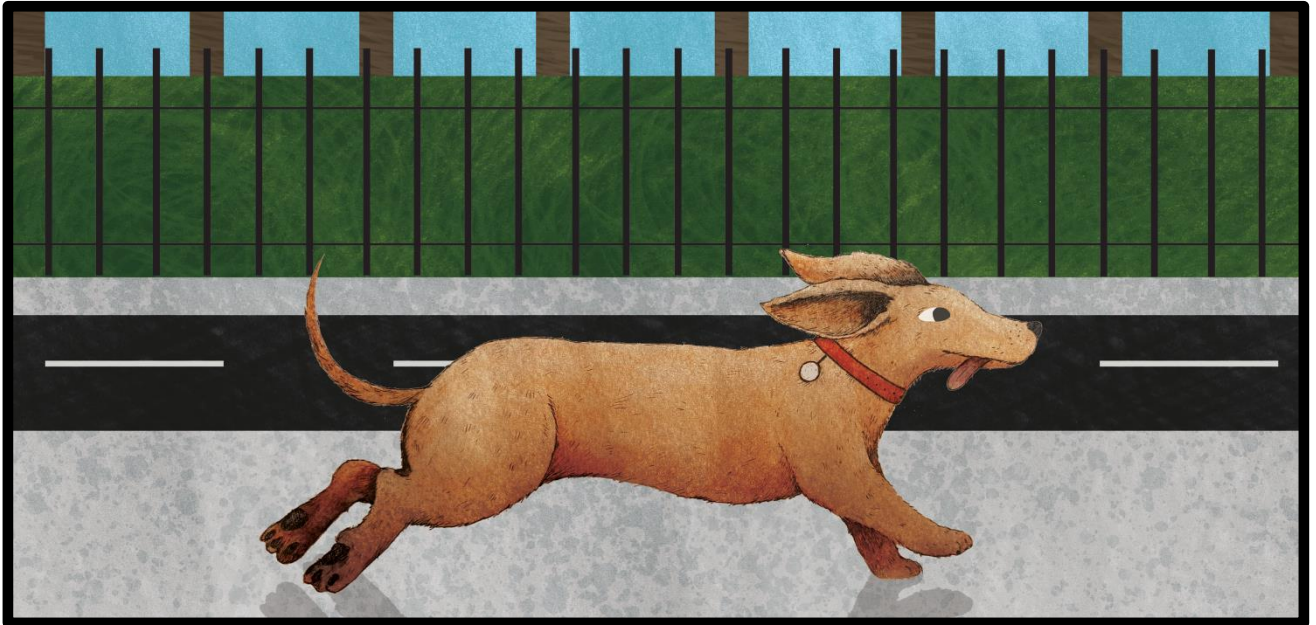


Deepening Understanding

YR2 Narrative

The Adventures of Zippy by Beth Gascoigne-Owens



Once upon a naughty day lived a cheeky puppy called Zippy. You might think you've met a dog like Zippy before. You might even think that your dog is mischievous like Zippy but I'm here to tell you you've met no animal as bad as him. These are the tales of Zippy, the craziest puppy in town.

His tale begins as a tiny, tiny puppy. He had been living with eight year old Jessie and six year old Joseph for only a few days. The brother and sister absolutely adored their new puppy. They wanted to play with him morning and night and Zippy wasn't going to say no to that! On the third morning, the children's mother came quietly downstairs to avoid waking her children but there in Zippy's dog bed, inside the dog crate, were Jessie and Joseph fast asleep!

'What on earth are you two doing?' Mother exclaimed loudly, waking the children with a shock. The day was only going to



make mother more cross as the children and Zippy continued with their adventures.

It wasn't more than a few seconds before Zippy grew bored with playing with his new friends Jessie and Joseph so he decided to explore. He sniffed into every corner then sniffed under every chair, cupboard and sofa. After that, he ran upstairs to sniff in the bedrooms and ended up deciding to sniff Mother's bed. Up he jumped with a huge leap for such little legs.

The bed was warm and cosy and he was ever so grateful to have such a nice bed to rest in. In fact he was so grateful that he snuggled down to leave Mother a lovely little present. Oh how cross she would be!

Within a few seconds, he grew bored again. He sneakily tiptoed down the stairs, took a little look around and then gently nudged the front door with his head. Bingo! The door slowly opened a few centimetres which was more than enough space for the tiny Zippy to squeeze through. What a cheeky dog! Off he trotted, down the gravelly driveway (stopping briefly to leave another little present) and along the pavement. Cars passed him and he flapped his tail to say hello. It was exciting being in the big wide world all by himself. He scampered on until he came to the nearby village.

The village smells were delightful. When he passed the cafes and restaurants, they all sounded exciting and the smell of the food wafted towards his nose. In he trotted to the café wagging his tail to say hello and wondering what he'd see. Yum chips! Within a second, he leapt up onto the chair beside a shocked looking family. He didn't pause. He grabbed a few chips into his hungry mouth and raced his way back towards the door, leaving a little present on his way. Naughty Zippy!



Meanwhile the children were frantically searching for the little chap. 'Zippy!' they shouted. 'Where are you Zippy?' Little did they know he was now making his way home from the village café. He was growing a little tired now so he was very pleased to see a familiar place. The door was now closed so Zippy cuddled down into the big lavender plant next to the front door. It was warm and the smell was marvellous. It was hours before the family finally found the pesky puppy. There he was snoozing soundly in the lavender pot.

'Oh I wonder what he's dreaming of?' Jessie said, gazing at the adorable sleeping pup who was happily twitching and snoring.

Well, years of adventures passed for the family who always did wonder what Zippy was thinking about as he did his many naughty deeds. I'm here to tell you that he always thought about two things and two things only: treats and food. Oh and he occasionally thought about treats and foods too. Naughty Zippy.

