

Just Dog



by **Hjawn Oram**

illustrated by

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Just Dog



Dog was a dog and that's what everyone
called him. Dog. Just Dog.

"Morning, Dog!"

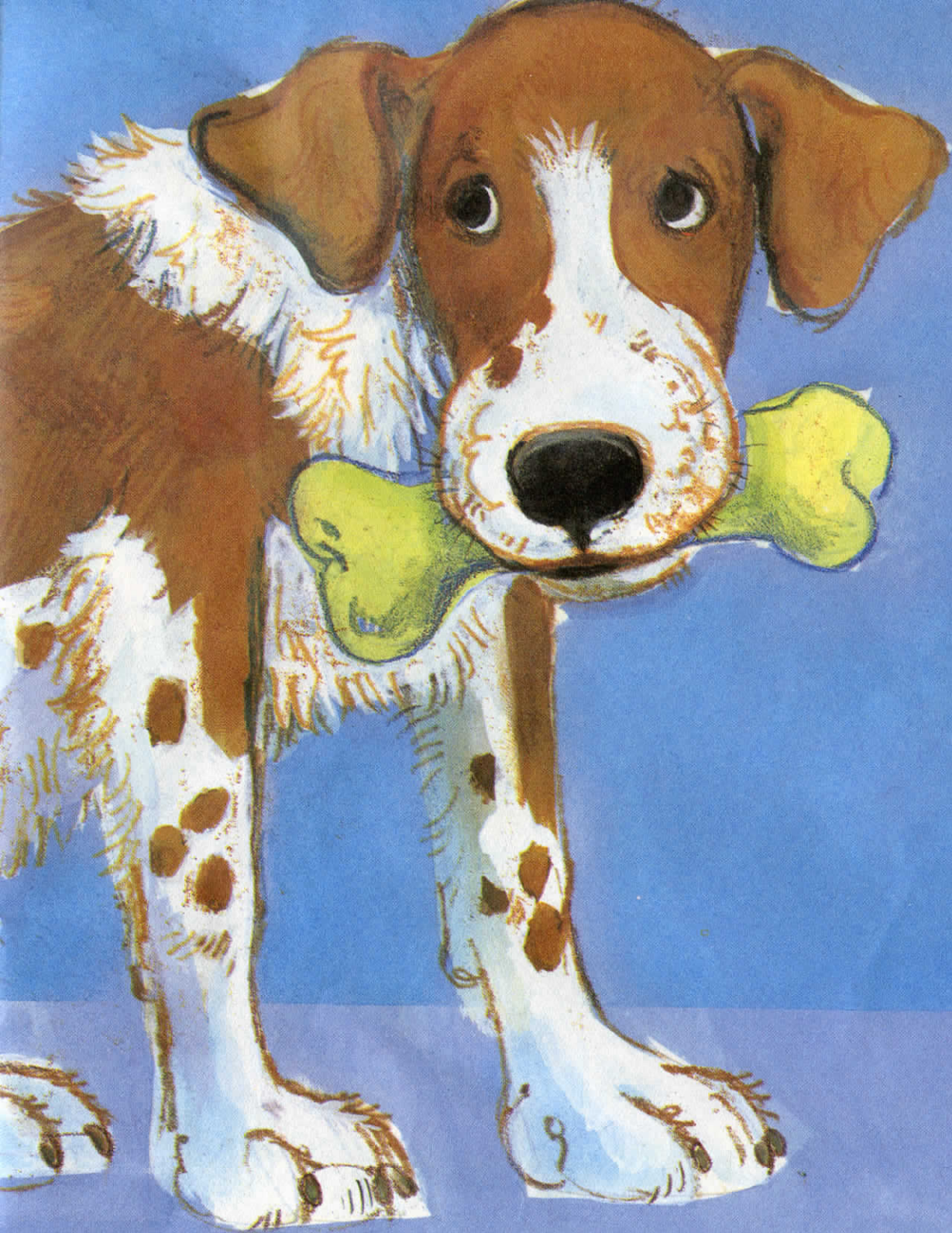
"Hello, Dog!"

