



Opening extract from

Dogger

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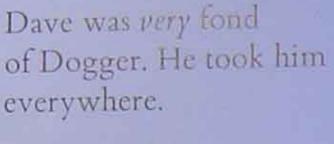
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Once there was a soft brown toy called Dogger. One of his ears pointed upwards and the other flopped over. His fur was worn in places because he was quite old. He belonged to Dave.



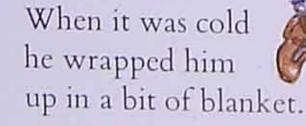


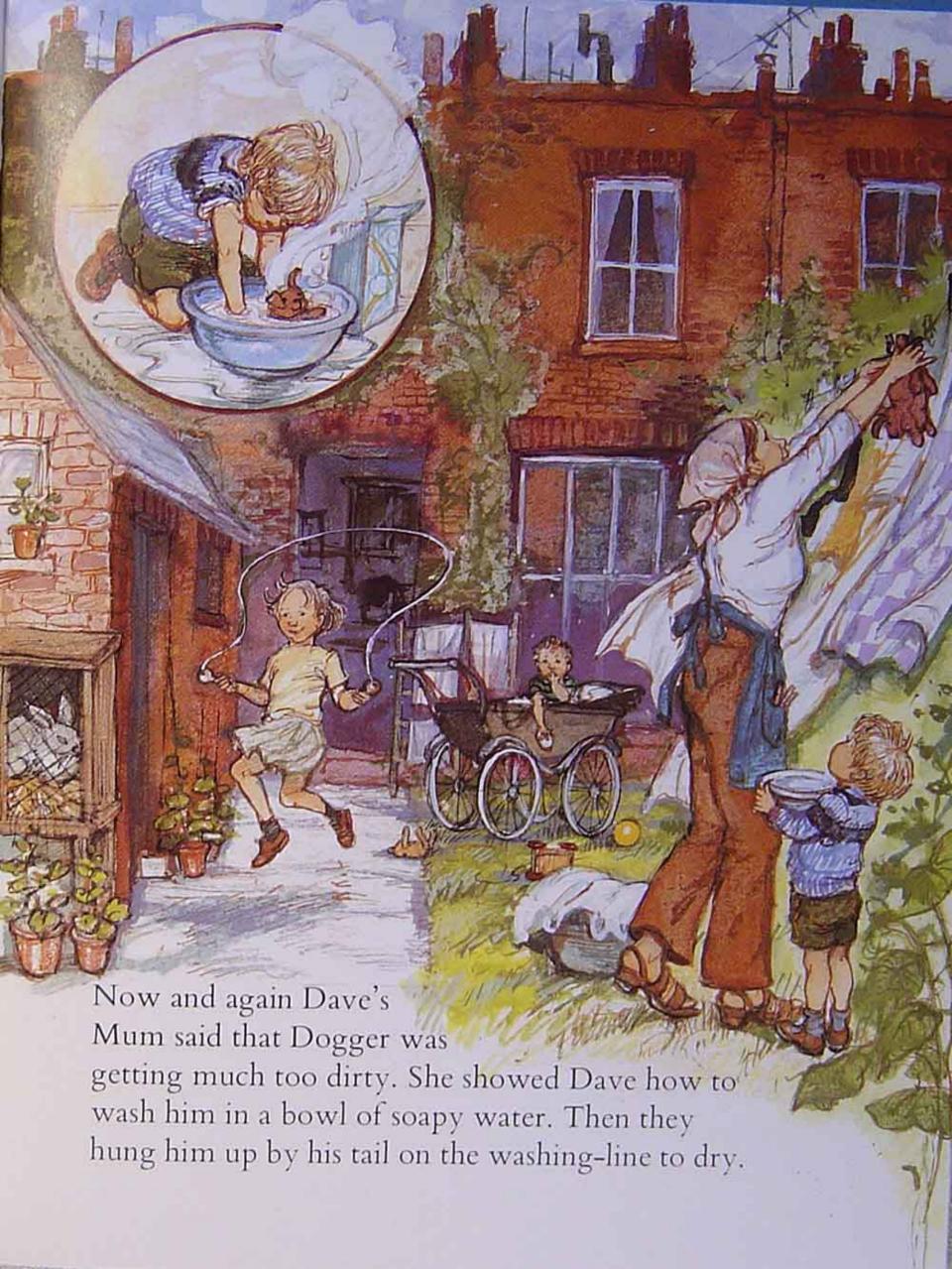


Sometimes he gave him rides in a trolley.



Sometimes he pulled him along on a lead made of string like a real dog.







Dave's baby brother, Joe, liked hard toys. He liked putting them in his mouth and biting on them, because he was getting teeth.