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Little Lana

#yumyum #turkeylover #adventures

FOREWORD

All the characters in our stories are stuck up, oops, made up, well, dreamt up.

Yours, L.

Lana is a perfectly real Scottish West Highland Terrier, while Little Lana from the story is the author's alter ego and it is not uncommon for them to get mixed up. The adventures are very much of the literary kind and promise plenty of laughs and lots of fun.

It pays off to write a book – even if it's only so you can write a dedication or acknowledgement. We (L. & K.) would like to thank all the wonderful and lovely people whose names start with an A, the friendly folk whose names start with a B, we don't know anyone whose name starts with a C, then moving on to E and D, while also giving a special mention to M and N (our test reader). We firmly believe that all the letters are very pretty and effective, if only you can make them into words and sentences, let alone a book, which starts with a B, and we're already getting close to Z, so we would like to give a big thank you to all of us for being kind to one another.

*P.S. About the upcoming book

Did you know that the year of the dirty, messy, scruffy L. started on 16th January 2018? Of course you did! It was on that fateful Tuesday that, according to the Chinese calendar, the year of the brown, earthy dog began! In short, who else but the messy, mucky, dirt-covered Lana. The universe has therefore decided to adapt to us, we who do not follow cosmic events closely enough, and will accompany the publishing of this book. A book that was in the making for almost two years. There is one more interesting space fact connected to the 1958 year of the dog that you should know – the name of the brave doggy who was the first to go to space also began with a L...

CHAPTER 2

Little Lana and her First Burglar

That night Little Lana couldn't get a good night's rest so she decided to scratch at the front door so persistently and for so long that, by morning, a hole of envious size could be found in the door, not that anybody really envied this door. Her owner, on the other hand, was having quite the opposite night, sleeping like a rock, as people like to say when they sleep soundly and nothing can disturb them, not even if a burglar broke in to rob them. But that almost certainly could not happen with Little Lana vigilantly scratching at the door. Lana might not really know what a burglar looked like, since she had never yet properly met one, but her owner still hoped that the little dog would sniff one out straight away if only she had the chance. Unless they knocked at the door, then Little Lana would probably welcome them, standing on the last step, wagging her tail, and before the burglar could even start burgling (as you know, burglars burgle, that's their job!) they would first have to stroke Lana a little or scratch her under her chin or behind her ears. But no burglar came and neither did anyone else. Little Lana continued to scratch at the door, then took a little break from her strenuous task before she once again began her diligent scratching.

ScRatch sCraTCH

The night turned into a dreary grey morning, with the clouds covering the sky like big wet blanket. Not really the idea of a perfect day from a human point of view. BUT, NEVERTHELESS, LITTLE LANA WAS EXCITED. She never let a bit of bad weather get in the way of her good fun, no heat, drought or other dog days of summer could bring her down, neither could any other cosmic events such as the full moon, which tended to have a greater effect on people.

In her mind, Little Lana was already looking forward to going to the seaside in a few months to help Czech families solve crossword puzzles, at least the more difficult parts that they get stuck on when they don't know what to write in the little boxes going down or across. It is true that Little Lana hadn't solved any crossword puzzles yet, it's not like there are any doggy crosswords, but that doesn't mean that she isn't smart enough to actually do it. While thinking about crosswords (six across, turkey, seven down, rooster) she heard the quick steps of someone hurrying up the stairs in the block of flats. She didn't recognise these footsteps. They definitely sounded unfamiliar.

clomp, thud, blamhkrgrh, sstomp clonk,

She could immediately tell that this early morning visitor was a new one and hadn't been here before. But she couldn't tell if they were young, old, good-looking, or if she should be happy to see them or not. In an instant, she put on a brave face and, without a second thought, ran towards the noise. Can you imagine how many steps she had to leap down in her rush to get there? No?

First she launched herself down the steps three at a time and almost landed on her little black nose, a nose whose favourite smell was Rotting Frog (by the famous Fields behind the Flat brand; its second favourite was Eau de Manuré, from the same brand, and its third favourite was Beef Bone, dug up from the middle a field), then she somewhat slowed down her big rush and leaped over only a couple of steps at a time: 1, 2, 3, 3, 67, 89, 55 ... she ran down 117 steps and a half, when, with her paw still in the air, she came to an abrupt stop as she found herself face to face with the burglar. Lana didn't let out even the smallest bark. If she had, the crook might have been startled and would have escaped the long arm of the law, or should we say the long paw of the law (to be exact). These paws had to give some thought to what to do next.

