



The girl at the shelter says Hen is part one kind of dog and part another, but I can't remember which dogs.

To me, Hen's just Hen. We take him home in a cardboard box that used to be for cereal.





I need some money to buy him more toys, but Mum says Hen must learn not to eat everything he sees.

“No more,” says Dad before I get a chance to even ask him. “Save your money.”

So, I call my gran because Gran doesn't make a fuss about anything.





Hen sniffs at it.

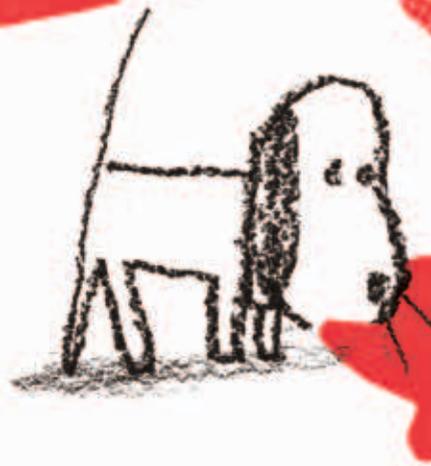
He jumps on it and bites deep into the material.

Then he pulls it across the floor and shakes his head furiously. I hear him growling.





But no matter how he tries, his little teeth can't rip the seams, because it's too well sewn.



I think he likes it!

After a while, Hen is tired and decides to take a little nap.

