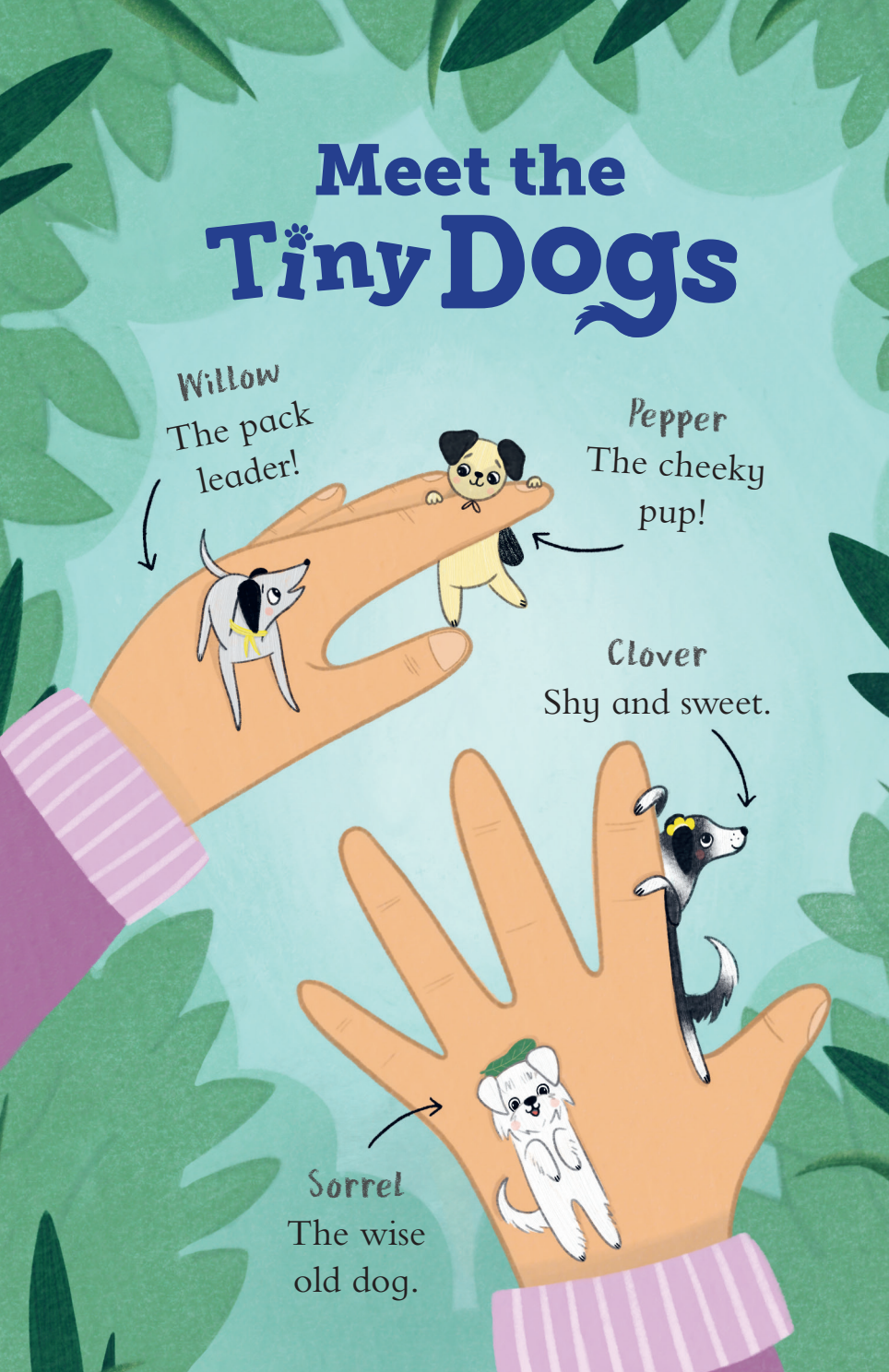
Meet the Tiny Dogs



PUFFIN BOOKS

UK | USA | Canada | Ireland | Australia
India | New Zealand | South Africa

Puffin Books is part of the Penguin Random House group of companies
whose addresses can be found at global.penguinrandomhouse.com.

www.penguin.co.uk www.puffin.co.uk www.ladybird.co.uk



First published 2026

001

Text and illustrations © Rose Lihou, 2026
The moral right of the author and illustrator has been asserted

Penguin Random House values and supports copyright. Copyright fuels creativity, encourages diverse voices, promotes freedom of expression and supports a vibrant culture. Thank you for purchasing an authorized edition of this book and for respecting intellectual property laws by not reproducing, scanning or distributing any part of it by any means without permission. You are supporting authors and enabling Penguin Random House to continue to publish books for everyone. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner for the purpose of training artificial intelligence technologies or systems. In accordance with Article 4(3) of the DSM Directive 2019/790, Penguin Random House expressly reserves this work from the text and data mining exception.

