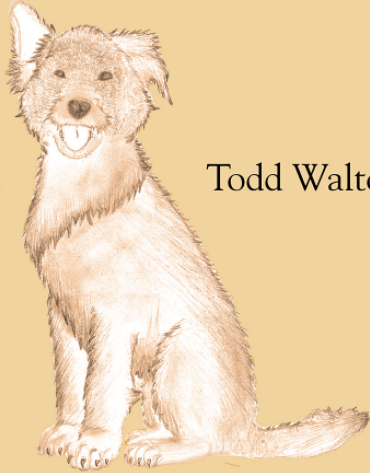


The Dog Who Wanted A Person



Todd Walton

Illustrated by Miruna Constantin

The Dog Who Wanted A Person is the story of a one-year-old dog named Huleekalabulee who is on a quest to find a person or people to live with and love. On his quest he meets several remarkable dogs and has many thrilling adventures.

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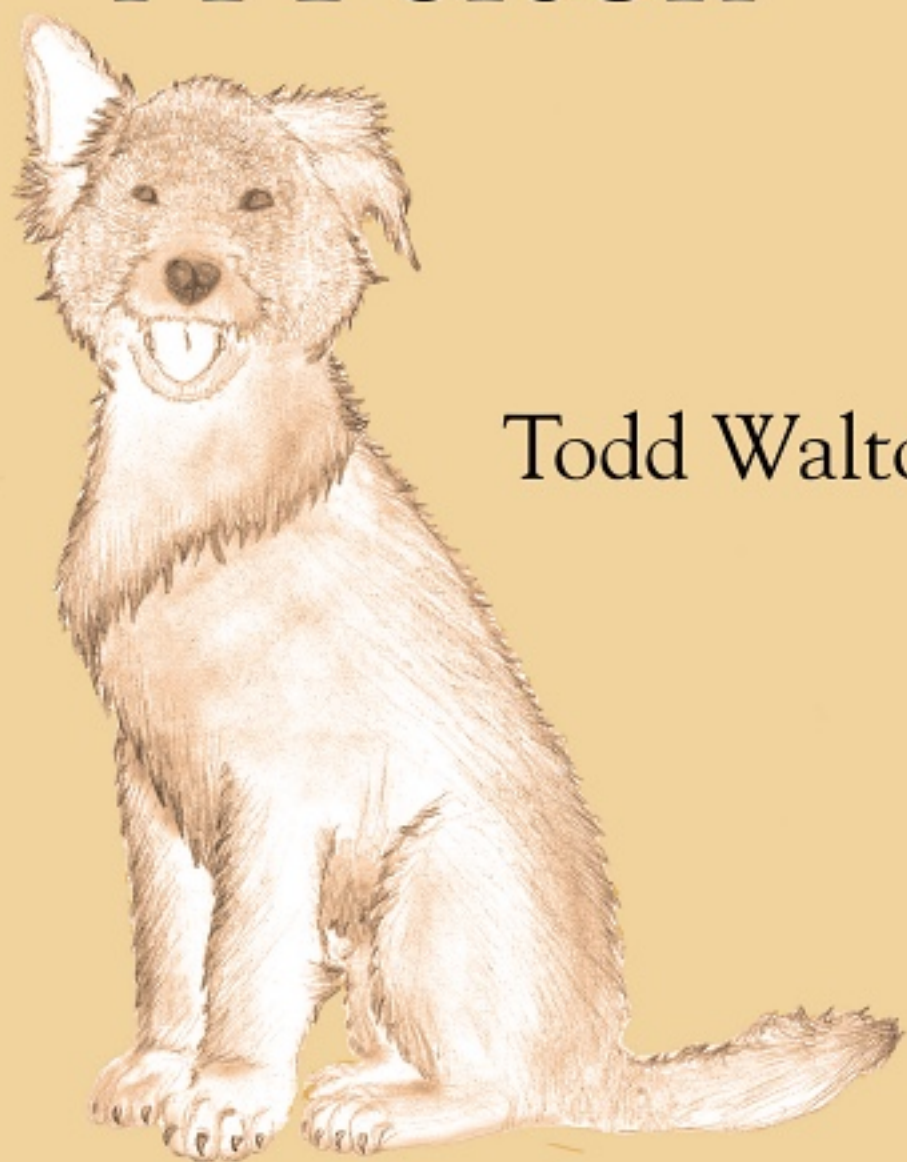
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1. Huleekalabulee