"Get down, Dog!"

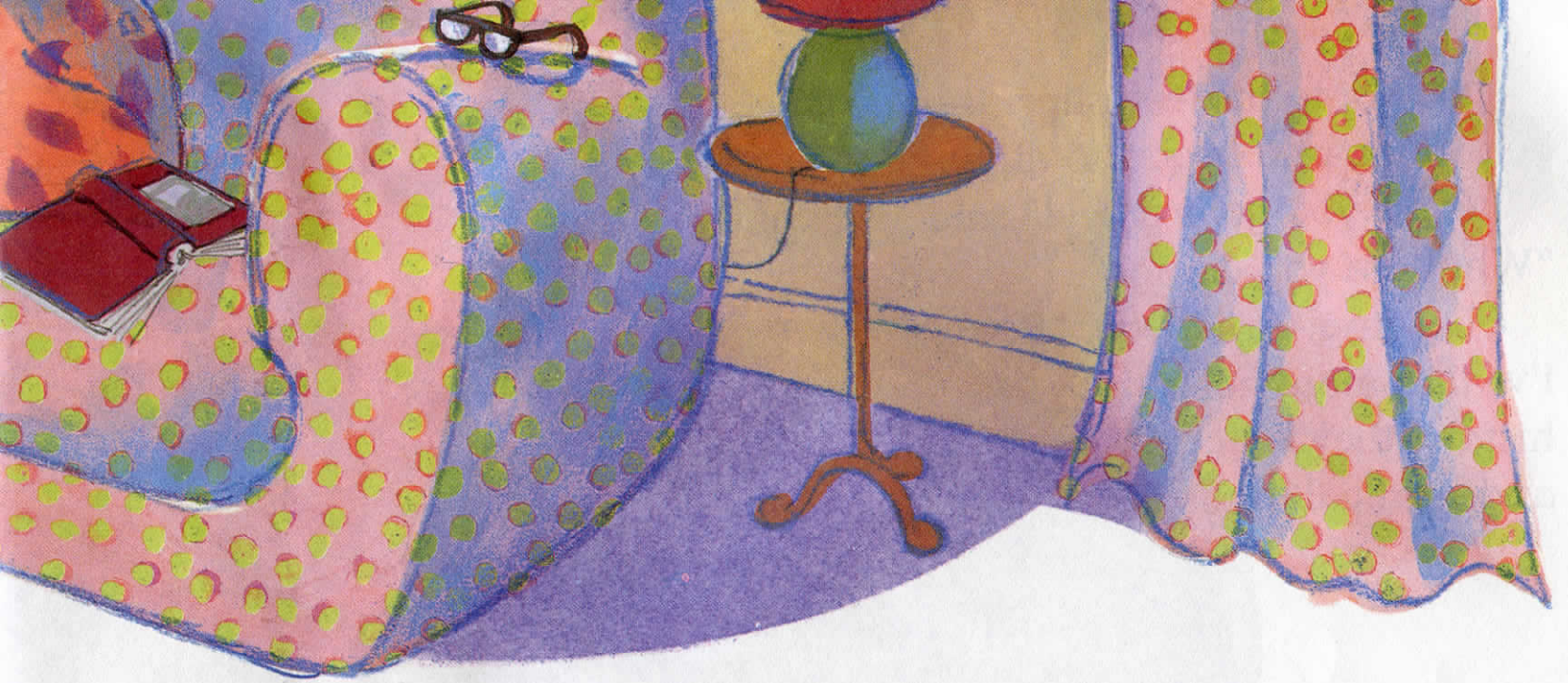
"Come on, Dog!"

And Dog didn't like it.









He moped by the fire.

“Dog’s not a name,” he said to Midnight the cat. “Not a proper name. It’s just something that says I’m not a cat.”

