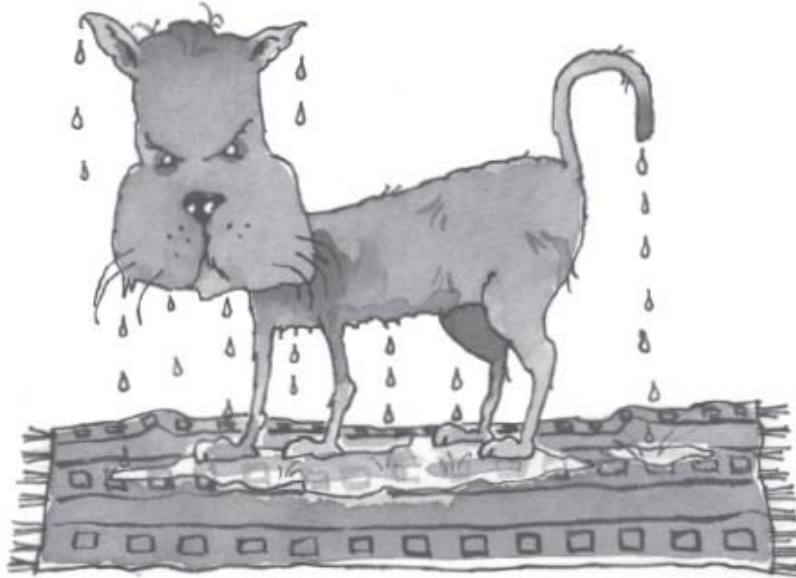


into the light and warmth of the hallway.

“What is it?” Millie’s voice piped up. “And is it allowed in here? It’s dripping puddles on the carpet.”

“It’s okay. It’s just a cat. And it’s only a bit of water. That’s not the end of the world,” was Eddy’s reply.

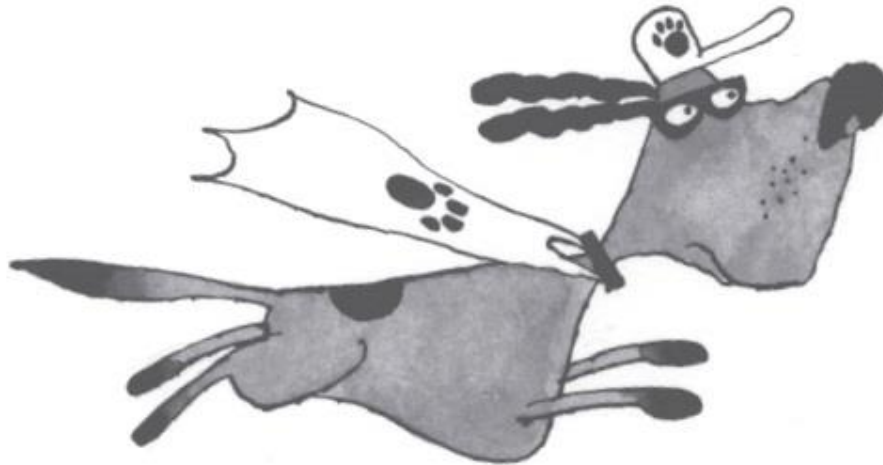
He was about to find out that every part of that reply was wrong.
Terribly wrong.



(kennismaking met Rooie Rekel – zie pagina 10 in de Nederlandse versie)

BACK AND DIVED ONTO THE SOFA IN FRONT OF THE TV.

HERO HOUND was the latest hit action adventure series, the weekly tales of a doggy detective who thwarted dastardly villains and their schemes to take over the world. Once he had been an ordinary dog, but a mysterious radioactive flea collar had given him a handy selection of superpowers – from superspeed running to superhard claws, superloud barking to superpowered paws. His true identity was a mystery to everyone because of the mask that he wore across his eyes, but the pawprint logo on his cape and his cap was famous everywhere. He also had a neat line in rescuing puppies from raging rivers, burning buildings and cupboards under stairs.



And he wasn't just a hit on television. Eddy's mum and dad ran a business selling fancy-dress costumes for pets (well, nobody's parents are perfect), and the Hero Hound mask, cape and cap set was their biggest

(Superhero Hondenheld – zie pagina 17 in de Nederlandse versie, geen illustratie)



SOGGY



“It did break.”

Eddy Stone looked down at the upturned face of his cousin Millie. Wide eyes gazed back at him through a tangle of curls that tumbled past her dimpled cheeks and over the shoulders of her pink princess dress. She made a very sweet picture – apart from the twisted handlebars that she held in one hand, and the oily chain that dangled from the other.

“What do you mean, it did break?” said Eddy. “How could it just break?”

(begin van het boek, aanduiding van de hoofdstukken met een kattenpoot – zie pagina 5 in de Nederlandse versie)