Once upon a time there was a big brown shorthaired mutt named Huleekalabulee. Handsome and strong with expressive ears that sometimes pointed up and sometimes flopped down, and sometimes did a little of both, his mom called him Hubee, his brother Jurgen called him Hube, and his sister Venus called him Bulee.

One morning Mom, who was mostly Golden Retriever, said to Jurgen and Venus and Huleekalabulee, “Well today you are one-year-olds and will have to find new homes because I am officially done being your mom.”

“No problem,” said Venus, who resembled her mother. “Jenny Jones, the person who lives next door, *adores* me. I’ll be living with her from now on.”

“I’m all set, too,” said Jurgen, who looked like a giant Cocker Spaniel. “Mr. Zimbalist, the person across the street, built a house for me in his backyard and serves me delicious organic kibble twice a day.”

“What about you Hubee?” asked Mom, who favored Huleekalabulee over Venus and Jurgen because he was such a sweetie pie. “Where will you go?”

“Well,” said Huleekalabulee, smiling bravely, “I guess I’ll do what all the dogs in my favorite dog stories do. Go on a quest to find my person.”

“Good luck with *that*,” said Jurgen, sarcastically. “Those are just fantasies, you know. In reality most mutts end up lost and desperate and hungry.”

“Yeah,” said Venus, agreeing with Jurgen. “That’s why I pretended to like Jenny Jones. So I wouldn’t end up lost and desperate and hungry.”

“It’s true, dear,” said Mom, who found Huleekalabulee’s naiveté both charming and distressing. “It’s a person-eat-person world out there. You’d better hurry up and find a person of your own while you’re still kind of cute.”

*

And so Huleekalabulee ate a final meal of kibble and set forth on his quest to find a person of his own.

For starters he walked the four familiar blocks to the top of Bullwinkle Butte from where he could see the whole town spread out below him, with mountains to the north and south and east, and the ocean to the west.

“Wow,” said Huleekalabulee. “What a vast world it is. I guess if I could live anywhere I’d like to live at the beach. So that’s where I’ll go to find my person.”

*

Coming down from Bullwinkle Butte, Huleekalabulee encountered two mutts blocking his way. One of the mutts was small and brown with enormous ears, the other a huge dirty blond.

“Slow down,” said the dirty blond. “Where do you think you’re going?”

“To the beach,” said Huleekalabulee. “I’m questing for a person of my own.”

The two mutts found this so funny they laughed for a long time until the brown mutt said, “Hey, what’s your name?”

“Huleekalabulee,” said Huleekalabulee.

This made the two mutts laugh again for another long time until the dirty blond said, “What are you... Hawaiian?”

“Not that I know of,” said Huleekalabulee. “My mom is mostly Golden Retriever and my father, according to my mom, was a big brown mutt of uncertain ancestry.”



“A bit of advice,” said the little brown mutt. “Out here in the rough-and-tumble person-eat-person world, you need a rough-and-tumble sort of name.”

“Or at least a shorter name,” said the massive blond mutt. “Who can remember Hakableebleenoonoopoopee?”

“But my name isn’t Hakableebleenoonoopoopee,” said Huleekalabulee. “My name is...”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah,” said the brown mutt. “Whatever it is, you should make it shorter.”

“And *your* names?” asked Huleekalabulee, wondering if either or both of them had a person or people.

“I’m Butch,” said the blond mutt.

“I’m Garth,” said the little brown mutt.

“A pleasure meeting you,” said Huleekalabulee. “And now if you’ll excuse me I want to get to the beach before...”

“Not so fast, kiddo,” said Garth, growling. “Why should we let you go without biting you?”

