For the greatest Danes: Ezra, Leo, and Ruben.

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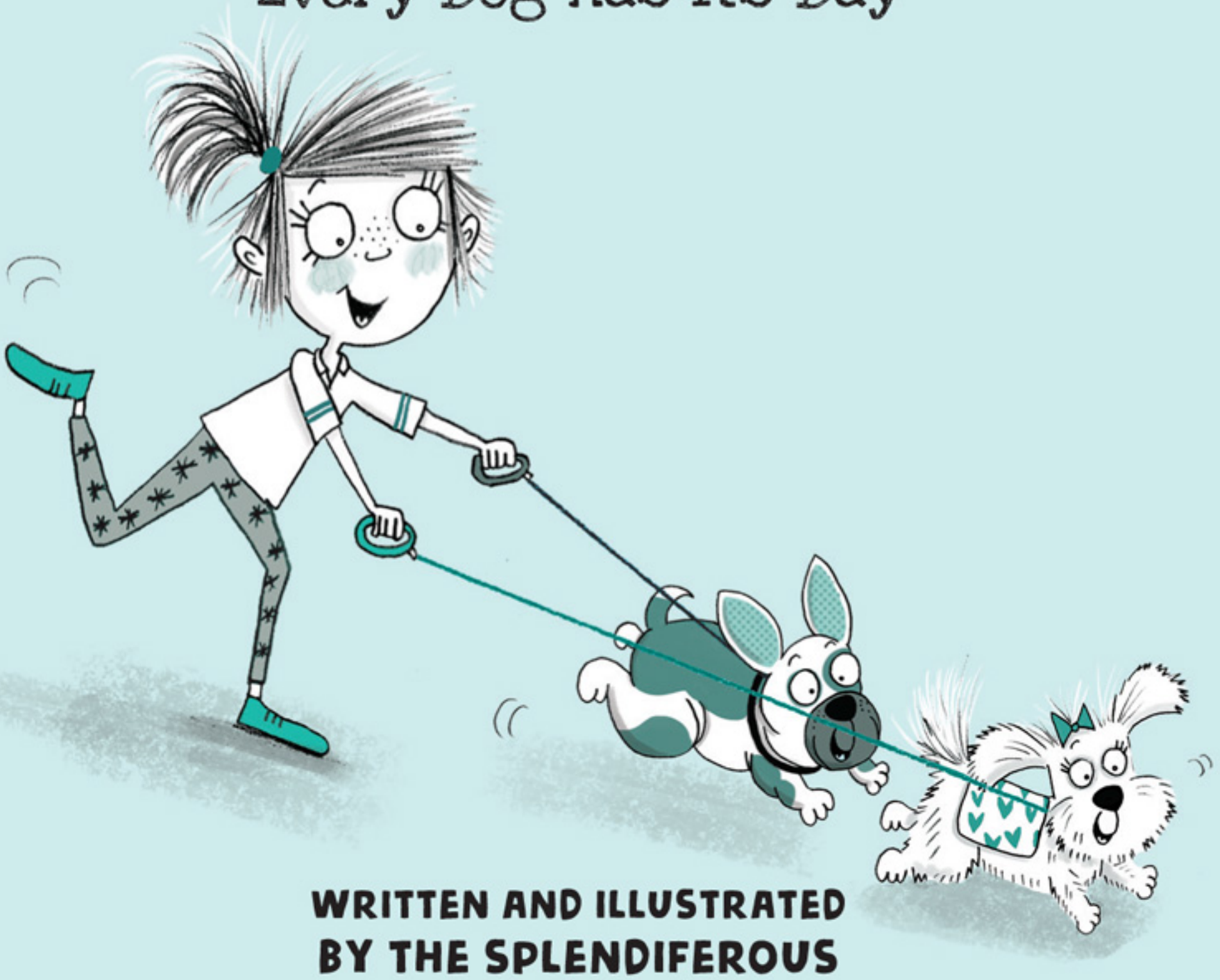
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Horace & Harriet

Every Dog Has Its Day



WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED
BY THE SPLENDIFEROUS

CLARE ELSOM

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THE BIT WHERE I WAS RIGHT TO FEEL A BIT NERVOUS

'*Behold*!' Horace announced as he strolled into the garden the following morning, waving a newspaper excitedly.

'Horace!' Grandad greeted him with a slap on the back, and then winced. You sometimes forget Horace is made of stone. 'First article is out, eh?'

'Forsooth! *Centre spread*,' said Horace, beaming. 'I have been up all night submitting my story. We haven't slept, have we, Barry?'

'Read it out, Grandad!' I said, excited.



Grandad flicked through the paper, smiling.
Then he stopped smiling. Then he looked
a bit confused. Then he spat out his tea.

'What?' I said. I looked over Grandad's shoulder at the paper.

'Is it … *just* pictures of you and Barry, Horace?' I asked, looking up.



'Nay, there are plentiful words!' said Horace. '*Perchance* not as plentiful as requested, but this "typing" tomfoolery is a tricky business. Barry can only peck one letter at a time.'

THE BUZZ

Lord Commander Hor Nincompoop Maximus (and Barry) are REAL







It's everyone's favourite pigeon, Barry!

THE BUZZ

atio Frederick Wallington Pimpleberry the Third Stars of Stokendale



The most handsome attendee







The best speech of the evening