While she was trying to think of a just punishment according to the Doggy Criminal Code, you may like to know that Little Lana lived in a block of flats, which is far from the natural habitat of dogs who are animals that like to run about outside, chasing things. Not only that, she lived on the 4th floor. The flats themselves were neither new nor very posh, but her little home was like new, well, apart from where she had already chewed at it and her owner had sewn up the tears. But we shouldn't get too wrapped up in petty things, what does a torn dog bed really know about itself? It doesn't care if it is pretty or beautiful, sewn in a factory, by machine or by hand, blue or green and beige, like Lana's is. Her bed was a dark green and beige colour.

Why, oh why, do some colours have to have foreign names? Beige. And there are so many different shades of beige, from light beige to a very dark, dirty beige; believe it or not, Lana's favourite shade. All her favourite colours are dark and dirty colours. Especially if she is the one to make them dark and dirty. She adores dirty jeans and other kinds of trousers, even if they are a dirty blue or dirty red colour. She also loves other items of clothing, dirty, of course, well, of a dirty...colour. Her home is under the dirty white steps that lead to the artistic part of the flat – to a gallery where they are many paintings, paints and paintbrushes, as the gallery is connected to a studio. Little Lana isn't on any of the paintings, well, not in a way that you could immediately recognise her. But she could, in fact, be in almost all of them since the paintings are modern and it is the person looking at them who decides what they see in them. Therefore, maybe it is best if we all just decide to see Lana in the pictures.

While thinking of ways to punish the burglar, Little Lana came up with some interesting ideas:

a) Attack the burglar like a proper dog does, by sinking her little ragged teeth into the thick fabric of their trousers;

b) Block the burglar's path with her loudest and most fierce terrier barks that sound as though they are coming from a Great Dane;

- i) c) Put her paw on the step,
- ii) z) Go back home, stuff herself full of turkey and wait for the next (turkey), which is her favourite idea of them all – if you don't know what to do, stay at home and snuggle up with some delicious turkey.

She decided that c) and a) were the best plans of action (and later also Plan Z).

She sank her teeth firmly into the burglar's dirty trousers and began to growl.

Meanwhile, her owner, who had been dreaming about a lovely fish dinner and had begun to drool just a little, bounded down the steps, also taking several steps at a time and almost falling flat on her face, but saved herself by using a graceful ballet move catch hold of the orange hand rail and landed right behind the burglar. She had the phone pressed to her ear, calling 112, the police, the boys in blue or the blue boys? Did it even matter? The officers of the law stormed in, cuffed the burglar who, in addition to stealing two handmade slingshots, had grabbed a handful of dog biscuits, and took him in for questioning. But since one of the police officers on duty hadn't heard correctly, they had to let the suspect go. Till this day, the burglar has never dared to come near any of the blocks of flats and lives in the ground floor of an old house in the village of Nitpickington near the town of Chicken Claw. Everyone living in Chicken Claw breathed a sigh of relief. While laying around, the mayor of this astonishing town, Mr Layabout, was considering awarding Little Lana the highest and most distinguished medal it was possible to get in Chicken Claw, the Order of the Turkey Foot. He was hesitant only because he knew that she would immediately gobble up the commendation, which wouldn't do her tummy any good as the award was made out of bio-degradable plastic. He could just wave a serving of carrots with roast turkey under her nose at the ceremony, which, in her eyes, would be just as good as any award.

Following the expertly conducted Chase the Robber mission, Little Lana returned home to the 4th floor with her owner right behind her and who, when she caught sight of the hole in the door, thought about telling her dog off and punishing her, but of course she didn't. What she did do is stick a cardboard cut-out of Little Lana across the hole. Then they both got ready and set off into town.

And Little Lana's last words of advice: If you don't know what to do with yourself, stay at home and snuggle up with some delicious turkey.