

MICHAEL THE AMAZING MIND-READING SAUSAGE DOG



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DEDICATION

THIS BOOK ABOUT ME IS
DEDICATED TO MY LOYAL FRIEND,
STANLEY BIG DOG. THANK YOU
FOR ALWAYS BELIEVING IN
JUST HOW FANTASTIC I AM
AND HELPING ME SHARE MY
OUTSTANDING NATURAL TALENT
WITH THE WORLD.

— MICHAEL

A NOTE FROM MICHAEL

Congratulations on your excellent choice of book. Of course, I already knew you were going to pick it up. You're in for a treat. This is the story of me, Michael the Amazing Mind-Reading Sausage Dog, and my rise to fame and fortune. You've probably already heard of me, or even been to one of my sell-out shows. But the road to stardom was no walkies in the park. It took blood, sweat, tears and a lot of doggie treats to get where I am today. Now the time has finally come to share my amazing journey with you.

Along the way I will reveal my secrets and give you a glimpse into the fascinating world of mind-reading – from the tiniest of terriers to the most gigantic of Great Danes. You may even find you can read minds yourself (but don't get too excited as it's a very rare talent). Prepare yourself for one of the greatest stories of our time. How one small hound became the most famous sausage dog in the world. Ever.

Michael 

The Amazing Mind-Reading Sausage Dog

Chapter 1

A STAR IS BORN

My name is Michael the Amazing, Mind-Reading, World-Famous Sausage Dog Sensation. But you can just call me Michael. Of course, I haven't always been a superstar sausage dog who can read minds – I was once an extremely ordinary dog.



To understand my epic rise to fame, we need to go back to the start when I was just a tiny sausage pup. My story begins in the small town of Snuffles-by-Sea. I lived by myself in a small house I'd inherited from my great aunt, Louisa Little Legs. There wasn't much going on in Snuffles for a dog with ambition. The most exciting thing was the Pork Chop Café in the park, and if you wanted to buy a decent waistcoat you had to go all the way to Little Paw!

The only Snuffles-by-Sea resident who had gone on to do anything interesting was Susan the Chocolate Labrador. Susan had won a local talent show by balancing peanuts on her nose. Balancing peanuts! I knew that my talent was far superior. I knew that my talent was amazing. I just had to work out exactly what it was.

And it didn't take me long...

I was taking a stroll in the park. There had just been a rain shower and I had opted for a striking yellow waterproof waistcoat and a fabulous yellow hat. Yes, I was looking adorable. I was having a splash around in my favourite puddle (the one next to the smallest pine tree) when I heard something...

This is the BEST STICK EVER. And it belongs to Stanley Big Dog. Nobody else!

I turned to see an extremely tall and very hairy dog. He had a large stick in his mouth and his eyes were darting around like he'd eaten way too many chicken chews.

How could I hear this dog's voice? His mouth was full of stick!

uh oh. That sausage dog is looking at my stick! But this stick belongs to Stanley Big Dog. And nobody else!

My paws were tingling and my ears were twitching. Could I be ... reading this dog's mind?

'Stanley? Stanley Big Dog?' I said out loud. And Stanley's ears pricked up. His head tilted to one side, trying to work out how I could possibly know his name.

'Hello there, young sir, could I trouble you for just a minute?' I said, in my finest, important-sounding voice.

Stanley Big Dog looked at me for a few seconds, then turned ... and ran away!

I chased after him. Stanley Big Dog was my ticket to fame and fortune – I couldn't let him get away!

Some people say that sausage dogs are not the most athletic of breeds. They say that short, stubby legs and a body shaped like a sausage is not the best combination for running at speed

through the park on a wet and windy day. But they have not met me.

On this particular day, I ran so fast that other dogs may have confused me with a greyhound. Unfortunately, I was so busy concentrating on running like the wind that I completely lost sight of Stanley Big Dog and was forced to abandon the chase.

This was a disaster! The first dog whose mind I could read, and I'd lost him forever! It was still raining so I sheltered under a large oak tree – I was getting wet despite my fabulous yellow waterproof waistcoat and hat.

But then, out of nowhere, my paws began to tingle and my ears began to twitch...

Everybody's always trying to take my stick. Nobody's getting THIS stick today! This stick belongs to Stanley Big Dog. And nobody else!

I peered round the oak tree, and there was Stanley Big Dog on the other side! He peered back at me with the same crazy eyes as before.

I was reading his mind! I could hardly believe my adorable, silky ears. I really had found my talent! I was a mind-reading sausage dog! I'd never heard of any dog reading minds – this was amazing. I was amazing! My talent was a million times better than balancing peanuts. I always knew it would be!

Uh oh! That sausage dog is looking at my stick again.

Stanley cocked his head to one side and had a good look at me in my wet weather outfit.

This stick does not belong to a miniature sausage dog dressed like a sailor.

I looked down at my exquisite yellow raincoat with bright blue buttons and tiny blue tassels

where it fastened around my neck. I was not going to stand for this insult to my fabulous clothing – even if it was Stanley’s mind-voice and not his real voice. I marched round to the other side of the oak tree.

‘I am a standard-sized sausage dog, thank you very much. And this outfit is way too sophisticated for a sailor!’

Stanley Big Dog’s stick fell from his mouth. He was in complete shock.



‘How do you know what I’m thinking? Only Stanley Big Dog can hear what Stanley Big Dog is thinking,’ he said.

‘That’s why I’ve been chasing you!’ I said. ‘I’ve been trying to explain – I can read minds. Well, so far, only yours. But this is just the beginning! With practice I think I could read the mind of any dog!’

‘And you don’t want my stick?’ said Stanley Big Dog.

I looked at the stick on the floor, covered in slobber, bits of leaf and clumps of Stanley’s fur. ‘No,’ I said.

‘Great!’ said Stanley Big Dog. ‘Let’s be friends!’

This was very good news. And we hadn’t even had to sniff each other’s bums! I could practise my mind-reading on Stanley Big Dog and move one step closer to becoming the most talented dog in Snuffles-by-Sea!