

Poppy the Pirate Dog

by Liz Kessler
(and Poppy)

Illustrated by
Mike Phillips



Orion
Children's Books

First published in Great Britain in 2012
by Orion Children's Books
a division of the Orion Publishing Group Ltd
Orion House
5 Upper St Martin's Lane
London WC2H 9EA
An Hachette UK Company

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Text copyright © Liz Kessler 2012
Illustrations copyright © Mike Phillips 2012

The right of Liz Kessler and Mike Phillips to be identified as the
author and illustrator of this work has been asserted.

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced,
stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form
or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying,
recording or otherwise, without the prior permission
of Orion Children's Books.

The Orion Publishing Group's policy is to use papers that
are natural, renewable and recyclable products and made
from wood grown in sustainable forests. The logging and
manufacturing processes are expected to conform to the
environmental regulations of the country of origin.

A catalogue record for this book
is available from the British Library

ISBN 978 1 4440 0375 8

Printed in China

www.orionbooks.co.uk

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.

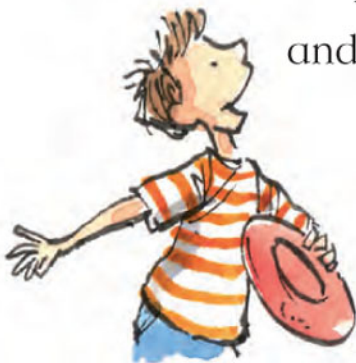


'We're here!' Dad said.
Let's go and explore.'

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.