



## Chapter One

# Naughty Terriers

**B**oots and Scoots were two small terriers who lived on a farm. Boots was named Boots because, although he was brown and white, he had four black paws. It looked as if he'd walked through a big muddy puddle! Scoots was called Scoots because she was always rushing everywhere and she had a long white patch down her side.

The two terriers had come to live on the farm not long ago and it was



all very exciting. It was full of new and interesting smells. Some of them belonged to strange, huge animals that had very curly fur, or big black and white patches. Some of them belonged to their new human family, which included two little kids called Ben and Annie. Ben and Annie loved Boots and Scoots straight away and played with them all the time – but one day, the children disappeared early one morning and didn't come back for hours and hours.

'We'll just have to find things to do on our own,' Scoots said. That was when the trouble started.

They had a comfy kennel surrounded by a big cage, but the children always let them out into the yard so they could play.





Mr Sawyer, the largest human, didn't let them out until nearly lunch time. Even then, he only let them out into the tiny, fenced garden.

'This is so boring,' Boots said, after they'd sprinted a few circles around the garden. 'Let's see if we can get out of here and explore.'

Scoots sat with her head to one side, thinking. 'Well, the fence over there is a bit wobbly. Maybe we can go that way.'

They trotted over, but the fence was stronger than they'd thought. 'I know! We can dig out,' said Boots. 'Over there, where the ground is softer.'

Right when they were about to start, Mr Sawyer came into the garden.

'Boots! Scoots!' he called.

They trotted over and looked at him



expectantly. 'We're going on a trip round the farm,' he told them.

Boots and Scoots were very excited. Mr Sawyer picked them up and put them in the tray of his ute. The drive was very bumpy, so they found it hard to stand and Boots even threw up all over the floor. Yuck! After that, he felt better and started to enjoy the wind blowing in his face, as did Scoots. It lifted their ears up and made a rushing sound. They thought it was great and both barked with joy.

Suddenly, the ute stopped and they saw a crowd of animals with large ears and funny lumps on their backs. Some were huge and some were small. Boots and Scoots stood still, watching Mr Sawyer walk through the crowd, not





sure what to make of it all. An even bigger animal put his head over the side of the ute and snorted through his nose. 'Are you dogs? You're very small.'

'Y-y-yes,' stammered Boots. Both he and Scoots were rather scared of this enormous beast. 'What are you?'

'You must be town dogs not to know. I'm a Brahman bull and they're my wives and children. Don't think you can tease them!'

'No, no, of course not,' said Scoots.

'You're much too tiny to herd cattle like the working dogs do. Have you met them yet?'

'W-we haven't,' said Boots.

Mr Sawyer came and waved his arm at the bull. 'Go on, get away, Boris.'

To the little dogs' surprise, Boris



lumbered back to the herd.

‘What did you think of him?’ asked Scoots.

‘He was rather large, but he didn’t scare me,’ Boots lied, embarrassed about how he’d stammered before. ‘I wonder what he means when he says working dogs? I expect we’ll find out soon.’



The next day, Mr Sawyer disappeared. Mrs Sawyer, the second-biggest human, didn’t even let Boots and Scoots into the garden. After playing with a very cross spider for a while, they decided the best thing to do was bark. So they barked and barked and barked.



‘You noisy puppies!’ Mrs Sawyer exclaimed. ‘I suppose you’re tired of being in your kennel.’

She let them out into the garden. They had a good old play fight and raced around, but after a while, they got bored again. They decided to try digging under the wobbly fence. The ground was hard and full of small rocks and stones, but eventually they made a small hole. One after the other, they scrambled through.

Now they were free, Boots and Scoots noticed gigantic sheds in the distance, so they dashed off to explore them. The sheds had a cage like their own, but the gate was open and there were no dogs inside.

Trotting inside the cage, Boots put his





nose to the ground and sniffed around.  
'I think quite a lot of dogs live here.'

Scoots followed him in. 'Yes, I think so too,' she said. 'Their beds and bowls are huge, so they must be much bigger than us. I wonder if they've buried any bones?'

Suddenly, there was a great gust of wind and the gate slammed shut. They were trapped!

'Oh no! What shall we do?' said Boots.

The ground was even harder than it was in the garden, so it would take too long to dig their way out. They settled down to wait and hope that someone would find them. In the meantime, they found old bones they could chew.

Just as the daylight was going, they heard Ben and Annie calling. They answered, barking as loudly as they



could and the children ran across and let them out. Boots and Scoots were so pleased they jumped around, licking both Ben and Annie. Scoots lived up to her name and tore around and around as fast as her little legs would carry her.

Mr Sawyer jogged up with six big dogs. The biggest, who had a sharp, spiked collar, loomed over the pups.

‘You keep out of our way, you horrible little dogs,’ he growled. ‘How dare you sneak into our home and chew our bones?’

Frightened and upset, Boots and Scoots slunk away with the children, back to the garden and their own place.

‘I think we’ll have to keep away from those big dogs,’ Boots said.



# Boots & Scoots



For the next two days, the pups stayed in the garden. On the third day, the children were home again and later, lots of people arrived. Some made a fuss of Boots and Scoots and there were lots of interesting food smells.

‘It’s making my mouth water,’ Scoots said, sniffing the air.

‘Me too. Do you think they’ll feed us? Look at all that meat by that thing they are using.’

‘Ben said it’s called a barbeque,’ Scoots said importantly. ‘They cook the meat on it, though I don’t know why they bother. Humans are funny.’

Boots licked his muzzle. ‘I wonder if



we could get something off that table without anyone seeing us.'

Scoots looked round. No one was taking much notice of them. 'Come on, let's go – hurry!' she said, leading the way.

The table was very high, but Boots had an idea. 'Climb on my back, then maybe you can reach something,' he said.

After slipping off a few times, Scoots managed to scramble up onto Boots and put her paws on the edge of the table to peer over. There was a juicy string of sausages right in front of her. As she grabbed them in her mouth, her sharp little claws dug into Boots' back. Ouch! It hurt so much that he jumped and Scoots tumbled backwards. They both ended up in a heap, but luckily, Scoots still had the sausages. Jumping





up, they started to creep away.

‘Those naughty pups have the sausages!’ one of the humans shouted.

‘Quick, get them!’

Scoots dashed away. Around and around the garden she went, dodging between legs and diving under tables and chairs, with the string of sausages flapping behind her. She could run very fast and the humans had a lot of trouble trying to catch her. Two people tripped over, chairs went flying, cups clattered to the ground and Boots barked like mad. It was chaos!

Finally, Scoots was cornered by Mrs Sawyer. ‘You bad dog!’ she scolded Scoots, tugging the sausages from her mouth. Mr Sawyer bundled the pups back into their kennel.





Shortly afterwards, Ben and Annie snuck up to the cage and passed some of the rather dirty sausages through the gate to Boots and Scoots.

‘Shh, don’t make a noise,’ Annie whispered. ‘Mum and Dad don’t know we’re giving you these. We couldn’t stop laughing when you did that, Scoots, even if it was very naughty. That was the funniest barbeque ever!’

