



Millie

&

Honey



the



incredible

instantaneous



interplanetary

adventure



Volume II: APPLEOPOLIS

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I would like to personally thank all my friends that have carried the message of "MILLIE AND HONEY" around the world. It has been a pleasure working with you. ☺

As always, you are in my heart.

This book is dedicated to my remarkable wife, Rose, who believes in me. She has taught me many things, but most of all, unconditional love.

I would also like to thank:

Millie (my muse)

our dog, Honey

our cat, Thomas

our Yorkie, Rags

and our dog, Archie

(who will appear in the next book)

And last, but not least, my friends and co-workers throughout the world who have had faith in me and have carried my first book to the four corners of the planet.

Millie and Honey

The
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Volume II - APPLEOPOLIS

The Adventure Continues . . .

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NEW TRAVEL PLANS



CHAPTER 1

New Travel Plans

It was that time of morning when the sun had not yet awakened, but the sky had begun to turn more purple than black, with hints of color shading the horizon. Millie's mother, Melissa, was in the kitchen making breakfast. She was a little taller than medium height with long brown hair, like Millie. She had a radiant smile, which made her whole face glow when she looked at you with her deep brown eyes. Her voice was full and vibrant, with just a hint of Irish that made you feel good inside whenever you heard it.

Honey heard the noise in the kitchen and had risen from her bed to investigate the possibility

that her bowl was full. Honey was a beautiful dark brown-colored Collie and Labrador mix, but she looked more like a fox in the sleekness of her face with its long thin nose. "Good morning, Honey," came the cheerful voice of Melissa. "How are you today?" She reached down to scratch the side of Honey's neck as she placed her bowl in the usual place. "Here you go. Enjoy the quiet for a few minutes before the pups wake up."

She placed Salazar, Bert, Jasmine and Blinky's bowls down in their respective places and continued working on breakfast for Millie, Wilfred (Millie's father) and herself. It wasn't long before she heard the tinkling of the rabies tags on metal bowls. "Good morning, Salazar and Blinky. Where are those other two sleepyheads?" she asked.

Blinky looked up from her bowl and yawned. "They'll be here soon,

ma'am. They had to go outside first, but they are awake. How could anyone sleep with the delicious smell of breakfast cooking?"

Sure enough, just as Blinky returned to her bowl, Jasmine and Burt came in through the back door and chuffed their good morning as they ran to their bowls and eagerly began their breakfast. Laughing quietly, Melissa bade them good morning as she walked to the kitchen door and called out to Millie and Wilfred that breakfast would soon be ready.

Salazar, Bert, Jasmine and Blinky were Honey's children. They were about six months old and constantly on the move. The only time they were quiet was afternoon nap or the "big sleep," at night. They all had the perfect dark brown coat of their mother, yet they still had only the first coat of waterproof "fur" that gave them all the look and feel of stuffed toys.

Salazar was the oldest male. He was a little bigger than the other pups and very protective of them. He was outgoing and very excitable. He was the ringleader in most activities, and made decisions for the group if no one else was around.

Bert was the other male pup, and he was calmer and usually quieter than the rest. He would sit back and watch thoughtfully in any situation before making a decision on whether to join in or not. He was the voice of reason for the pups and for the most part, kept them from getting into too much trouble.

Blinky was the youngest female and the baby of the litter. She was easily over excited. Her eyes batted ceaselessly at the best of times, but when she became excited they were a blur. She could always be counted on to agree on any fun-sounding idea, even if it was liable to get them into trouble.

Jasmine was the oldest female. She was a little larger than Blinky and more reserved than the rest of the puppies. She had an attitude that made her seem regal. She was always up for a game of puppy tag or chase the toy, but when it came to petting and other outward affection, she made you feel like she was allowing you the pleasure of her company.

Millie lifted her head from the pillow as she smelled breakfast cooking in the kitchen and smiled. She rubbed her face into the pillow one last time and then tossed back the covers. Rolling over, she sat up and slipped her feet into her bedroom slippers. She ran her fingers effortlessly through her long brown hair and over her face. She got up, walked over and opened the blinds to check out the purplish blue sky of morning. She yawned and stretched as she smiled at the beautiful sight outside her window. "The Traveling Machine." It

was real! It was not just a dream after all. Her heart was in her throat at the memory of the day before when she, Honey and the puppies found the traveling machine on the way to the lake, and the awesome adventure that they had on Catatonia.

Millie was 14 years old. She had longish brown hair and deep brown eyes. She was thin and a little tall for her age, but she'd just had a growing spurt, which made her a little taller than all the other children in her class. It was summer vacation and she was sure that during the past few months most of the other children in her class would have caught up with her. She worried about being the tallest one in her grade, but today her thoughts were far from school and her friends and classmates.

Her father and mother had promised to check out the traveling machine and even agreed to go

on a trip with her, Honey and the puppies. Her mind reeled at the thought of all the possible places they could go and the different worlds they would see. She was brought back from her daydreaming by the sound of her mother calling out from the kitchen that breakfast was almost ready. She went to the bathroom to wash her face, comb her hair and brush her teeth.

A few minutes later, she walked into the kitchen and sat at the table. Honey was lying on her mat beside the kitchen door watching Millie's mother finishing breakfast. The puppies were out in the yard playing. "Good morning, Mom," Millie began. "I see the puppies are playing off some of their nervous energy."

"Yes, they are quite excited to be going on another adventure again today." Millie's mother looked over. "Don't we look nice today." Millie

had on her “traveling clothes”: her favorite jeans, her white top with the ruffled ends, and her trainers. Her white hat sat on the back of her chair.

“I see you are ready for your next trip, too,” her mother said in a cheery voice. “I am quite excited myself. I can hardly wait to get everything done so we can be off. Your father is already outside with the puppies.”

Melissa walked to the kitchen door and called, “Wilfred, Millie is up and breakfast is ready.”

Millie’s father replied, “Coming dear.” She returned to the stove and dished up three plates of eggs and bacon. She added toast and placed them on the table just as Wilfred sat down.

Everyone had a great breakfast and chatted non-stop about the traveling machine, the adventure they had yesterday, and all the

possible places they might travel to today. The puppies were quite animated and could not sit still. They walked around the kitchen like caged animals, restless to be out.

After breakfast, Millie helped her mother wash the dishes and clean the kitchen. Millie's father was sitting at the table and announced, "Well, everything is packed in this backpack and as soon as everyone is ready, we can be off on a new adventure."

Honey walked over and said, "I guess we'd better be off soon then, or these children of mine will explode." Everyone laughed as they looked over and all four of the puppies were lined up by the back door. They were almost shaking with anticipation.

Burt and Salazar stood up when they saw that they were the center of attention. "Can we go now?" asked Salazar. "We are ready."

“YES! YES! YES!” the rest of the puppies chimed in.

The babble of puppy voices grew as Millie and her father and mother headed toward the back door. “Then let’s go find out what wonderful worlds await us today,” Millie’s dad said as he got up, put the backpack on his back and walked to the kitchen door. No sooner did he open the door than four blurs of brown fur bounded out into the yard, closely followed by their mother. Millie came out next as Melissa closed the door.