

# Dream Dogs

SASHA



Aimee Harper

Dream Dogs



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藏书章

With special thanks to Lucy Courtenay and Nellie Ryan

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Aimee Harper



HarperCollins *Children's Books*

*Special thanks to*  
*The Happy Dog Grooming Parlour, Farnham*

# Introducing...



**Name:** Sasha

**Breed:** Bichon frise

**Age:** 4

**Colour:** White when freshly shampooed

**Likes:** Bows, kisses, being pampered, winning rosettes

**Dislikes:** Hairdryers, muddy puddles, Silky

**Most likely to be mistaken for:** A cotton wool ball

**Party trick:** Licking people's noses!





# One



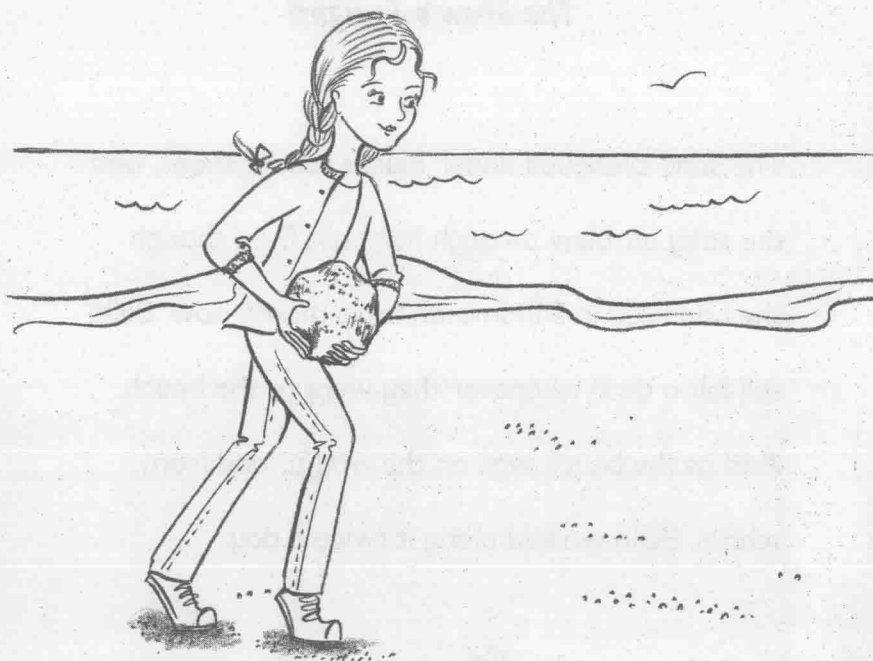
## *The Show's Tonight!*

The sand crunched under Bella's school shoes, and the salty air blew through her hair. Even though she had lived in Sandmouth for a month now, Bella still felt a thrill whenever they went to the beach.

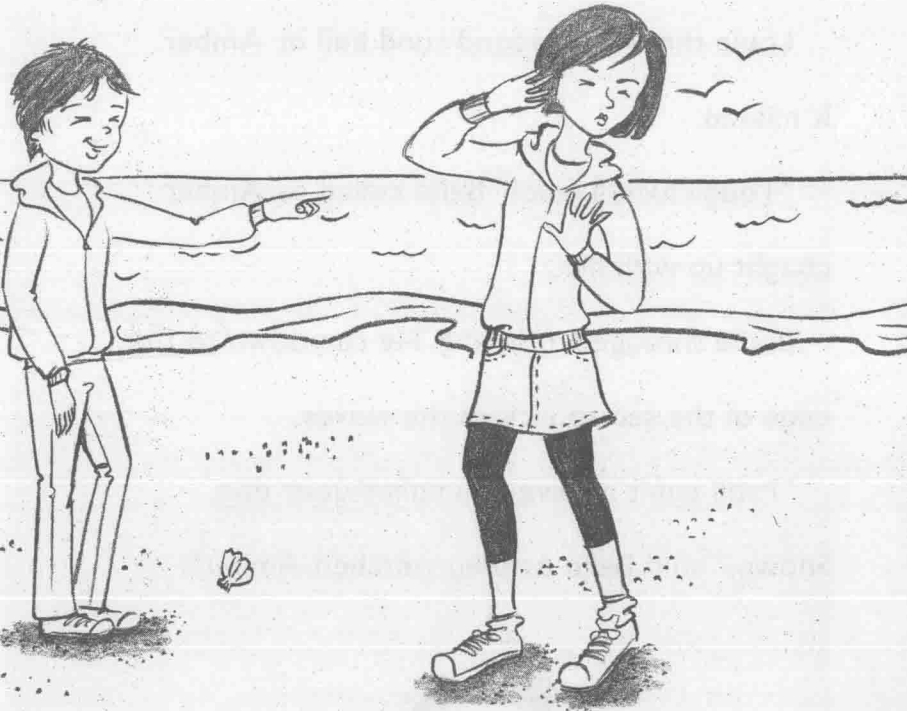
And as the beach was on the way to and from school, Bella walked along it twice a day.