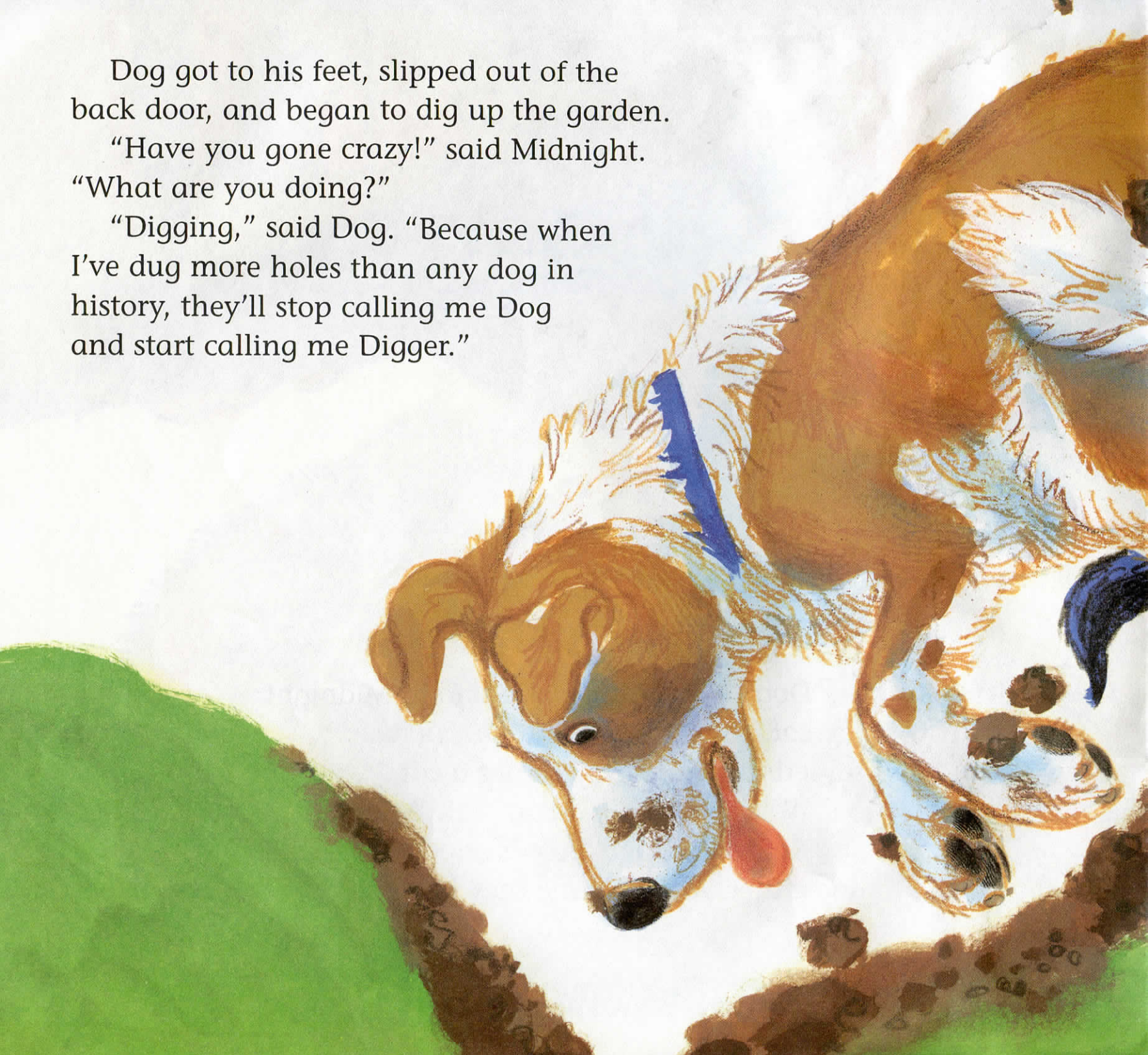
“Well, you’re not a cat,” said Midnight.

“No,” said Dog. “But I’m not just another dog either. And it’s time they knew it.”

Dog got to his feet, slipped out of the back door, and began to dig up the garden.

“Have you gone crazy!” said Midnight.
“What are you doing?”

