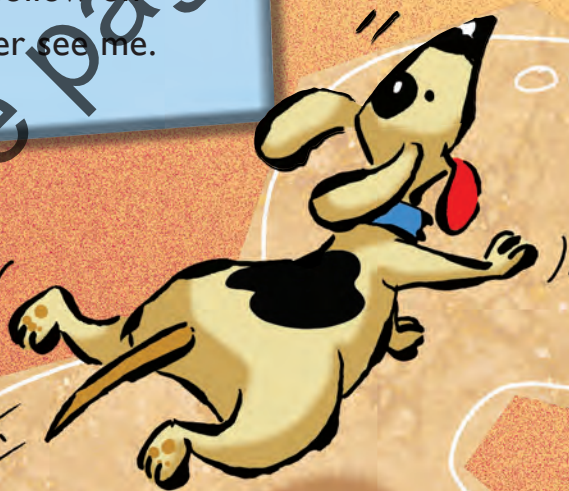


Then Spot bounced over, wagging his tail, and they said yes, he could come, too.

I was mad!

Spot was going fishing and they weren't taking me! They zoomed down the drive and sped to the beach. Spot followed as fast as he could, his tail waving like a windscreen wiper.

So they were going to fish from the old bridge! Well, let them . . . I'd follow on foot. It wasn't far. They'd never see me.



Sample page

