



Animal Stories

By Enid Blyton

Tommy-Dog and Prince



Tommy-Dog lived with his master in a little tumbledown cottage at the end of Tiptop Village. He wasn't a terrier, and he wasn't a collie, and he wasn't an Alsatian. I couldn't tell you what he was – he just wasn't anything but a plain dog. But his master loved him and called him a fine fellow.



Prince was a beautiful Alsatian dog, so like a grand wolf that you could hardly tell he wasn't. He was worth a lot of money, and he was as proud as could be. He walked along the road as if it belonged to him, and if he met Tommy-Dog he growled at him angrily.



‘Growl away, Prince High and Mighty!’ Tommy barked back. ‘I can race you any day, though you run like the wind! My legs are as good as yours!’



‘Common little dog!’ said Prince in his deep growly voice.

‘Keep out of my way. I am prize dog. I win prizes at shows. You wouldn’t win a prize at all – except for the ugliest, commonest dog in the show. Wooooooof!’



Tommy-Dog ran home. He was sometimes a bit sad because he knew quite well he was a common little dog, and would certainly never win a prize at any show. He didn't want a prize for himself – but it would be so nice to win a prize for his master, whom he loved very much!



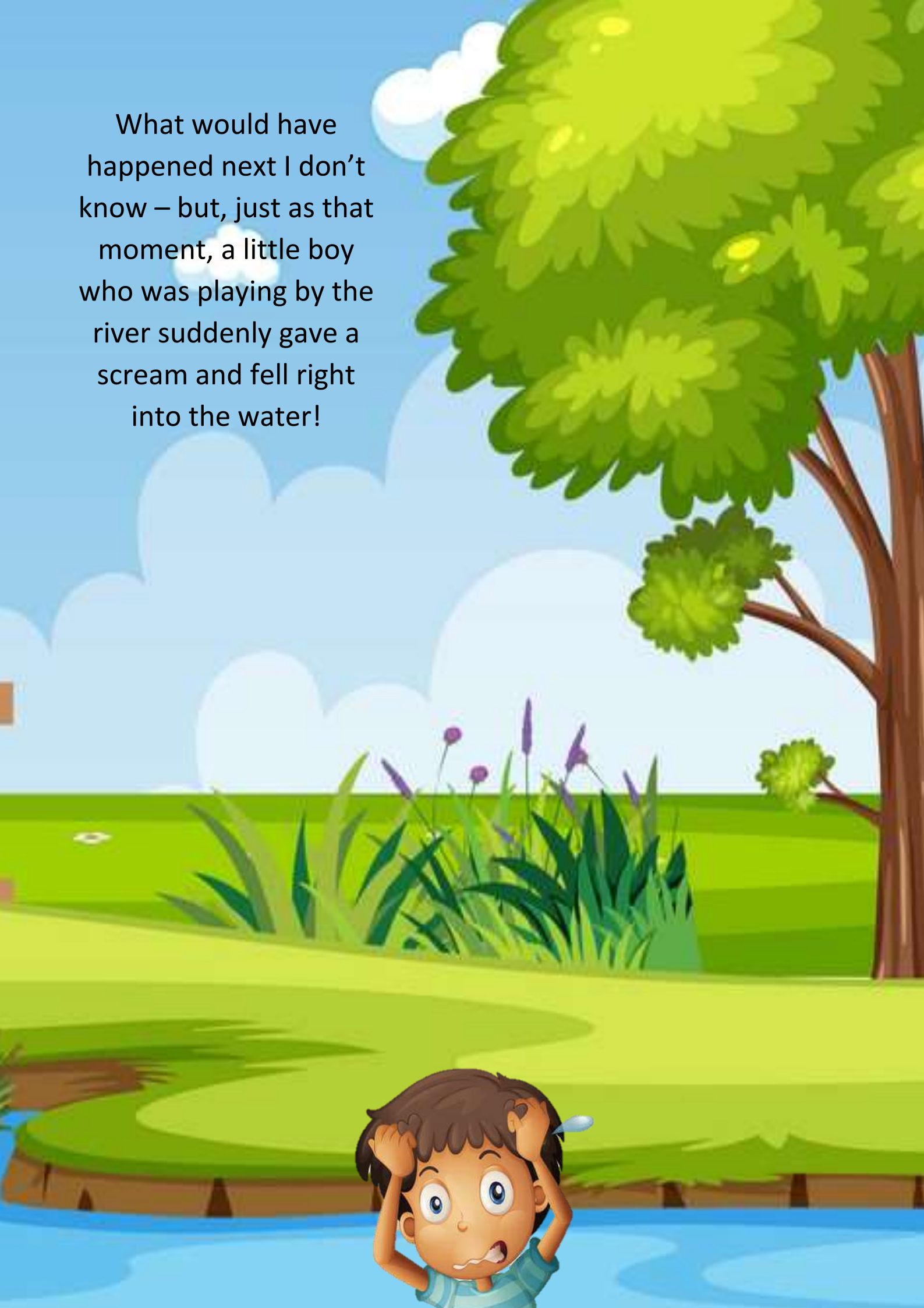
Now, one day Prince and Tommy met by the river.
'Woooooof!' said Prince, snarling at Tommy-Dog. 'Why
don't you keep out of my way? I don't like your looks. I
don't like your smell. I don't like your –'



