

The Extremely Very Scrambled Up World Of Little Doogs

BOOK ONE:

PLAYING THE ROAD TRIP GAME

Fiona Cummings and Ian Sanders

Chapter 1: I Say! Excuse Me!

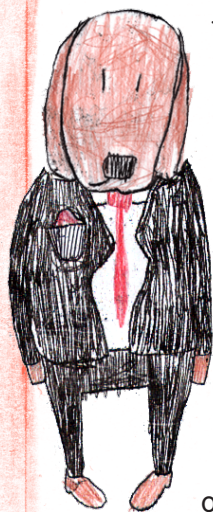
"I say! Excuse me!" Schnoss stuttered. "I've got some lovely raincoats!

They're very nice. And made out of yoghurt pots actually. And erm..."

The sausage dog stood behind the stall fiddling with his tie and going a bit red behind his glasses. He was very good at thinking up ideas. That was why the other Schnoops called him the 'business boss'. But he was a little bit shy, even though he didn't like to admit it.

Honey, the rabbit, pushed her friend out of the way.

"These raincoats are the height of fashion, simply everyone's wearing them," she trilled.



She put on one of the coats, hopped on to the stall and did a twirl. Soon a large crowd had gathered round. Honey was most definitely NOT shy. The only thing she loved more than being in the limelight was a triple caramel Mochachococcino with extra froth.

Little Doogs watched them both and sighed. He was desperate for Schnoss's plan to work.

"If we can make enough money from selling the coats," the older dog had explained, "we won't have to move. We'll be able to stay here – for ever!"

Little Doogs had clapped his paws together.

"That would be the best thing ever in the whole wide world!" he'd said.

He was fed up of moving somewhere new every few weeks.

But as he watched Schnoss and Honey at work now, Little Doogs felt bored.

Bored
bored,
bored,
bored,
BORED!



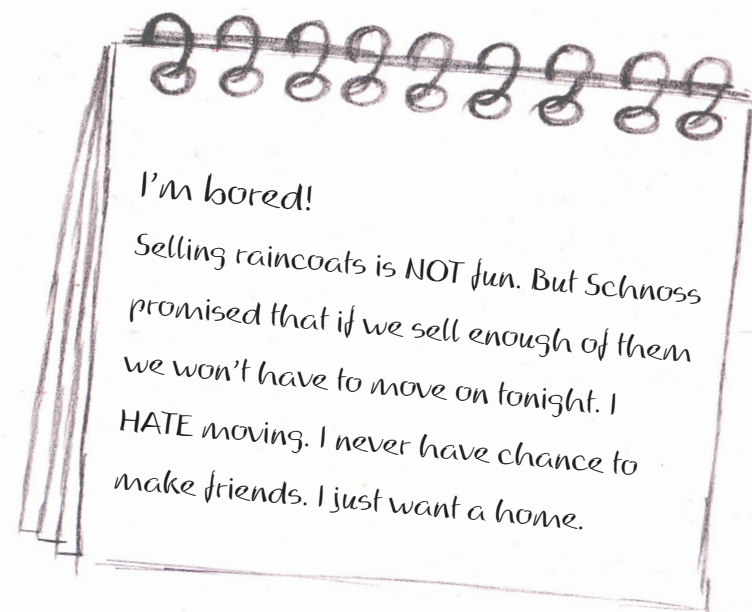
He felt as though he'd been there for hours.

"I am only a puppy," he said to himself. "I should be having fun."

He stuck both paws in the pockets of his red hooded sweatshirt. He pulled out two stones, one sweet wrapper, one feather and a bus ticket that was a bit torn. Little Doogs

loved collecting things. He looked at each one in turn then put them back.

He stuck his paw in the pocket of his jeans to see if there was anything more exciting there - and pulled out a lollipop. That would cheer him up! He sucked on it noisily. Then he took out the Special Notebook he always carried, pulled the pen from behind his ear and began to write.