“Digging,” said Dog. “Because when I’ve dug more holes than any dog in history, they’ll stop calling me Dog and start calling me Digger.”










But they didn't start calling him Digger.
And they didn't stop calling him Dog.
"Bad Dog!" was all they said.
"Now what are you going to do?" asked Midnight.





WOOF
WOOF

“Bark,” said Dog.
“That’s what I’m going
to do. I’m going to bark
so loud and so long,
they’ll stop calling me
Dog and start calling
me Barker.”

A black cat is perched on a thick, brown tree branch that extends from the top right towards the center. The cat is looking down and to the left with a yellow eye and long, thin whiskers. The background features a green lawn, a grey stone wall with a yellow picket fence gate, and a large green tree with dense foliage. In the bottom right corner, there is a cluster of green leaves with several bright red flowers.

But they didn't start calling him Barker.
And they didn't stop calling him Dog.
"Be quiet, Dog!" was all they said and they
put him on his leash.

“Now what are you going to do, Dog?”
said Midnight.



“Chew, of course,” said Dog. “That’s what I’m going to do. Chew through my leash and get through the fence, and chase more policemen than any dog in history. And then they’ll have to stop calling me Dog and start calling me Swiftfoot, or Lionheart, or Hunter.”







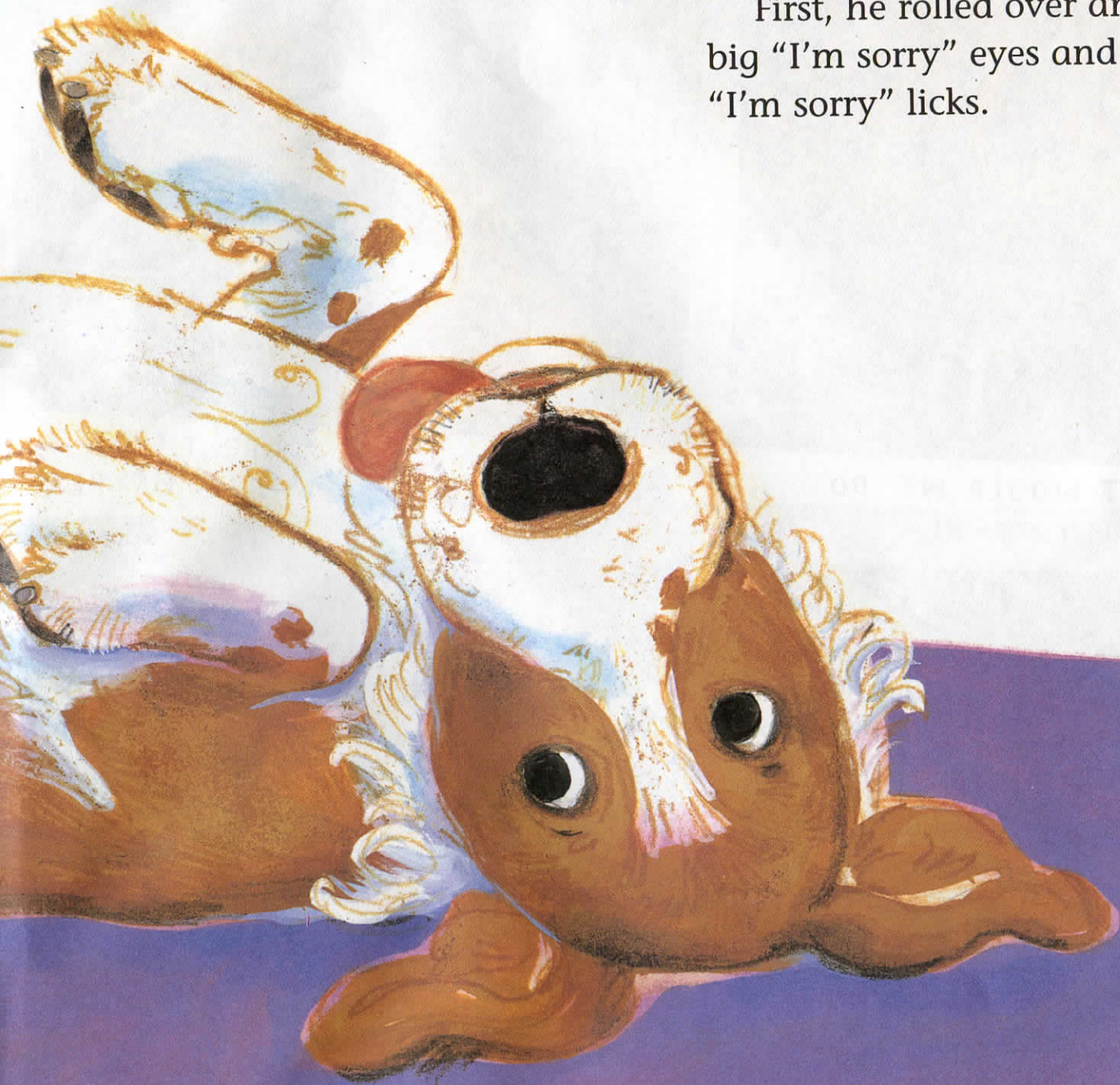
“And NOW what are you going to do, Dog?” said Midnight.

