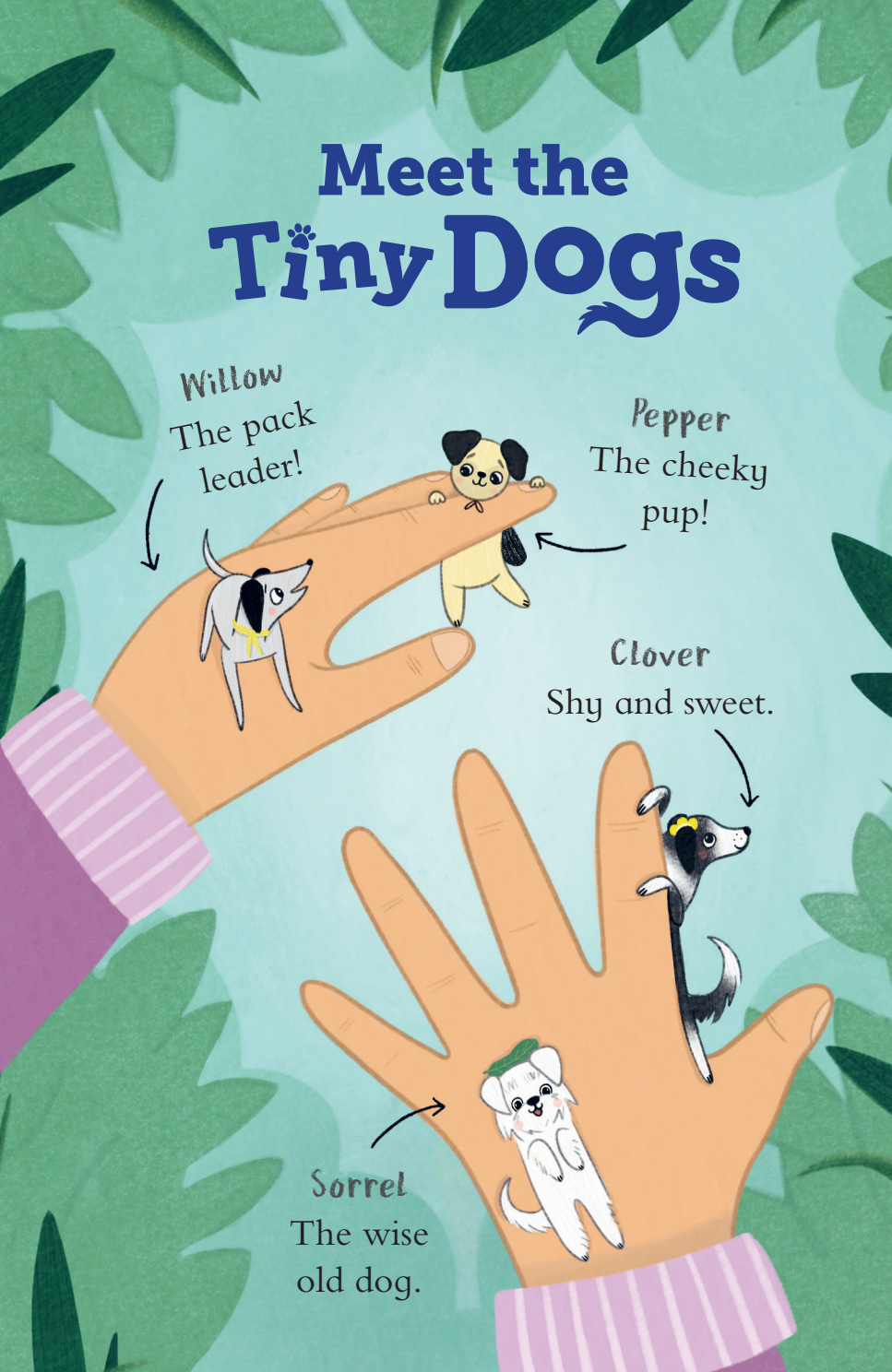
Meet the Tiny Dogs



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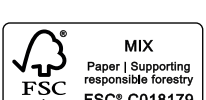
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Tiny Dogs

The Sleepover Surprise



PUFFIN



For Charlie and Rebecca





CHAPTER 1

Say hello to Beatrix Bloom. She's very busy planning her first sleepover with her best friend, Daisy. *A whole night of having fun!* thought Bea. *Just the two of us!*

'Yellow bead, please,' said Bea, holding her hand out without taking her eyes off the friendship bracelet she was making. Her secret tiny dogs searched around in the bowl, rustling the beads and wagging their tails.



'Got it!' said Pepper, and he proudly clambered over and dropped it into her hand.



'How about a nice, sensible plain wooden one next?' asked Sorrel.

