

For the greatest Danes: Ezra, Leo, and Ruben.

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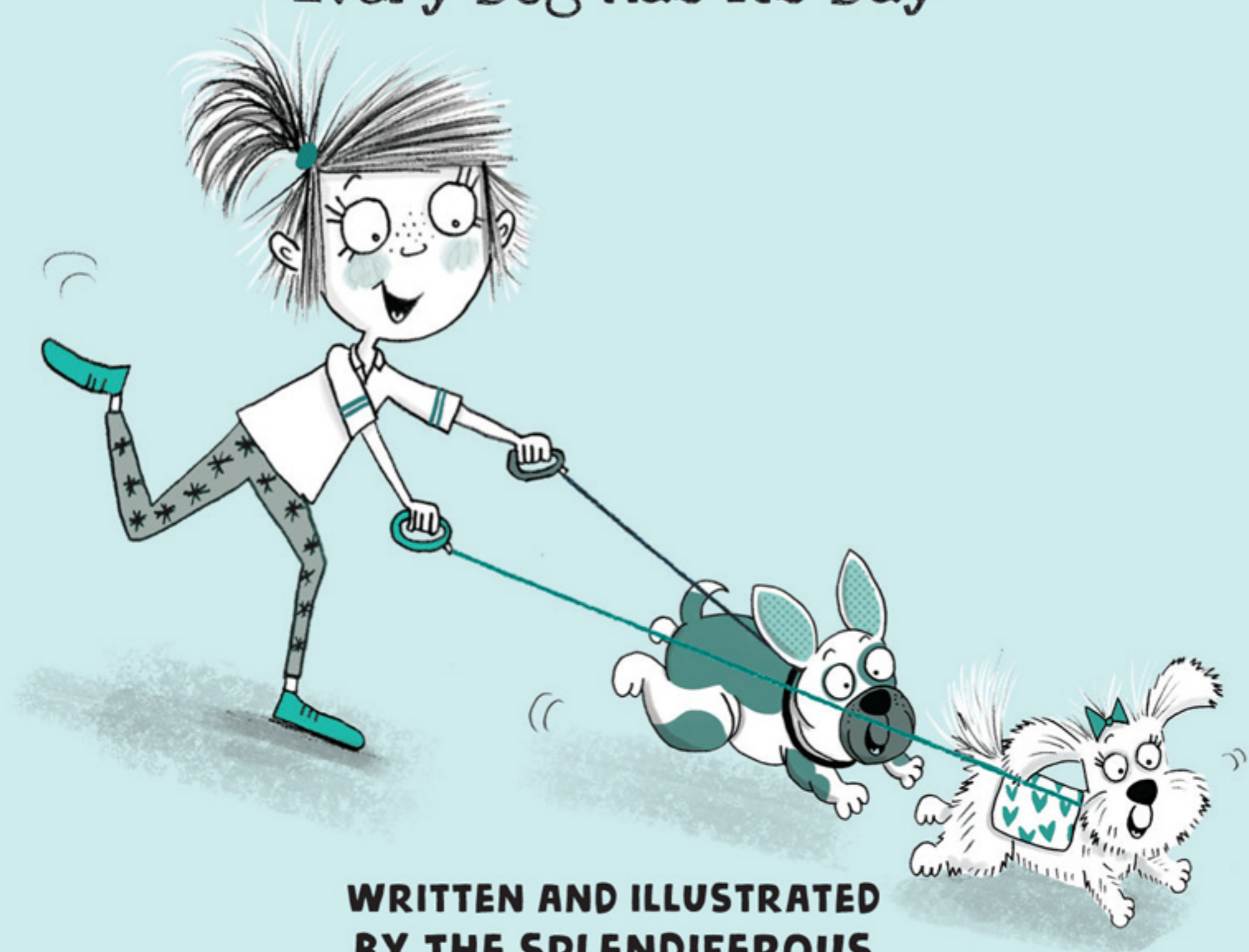
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# HORACE & Harriet

Every Dog Has Its Day



WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED  
BY THE SPLENDIFEROUS

CLARE ELSOM

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## THE BIT WHERE I WAS RIGHT TO FEEL A BIT NERVOUS

*'Behold!'* Horace announced as he strolled into the garden the following morning, waving a newspaper excitedly.