He took the lollipop out of his mouth and read what he'd written. Yes, that was good. What was not good was that his lollipop had now stuck to the pages of his Special Notebook. It formed another lump among the book's pages, along with a toffee, a bit of banana and a lump of bubble gum.

"I must be more careful," Little Doogs told himself. "This is my Special Notebook for Special Thoughts and Special Things." He sighed and looked around.

The little Vespa van in which the Schnoops travelled was nearby. It was piled high with yoghurt pot raincoats. It also seemed to be making a rasping, grating kind of noise.

"That's strange!" Little Doogs said to himself. "Schnoss is far too sensible to have left the engine on."

Schnoss was very keen on Health and Safety. The puppy crept slowly round the back of the van.

"Jezza!" He burst out laughing.

Jezza the giraffe was slumped by the driver's door, sound asleep. He had pulled his bowler hat over his eyes, and as he snored, his paint splattered dungarees shivered slightly.

"Howay man!" grumbled the giraffe, peering through half-closed eyes at his little friend. "You shouldn't creep up on me like that. We artists need our

arty-sleep, you know!"

"Hmmm!" Little Doogs snorted. He'd seen Jezza's art.

The giraffe called himself a Rubbish Artist, meaning that he made sculptures out of other people's junk.

Unfortunately not many people saw art in quite the same way as Jezza did; quite often his sculptures were taken to be recycled whilst he was asleep.

Whatever way you looked at it, Rubbish Artist was a good name for Jezza.

There was a pile of bicycle bells and a rusty watering

can next to him now. It didn't look much like a sculpture but Little Doogs crept right round it just in case. Jezza got very angry when anyone messed with his work.

Little Doogs felt a wet plop on his face.

"It's raining," he said, looking up.

Jezza yawned and lazily stretched out his long neck, catching a few raindrops with his tongue, before closing his eyes again.

"That's good news for Schnoss," Little Doogs poked Jezza's shoulder with his paw. "Rain is good for raincoats."

"Don't mention those raincoats!" Jezza snapped. "I'd been saving those pots for months – I've been planning a huge installation. Millionaires would have been begging to buy it. It was going to be called 'Yog Hurt'."

"I suppose Schnoss thought they would be more useful as raincoats." Little Doogs said quietly. He didn't like talking about his friends behind their backs. "He puts his plans into action. And he doesn't do as much sleeping as you do..."

But despite the rain, the giraffe was already snoring loudly again.

"Being an artist must make you very tired," Little Doogs said to himself. He pulled up his hood and wandered off to see what else was happening. The rain was coming down much heavier now. He hoped that they would be able to go home soon.

He had just walked around the side of the van when Schnoss and Honey came racing towards him.



"Oh good, they must have sold all the raincoats!" he smiled to himself. But they didn't look very happy. In fact they looked quite scared. They were being closely followed by a very large elephant.

Chapter 2: Quick! It's Time To Go!

"Quick! It's time to go!" Schnoss shouted, running towards the van.

"Come on Little D! Look lively!" Honey panted. She pushed him into the front of the van with her powerful back legs before hopping in beside him.

"What's going on?" he squeaked, holding on tight to his Special Notebook. The elephant shuddered to a halt just outside, picked up all the remaining raincoats and hurled them into the air. He lifted the sleeping giraffe into the back of the van and clambered on board himself, causing the vehicle to lean dangerously to one side. By now Schnoss was in the driver's seat, his paw shaky as he tried to find the ignition. After what seemed like ages, the engine spluttered into life. They were on their way.

Looking back, Little Doogs could see lots of angry people running behind them, shaking their fists at the departing van. They were wearing what looked like raincoats which were turning to mush and dripping goo around their toes.

Schnoss was never usually the fastest of drivers, but today he
screeched round corners and accelerated into bends like a professional rally driver.

screeched round corners and accelerated into bends like a professional rally driver. Little Doogs gripped the seat. He felt quite frightened, but he couldn't help being a little impressed too.

"So, what's happened?" he asked quietly, once the angry mob had been left well behind.

