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Buzzy-Wuzzy-Doodah (Buzz for short) is a Sausage Wolf.

Part Wolf. Part Sausage.

**SAUSAGE WOLF.**

Buzz loves to run free, the grass tickling  
his belly as his tongue flaps in the wind.

Sometimes he likes to howl. He'll howl  
at the moon. He'll howl at a spoon. He'll  
howl at a baboon (if it's being naughty).



When it comes to sniffing, Buzz is fearless.

Sniffing up here.

Sniffing down there.

Sniffing anything he can snuffle his big wet nose into.

Yes, Buzz certainly has a large dollop of Wolf in him.



But he also loves cuddles and snuggles and rolling around like a big, furry Sausage.



The sun was setting and the humans had gone Upstairs. But Buzz's tail was banging out a lively rhythm on his bed. He was too excited to sleep.

After only a few hours with the New Family, Buzz had decided they were the Best Owners in the History of the World.

They cuddled him. They fed him. They let him take them for walks.

What more could a little dog want?





Buzz knew he was lucky. His last human had been the Best Owner in the History of the World too. But now her knees were old, so she'd found him a new home.



Buzz felt a soft tickle. A tiny mouse, who had been napping in his tufty fur, stretched and yawned. She scampered down his leg to the kitchen floor.



‘What’s all that banging?’ asked the mouse sleepily.

‘Hello, Trilby!’ said Buzz.

He was so pleased to sniff his friend,  
he nearly inhaled her hat.

‘Sorry for my noisy tail,’ Buzz continued.  
‘It’s because I’m excited about my new owners.  
I’m a bit nervous too. Do you think they know  
I’m a Sausage Wolf?’

Trilby twitched her whiskers thoughtfully.

‘I think your new owners will love you,’  
she said. ‘I also think being owned is a weird  
idea. But hey, we’re all different.’

Buzz lay down, and the little mouse  
climbed on to his outstretched paw.

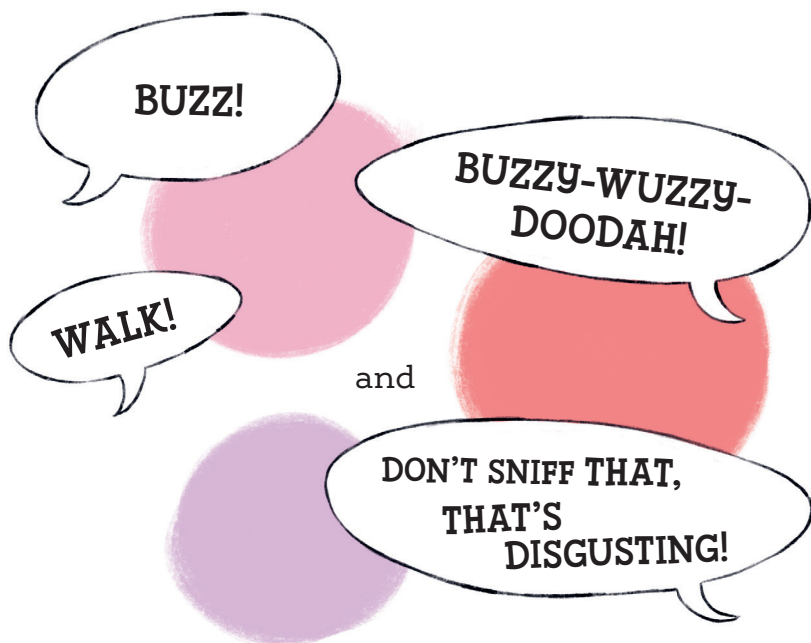
‘I’ll see what I can find out about these  
humans in the morning,’ she continued,  
nestling into his fur.

Buzz’s tail wagged gratefully.

Trilby was such a clever friend. She knew all her times tables and could speak several languages, including Beetle, Dog, Human and Armadillo (though she'd never had a chance to practise her Armadillo).



Buzz only understood a few Human words.  
These included:

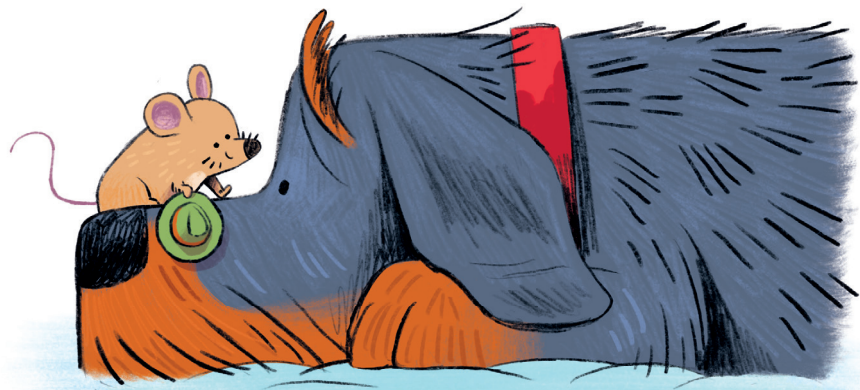


Humans never had a clue what he was saying. For some reason, it all sounded like 'woof' to them.