'I don't like your manners!' said Tommy, and he actually bit the end of Prince's tail!



What would have happened next I don't know – but, just as that moment, a little boy who was playing by the river suddenly gave a scream and fell right into the water!



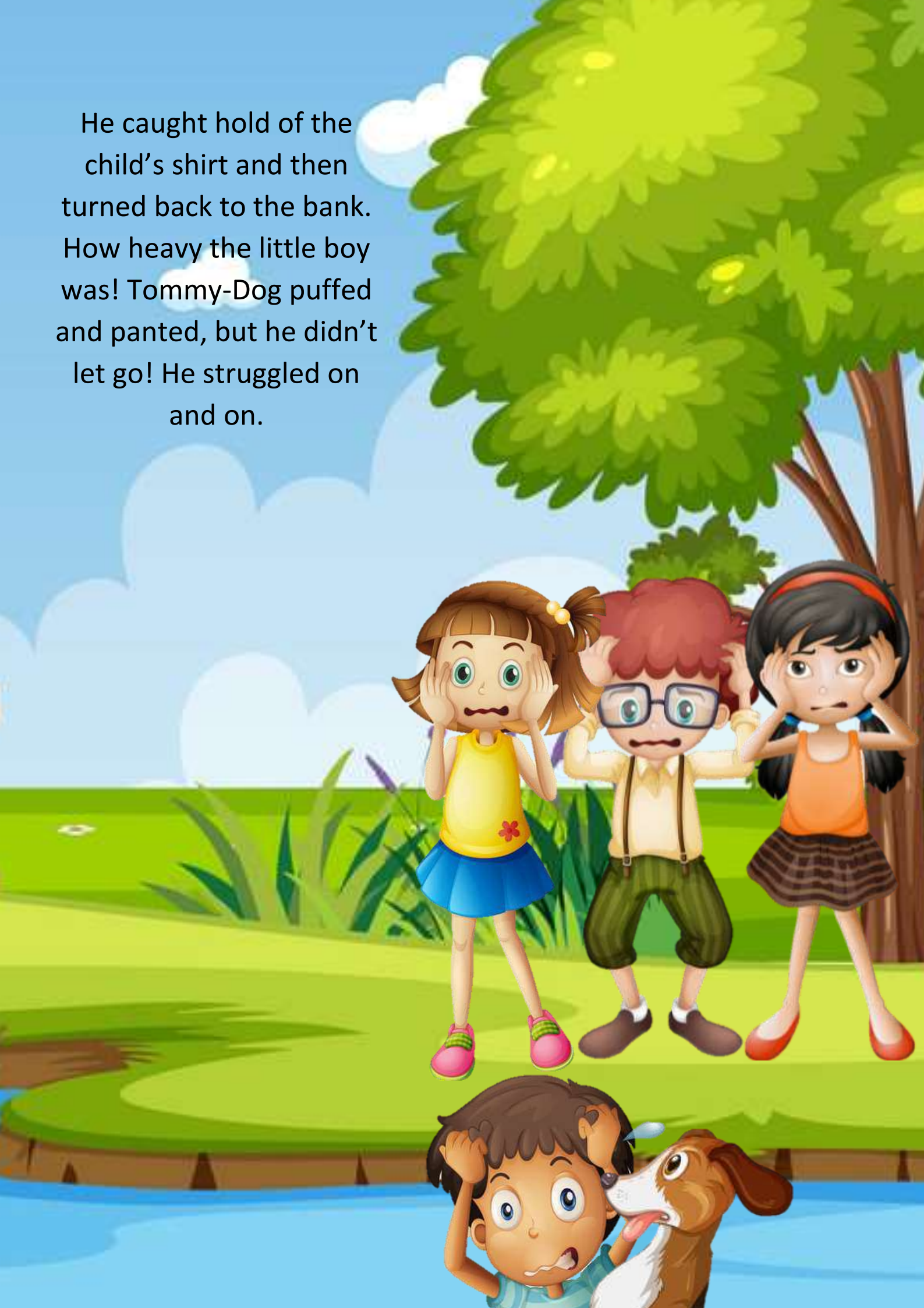
'Help! Help!' shouted the other children. Prince stared at the water. Tommy-Dog stared too and barked to Prince: 'You are a big strong dog. Jump in and pull the little boy out!'



