

Opening extract from **Fleabag**

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There was once a dog who had no name, and he had no home. What he did have was fleas,





but they weren't much company.



He lived all alone in the big city,



He liked to bark at the huge blue things that thundered past . . . and found his dinner wherever he could.

NOOF

Moot

Woof!

... and to run in the big green place where he saw lots of other dogs. The other dogs all had people to take for walks. He wished he had a person, too.

> Sometimes, he tried to join in the other dogs' games, but their people called him "fleabag!" and told him to "shoo!"

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