Buzz understood people by their actions. If they gave him cuddles and treats, they were pleased with him. If they didn't give him cuddles and treats, he'd let them down.

The New Family hadn't given Buzz a cuddle or a treat for over an hour.

'What if they decide not to keep me?' he said, his fluffy eyebrows arching upwards like a pair of dancing caterpillars. 'What if I'm the wrong dog for them?'



Trilby looked at her friend and smiled.

‘Just be yourself, Buzz,’ she said.

‘Be yourself.’

Then she closed her eyes and fell asleep.

Trilby’s advice helped Buzz to relax,  
though he didn’t understand it.

BE YOURSELF.

It sounded wise. But what did it mean?

Buzz yawned as wide as a Wolf and curled  
up as snug as a Sausage. He warmed his bed  
with a little fart – Mmmm, cosy! – and drifted  
off to sleep.





The next morning, Buzz woke up happy. He'd had his favourite dream – the one where he chases a squirrel along a golden beach to the Land of Biscuits. The squirrel wore a different costume every time. Last night, she had been dressed as a pirate.







Buzz sat up, sniffing hungrily. His New Family were in the kitchen for breakfast.

‘Morning!’ whispered Trilby, peeping out from the safety of her friend’s tufty fur. ‘I’ve discovered some facts about the humans that may help you.’

‘Thanks, Trilby,’ whispered Buzz. ‘What have you found out?’

‘They come in three sizes,’ replied the mouse. ‘Big, medium and small. The medium one is called Leo and he is eight years old.’

Leo was pouring milk into a bowl of crunchy cereal. Buzz sniffed the sugary air and drooled.

‘The big one is called Mummy or Mum,’ said Trilby. ‘Age unknown.’

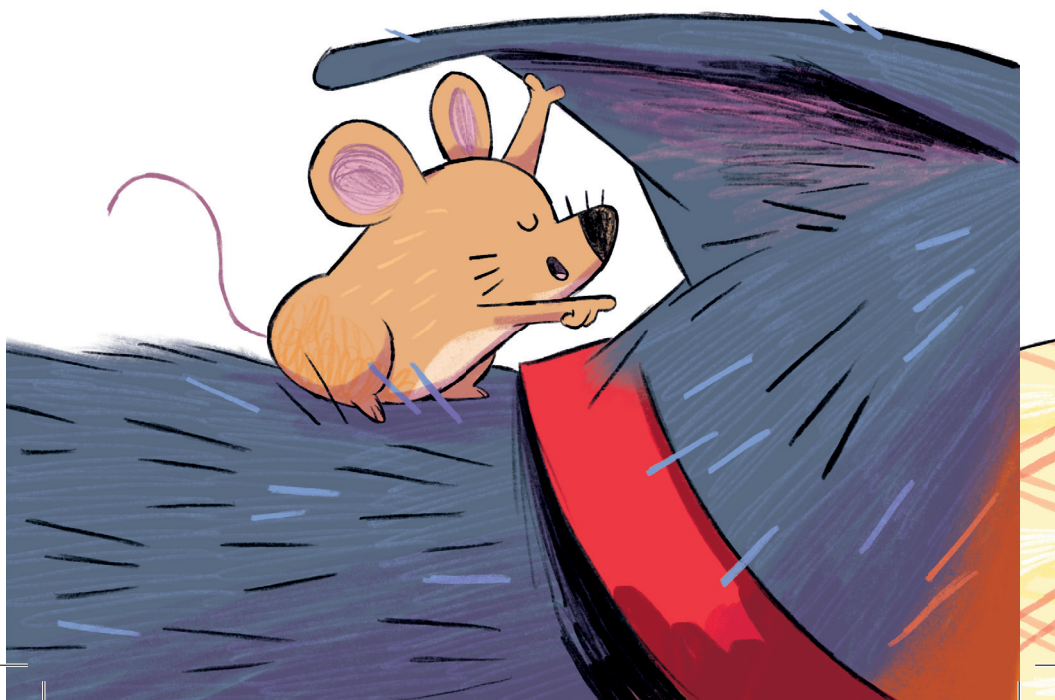
Mum was stroking toast with a knife.