"A bit of a design hiccup!" Schnoss mumbled, concentrating hard on his driving.

"A bit?!" Honey laughed, but not in a funny way. "The raincoats were a bit not waterproof. We found that out when Trevor started spraying everyone with litres of water."

Trevor waved his trunk apologetically from the back. "I'm an elephant, Snoepjes*" he boomed "and that's the kind of thing elephants do."

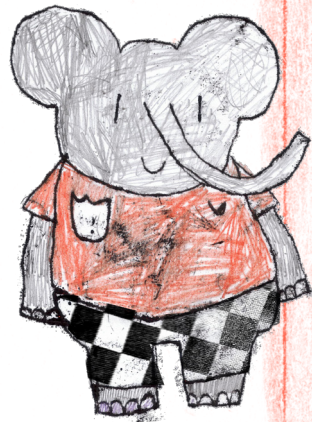
"Well if you'd only sprayed my coat we might just have got away with it," snapped Honey, "but oh no...the Big Guy's got to large it up and shower the lot of us."

Trevor slumped miserably. He was from Holland and always wore his orange football shirt with pride. But suddenly it looked less bright than usual and the Number 10 on his back sagged.

"Now everyone knows that those yoghurt pot raincoats are about as waterproof as a face flannel," Honey laughed grimly.

Everyone sat in silence until Jezza asked,

"So where are we going now like?"



"We're going to go and pack our things very quickly," Schnoss said. "Then we'll be on our way."

Little Doogs gasped and looked at Schnoss sadly. Big fat tears plopped down his cheeks.

"But you promised, Schnoss," he sobbed. "You promised we wouldn't be moving again."

"I know I did," Schnoss replied, unhappily. "But so many people are angry with us, we can't stay here. Wherever we end up next time, we'll be staying for good. I promise."

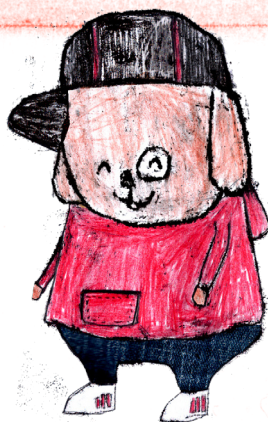
Little Doogs sniffed and wiped away his tears with a paw. He wasn't sure that he believed Schnoss's promises any more.

After driving for a short while, they pulled up outside a beautiful silver caravan. It was quite old but it shone brightly because Schnoss spent a lot of time polishing it. Whenever the Schnoops travelled around, which they did a lot, the caravan was their home.

The others hurried to get their packing done. Only Little Doogs still sat in the van, feeling too sad to move.

"Come on Little Dogs, we don't have much time. Go and sort out your things," Schnoss said, kindly. Little Doogs stepped slowly out of the van.

Honey was already stuffing her belongings into the designer carrier bags she kept at the ready. She seemed to have lots and lots of shoes and not much else. Trevor was carrying several heavy suitcases on his trunk. He'd done this so often that he knew exactly where everything needed to go.



Jezza was sleepily winding lots and lots of packaging tape around bundles of books and papers. Little Doogs reappeared with comics and toy cars, four bulging Special Notebooks and a box of things he'd been collecting.

Schnoss meanwhile was very busy. He had got out his tape measure and was tapping numbers into his calculator. He then wrote down lots of sums. He wanted to make sure that all his belongings would fit neatly into the boxes in front of him.

"I know!" he said eagerly, as he tied the last of his jazz records together. "I could set up a business doing the packing for people who are moving." Honey shot him a squinty-eyed warning glance.

"I don't think you are in any position to talk about business ideas at the moment, do you?"

"Everyone's allowed to make mistakes, Honey" Schnoss said calmly. "Haven't my other business ideas always been a success? Our car wash business went down a storm. The spray from Trevor's trunk came in very useful then. And our fruit-picking business was so successful we had to move on because we ran out of fruit to pick!" Honey nodded reluctantly. In the past Schnoss's ideas had all worked out, it was true. Although she rather suspected that on that last occasion Trevor had eaten most of the fruit himself.

