Poppy the Pirate Dog

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(and Poppy)

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Chapter One

Something exciting was happening at Number 12, Parkview Lane.

The Brown family were going on holiday.



Mum and Dad had such busy jobs that they could hardly remember how long it was since their last holiday.

Suzy and Tim Brown could remember *exactly* how long it was.



Eleven months, three weeks, two days and four hours.

And that was quite long enough.

Poppy, their two-year-old Dalmatian, agreed.





So when Dad opened the car boot and called to her, Poppy was out of the front door, down the path and inside the car before you could say 'Watch the tulips!'

Dad laughed. 'I guess we're ready to go then,' he said.

Poppy looked out of the window as they drove, wagging her tail all the way.



'We're here!' Dad said.
Let's go and explore.'



Suzy fetched her
bucket and spade.



Tim grabbed his football
and frisbee.



Dad got his book.





Mum took her bag.

Poppy picked up her lead.



And off they went.

'Look – a hat shop!' Mum said, as they walked along the harbour front. 'Anyone want a sun hat?'



Tim and Suzy waited outside with Poppy while Mum tried on hats and Dad said, 'Yes, that one looks lovely, dear,' lots of times.