

ALSO BY TOM PALMER

Scrum Ghost Stadium Secret FC

Rugby Academy: Combat Zone Rugby Academy: Surface to Air Rugby Academy: Deadlocked

> Wings: Flyboy Wings: Spitfire Wings: Typhoon

Defenders: Killing Ground Defenders: Dark Arena Defenders: Pitch Invasion

Armistice Runner
Over the Line

D-DAY DOG

TOM PALMER



Conkers

First published in 2019 in Great Britain by Barrington Stoke Ltd 18 Walker Street, Edinburgh, EH3 7LP

www.barringtonstoke.co.uk

Text © 2019 Tom Palmer Illustrations © 2019 Tom Clohosy Cole

The moral right of Tom Palmer and Tom Clohosy Cole to be identified as the author and illustrator of this work has been asserted in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in whole or in any part in any form without the written permission of the publisher

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library upon request

ISBN: 978-1-78112-868-8

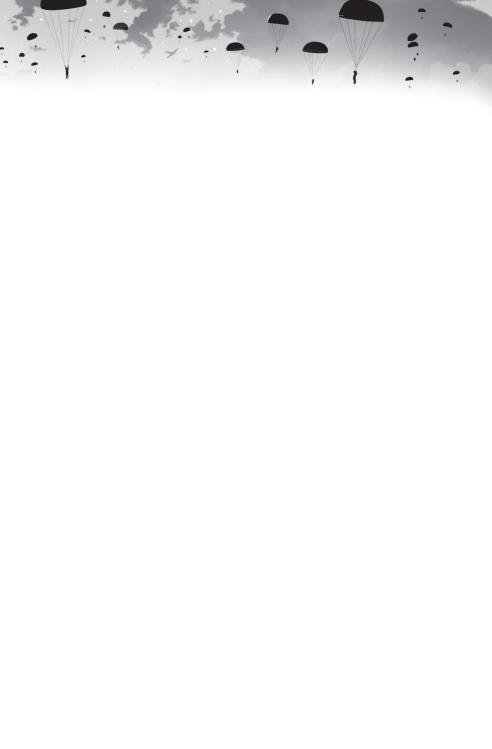
Printed and bound by CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon, CR0 4YY

For Ashville College, Harrogate, who kindly took me on their Normandy school trip, making this book possible





PART 1





Jack threw the tennis ball and watched it arc over the washing line to bounce at the far edge of the lawn. He grinned as a blur of black and white fur snatched the ball out of the air.

"Good boy, Finn. Now, fetch it."

Finn turned, ball in mouth, scampering to where Jack was crouching. The dog released the ball at the boy's feet, then sat quivering, waiting for Jack to throw it again.

"Good boy," Jack said again, staring into his dog's eager eyes.

Jack had wanted a dog all his life. He had

nagged his mum and dad month on month, year on year. And then – this February – they'd said yes.

"But you have to feed it," Mum cautioned. "You have to walk it. You have to train it. It's your dog. It means less time gaming. Can you cope with that?"

"I can. I will. I promise," Jack had gasped.

And now he'd seen that promise through. Three walks a day. Three meals a day. He'd house-trained Finn. He'd encouraged him to sleep in his crate all night without barking. And now Finn could chase a ball, bring it back and give it up.

The next thing Jack wanted to try was taking

Finn out on the pavements and into town without his
lead, controlling him with words, not force. But he
knew that would be harder, that they would have to
build up to it slowly. Jack just wished he didn't have
to go back to school and leave his dog at home now
the Easter holidays were nearly over.

"Good boy, Finn," Jack praised him a third time.

Then a voice came from the house. Jack and Finn looked up from their game.

"It's here." Dad was standing in front of the open patio doors. "The D-Day game; it's come, Jack. It's time for us to liberate Europe."

Jack and Finn ran towards the house. Dad had been away all weekend training with the Army Reserves, something he did several weekends a year, making Jack extremely proud. His dad was a soldier! And now that he was home, Dad would be able to tell Jack everything he'd been up to.

But first they had a new video game to play.