Schnoss started gathering his things up anxiously.

"We should be getting on now!" he called, picking up one of Jezza's bundles.

"Howay man! That's ART!" the giraffe snapped, wrestling the bundle from

Schnoss and taking a photograph of it.

"I will never understand this modern art!" Schnoss muttered, scratching his head.

"No," Trevor agreed. "Jezza's art can very easily be misunderstood." The elephant moved the last of his boxes to the back of the caravan. But he left out a frying pan and a hamper of food.

"Right, let's fry, grill and groove!" he boomed. "Time to eat I think."

"Time to eat I don't think, Trevor," twittered Schnoss, sounding very agitated. "We've got to set off – NOW! Before those people find us." He scurried about anxiously trying to round up the others.

"Just chill Schnoss, my little friend," Trevor said slowly and soothingly. "No journey should start with an empty stomach. It's just not right."

Schnoss knew better than to argue with the elephant when he was wearing his chef's hat. It was a big white one with a red 'T' sewn on the side.

"Just hurry up, Trevor, OK?" he said anxiously and paced up and down while the elephant got busy with his frying pan.

Chapter 3: Bacon Sandwiches As Big As A Chubby Bottom

Bacon sandwiches as big as a chubby bottom were soon piled in front of the Schnoops. Honey pretended that she was more interested in her carrot smoothie. But when she thought no-one was looking she snaffled a

sandwich and took a crafty bite. Jezza munched his in between snoozes. Little Doogs took sad little bites of his in between his tears. Trevor wolfed sixteen of them straight down, one after the other while Schnoss ate his scampering backwards and forwards, peeping behind trees.

"Quick! Quick! They've found us!" he squealed suddenly. In the distance was the sound of voices. Angry voices. Soggy voices. The kind of voices that were damp through wearing coats made out of yoghurt pots which had suddenly turned to mush.

In a flash of flying frying pans and a crashing of plates, the Schnoops piled into their Vespa van.

"Let's get this show on the road!" boomed Trevor from the back.

"I'm trying, I'm trying," squealed Schnoss nervously. He turned the key but nothing happened.

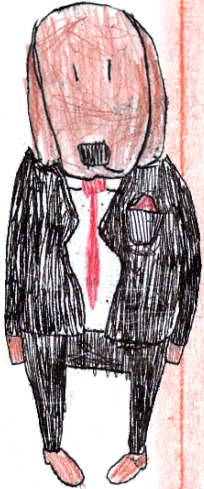
"I told you we shouldn't stop for food!" he said through gritted teeth. His glasses were steaming up and beads of sweat were dripping down his face.

In the mirror he could see the crowd of angry people coming ever closer.

"This is not good!" he squeaked. "Not good at all."

Schnoss turned the key once more and the engine spluttered into life again. The van chugged away slowly with the gleaming caravan swaying and swerving behind.

"Phew, that was close!" he said, wiping the sweat from his face with a



large white handkerchief.

Then, smiling with relief, he turned to the others and said,

"So, are we all ready for our road trip then?"

There was silence then,

"Suppose so," they replied half-heartedly.

"Come on! Cheer up!" Schnoss said, trying to sound cheerful. "Where should we go? The world's our oyster!"

"Erm..." the other Schnoops thought very hard. They didn't like the sound of oysters.

"I know! Let's go to PoshPlaceOnSea!" Honey piped up at last. "It's supposed to be really lovely there. It's where all the famous people go on holiday."

Honey the rabbit was always reading about famous people. She liked to know everything about them – where they lived, what they ate, and what kind of pants they wore.

"I'm not sure that that would be suitable for us," Schnoss muttered.