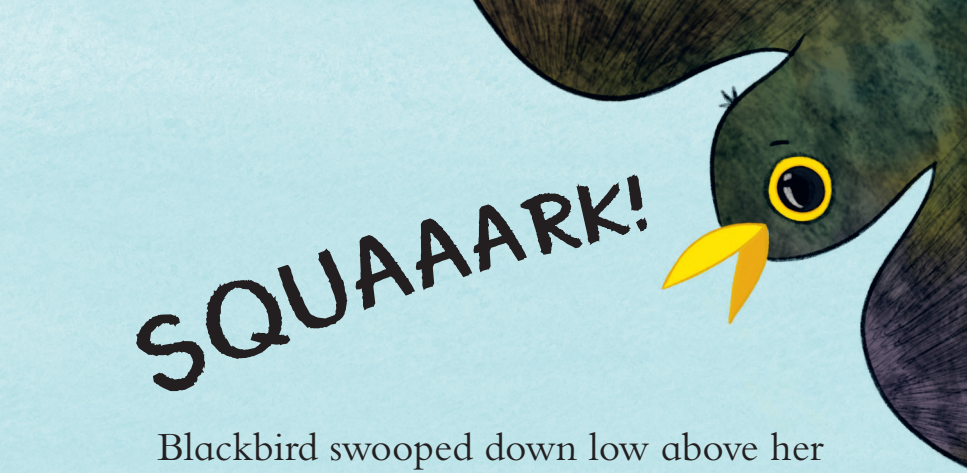
'Or a heart shape?' said Clover.



'Bea is quite capable of choosing one herself!' said Willow, laughing. Bea held up the bracelet to inspect her progress and narrowed her eyes while she was thinking.



'It has to be something Daisy would love, and they have to match exactly . . .'



Blackbird swooped down low above her head, giving a warning that someone was coming, and the tiny dogs dived into the bowl of beads to hide. Apart from Grandpa, no one else in the world knew about Bea's secret tiny dogs, so they had to stay safe and hidden.



Bea gave a thumbs up to Blackbird to say thank you. Grandma made her way across the garden, waving enthusiastically.

'There you are!' she said. 'I have a favour to ask of you, my darling.'

'Yes, Grandma?' said Bea, noticing a ball of string and some scissors in her hand.



‘My greenhouse door won’t close and it makes a banging noise in the wind. You might have heard it?’ She made a door-swinging motion with her hands. ‘Anyway, I’m making a tie to keep it shut, only this string looks a bit . . . boring, don’t you think?’ Bea nodded in agreement but kept her eyes on the bowl. ‘And then I saw you over here with your beads! Do you think you could decorate it for me?’ Grandma asked hopefully. The bowl of beads began to very slightly stir.

‘UM, YES!’ said Bea, jumping up in front of the bowl. ‘Definitely! I can do that for you now.’ She looked down nervously at the quivering beads, hoping the dogs were OK in there!

‘You are a good girl – thank you,’ said Grandma. ‘You know, the door just keeps blowing wide open,’ she explained before heading back across the grass, looking over at the greenhouse. ‘It’s no good for my tomatoes!’





‘It’s all right, Grandma. Leave it with me, and I’ll make a tie to keep it closed!’ Bea called after her.

The second Grandma was out of sight Bea reached straight into the bowl of beads, swirled her hand around and pulled out the tiny dogs. ‘Doggies! Are you OK?!’ The tiny dogs looked a bit shocked and shook themselves off. Pepper spat out a small letter ‘p’ bead and looked up in surprise.

‘We're fine!’ they all said at the same time.



'I had a little nap, actually,' said Sorrel. They laughed with relief and Bea began working on Grandma's door tie.

That evening, in between mouthfuls of beans on toast, Bea drew in her notebook.

'What are you up to there, then, eh?' asked Grandpa, but Bea was concentrating so hard she didn't hear him. Her mum leaned over to see what she was working on.



‘Ah,’ her mum said with a smile. ‘Sleepover plans.’

‘Well, I never,’ said Grandpa. ‘What is there to plan, I wonder? A mat on the floor is what we used to get.’ He raised his finger as if answering a question. ‘That’s if we were lucky!’

‘Dad!’ said Bea’s mum, rolling her eyes in a joking way. ‘I think we can do a bit better



than a mat on the floor!' Bea popped her head up from her notebook.

'Yes!' she said. 'I know! Let's make a mini sleepover tent to sleep in! With matching pillows and matching covers! That will be amazing!' She began drawing doodles of the sleepover. 'Oh, imagine matching pyjamas! And then we could have a matching –'



‘A matching full night of sleep?’ finished her mum. ‘Bea, these ideas are lovely. I have some plain T-shirts you can decorate, if you like?’

‘Ooh, you could write “The Daisy and Bea Sleepover” on them,’ said Grandma excitedly. Grandpa could see how much fun they were having planning the details.

‘I suppose I could make a den,’ he said with a shrug and a smile. ‘I’ve got some wooden poles we can use.’ Bea’s eyes opened wide! She could just see it now: the most perfect sleepover ever! They would remember it forever!

‘Thank you so much!’ cheered Bea, lifting up her fork like a trophy. ‘Let’s get started right now!’ She glanced over at her mum. ‘As soon as I’ve finished my dinner!’



LOOK OUT FOR

Tiny Dogs





