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Opening extract from
Wendy Quill Tries to Grow a Pet

Written by
Wendy Meddour

Illustrated by
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DEDICATION



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*

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

Signed
(illustrator)

Mina May

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 Gull as
much as they did and helped them bring her to life!



Mr Huddlecoate:
being all
headmasterly

Benjamina: in her
first ever book!



Me—Wendy Quirk:
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



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Pets come in lots of different sizes



Dad always calls me
Wheezy Bird because of
the way I laugh

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



EXPERIMENT 1

Mum wiggling her
'No More Pets'
finger

'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.



WENDY QUIL TRIES TO GROW A PET

'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



EXPERIMENT 1

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*





EXPERIMENT 1

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.'**



Woody's legs
are sticky
like this
and not
like this