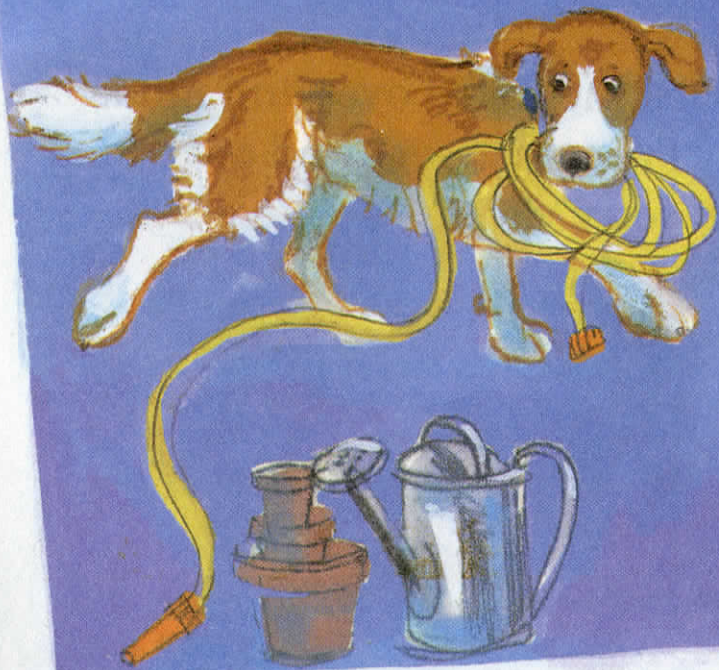
“Think,” said Dog. And that's when he came up with a plan.





First, he rolled over and made
big “I’m sorry” eyes and gave long
“I’m sorry” licks.