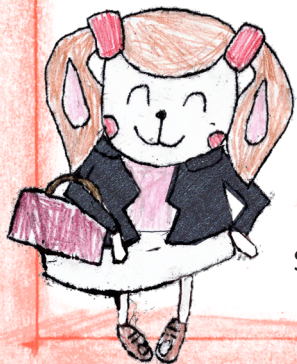
"Oh really!" Honey sounded very stropky. "And why is that? I don't think you're in any position to decide where we should go, are you? You've just

mupped up big time with your big business idea."

Schnoss looked as though he was about to say something but Little Doogs started to cry again.

"Alright, alright, we'll go to PoshPlaceOnSea,"

Schnoss agreed quietly. "Which way do we go?"



Honey sniffed the air, her nose twitching in a rabbit kind of way.

"That way!" she replied and pointed down the road.

"That way smells right."

"OK!" Schnoss nodded and headed immediately in the direction she was sniffing.

The others all looked at each other. That wasn't like Schnoss at all. He was usually ever so cautious about things. He usually asked,

"Are you sure about that?"

about a million times before he did anything.

Still, the others weren't complaining. They were just glad to be on their way, away from the angry, shouty people.

At first the journey was fun. The Schnoops sang and played games. But there were only so many times they could play 'I-Spy' before they felt sick and queasy and very very bored.

Little Doogs' bottom felt very tingly and numb.

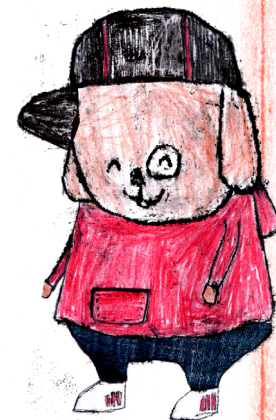
"Are we there yet?" he kept asking.

Eventually they reached the end of the road.

"We are now!" said Schnoss, pulling on the handbrake.

"Is this PoshPlaceOnSea?" asked Little Doogs.

They all got out of the van and looked around. There was no sea, just a patch of dirt and a run-down caravan. And it smelled of pigs. It wasn't what they had been expecting at all.



Chapter 4: There Must Be Some Mistake!

"There must be some mistake!" Honey snapped. "You must have gone the wrong way, Schnoss!"

Schnoss very calmly got out of the van.

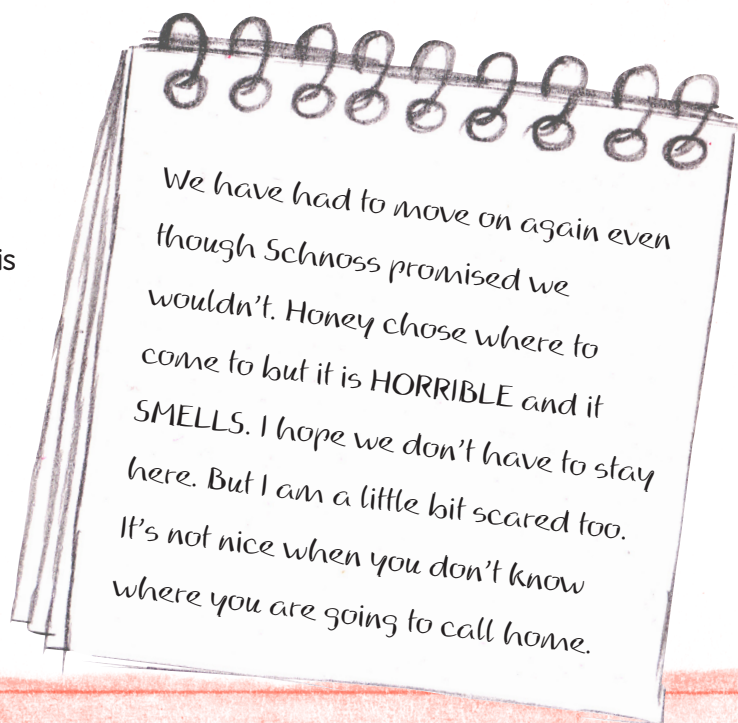
"There's no mistake," he said softly, stretching his legs. "This is the road you said 'smelt right' for PoshPlaceOnSea. And I knew you'd be right seeing as you'd decided we should live there."

