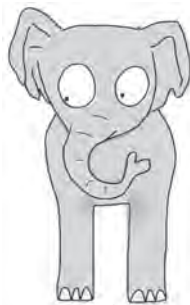




When I grow up, I'm going to be a vet. That's why I need a lot of practice. But Mum doesn't like things that poo in the house, and Dad only likes birds that he can't actually find. Which means I'll NEVER be allowed another pet. Not even one. Tiny. Small. Pet.

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



3

Pets come in lots of different sizes





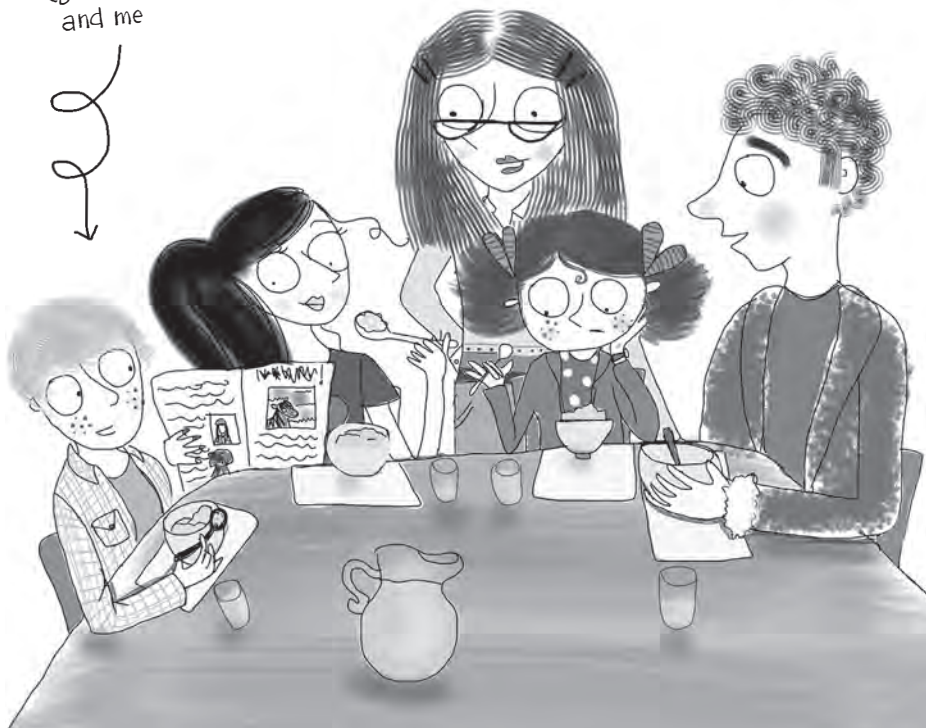
Dad always calls me Wheezy Bird because of the way I laugh

even touched your breakfast.'

I twiddled with my not-yet-dirty spoon.

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

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






## 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—

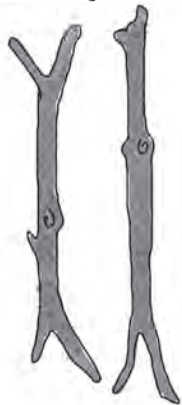
**EVERY SINGLE  
DAY.'**



Woody's legs  
are sticky  
like this



and not  
like this



## WENDY QUIL TRIES TO GROW A PET

### SOME IMPORTANT EVIDENCE:



PROFESSIONAL DOG-WALKING IN LOTS OF WHITE SNOW



PROFESSIONAL DOG-WALKING IN REALLY WET RAIN



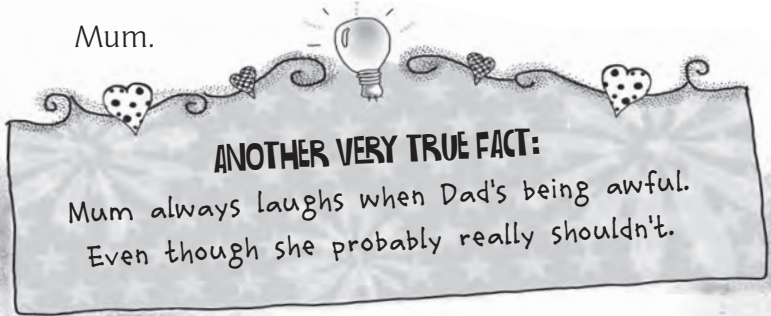
PROFESSIONAL DOG-WALKING OVER QUITE TRICKY MOUNTAINS



## EXPERIMENT 1

'Well, in that case,' sniggered Dad,  
'I don't think Mrs Quiverly's dog's working  
properly!'