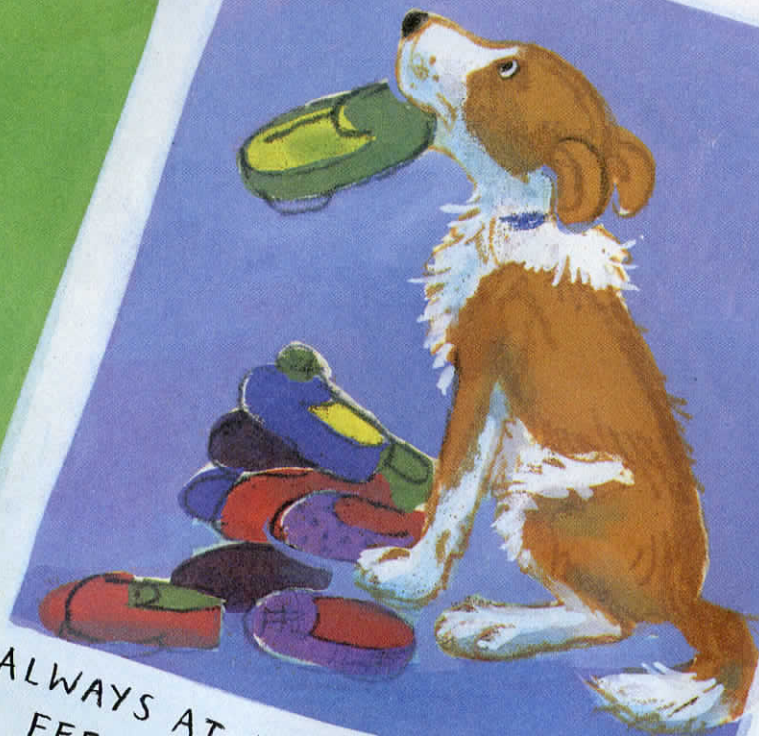


WHAT WOULD WE DO
WITHOUT HIM?

Then he tidied the
garden, was nice to the
postman, fetched all
the slippers !...



POSTIE'S
LITTLE HELPER



ALWAYS AT OUR
FEET



VERY
TOUCHING!

didn't bark at the
neighbor's chickens,
and collected the
newspapers.



OUR NEW PAPERBOY?

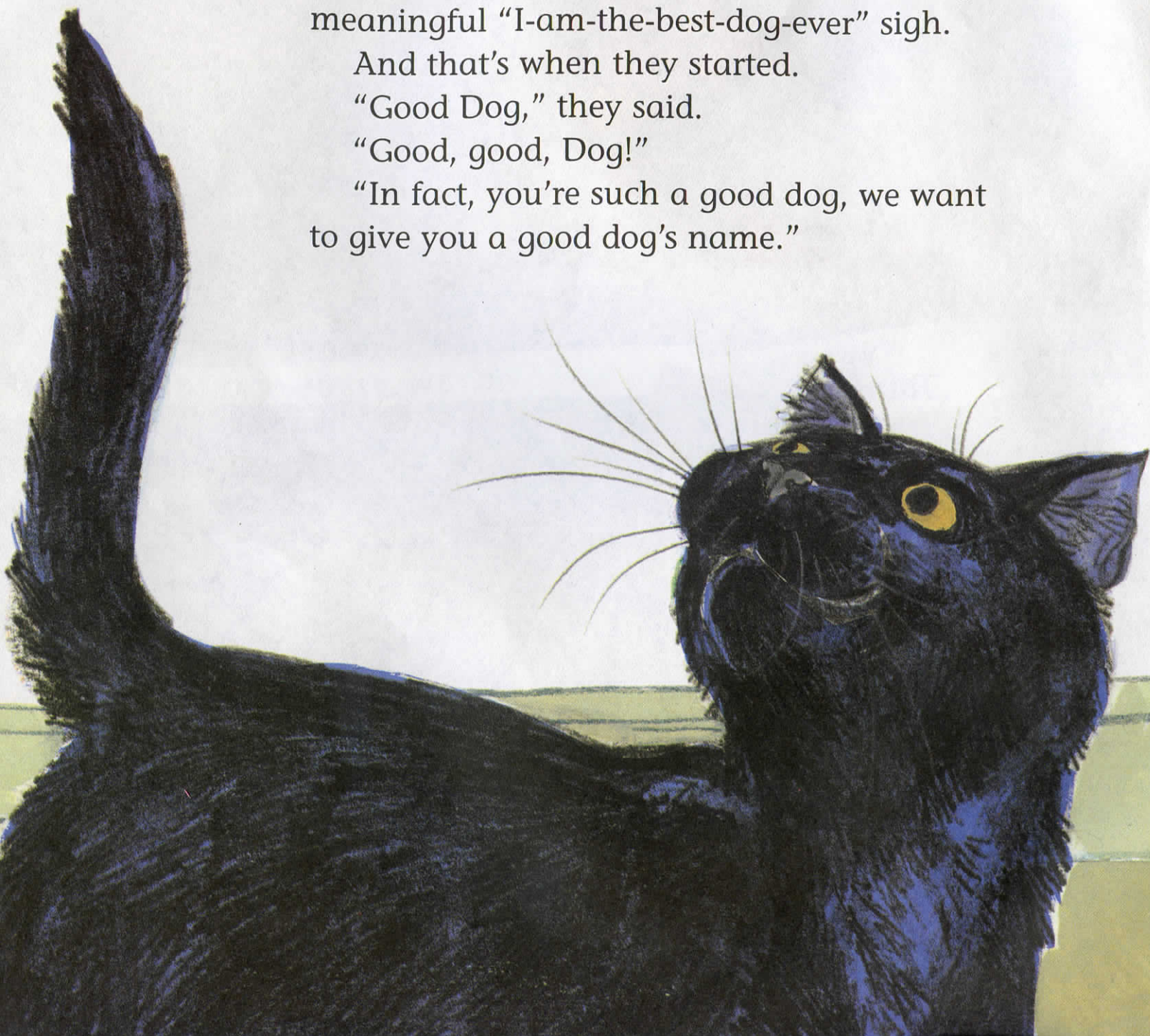
He didn't run quickly through the house
but curled up quietly by the fire with a deep and
meaningful "I-am-the-best-dog-ever" sigh.

