

# Brave Dog Bonnie



## **Books About Bonnie:**

Big Dog Bonnie • Best Dog Bonnie

Bad Dog Bonnie • Brave Dog Bonnie

Busy Dog Bonnie • Bright Dog Bonnie



# Brave Dog Bonnie

**BEL MOONEY**

*Illustrated by Sarah McMenemy*



---

WALKER  
BOOKS

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or, if real, used fictitiously.

First published 2009 by Walker Books Ltd  
87 Vauxhall Walk, London SE11 5HJ

This edition published 2013

2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1

Text © 2009 Bel Mooney  
Illustrations © 2009 Sarah McMenemy

The right of Bel Mooney and Sarah McMenemy to be identified as author and illustrator respectively of this work has been asserted by them in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988

This book has been typeset in StempelSchneidler

Printed and bound in Great Britain by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, transmitted or stored in an information retrieval system in any form or by any means, graphic, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, taping and recording, without prior written permission from the publisher.

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data:  
a catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

ISBN 978-1-4063-5117-0

[www.walker.co.uk](http://www.walker.co.uk)



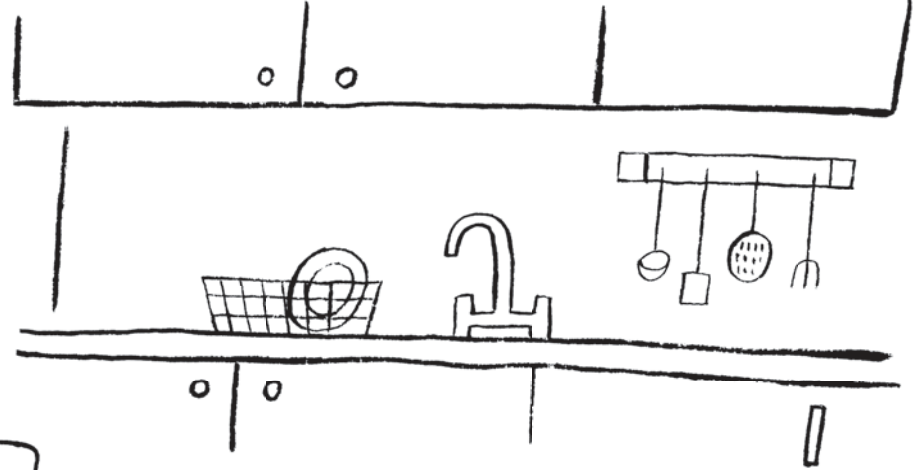
For Daisy Dimbleby

B.M.

For my godson, George

S.M.





## \*Scaredy-Pup\*

"You'll like London – it's cool!" said Zack as he held a dog choc up high, trying to make Bonnie dance on her hind legs.

But Princess Daisy the (annoying) chihuahua was racing round the room, so Bonnie needed to keep her dignity. She sat tight by Harry's trainers.

"Lovely shops in London!" said Susie.

"Who wants shops?"

Harry loved hanging out with his friends. But that morning he'd had news that was

good and bad at the same time,  
and now he wasn't really in  
the mood for talking.

"You'll have a great time  
with your dad, Haz," said Zena.



"But..." Harry began. He picked  
Bonnie up and snuggled his face into her  
silky white ears. That always made him feel

better. In his mind he  
could see his mum's  
cross face as she told  
him that his father  
had invited him to  
London for some of  
half-term – and what  
was he thinking?



"But, Mum, I'd like to  
see his new place," Harry said.

"Yes, and that's not all that's new!" Mum  
snapped.

So nothing was decided yet.



"The thing is..." Harry stopped again.

"Go on, Harry," encouraged Susie.

"Well, my dad ... he's got this girlfriend, and she lives with him, and so that means I have to meet her..."

"Oh. Scary," nodded Zack.

"I'm sure she'll be really sweet," said Zena.

"Yeah, *right*," Harry grunted.

"Yeip, yeip," squeaked Princess Daisy, making a little run at Bonnie.

The Maltese knew she had to show the chihuahua whose patch this was, so she chased her round and round until the smaller dog lay down to say "You win!"



When they'd all stopped laughing, Susie scooped Princess Daisy up and Zena returned to the subject worrying Harry.

"So what are you going to do?"

Harry sighed. "Mum says I can't go, but I've *got* to or Dad'll be hurt; and yet I don't really want to, so..."

"I've got an idea!" said Susie.

"What?"

"Take Bonnie with you. Won't she make you feel braver?"

Harry looked at Susie. He opened his mouth to protest that he didn't need to feel *brave* because he didn't feel *scared*—

"What?" roared Zack. "The scaredy-pup who shivers when she's having a bath?"

And that was the end of that conversation as they all dissolved into giggles.



