



Chapter 1





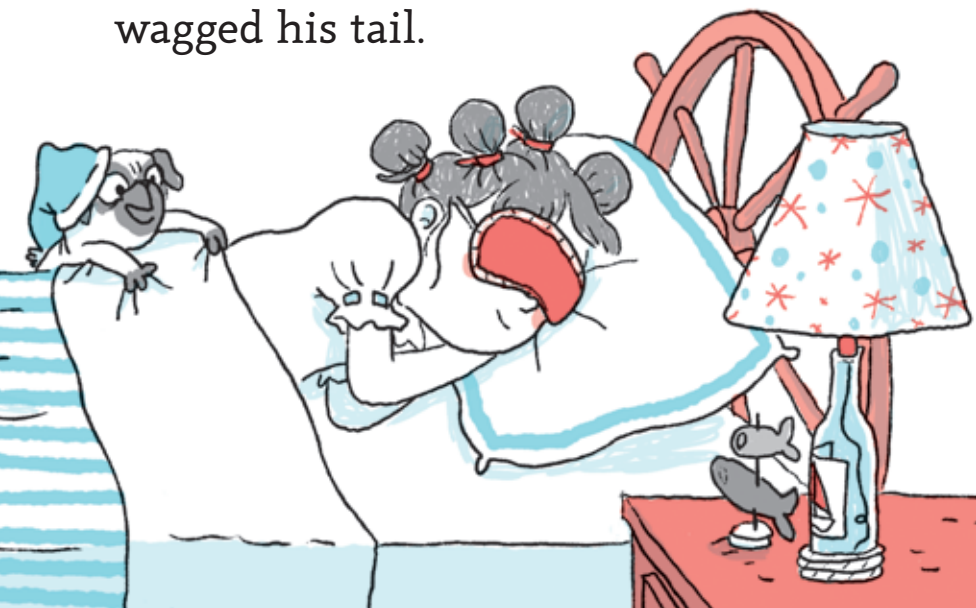
It was no ordinary morning for Pug and his freckled companion, Lady Miranda. They weren't at home at No. 10, The Crescent. They were on holiday, staying in the best suite of the Smuggler's Rest Hotel, in the small town of Pebbly Bay.





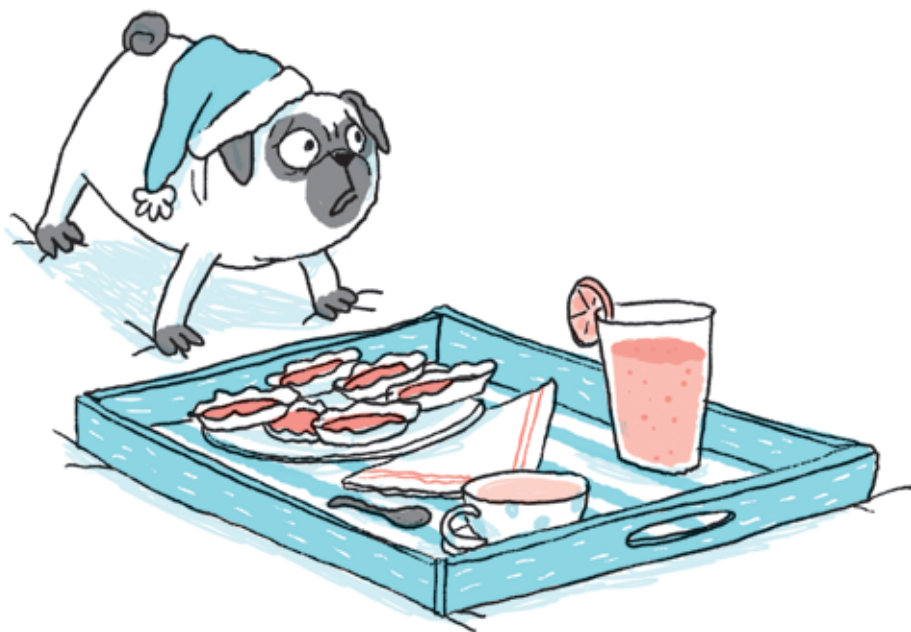
Pug woke up feeling hungry, so he padded over to where Lady Miranda was sleeping and gave her a nudge, certain she'd want to know it was breakfast time.

Lady Miranda snorted and lifted her eye mask. She smiled at Pug, who wagged his tail.



There was a familiar knock on the bedroom door. Wendy, Lady Miranda's housekeeper, entered with the breakfast tray.

'Good morning, m'lady,' she said, placing the tray on Lady Miranda's





lap. 'I persuaded chef to make you some jam tarts.'

As Pug sniffed the tarts with delight, there was an unexpected *SQUAWK!* and a parrot flew into the room.

‘Heavens!’ exclaimed Wendy, flapping her arms above her head and running after it. ‘How did that get in here?’

Lady Miranda fell about laughing as the parrot dodged Wendy and landed safely on the breakfast tray.

Pug guarded the jam tarts, but the parrot didn’t seem interested.

‘Who’s a pretty boy, then?’ she asked.

‘Pug is!’ cheered Lady Miranda, patting Pug on the head.

How nice, thought Pug.

Wendy was ready to pounce, but the parrot was too quick and, with a wink, it pinched a teaspoon and flew out of the window.



