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Opening extract from

Jake The Good Bad Dog

Written by

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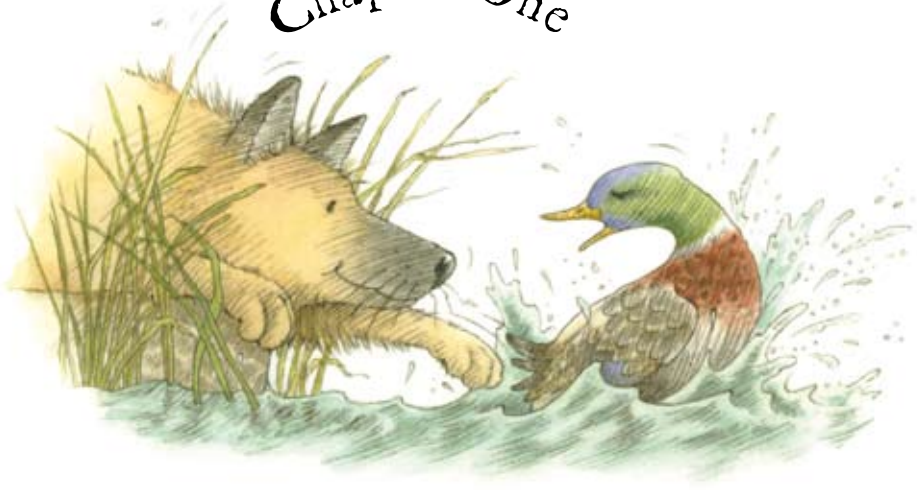
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Chapter One



Jake was a bad dog. He knew he was. Sometimes he tried to be good but it was no use.

He loved to chase the ducks in the park. He would sneak up behind them when they were dozing. Then he would bark loudly and watch, as they rushed for the safety of the lake, complaining noisily.

Jake couldn't resist the smell of the dirty washing. Whenever it was being sorted out, he just had to play with it. Then he would leave it lying all over the house.

He had to roll in the sheep's droppings on the common. He liked the smell. Besides, he needed to smell like a sheep if he was going to creep up on them and round them up.

Then there was food. Or more particularly, chocolate. No chocolate was safe if Jake could reach it. Once he ate fourteen chocolate cream eggs, one after the other. He was sorry afterwards, especially as they made him ill, but he just couldn't resist them.

He couldn't help being bad.

Of course, Jake wanted to be good. He would have liked to be like those clever dogs he saw on the television. He did try to do as he was told, but it was so difficult when there always seemed to be something that needed to be chased or ripped or chewed.

He wanted to be like Holly, the dog who lived next door. Holly was Jake's friend. She was a Rough Collie, like Lassie. She was good

and she was also very beautiful. Holly had even been to Crufts.

Crufts! The biggest and best dog show in the world! Of all the reasons to be good, this was surely the most important. Only the best dogs went to Crufts. Holly had told Jake all about it. It sounded like heaven.