Later Harry heard Mum on the phone to Dad. She spoke in that cool voice he knew

so well. It always used to drive his dad mad.

“Look, David, it’s impossible. If you can’t come to get him, I’m not sending him on the train by himself. No, I’m not being unhelpful...”

“Can I speak to Dad?” asked Harry.

His mother frowned and handed him the phone.

“Hi, Dad.”

“Hi, big guy, how’s it going?”

“Fine.”

“Good. We’re working out how to get you up to the big city. Car problems, you see. I can run you back down, but I can’t collect you.”

“Hey, Dad? Would it be OK if I brought Bonnie?”

“The scary miniature mutt? Why not? If she misbehaves we’ll have her made into a pair of gloves for Kim. Now, put your mother back on.”



Harry picked Bonnie up and left the room so he wouldn't have to hear his mother's voice any more. Minutes later she came and sat next to him on the sofa, zapping the TV off.

"You wouldn't really take Bonnie and leave me here all on my own, would you, love?"

That's how it is with grown-ups, Harry thought. Whatever you do, they turn it



round so that somehow they're sad – and it's all your fault.

An angry voice in his head snarled, *I* didn't want Dad to leave, and *I* didn't want to move here and have to start a new school, and *I* didn't even want a silly little girly lapdog from the dogs' home!

But as soon as he'd had that thought, Bonnie stretched out a paw and touched his hand, looking reproachfully up at him with those coal-black eyes as if she knew what was in his mind.

Feeling guilty, Harry bent down to plonk a kiss on her head. "Aw, I suppose not, Mum," he said miserably.

But help was on its way. Mum's friend Olga turned up at the door, and soon knew the whole story. Sometimes Harry thought Olga was like the nicest sort of good witch, with her wild hair, crazy coloured clothes and her way of solving problems.

“...so you see, it’s impossible for him to go – and I hope *you* understand that, Harry, my pet,” his mum finished.

Olga stared straight into her eyes. “It’s not actually *impossible*, Ann,” she said.

Mum frowned.

“What do you mean?”

“It could be very easy – if you want it to be. There’s a new exhibition

at the National Gallery I’ve been meaning to go and see. It’s about time I had a day in London. So Harry can travel up on the train with me.”

Harry stared at his mum, hardly daring to breathe. Until that moment, he hadn’t realized how much he *did* want to go and see Dad’s flat.



To go and see Dad. Even if it did mean meeting his new partner.

Bonnie was looking at Harry intently. As always, he felt the little dog could read his mind. It was as if she could hear all those awful shouting matches before Dad had packed a suitcase and left; as if she could see how much Harry hated leaving where they'd lived before, and could taste the salty tears he'd tried to hide from his mum. As if she could smell his fear as he'd started a new school, and could feel how his fingers used to curl round the velvety ears of his big imaginary dog Prince for comfort. As if she *knew* all about those difficult days.

Sometimes Harry suspected that even though she was so small, Bonnie still knew more than they did. Things didn't have to be spoken aloud for dogs to understand.



“...so you see, Ann? It’s easy,” Olga chattered on. “And we’ll get *you* organized with lots of lovely things to do that weekend so you won’t miss Harry too much.”

“And Bonnie,” Harry added.

“Must you take her?” asked Mum. “Won’t she be frightened by all the noise, all the traffic...?”

“Please, Mum,” he begged.

“Every dog should see London once,” said Olga with a smile. “After all, it’s their capital city too!”

And so it was decided.



“You’ll have to make sure Bonnie’s always wearing her collar – just in case she gets lost,” said Zena when Harry went next door to tell them the news.

“How could she get lost with me taking care of her?” laughed Harry.

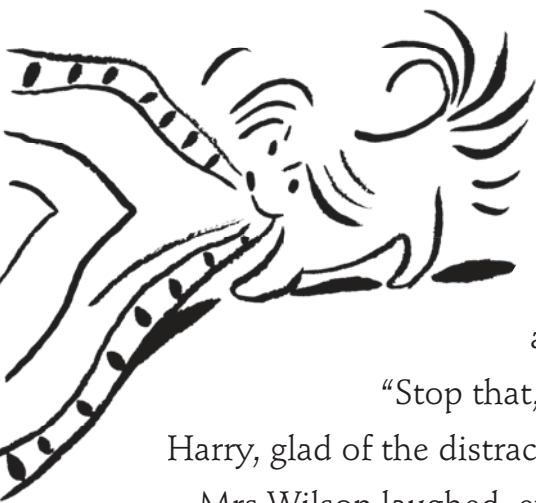


Just then the twins' mum swept into the sitting-room, bracelets jangling. "Guess what, Harry?" she said. "We've decided to have a big supper party that Saturday night you're in London and ask lots of old pals we haven't seen for years – and get your mum along too. We'll make sure she has a fab time. Take care of her for you. Good idea, hey?"



