

We are three girls, two puggie-doggies
and one pussycat



puggie-doggies

We are three girls, two puggie-doggies –
that is two pug girls and one pussycat –
a Persian, and we all live with Her in an old
house by the river, in a neighbourhood
called “by the riverbank”, near a bridge
that is even older. I am the eldest
of us three.



She



Fanny

My name is Fanny and I carefully keep
my ear to the ground and write about
everything that goes on in our house.

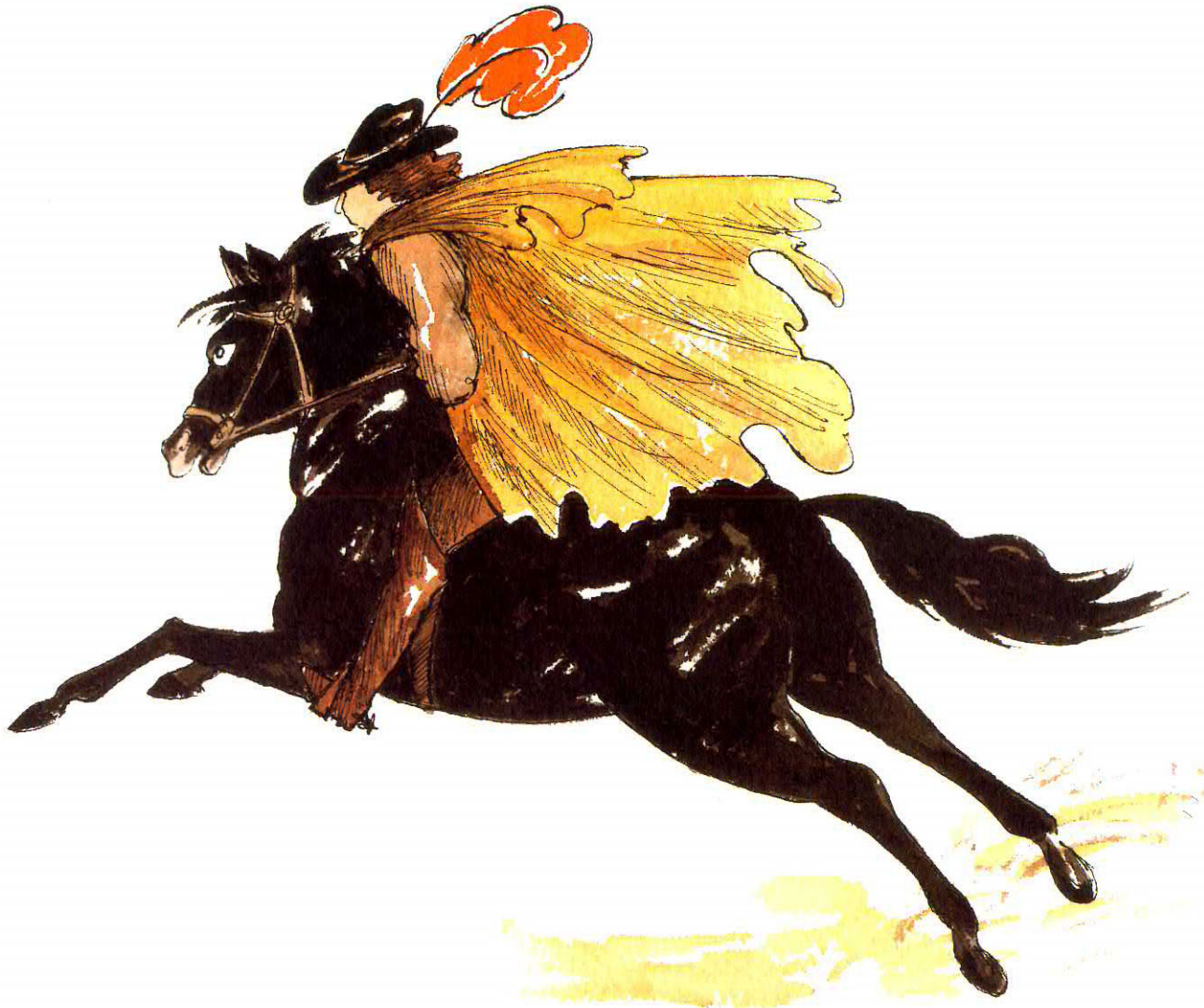
Let me tell you what life is like here
in the Lesser Town, in our house
and by the riverbank, in winter.



We pugs come from a very old and noble dog family. When we were still little puppies and couldn't sleep in the evening, our mum told us all about it. She said that nobody knows absolutely precisely how old our family is but that long, long ago in China pugs were kept in grand imperial families for pleasure. Merchants dealing in spices brought us to Europe. Mum also told us that pugs can be very proud of saving the famous William of Orange, who led a rebellion against Spain in Holland.

The Spanish hired assassins to kill him at night, while he was asleep. In people's books you can read about the way his pugs woke him up by barking and he jumped on a horse quickly and





galloped away, and so his life was saved. My sister Ginny was born six months later than me and I thought perhaps my mum told her and her brothers and sisters different stories, but Ginny said that she had heard them, too, and that they were exactly the same. So we decided to believe what our mum told us – that the pugs chased the murderers away and saved William of Orange’s life.