And that's when they started.

"Good Dog," they said.

"Good, good, Dog!"

"In fact, you're such a good dog, we want
to give you a good dog's name."







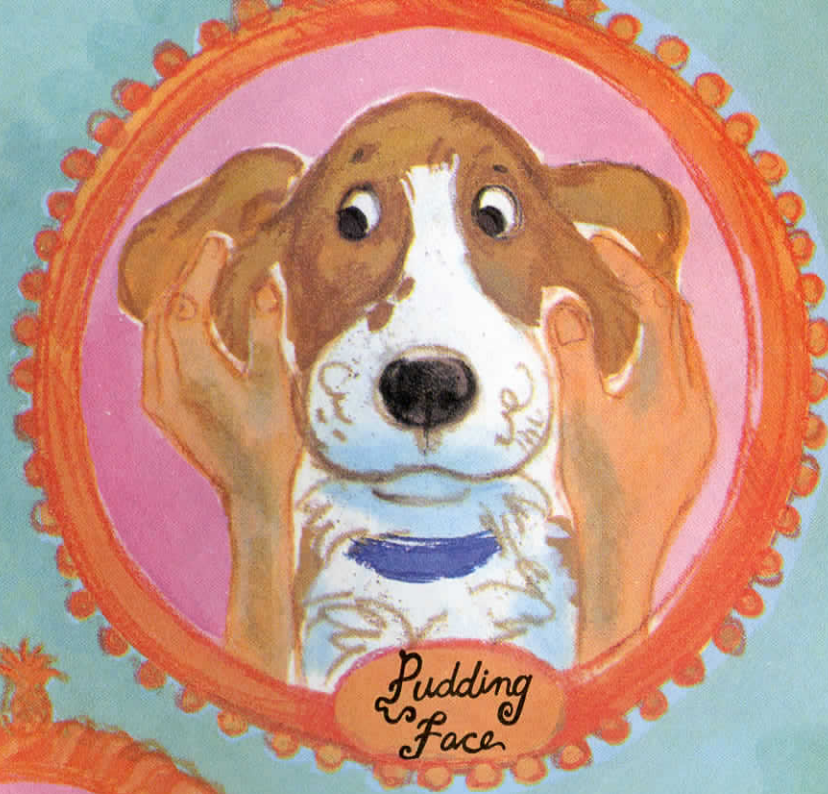
Sweetheart



Honeybuns



Treasure Chests



“ Like Sweetheart.
Or Honeybun.
Or Treasure Chest.
Or Pudding Face.
Or Sugarpops.
Or Angel Eyes ... ”







And that's when Dog
couldn't help it.

He leapt to his feet,
ran quickly through the
house, and jumped on the
sofa barking his head off!

"No, no! You've got
this whole thing wrong ..."

"Just Dog ... SUITS ME FINE!"