‘Rio!’ came a shout from outside.
‘Riiiiioooooo! Bad bird!’

‘Who’s that?’ asked Lady Miranda.

‘The hotel owner, Mr Gregory,’ replied
Wendy. ‘Rio must be the parrot’s name.’

She shut the window.

‘Will that be all, m’lady?’

‘Yes, thank you, Wendy,’ said Lady
Miranda, feeding Pug a piece of jam
tart.

Pug had never had such an exciting breakfast.

Half an hour later, Pug and Lady Miranda climbed into the sedan chair. At the ready were Running Footman Will and Running Footman Liam.

‘To the seaside!’ ordered Lady Miranda.



The seaside?! Pug hadn't realised they were so close the sea. This was terrible news, because Pug was afraid of water!

Pug worried as the Footmen made their way through the cobbled streets of Pebbly Bay and finally arrived at the beach. There they dropped the sedan chair and Lady Miranda scrambled out with Pug under her arm.

'This is going to be exciting!' she said happily to Pug, but all he could think about was the water. It looked very rough.

Lady Miranda was keen to show Pug all the things that made being at the beach so much fun.



They started with a donkey ride, where Pug tried his best to steer away from the shoreline.

Then they built a sandcastle, until Pug had to be rescued as the water

rose alarmingly
in the moat.



Finally, Lady
Miranda decided to
bury Pug in the sand. She chose a quiet
spot, close to Wendy. At first the sand
tickled, but Pug soon became snug.
Lady Miranda found him a sunshade
and he settled down

for a nap. Being
on holiday was
very tiring.



Nearby, a group of children was playing with a beach ball. They waved at Pug and Lady Miranda to join in their game. Lady Miranda began to dig Pug out, but Wendy suggested she leave him.

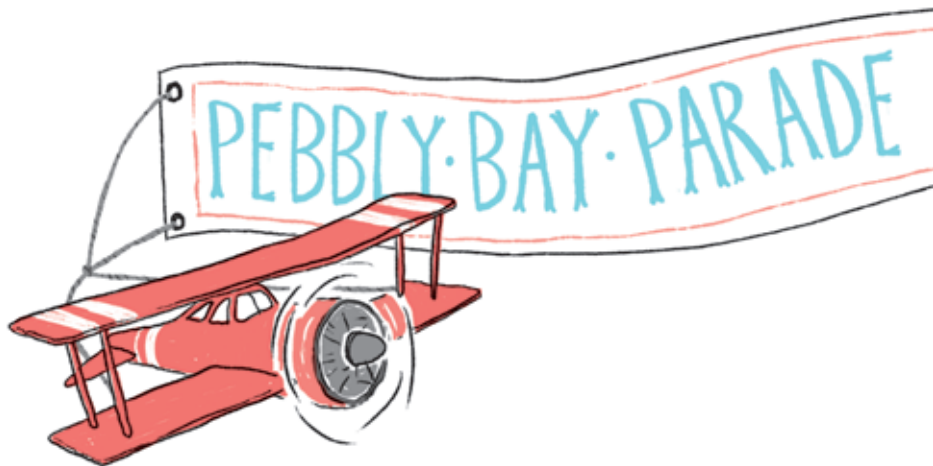
‘He looks contented,’ she said.

‘*Woof!*’ confirmed Pug.

‘I won’t be long,’ Lady Miranda whispered in his ear. And off she went to introduce herself to the three

children. The oldest boy was called Daniel, and the two girls were twins called Mimi and Hannah.

Unfortunately, as Pug couldn't catch, Lady Miranda hadn't had much practice. Daniel, Mimi and Hannah didn't seem to mind – they cheered whenever she *did* catch the ball, and chased after it whenever she accidentally threw it in the sea.



Pug's eyes grew heavy and he was about to doze off when a plane flew low over the beach. Behind it trailed a banner that read:

PEBBLY BAY PARADE TOMORROW

Distracted by the plane, Lady Miranda threw the beach ball wildly off course.



She realised the danger almost immediately.

‘Puuuuuuug!’ she shouted in warning as it hurtled towards him.

But it was too late.





THUMP!

Lady Miranda was there in a second.

‘Oh, Pug,’ she wailed. ‘Are you all right?’

Pug wasn’t sure. Everything had gone blurry and he could see two Lady Mirandas!

‘How many fingers am I holding up?’ asked the two Lady Mirandas.

Pug, who was not very good at numbers, barked, ‘Woof! Woof! Woof! Woof?!’



Lady Miranda declared an emergency and sprang into action. She ordered Running Footman Will to make the sedan chair into a stretcher. Then she carefully laid Pug on it. Wendy packed up the picnic and parasol whilst Running Footman Liam emptied his shoes of sand in preparation for the run of his life.

The donkey lady handed them a helpful tourist map, which clearly

marked the vet's. Lady Miranda squeezed Pug's paw and gave the order: 'Run!'



‘Nee-naw! Nee-naw!’ shouted Lady Miranda to make everybody get out of their way. And without too many wrong turns they soon found the vet’s.

‘He got a beach ball in his eye!’ cried Lady Miranda as they rushed in with Pug.

Pug was whisked into the operating theatre. ‘We’ll take it from here,’ said the vet.

Lady Miranda! thought Pug as his paw slipped from her hand.