But Prince ran away! It was Tommy-Dog who jumped into the cold water and swam bravely to the little boy.



He caught hold of the child's shirt and then turned back to the bank. How heavy the little boy was! Tommy-Dog puffed and panted, but he didn't let go! He struggled on and on.



'Look at that good little dog!' suddenly cried a man's voice. 'He's got the child safely! Come on – let's help him!'



But Tommy needed no help. Just at that moment he reached the bank, and the little boy, spluttering and choking, climbed out, pulled by the other children.



‘Brave dog! Good dog!’
cried all the watching
people, for there was
now quite a crowd by
the river.

‘Who is he? Why, he is
the little dog belonging
to Mr Brown!’



Tommy-Dog didn't know what all the fuss was about. He shook himself well and ran off home.



'Brave dog! Good dog!'
everyone shouted after
him. And then someone
said, 'I saw that great big
Alsatian dog called
Prince run away! He
didn't rescue Timmy!



‘He was a coward – he
ran away and left the job
to a dog three times as
small as himself.
Tommy-Dog deserves a
medal!’



Soon the news about Tommy-Dog was all around the town.



A newspaper man came to see Tommy-Dog's master and took Tommy's photograph! It was in the paper the next morning and underneath Tommy's picture said ...



DAILY NEWS



**‘The finest dog in our town, Tommy-Dog,
who saved little Timmy from the river!
What shall we give him for a reward?’**

Now, the next week there was a dog show in the town at the annual town carnival, and, of course, Prince was going, for he hoped to win the best prizes.



And, do you know, a man came to Tommy-Dog's master and asked him to take Tommy too.



‘He won’t win a prize for being a beautiful dog,’ he said,
‘but the dog show people want to give him a medal and a
fine red collar because he is the bravest dog they know.
Little Timmy is to give it to him!’



So Tommy-Dog, much to his surprise, was taken to the show, nicely washed and brushed.



Prince went too – and when he saw Tommy-Dog he laughed and said, ‘Fancy you turning up at my show, Tommy! Coming to see me take all the prizes?’



'Hello, funny-face!' said Tommy-Dog, and ran along beside his master.



Prince did win a prize – but, oh dear, what do you suppose he felt like, when, at the end of the show, he saw the chief judge go up to the platform and call for Tommy-Dog.



Prince, the big, prize-winning Alsatian, was by the river too – but he ran away! It was little Tommy-Dog that jumped into the water! Three cheers for Tommy-Dog!’



‘Hip hip hip hurrah!’ shouted everyone. And then up to the platform ran little Timmy, carrying a fine road collar with a silver medal hanging from it.



He put the collar round Tommy's neck. How the medal shone and glittered when Tommy wagged his little tail! He was the happiest dog in the world.



His master was sitting nearby, looking so pleased and proud of his dog. Tommy wuffed to him. I've won a prize for you, master! I may be a common little dog, but I've done something after all!



Everyone went home talking to
Tommy-Dog.



Prince went home too, his tail drooping. What did it matter winning a prize for being splendid and beautiful to look at? Nobody looked at him – they all wanted to see Tommy, that common little dog!



Prince sat by the fire and thought and thought.



It isn't good looks that matter after all, or even good manners! He thought to himself. It is good deeds. I must tell Tommy when I see him.