'Oh, Arthur! Don't be awful!' laughed  
Mum.



'So can I have one, please?' I said.

'Have what, *Wheezy Bird?*'

asked Dad, forgetfully.

'A DOG,' I said again.

'No, you cannot,' said Mum, 'and that  
is that!'




## WENDY QUIL TRIES TO GROW A PET

But THAT wasn't THAT because I suddenly had a COMPLETELY AMAZING IDEA all of my own. I put two fingers in my mouth and whistled loudly (which is actually quite tricky to do). Then, I shouted:

**'WALKIES!'**

Everybody stared but I didn't really notice and quickly ran out of the door.

Florence Hubert was sitting on our wall, waiting for me to come outside and play. Her golden Labrador, Prince, was busy waiting for me too.





## EXPERIMENT 1

'Hi, Florence Hubert,'

I said, nicely.

'Hi, Wendy

Quill,' she said

nicely back.

**'BARK,'**

said Prince (because  
he is only a dog).

'Do you want to  
stroke my dog?' asked  
Florence Hubert.

'Yes please,' I said. 'Do you want to  
stroke mine?'

'OK,' she said. 'Where is it?'



My bestest  
friend  
Florence  
Hubert (and  
her dribbly  
dog Prince)

## WENDY QUIL TRIES TO GROW A PET

'My dog is HERE,' I said, pointing to  
the **EXACT SPOT.**

'Oh,' said Florence Hubert.

'Her name is **BATHILDA BROWN.**'

I said back. 'She is a chocolate-coloured  
retriever.' Then, I stroked Bathilda Brown's  
head three times to make her easy to find.

Exact spots  
can be tricky  
to find





'SIT!  
I trained Bathilda  
Brown all by myself'



'Watch,' I said. 'She can do tricks.  
SIT!' Bathilda Brown sat down straight  
away. I gave her a special doggie treat  
as a reward—just like a **PROPER** vet  
would. She ate it and **dribbled** on my knee.

'You know your dog . . . ' said Florence  
Hubert.

'Yes,' I nodded. 'I know her very well.'

'Is she . . . erm . . . well, sort of . . .

**INVISIBLE?**

'Yes,' I said. 'She was the only

**INVISIBLE** one left in the shop.'

'Wow!' said Florence Hubert, which  
is why she is my best friend. 'Shall we take  
our dogs for a walk?'



## WENDY QUIL TRIES TO GROW A PET

'Yes please,' I said. 'Then we can eat biscuits FOREVER and NEVER get fat.'



So we did. We took Prince and Bathilda Brown down to the brook and let them paddle in the mud. (Bathilda Brown looked happy all over—and I could tell that the brook is definitely her favourite ever place.) Then we played a **REALLY FAMOUS** dog game called 'Chase the Stick'. (Prince was much better at bringing the stick back than Bathilda

↑  
Prince is  
AMAZING  
at bringing  
sticks back

Brown. But Bathilda Brown was much better at 'Hide and Seek'.)

When we'd finished, we sat down on a bench to try and catch our breaths. (That is



↑  
Bathilda Brown  
is not quite so  
amazing at it.  
Yet



## EXPERIMENT 1

actually a really hard thing to do because you can't even see them.) It was sunny all over the place and Prince looked all panty and real.



'I **Love** Bathilda Brown very much,' I sighed, patting her **INVISIBLE** back. 'But if I'm going to be a **PROPER** vet, I really need a pet that I can see.'

'But you do actually have a rabbit and a cat, Wendy Quill.'

'Yes, but they are too hide-ative and always run away.'

'Do you want to borrow Prince, then?' asked Florence Hubert, kindly. Prince looked at me with his dribbly-mouth completely wide open.



This is what invisible dog dribble looks like





## WENDY QUIL TRIES TO GROW A PET

'That is really nice of you, Florence Hubert,' I said. 'But Prince would dribble on the furniture. And Mum doesn't like things that poo in the house.'

'Oh, Prince NEVER does that,' gasped Florence Hubert. 'He's got his own



**SPECIAL  
AREA**

in the garden.'

'What's a **SPECIAL AREA?**' I asked.

'It's the only place that Prince is allowed to poo.'



## EXPERIMENT 1

'Gosh!' I said. 'But what if he needs to go right now this minute?' I whispered so that none of his ears could hear.

Florence Hubert took something out of her pocket mysteriously. 'Then I will have to use this



**SPECIAL  
BAG'**

All dogs have  
'special bags'.  
It is actually  
THE LAW

she said.