“Bite me?” said Huleekalabulee, perplexed. “But we just had a lovely interlude full of laughter and potentially helpful advice. Why spoil such a happy time with conflict?”

“He makes a good point,” said Butch, nodding. “I haven’t laughed so hard since that person, remember? The jogger?”

Stepped in my fresh pile of poop and slipped and fell on her face in *your* fresh pile of poop?”

“Historic,” said Garth, remembering that glorious moment. “Okay Huleekalabulee. Carry on. And good luck. You’ll need it.”

“One more bit of advice,” said Butch, as he and Garth stepped aside to let Huleekalabulee pass. “If you go to the beach, people will call Animal Control and if they catch you...”

“You don’t want to know,” said Garth, ominously.

“Only dogs belonging to people are allowed on the beach,” said Butch. “Dogs on leash.”

*

Shortly after parting ways with Butch and Garth, Huleekalabulee entered a neighborhood where he’d never been before, all the houses enormous and surrounded by tall fences with iron gates across the driveways.

“Smells distinctly unfriendly here,” said Huleekalabulee, wrinkling his nose.

And he was just about to leave the neighborhood of giant houses when a big dog with pointy ears and shiny black fur came rushing through a slightly open gate and stood between Huleekalabulee and a neighborhood of small pretty houses with little lawns and no fences or gates.

“Hold it right there,” snarled the big shiny black dog. “Just where do you think you’re going?”

“To the beach,” said Huleekalabulee, smiling bravely at the menacing fellow. “Dog willing and the creek don’t rise.”

“Not likely,” said the big pointy-eared dog, his voice full of growls. “I’m Rolf, a professional attack dog, and I’ve been trained to maim and possibly kill you.”

“But why?” asked Huleekalabulee, aghast. “I’m just a lost one-year-old pooch seeking a person to call my own, and I promise to never ever *ever* walk through this neighborhood again. Promise.”

“A lost one-year-old?” said Rolf, softening. “Been there, buddy. I can sympathize. But just in case my people are watching, how about you lie down and submissively roll

onto your back while I put on a convincing show of snarling domination without biting you?”



“With pleasure,” said Huleekalabulee, rolling onto his back and smiling up at Rolf. “I love acting.”

“Well don’t act so playful,” said Rolf as he stalked around Huleekalabulee. “Act terrified.”

“Got it,” said Huleekalabulee, grimacing piteously.

“Excellent,” said Rolf, growling. “Now maybe throw in a whimper or two.”

Huleekalabulee whimpered.

“Beautiful,” said Rolf, relaxing. “You can get up now. What’s your name?”

Recalling Butch and Garth’s advice, Huleekalabulee said, “Hercules.”

“Bit of advice,” said Rolf, trotting back behind his gate. “With a name like Hercules you better be one mighty strong canine or lots of dogs are gonna try to kick your butt.”

“Thanks for the tip,” said Huleekalabulee, hurrying away. “I’ll definitely consider alternative names.”



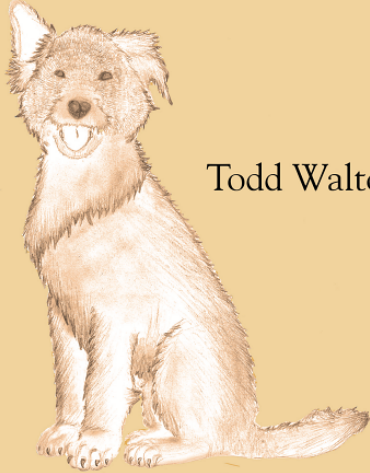
About the Author

Todd Walton has written many novels and short stories. He is a musician and gardener and lives in Mendocino with his wife Marcia Sloane.

A Note from the Illustrator

My name is Miruna Constantin. I have been a devout animal lover all my life. When I found out I was to illustrate a book about a sweet sensible mutt on a quest to find someone he could call his own, I was thrilled. Getting to know the characters and bringing them to life with pencils has been a fun and exciting journey for me.

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