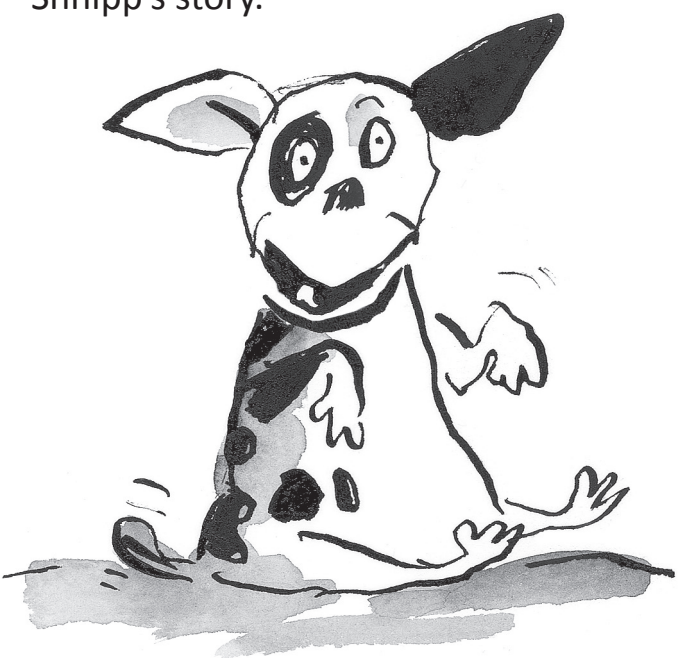
My name is Shnipp.

I am a dog.

This is my story.

A dog's story.

Shnipp's story.



It is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

By the way:



this is my tooth, the whole tooth and nothing but the tooth . . .

I used to be looked after by Julie and Lara and their mum, Sadie.



Am I still looked after by Julie and Lara and Sadie?

Aha!

I may be.

I may not be.



You won't know if I am or I am not till you get to the end of the story.

If this was a film, you would now hear "der der der der-der" music. But it's not a film, it's a book, so there's no music.

Sorry.



One day, Julie and Lara and Sadie took me to the park. The Memorial Park. We were playing the throw, fetch, leave game with a ball.

"Cooeee! Shnipp!" they called.



It was great. I was doing some great running, really fast. A couple of times I actually caught the ball in mid-air. You know when the ball comes flying through the air? I caught it in my mouth before it dropped!

Skills!

"Cooeee! Shnipp!" they called.



Anyway, just as I was thinking how good I am, another thought popped into my head. I thought, *Hey, what if I go for a big run? You know, just run off?*