Buzz inhaled the hot, buttery smell and licked his chops.

‘What about the fierce one?’ asked Buzz, nodding towards the smallest human. She was dressed in a panda onesie and had her hair in bunches. A soggy-eared bunny was tucked under her arm in a loving headlock.

‘That one,’ said Trilby, ‘is Britney.’





Britney was covered in honey. As the sweet smell tickled his nose, Buzz's tongue hung from his open mouth like ham on a washing line.



At mealtimes, Buzz always longed for whatever the humans were having. But he wanted to be a good dog on their first morning together, so he chomped down his own breakfast. It was sloppy and lacked seasoning, but Buzz still loved the New Family for giving it to him.

He licked his bowl clean, determined to become their perfect dog.

**A dog they would keep forever.**





## 2

After breakfast, an idea plopped into Buzz's head.

'I need to find out who the pack leader is,' he said. 'If the leader loves me, the others will follow.'

'I'm not really into following leaders,' said Trilby. 'I believe we should follow our hearts. But I know how important the pack is to you,

Buzz. So, let's watch these humans in action.  
See which one of them acts like a leader.'

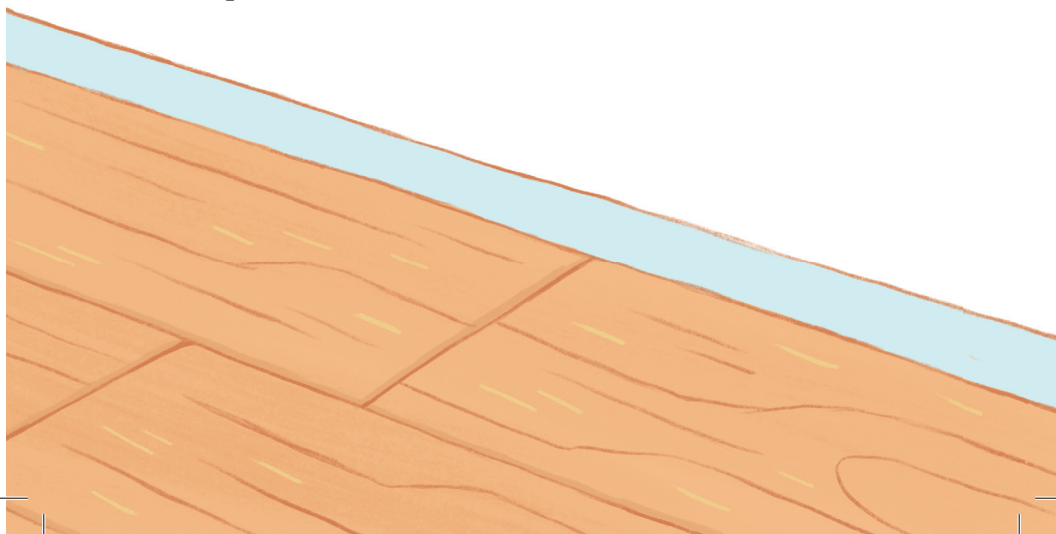
'Great idea, Trilby!' said Buzz, setting off  
to find the family.





Trilby and Buzz often travelled together. Tucked up in her friend's fur, the little mouse was safe from all those beady-eyed beasties that wanted to gobble her up outside.

Buzz's tufty bits kept her hidden away from meddling humans too. Sadly, whenever people saw Trilby riding on Buzz, they screamed at her – as if she'd stowed away without permission. But Buzz loved having his best friend on board! The soft tickle of curious whiskers, the soothing smell of cheese, the whispered words of wisdom . . .



Buzz began by watching Mum. She hurried from room to room, picking things up and putting them down again. Mum seemed very busy.



Next, Buzz watched Britney lining up her toy animals. She lined them up on the floor, the table, the windowsill and the sofa. When they toppled over, she gave them a fierce stare and lined them up again. Britney seemed busy too.



Leo lay on the rug, doodling in a notebook.  
Sometimes he laughed. Sometimes he sighed.  
Leo seemed busy too, in his own way.

By lunchtime, Buzz knew who the pack  
leader was.



‘It’s Britney,’ he said. ‘Because the others do whatever she says.’

‘Hmm,’ said Trilby, lowering a half-nibbled cornflake. ‘Mum comes running when Britney yells, “MUMMY!”. Leo fetches that rabbit every time Britney yells, “Where’s Funny Wabbit?”. When Britney giggles, the others make her giggle more. When she screams, they cheer her up. They worship her and they fear her. I agree, Buzz. Britney is the leader.’

