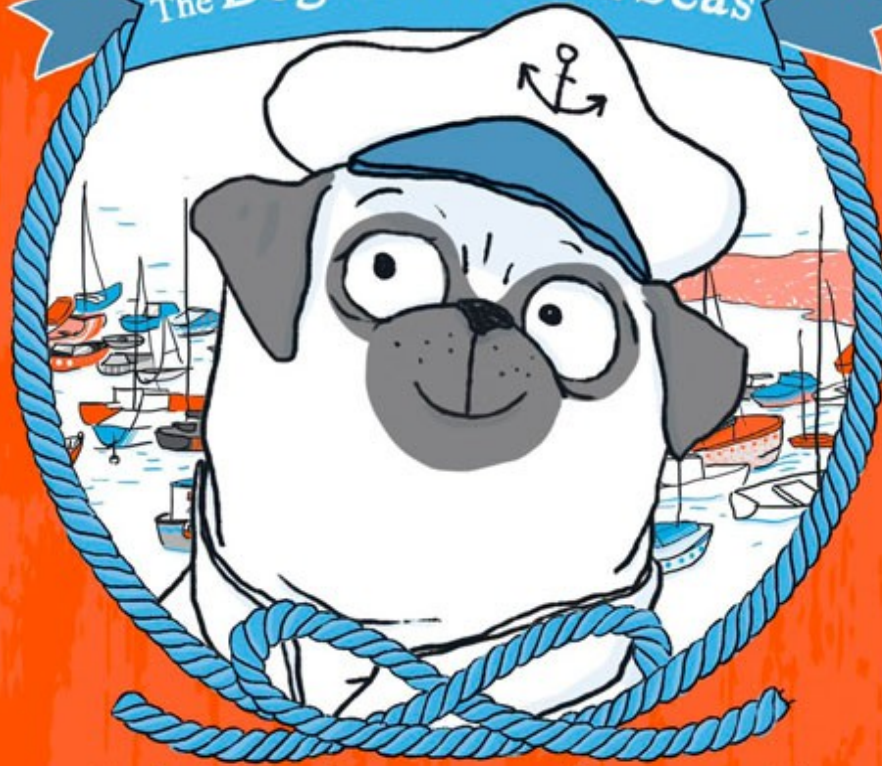


BLOOMSBURY

CAPTAIN PUG



The Dog Who Sailed the Seas



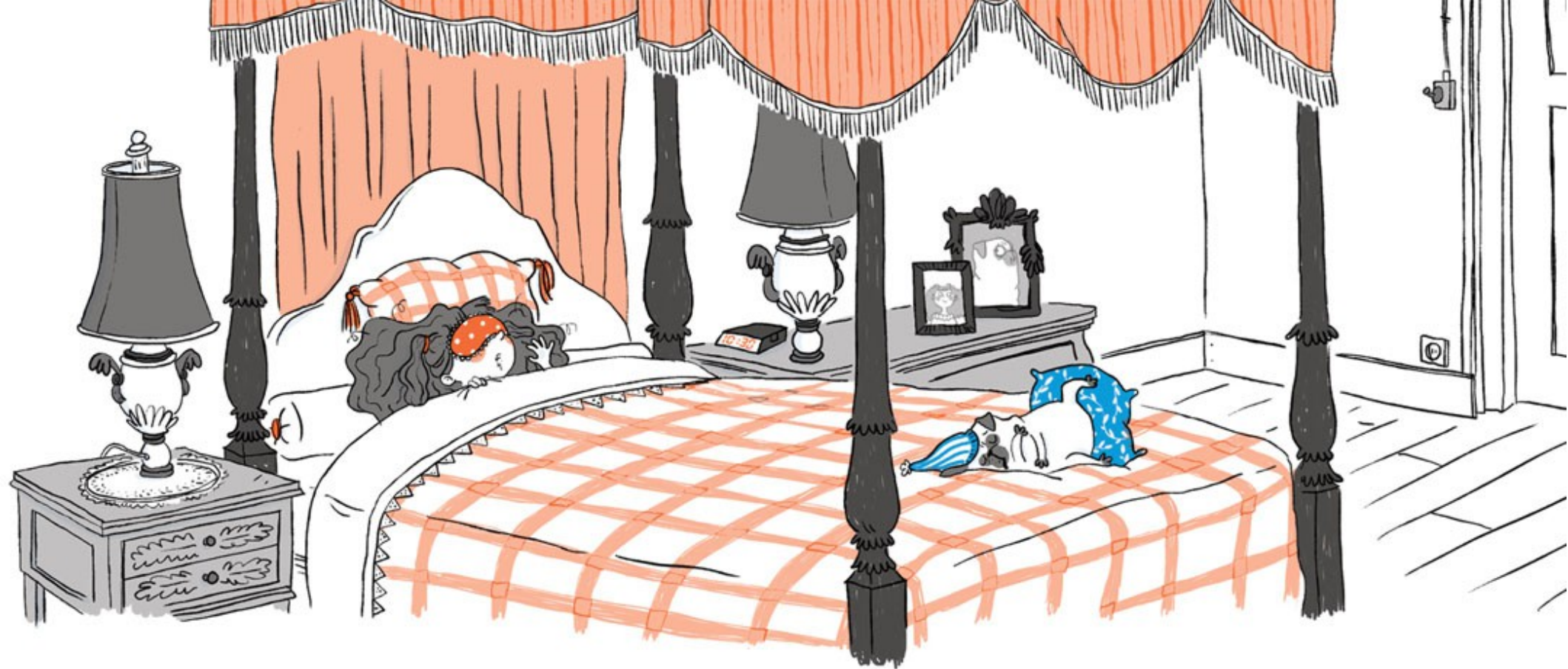
LAURA
JAMES



Illustrated by
ÉGLANTINE
CEULEMANS

Chapter 1





It was an ordinary morning at No. 10, The Crescent, and everyone was busy except Pug and his freckled companion, Lady Miranda, who were both still in bed, **snoring**.