It was a bright, clear afternoon. Staring up at the seagulls in the blue sky, Bella was caught by surprise when a sand ball hit her on the back of her coat.

“Hey!” Bella shouted. She swung round.  
“Louie, don’t!”



Louie stuck out his tongue and aimed at Bella with his second sand ball. Bella looked over her little brother's shoulder and grinned. A tall girl with blonde plaits was creeping up on Louie. In her hand was the biggest sand ball Bella had ever seen.



“Get him, Amber!” Bella shouted.

She cheered as her best friend Amber dumped the sand ball down the back of Louie’s neck.

“That’s not fair!” Louie complained, wriggling and laughing.

“Course it’s fair,” Amber said. “There aren’t any rules in a sand-ball fight.”

Louie threw his second sand ball at Amber. It missed.

“Tough luck, Louie!” Bella called as Amber caught up with her.

Louie shrugged, grinning. He ran down to the edge of the sea to kick at the waves.

“I still can’t believe you called your dog Snowy,” said Bella as they watched Amber’s

jet-black spaniel splashing through the waves with Louie and Amber's brother Joe.

"That's me!" Amber grinned. She pulled a silly face. "Crazee!"

Snowy plunged into the sea, soaking Louie and Joe. Their shouts floated up the beach towards Bella.

"Snowy really needs a wash," Amber said, linking arms with Bella. "He's been in the sea so much lately that his coat feels like a doormat."

"Mum loves it when the dogs get really dirty," Bella said. "It's really satisfying, she says, seeing all the muck going down the plughole."

Bella's mum Suzi had been rushed off her feet ever since opening her new dog parlour, Dream



Dogs. Bella had lost count of the different kinds of dogs they'd washed. Big ones, tiny ones, hairy ones and ones with hardly any coat at all, puppies and old ones and licky ones and growly ones. Bella's dog Pepper was used to it now, but for the first week he'd spent the whole time barking at the customers.

"It's great that your mum can fit in Snowy today," Amber said. "I know she's busy."

Bella nodded. "Mum's booked eight dogs in to Dream Dogs today," she said. "She usually does four!"

"Because of the Sandmouth Dog Show?"

Amber guessed.

The annual dog show took place on the last



Friday in February every year. It was held in the town hall, and had categories for everything, from proper pedigree dog competitions to funny classes for dogs that looked like their owners, or had the waggiest tale.

“Yes,” Bella said. “I think everyone in Sandmouth is entering.”

“Including Snowy,” Amber agreed.

Bella and Amber both looked at the soggy spaniel as he galloped along the beach.





“It’s hard to believe Snowy’s a pedigree, isn’t it?” said Amber.

“It’s hard to believe he’s a *dog*,” Bella giggled. “He looks more like a sand monster. He needs a *lot* of work to get him ready for the show tonight.”

They climbed the steps up to the road. Louie and Joe jogged up after them, followed by Snowy and Amber’s mum Claire. Claire was tall and slim, and her short spiky hair was the same colour as Amber’s.

“It’s a big help that Amber and Joe can stay for tea with you today,” Claire said. “I’ve got so much to do for Snowy’s class. The extra couple of hours will be a real help. Sometimes I