‘Then I will follow her everywhere,’ said Buzz. ‘And I will do whatever she wants.’





In the living room, Britney directed Buzz to line up beside her other animals. There was a woollen duck with marbles for eyes, a pink bear with 'I Love Hugs' on its tummy, a grey thing that might have been a donkey or a hippo, and a giraffe with a floppy neck.

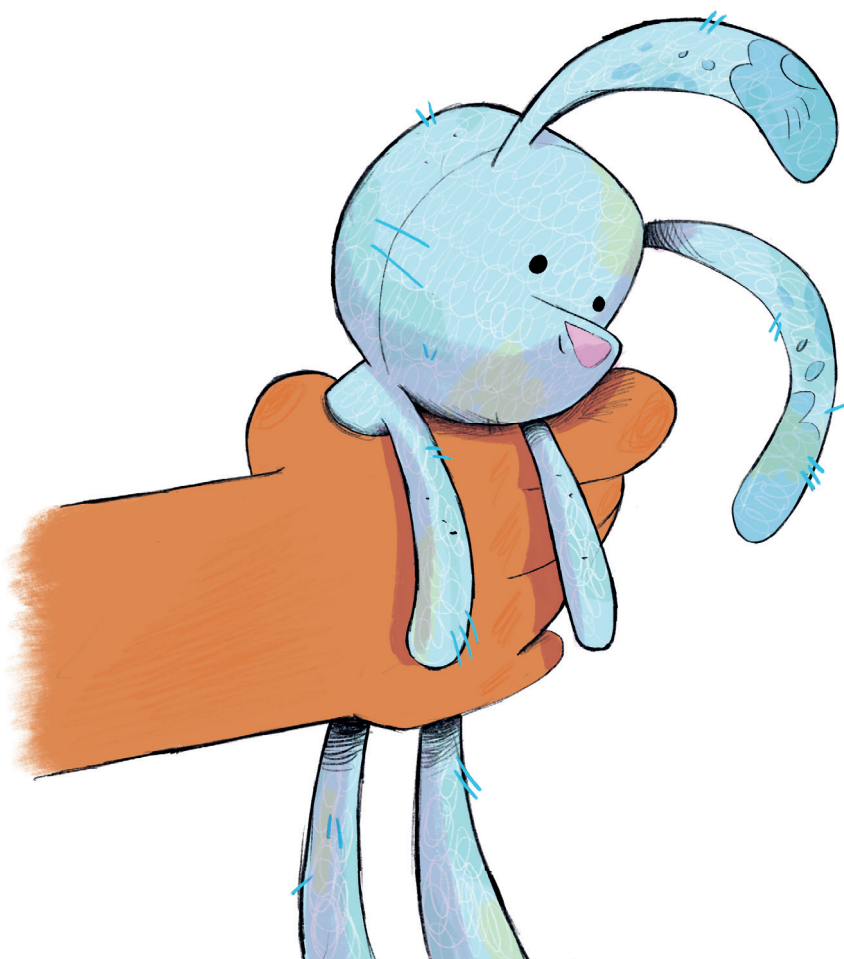
Buzz sat up straight. The others sagged like they couldn't be bothered.

This will get me in the leader's good books! he thought, holding in a nervous fart.



‘Funny Wabbit dancing,’ Britney announced. ‘You watch.’

Funny Wabbit was scruffy and worn-out and his ears were soggy. But he was the only one the pack leader would take orders from.



‘Funny Wabbit scared of crocodile next door,’ she said, wagging the bunny in Buzz’s face. ‘Buzz! Tell off naughty crocodile. Do some **GRRR!**’

Britney growled.



Buzz wondered what to do. Growling had got him into trouble in the past. On the other paw, Britney was the pack leader. If growling was going to make her love him, he should do it.



Buzz growled. **GRRR!**

Britney looked startled. Then she giggled and said, 'Good dog!'

Buzz liked being called 'good dog'. He also liked growling. It felt sort of . . . natural. A very Wolf thing to do.



‘Follow me, Buzz!’ said Britney. She marched around the living room and Buzz followed, growling at things on the way.

He **growled** at a cushion.



He **growled** at the TV.



He **growled** at the grey thing that might have been a hippo or a donkey.

After a while, Britney lost interest in marching around and sat down to do a puzzle.

‘How do you feel about all this growling?’  
whispered Trilby.

‘At first, I wasn’t sure,’ Buzz whispered back. ‘But I like it. Be Yourself, you said.