Harry bent down to scoop Bonnie up, and pretended to wrestle with her on his knee. He needed to hide his face. Mrs Wilson knew he was worried about leaving his mum, and what she'd just said made his eyes prickle.

Suddenly Bonnie jumped down and tore around the room. She grabbed hold of the



edge of  
one of their  
colourful rugs  
and started to tug  
at it, growling.

“Stop that, Bons!” shouted  
Harry, glad of the distraction.

Mrs Wilson laughed, even though the rug  
was rather smart. Harry liked that she didn’t  
fuss much about things.

“Let’s hope she doesn’t wreck your dad’s  
new place,” she said. “Are you looking  
forward to seeing it?”

“Yeah, it’ll be cool,” said Harry, suddenly  
wondering if there’d be a bedroom for him.

There was a silence, which Zack broke  
by chanting, “Super-Wabbit, Super-Wabbit,  
where have you been? I’ve been to London  
to see the Queen!”

“Better watch it, Haz, or they’ll make her  
into a guardsman’s hat,” teased Zena.

“They’d have to catch her first!” laughed Harry, watching Zack try.



Two nights before his journey, Harry realized his mum had started to look a bit less down, and she even seemed quite excited about Saturday night with the Wilsons. They were eating chicken and jacket potatoes and peas at the kitchen table, and for once Mum didn’t try to stop him slipping little pieces of chicken down to Bonnie.

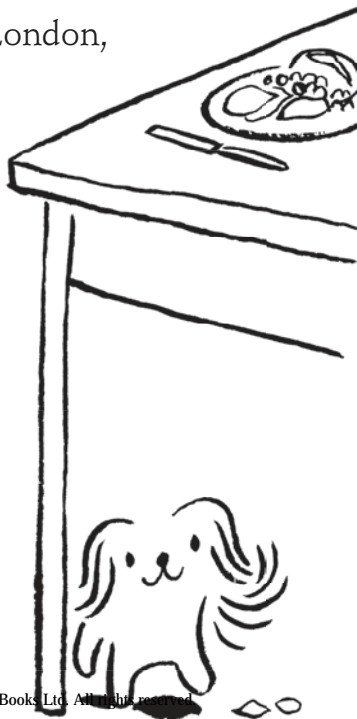
“Are you looking forward to London, love?” she asked.

“Think so.”

“Do you think you’ll like Kim?”

“Who’s Kim?” he asked, although he knew.

“You know perfectly well who she is, Harry! Dad’s ... er ... friend.”



“Oh, *her*. Probably not. Anyway, I expect she hates dogs.”

Mum bent down and lifted Bonnie onto her knee. Then – to Harry’s amazement – she dipped a finger into all the buttery-chickeny juices on her plate and let the dog lick it.

“Nobody could dislike Bons,” she said softly.

There was a pause. Then Mum reached behind her for the brush and began to groom Bonnie’s silky ears. “Better make you look pretty for London,” she said.

“I expect Kim is rather nice and pretty too.”

Then Harry understood. His mum was *afraid*. That was what all this was about.



He jumped up and threw his arms around her neck, so that Bonnie was nearly squashed.

“No one’s as nice or as pretty as you, Mum. Nobody in the whole world!” he yelled.

And Bonnie gave a loud “YIP!” in agreement.





BONNIE perched on Harry's knee and looked out of the train window. What a rushing! Trees, fields, houses – all whizzing by, until she felt quite dizzy. She was trying to draw a doggy map in her head, so she could find her way back home, but it was all coming at her too quickly.

*Whoosh!* She didn't like the noise. It made her nervous. People walked past and pointed at her, and once a small boy leaned across and poked her hard. "Doggy-woggy! Ickle doggy-woggy!" he screamed.

His mum pulled him away. "Leave the dear little thing alone, darling!"

*Thing? I'm not a thing. I'm a very big dog!*



Olga was talking to Harry. Bonnie could tell he was doing his best to answer nicely, but he didn't want to.



Poor Harry! Bonnie could feel how nervous he was, right through his arms, his hands, his fingers.

It was a mixture of wanting what was about to happen – wanting it *so* much – and then not wanting it at all. Wishing he were safe at home with his mum instead.



*Clatter, clatter, clatter* went the train.

Is this me shaking, or is it this horrible noisy monster? Bonnie wondered.



"Poor little scaredy-pup," whispered Harry into her soft fur.

She felt him clutch her even more tightly as the announcement came over the loudspeaker: "Paddington Station is our next stop. Please make sure you have all your belongings..."

He's trying to be brave, Bonnie thought. Because there's no choice, really.