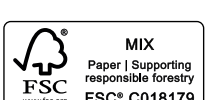
Text design by Mandy Norman
Printed and bound in China

The authorized representative in the EEA is Penguin Random House Ireland,
Morrison Chambers, 32 Nassau Street, Dublin D02 YH68

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

ISBN: 978–0–241–79318–3

All correspondence to:
Puffin Books, Penguin Random House Children's
One Embassy Gardens, 8 Viaduct Gardens, London SW11 7BW



Penguin Random House is committed to a sustainable future for our business, our readers and our planet. This book is made from Forest Stewardship Council® certified paper.

Tiny Dogs

Pumpkin Trouble





PUFFIN



For Heidi, Olivia, Nathan,

Nora and Susie





CHAPTER 1

Say hello to Beatrix Bloom. She's eating a toffee apple in the garden with her tiny dogs.

'Ooh, look, can you see your breath in the cold air? And smell that smoky bonfire? That means it's Halloween soon. Autumn really is the best time of year,' said Bea, snuggling down into her cosy scarf.

'Surely not better than summer?' asked Sorrel. 'Nothing beats snoozing in



the sunshine. Or dozing in the daylight.' He curled up in her hand, trying to get comfy.

'I like spring the best! When the clover starts to blossom . . .' said Clover with a giggle.

'My favourite is definitely winter,' said Willow. 'Frosty mornings and icicles. And the air is so still and quiet that I feel like I can hear for miles.' A pile of leaves rustled next to them and out popped Pepper.



'Bea's right. Autumn's the best. There's so much to crunch!' he said as he smashed his way through the crispy orange leaves.

Bea bit off a chunk of apple and divided it into four tiny pieces. She laid them on the ground for the tiny dogs and they wagged their tails. As they munched happily, Bea heard footsteps in the garden and looked up at Blackbird, who was on the lookout.





He nodded and flapped silently, which meant, '*It's OK, it's just Grandpa.*' The tiny dogs were safe and didn't need to hide. Grandpa knew all about them and was happy to help Bea keep them secret. She watched him digging in the vegetable patch and skipped over to say hello.

'There she is!' he said as he saw her. 'I've got something for you!' He rummaged around in his trouser pocket. Then the other one. Then his apron pocket. 'It's here somewhere . . .' He chuckled. 'Now

where did I . . . ? Oh yes!' he said as he took off his hat and fished out a piece of paper from under it. It was a leaflet. 'I was keeping it safe!' He handed it to Bea with a huge smile. He pointed to the pumpkins growing at their feet, then back to the leaflet with an excited look on his face. Bea began to read it.



‘Oh, cool!’ she said. ‘I LOVE decorating pumpkins! My mum always helps me to carve them . . . but maybe this year I can do it by myself?’





‘And would you believe it? I have four perfect pumpkins right here. Well, five, if you count that tiny one over there.’ He pointed to a small yellow pumpkin that hadn’t grown quite as big as the others. ‘But these ones here, ready to harvest! One each. You, me, your mum and your grandma.’ He lifted one to show how heavy they were. ‘Ah, but who will win, I wonder?’

Bea thought about all the pumpkins she’d decorated in the past with her mum and felt super excited. ‘Thanks, Grandpa, they’re perfect! I’m going to start planning right now!’

Bea ran back to the tiny dogs, clutching the leaflet close to her. She proudly laid it out on the grass for them all to see. The tiny dogs stepped on the leaflet and sniffed it.

'Oh, it's great!' said Pepper.

'Very nice . . .' said Clover.

'Hmm,' said Sorrel, looking confused under his bushy eyebrows.

'But . . . what exactly does it say?' asked Willow gently.

'Oh, right!' said Bea, laughing. 'I forgot you can't read! I'll read it for you. It says there's going to be a pumpkin-decorating competition right here in our neighbourhood!


NEIGHBOURHOOD
HALLOWEEN
COMPETITION!
DECORATE YOUR DOORSTEP!
PRIZES FOR THE BEST PUMPKINS!
FILL OUT YOUR ENTRY FORM HERE.
RESS:

I have to make a Halloween pumpkin and leave it on the doorstep for the judges to come and look at. My whole family are going to make one each. Oh, I really want mine to be good!'

I've never won anything before, she thought. She remembered the times she'd tried to win something at school . . . But she had fallen over in the relay race, forgotten how to spell the word 'umbrella' in the spelling bee, and dropped the potato animal she'd worked so hard on painting in Year One.

'But I've got a good feeling this time,' she said quietly to herself. The tiny dogs ran around on the leaflet, leaving little muddy paw prints behind.

'I'm going to make it the best pumpkin ever!' said Bea in a super-excited voice.

‘I could paint it? Or what about carving it? Maybe adding some glitter? Or I could use . . . FAIRY LIGHTS!’ The tiny dogs listened with excitement. ‘Or maybe some fabric – I could make a vampire cape for it? Oh, oh, I know! What about a witch’s hat?’ she continued. The tiny dogs were amazed!





'So creative!' said Clover.

'What lovely ideas, young lady,' said Sorrel.



'Put it on wheels!' shouted Pepper as he chased his tail. 'Put fireworks in it!'



'So many choices . . .' said Willow. 'How will you decide what to do?'



'I don't know,' said Bea. 'I think I'll do all of them so the judges are bound to love it! I'm going to start as soon as I've had my dinner!' She raced back to the house, her tummy empty and her head full of ideas.