Pug lay at the foot of the bed dreaming of jam tarts whilst Lady Miranda slept soundly, her eye mask firmly in place.

There was a gentle knock on the bedroom door. It was Lady Miranda's housekeeper, Wendy, carrying the breakfast tray. Pug wagged his curly tail in greeting, then padded over to where Lady Miranda was sleeping. He put his nose as close to hers as possible and breathed on her . . .

'Urgh, Pug!' said Lady Miranda, waking up with a start. 'Do you have to do that?'



'Your breakfast, m'lady,' said Wendy, placing the tray on Lady Miranda's lap and patting Pug on the head.

Pug's tummy was rumbling. Wendy had baked them some of her delicious jam tarts. Jam tarts were Pug's favourite breakfast.

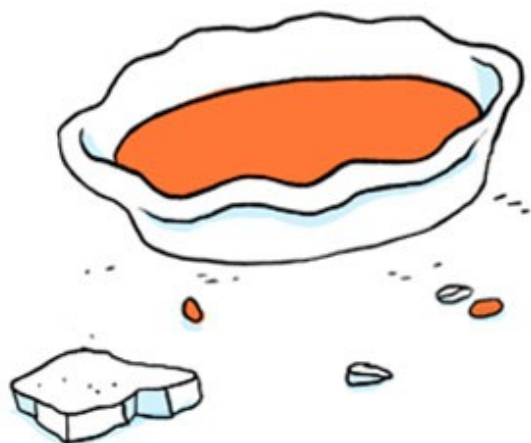
Mmmmmmmmmmm.



Pug **drooled** as Lady Miranda
lifted her eye mask and inspected the
breakfast tray.



‘What are we doing today, Wendy?’
Lady Miranda asked as she broke a
jam tart in half and gave Pug a piece.



‘Today m’lady, you have a birthday
party at the boating lake,’ Wendy
replied.



‘I do?’

‘Yes, m’lady. You’re to play on the
pedalos and then eat ice cream.’

Ice cream! thought Pug.

‘Peda-whats?’ asked Lady Miranda.

‘Pedalos. Little boats you power
yourself by pedalling.’

Wendy did a helpful mime.



Lady Miranda burst out laughing and a small bit of jam tart fell from her mouth.

Crumbs, thought Pug.

‘You’re so funny, Wendy,’ said Lady Miranda.

‘Why’s that, dear?’ asked Wendy.

‘Because there’s **NO WAY** I’m pedalling anything!’ Lady Miranda replied firmly. ‘If there’s pedalling to be done, we shall have to take Running Footman Will and Running Footman Liam.’



Running Footman Will and Running Footman Liam also worked for Lady Miranda. They did anything that Lady Miranda wanted outside the house, whilst Wendy did whatever Lady Miranda wanted inside the house.

Lady Miranda liked her footmen to look smart. Most people thought their stockings and buckled shoes were old-fashioned and laughed at their long coats and frilly cuffs, but Running Footman Will and Running Footman Liam didn't mind. They liked dressing up.



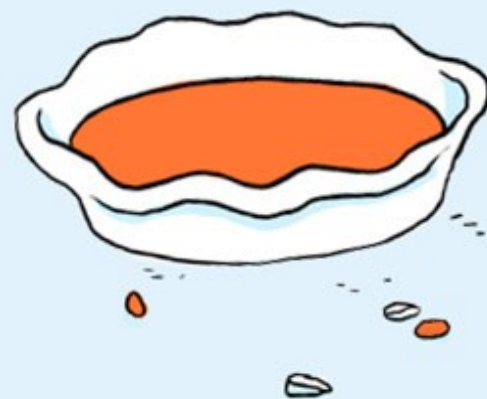
As soon as Wendy left the room,
Lady Miranda leapt out of bed and
began to rummage through her very
large wardrobe.



‘Oh, my Puggykins. A day at the boating lake!’ she exclaimed happily. ‘What shall we wear for our seafaring adventure?’

Seafaring adventure? thought Pug. He didn’t know much but he was sure there was a big difference between a *seafaring adventure* and a ride

in a pedalo. He didn’t like to correct her, though. Besides, he was too busy eyeing up the remaining jam tart, which had foolishly been left unattended.



He was about to take a bite of the particularly lonely-looking jam tart,



when Lady Miranda scooped him up in her arms and looked deep into his large brown eyes.



'Pug,' she said.
'I've found you a
nice little sailor
suit and I'm
going to make
you a captain.'

Pug gave a little jam tart burp.

A captain? Captains were in charge
of great big ships and away at sea for
weeks on end. Pug preferred to stay
at home.



He wasn't sure if he even *liked* water.

He always did his best to walk around puddles. And he definitely wasn't a fan of bath time.

Most importantly, how could he be a captain when he'd never even seen the sea?

Still, if it was what Lady Miranda wanted, Pug would try his best.