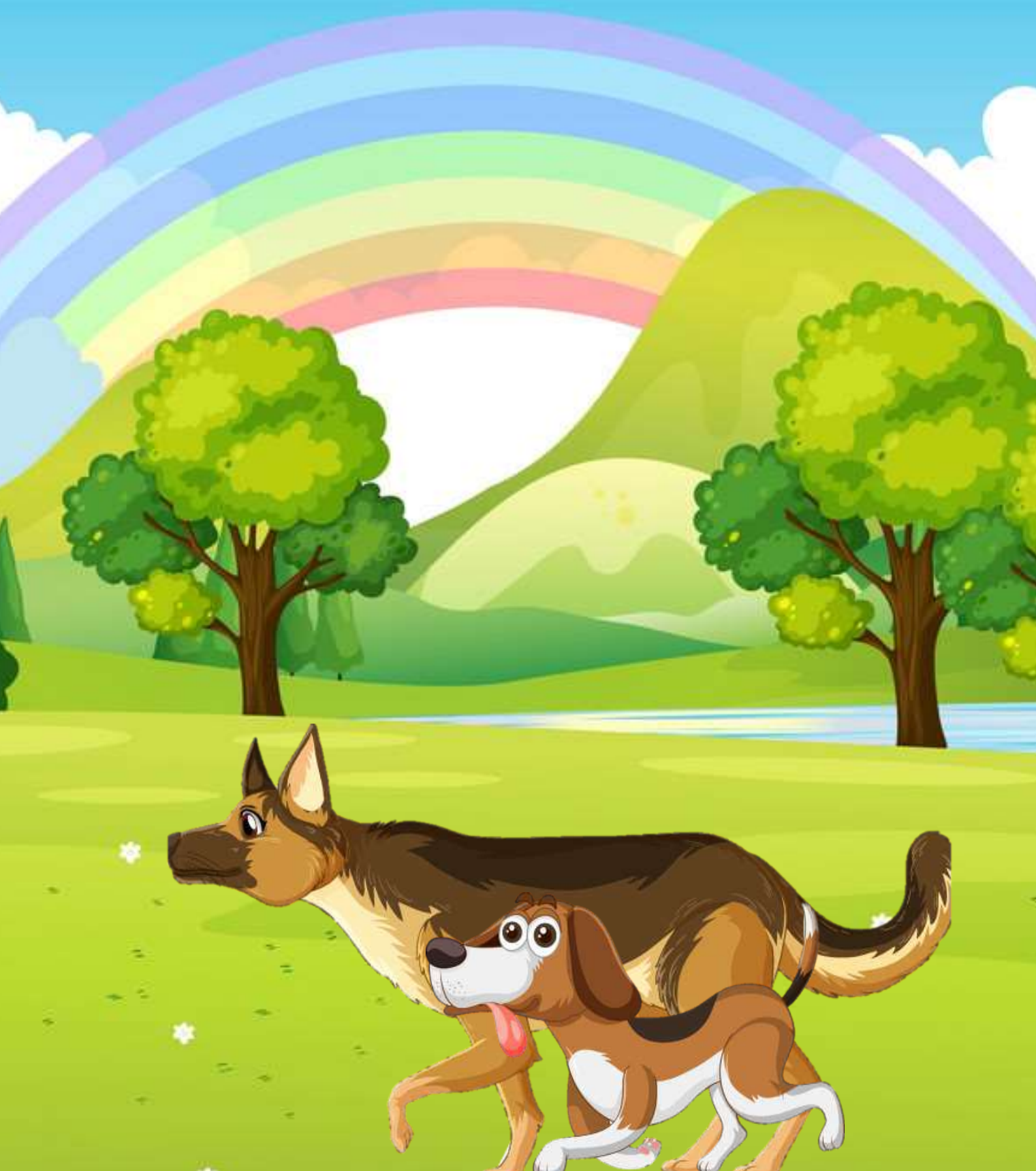
So, the next time he saw Tommy he ran over him. 'Tommy-Dog, I may be a grand-looking dog, but you are a better dog than I am,' he said. 'I'd like to be friends with you, if you'll let me.'



‘Wuff-wuff! Of course,’ said Tommy. ‘Pleased to go for a walk with you any day, Prince!’



And now the two are always seen together, and perhaps one day Prince will be able to show that he can be as brave as Tommy. What do you think?





THINK

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