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opening extract from

Jake In Action

written by

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please print off and read at your leisure.

This book is dedicated
to Nick with thanks for the pictures —
and all the years of encouragement.
AB



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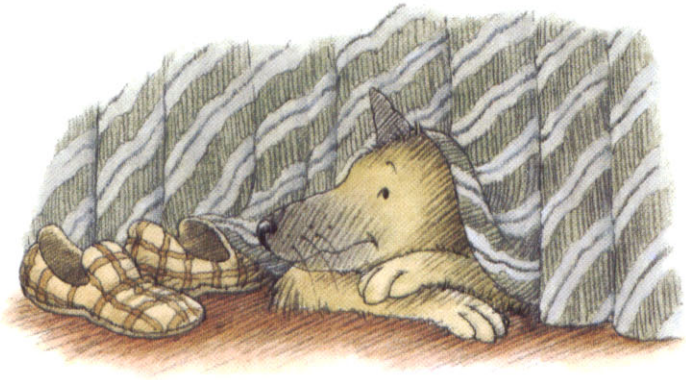
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Chapter One

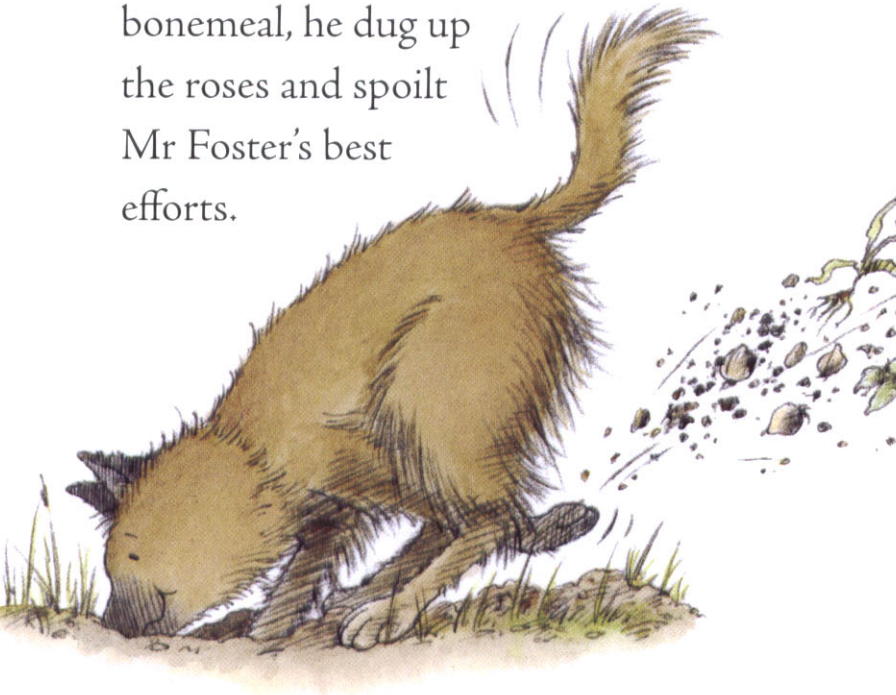


Jake was in disgrace. It is true he didn't know it was his owner's birthday. But he shouldn't have eaten the whole box of chocolates that was meant to be her birthday present.

When the box arrived on the doormat, Jake thought it was wonderful. Mrs Foster's sister had called and, finding the Fosters out, posted her present through the letter box. But she'd forgotten about Jake. Jake had eaten most of the chocolates, and the ones he didn't like he had left, half-chewed

and stuck to the carpet. Mr and Mrs Foster came home to a terrible mess in the hall.

To make matters worse, Jake had dug up some roses that Mr Foster had just planted. They were another present. Mr Foster always sprinkled a handful of bonemeal around the roots of plants to help them grow. Jake hated the smell of roses but he loved bonemeal. So, to get to the bonemeal, he dug up the roses and spoilt Mr Foster's best efforts.



Of course, he was sorry afterwards. Jake always was.

Jake did like having a good dig. He had found some very interesting things, digging. Once, he'd found some old tools that eventually ended up in a museum. Jake wasn't impressed. He'd been hoping to find a bone to eat.

Jake went to the local park with his great friend, Sam, nearly every day. Sam was an old man who lived in a house that backed onto Jake's garden. Sam and the Fosters had become friends through Jake, and Sam took Jake for his daily walks. In the park, they would meet up with their pals; Jake with his doggy friends and Sam with their owners.

Today, Jake crawled through the hole in the fence to Sam's garden. Sam had heard

about the chocolates and the roses, but he gave Jake a hug and a pat, and a dog biscuit, as he always did. Sam knew Jake was a dog who tried to be good but sometimes temptations were too much for him.

"Hallo, Jake. You are a rascal," said Sam. "I wonder why you hate roses so much. They're my favourite flowers. I am going to finish my cup of tea and then we'll try out our new football in the park."

Jake was a very good footballer. He was good at dribbling and heading the ball. Football was his favourite game.

"Let's see if I can score a goal today, Jake," said Sam.