



CHAPTER 1

‘You’re a funny dog, Bitza,’ Jasper said, rolling onto her back and using me as a pillow.

The way she’d laid her head on my tummy was making me want to pee, but I didn’t move because she sounded so comfy.



‘I’m so glad we found each other,’ she said dreamily. ‘I can’t believe that it was just the other day. In the park, remember? Did I find you or did you find me?’

I groaned a little, saying,
‘I remember exactly. You thought I was following you home, but I was really following my ball, which was in the mouth of that other dog you

were walking. You said I looked a bit lost and should come home with you. I was a bit lost, but now I'm not. And here we are.'

Jasper suddenly sat up. She was right in my face, an ear in each hand and rubbing away at them, making me want to lose my drool.

'Oh, Bitza, I'm so glad you found me. You're better than anything, you are. Better than ice cream. Better than fizzy drinks.

Better than an umbrella on a rainy day, or



a beach towel with no sand on it.
You're the best dog in the whole
wide world.'

She gave me a big squeeze.
That's when I tried to wriggle away,
because I really was about to burst.

'Don't you think it was fate?'
Jas said, hopping off the couch
and bending down to look at me.
'I wanted a dog. You needed a
home. Dad was all gruff and said,
There's no way. We're not getting a dog.
But then he agreed. Remember
that?' Jas sighed happily. 'He's a bit
of a softy, my dad. He's your dad,

too, now. It feels like we're all meant to be together. I didn't think there was much missing in our house – except for Mum – but now you're here, it feels close to properly full. You know, Bitz?'

I knew.

I knew it from the moment I followed her through my new front gate.



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