"I've read a lot about PoshPlaceOnSea," Honey said sharply. "And it always sounds nice."

"It doesn't smell nice though!" Jezza grumbled, wrinkling up his nose.

"It doesn't smell like the seaside," Little Doogs agreed.

"It should smell all sea-y and salty. It smells well rank." He sat down and started to write in his Special Notebook.



On the ground where he was sitting was an old sweet wrapper. He picked it up and stuck it into his scrapbook using a piece of the old bubble-gum.

"This isn't PoshPlaceOnSea," Trevor shouted. "It's Pig's Bottom Campsite – look!"

He pointed with his trunk to a dusty old sign in one corner of the dirt patch.

"It's not exactly swimming in famous people is it?" Jezza sniggered.

"Looks like **you've** mupped up big time now Honey!"

Now one thing you should never do was make Honey angry. Because when she was angry it was not a pretty sight. She bared her teeth and her ears went all quivery. Honey also fancied herself to be rather good at karate. The others weren't so sure about that, although Jezza would probably agree if you asked him now.



As soon as the giraffe had said that stuff about her 'mupping up' she screeched and flew at him. Then she whacked him in the knee-cap with her paw (because that was all she could reach, him being so tall and everything.) And it was quite effective as it caught him totally by surprise. His leg crumpled a bit and it looked as though he was going to fall over. That made the others yelp and run away. Jezza was so tall that if he'd fallen over he would have squashed them flat, that was for sure.

"What was that for, you silly rabbit lady?" Jezza shouted at Honey. But that just made her madder still.

"Hiiii-yaaaah!" she screeched and rushed at him with one of her

flying mid-air kicks.

Unfortunately she had practised that move more in her head than in real life. And she wasn't as good at it as she thought. In fact she was rubbish and she fell over.

Chapter 5: Ha! Ha! Pfffffffff.....!

"Ha! Ha! Pfffffffff.....!"

Little Doogs started to laugh. Because seeing Honey fall over like that was very funny. But Trevor soon slapped his trunk over the puppy's mouth.

"Hmmm?"

Little Doogs looked up at the elephant crossly. But Trevor just flashed his eyes in warning. However rubbish Honey was at karate, she looked mad enough

to do some serious damage....just by looking at anyone who was making fun of her.

Jezza was looking very angry himself. He bent his neck down and stuck his face right into Honey's.

"You are one messed-up bunny!" he snarled.

"Don't call me messed up, you lazy...."

Little Doogs shrank closer to Trevor's leg.

"I'm not happy!" he whispered. His bottom lip started to quiver. He didn't like it when anyone argued. He didn't like it at all.



Suddenly the ground began to tremble. Little Doogs was thrown off his feet and Schnoss's glasses shook so much they fell off his nose.

JUUUUSSSS CHILL!!



It was Trevor. He had a special way of rumbling down his trunk whenever he felt things were getting too heated-up. Once, there had been a bit of a kerfuffle about some mashed potato. And as well as rumbling at them Trevor had sprayed the other Schnoops with water from his trunk. It had been a great shock and had made them very wet. So now, whenever they heard his 'Juuuussss Chllll!' they calmed down pretty quickly – just in case.

"There's no point arguing, Snoepjes," Trevor told them. "Why doesn't someone just look at a map? Then we can find out for sure where PoshPlaceOnSea is."

"Brilliant idea!" Little Doogs clapped his paws. "You usually ask someone to look at the map when we go somewhere, don't you Schnoss? Did you forget?" The others looked curiously at Schnoss. The sausage dog went a bit red and started fiddling with his tie.

"I...I...I had a lot on my mind," he stammered. "What with the raincoats and everything."

"Yeah right!" muttered Honey, clambering back into the van. When everyone was aboard, Schnoss handed the map to the rabbit. But Honey folded her arms crossly and refused to take it.