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Opening extract from

# Wendy Quill Tries to Grow a Pet

Written by

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Illustrated by

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## DEDICATION

I'd like to dedicate my drawings to my wonderful cousins, Annie and Eva. And to my best friend, Claude.

Signed (Illustrator) Mina May

## DISCLAIMER

If any of the characters in this book (especially my big brother and sister Trevor and Dawn), bear any resemblance to themselves in real life, please remember that you are completely fictional and this is just a totally surprising coincidence.

Signed (Writer) Wendy Meddour

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION:

The above-signed would also like to say a HUGE thank you to Jasmine Richards and Clare Whitston (brilliant editors), Karen Stewart (brilliant designer), and Penny Holroyde (brilliant agent)—who loved Wendy Quik as much as they did and helped them bring her to life!


Benjamina: in her first ever book!
Mr Hucklecoate: being all headmasterly
Me—Wendy Quill: all excited about MY brand new pets
My very own SPECIAL BAG!
Bathilda Brown: dribbling invisibly




When I grow up, I'm going to be a vet. That's why I need a lot of practice. But Mum doesn't like things that poo in the house, and Dad only likes birds that he can't actually find. Which means I'll NEVER be allowed another pet. Not even one. Tiny. Small. Pet.

'What's up, *Wheezy Bird*?' asked Dad (even though my name is actually **WENDY QUILL**). 'You haven't





Pets come in lots of different sizes




even touched your breakfast.'

I twiddled with my not-yet-dirty spoon.

'She wants another pet,' said Woody, who is my big brother and can completely read my mind.

This is my actual real family: Mum, Dad, Tawny (sister), Woody (brother) and me

'But you've already got a rabbit and cat,' said Dad. 'What more could you possibly want?'

'A dog, please,' I answered, politely.

'We are NOT having a dog,' said Mum. 'It'll poo in the house and dribble on the floor.'




**A COMPLETELY TRUE, SLIGHTLY SAD, HISTORICAL FACT:**

I used to have a hamster called Twitch—but he died of surprise when our cat jumped on top of his cage. Dogs are much safer pets because they actually quite like surprises.

'But Florence Hubert's dog only dribbles on the furniture,' I said.

'Exactly,' huffed Mum. Even though it wasn't exactly at all!

'You don't even like dogs,' yawned Tawny (who is actually already a TEENAGER).

'That was last year,' I said. 'I totally LOVE dogs now. And I need to try and get a bit of vet practice.'

'Whatever,' said Tawny, flicking through her brand-new horsey magazine.

(Tawny wants to be a showjumper when she grows up and helps 'muck out' at Romelly Pucker's stables. But I'm not

Whoops! Dogs sometimes dribble on books too



allowed to go there even though I want to be a vet because teenagers actually need their own space.) Anyway, no one was taking a pinch of notice of me, so I had to think of something really fast. Suddenly, I remembered some VERY IMPORTANT NEWS on TV! About lots of wobbly bottoms getting fat. It gave me an idea like a FLASH:



# 'DID YOU KNOW,'

I shouted so that everyone could hear,

Tawny loves 'mucking out' even though she doesn't normally like poo



# 'DOGS STOP YOU GETTING OH BEASTILY!'

'Oh beastily?' laughed Dad.

'She means "obesity",' said Woody (reading my mind again).

'What I actually mean is,' I explained: 'dogs stop



My big brother can read my mind because he's always learning magic tricks

you getting FAT. It's a well-known SCIENTIFIC FACT.'

'But we're not fat,' said Woody, looking at his very stick-y legs.

'How on earth do dogs stop you getting fat?' asked Mum. 'Barricade themselves against the fridge?'

'No,' I said (because that was a silly idea and I don't exactly know what 'barricade' means). 'Dogs stop you getting fat because they make you go for walks—

EVERY SINGLE DAY.'