Well, this is myself. **I am Wolf! GRRRRR!’**



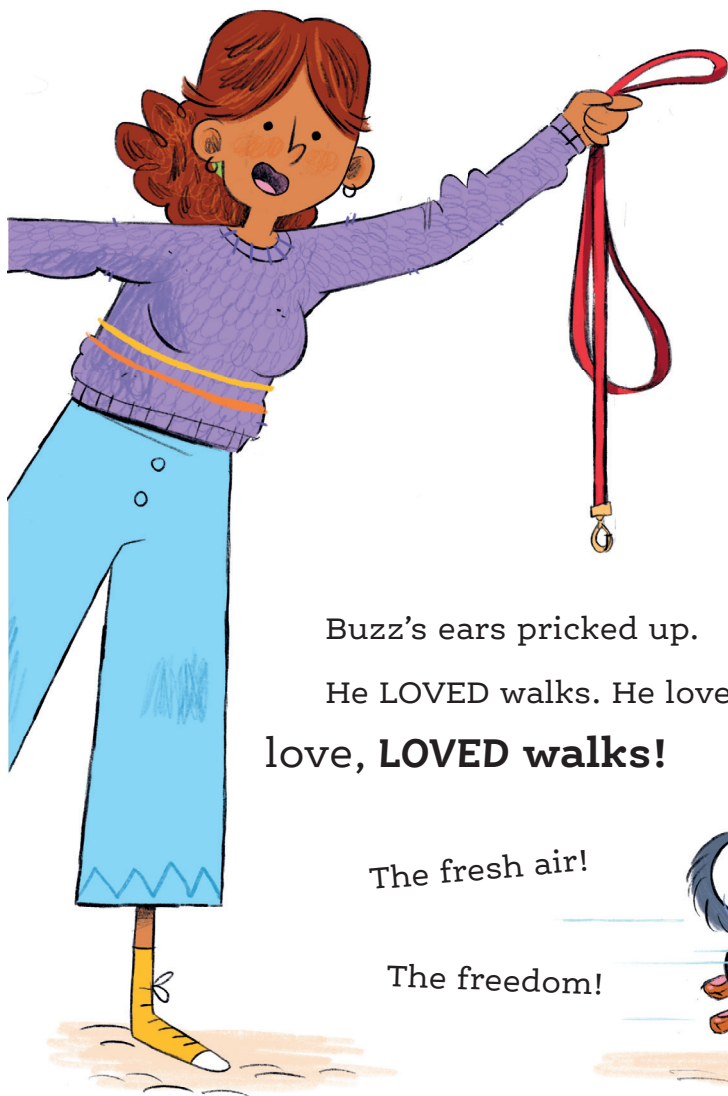
‘Yes,’ said Trilby. ‘But you are also Sausage.’

‘Pack leader doesn’t want a Sausage,’ said Buzz. ‘She wants a Wolf.’

At that moment, Mum poked her head round the door. Trilby retreated into the safety of Buzz’s fur.

‘Shoes on, children,’ said Mum. ‘Time for Buzz’s walk.’





Buzz's ears pricked up.

He LOVED walks. He love, love,  
love, **LOVED** walks!

The fresh air!

The freedom!

The chance to have a wee!

‘Woof! Woof! Walk! Walk! Wee! Wee!’ sang  
Buzz, jumping for joy.



Britney, however, did not want a walk.  
Squishing her face into a chubby-cheeked ball  
of fury, she prepared an enormous scream . . .





‘Ice lolly in the park?’ said Mum quickly.

‘Yay! Lolly!’ giggled Britney, running out of the room with Funny Wabbit’s soggy ears clenched in her fist. Mum followed.

‘How swiftly the big human surrenders to her small but powerful leader,’ said Trilby, leaping off her friend to grab some snacks for the journey.

‘I’m so excited,’ said Buzz, his tail wagging wildly. ‘But I must not forget to be Wolf.

**GRRR! AWOOO!’**

‘Wolf is only part of who you are,’ said Trilby, packing a tiny flask of cheese soup into a tiny knapsack.







But Buzz wasn't listening. He was too busy being Wolf.

'Outside, I'm allowed to drop off my little packages,' he said. 'My old owner used to collect them in special bags. They must be very precious. I wonder who will collect my little packages now?'

Buzz turned towards his friend.

'I'm sorry, Trilby, but you're too small,' he said. 'I'm talking about poo poos, by the way.'

‘Yes, I got that. Thank you, Buzz,’ replied the clever mouse.

Then she hopped on board, and off they went.