'Horace!' Grandad greeted him with a slap on the back, and then winced. You sometimes forget Horace is made of stone. 'First article is out, eh?'

'Forsooth! *Centre spread,*' said Horace, beaming. 'I have been up all night submitting my story. We haven't slept, have we, Barry?'

'Read it out, Grandad!' I said, excited.





Grandad flicked through the paper, smiling.

Then he stopped smiling. Then he looked a bit confused. Then he spat out his tea.



‘What?’ I said. I looked over Grandad’s shoulder at the paper.

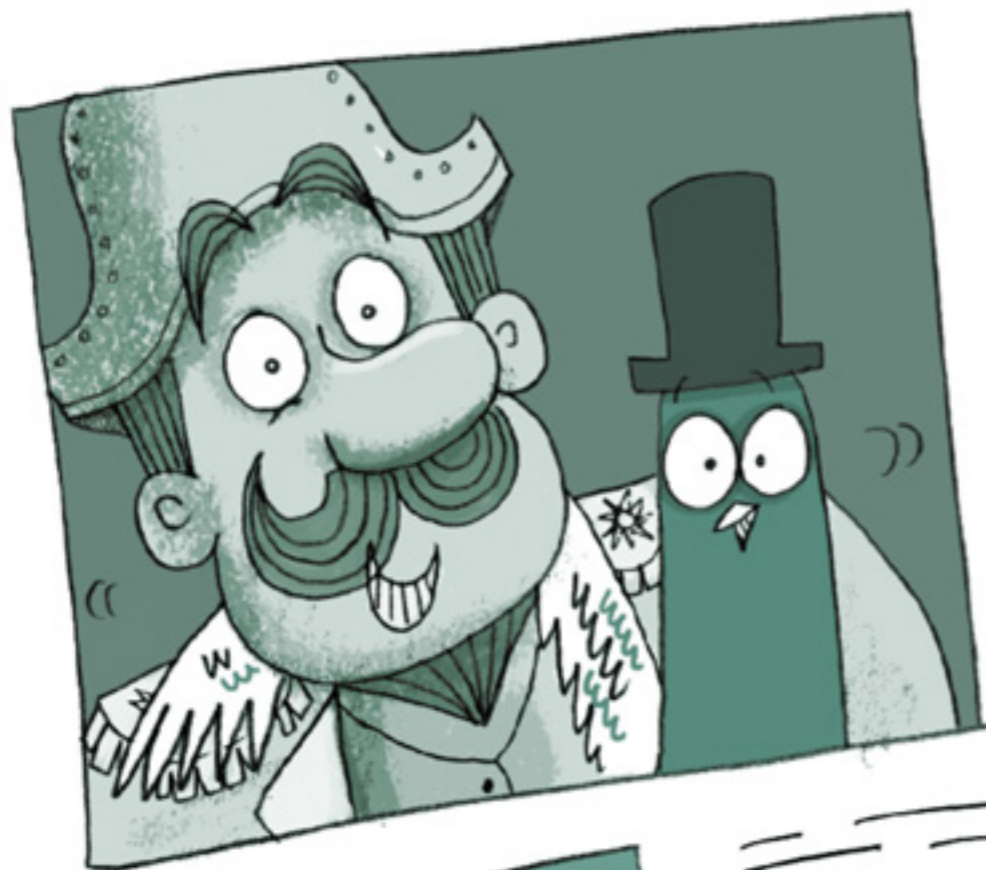
‘Is it ... *just* pictures of you and Barry, Horace?’ I asked, looking up.



‘Nay, there are plentiful words!’ said Horace. ‘*Perchance* not as plentiful as requested, but this “typing” tomfoolery is a tricky business. Barry can only peck one letter at a time.’



# Lord Commmander Hor Nincompoop Maximus (and Barry) are REAL



It's everyone's favourite pigeon, Barry!



# atio Frederick Wallington Pimpleberry the Third Stars of Stokendale



The most handsome attendee



The best speech of the evening

