

A MESSAGE FROM CHICKEN HOUSE

**T**his heart-warming, emotional and absorbing verse novel tells the story of an orphan puppy, the lonely boy who saves him, and how they lose and find each other again. Zana's story is funny, colourful, dramatic and beautifully told with some fantastic word pictures! Most of all, it's a tale of love.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Barry Cunningham', with a stylized, cursive script.

**BARRY CUNNINGHAM**

Publisher

Chicken House

THE  
WAY  
OF  
DOG



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Chicken  
House

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First published by University of Queensland Press, PO Box 6042, St Lucia,  
Queensland 4067 Australia. All rights reserved.

First published in Great Britain in 2023  
Chicken House  
2 Palmer Street  
Frome, Somerset BA11 1DS  
United Kingdom  
[www.chickenhousebooks.com](http://www.chickenhousebooks.com)

Chicken House/Scholastic Ireland, 89E Lagan Road, Dublin Industrial Estate,  
Glasnevin, Dublin D11 HP5F, Republic of Ireland

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Cover design by Hannah Janzen and Helen Crawford-White  
Cover and interior illustrations by Sean Buckingham  
Author photograph by Julian Fraillon  
Typeset by Post Pre-press Group, Brisbane

Printed and bound in Great Britain by CPI Group (UK) Ltd, Croydon CR0 4YY



1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

British Library Cataloguing in Publication data available.

PB ISBN 978-1-915026-23-1  
eISBN 978-1-915026-41-5

*To Chris,  
for showing me the other Ways of Being*

# THE WAY OF DOG

Dear Shoe-Legs

Are you coming? Are you? Are you?  
Then shake wide awake and take my  
advice

throw the Burs from your fur and  
*sliiiiiiide* on the Ice.

Come flat-foot follow and paw-pad my way  
for I have a thing

or four

to say about living this life according to  
*The Way of Dog.*

And if you're coming prick your ears

pause your paws and

listen sharp

stretch your limbs

swell your lungs with every howl

every scowl with a full-blown

*RRRRRRRRR00000wwwWWWWWWWlllll*

for this story is LOUD

it's made to be growled

to be bellowed and roared to be

freed from your jaws to

travel Wind-wide and find those ears and

souls all waiting.

So come scamper

come trample

come schnuffle about

come discover this world

from a Dog's point of snout.

Are you coming? Are you? Are you?

THE  
BARN



## LIFE IS MORE

*Be strong. Be fierce. Life is more than a concrete floor.*

That is all my mamma yip-yap-yips

that is all she ever says with nuzzles

lulling licks

with her tail's fwip-fwap-fwip on the thick of  
the wire the

click of her paws the

whine in her jaws

and the way her heart ROARS

*Be strong. Be fierce. Life is more—*

and then we ten pups are rough-grabbed away  
to another concrete floor.

Colder

on our little thin-furred bellies

than before.

We wait

whine and

whimper for our mamma to come

for the warm of her milk the

silk of her fur on our snouts

but all we get are the shouts

from the big GrowlMan to



*SHUT IT!*

Shoe-legs can be mean.

And in the shadows the Rat kings creep  
cutting claws climbing  
sharp teeth snipping

snapping

grinning at us

creeping closer to us

and we howl for Mamma

we waaaooowl-yowl-yip

*Are you coming? Are you coming? Are you, Mamma?*

*Are*

*you?*

but she doesn't

not once

call back.

I guess she's lost her strong

I guess she's lost her fierce

I guess she's learned it's our turn

to be taken. We try not to shake

in the hard empty

cold.

And those shadows keep creeping closer.

*Be strong. Be fierce. Life is more ...*

scary without your mamma.



## LEARNINGS

In the towers of the cages all around us  
is a fear and sad that rages in  
waves that surround us  
and sticks to our fur  
like muck.

*Where are you, Mamma? Mamma? Mamma?*  
*Where are you? Where are you? Mamma? Mamma?*  
but no yap  
no grrrrurf  
no yip  
no awwwouf  
no nothing  
from our mamma comes back.

*Hush* the other mamas howl  
to all our puppied yearning yowls to  
all our calls of confuzzled confusion.  
Their conclusions are the same: they are very sure  
that  
*Somewhere life is really more*  
and their knowings down the rows  
pass from tongues  
to ears to  
snouts all sew

*The Way of Dog*  
into our dreamings.

So we ten of us curl and snuggle up tight and  
our hearts thumping together  
makes us strong

                          makes us fierce  
                          makes us

  mostly

all right.

Even those Rats aren't so bad after all.  
In the light those Rats are  
really quite small even though

  their teeth  
  are really  
  quite big

even though there's a fat one that won't stop  
his watching.

But we ten pups together are too big for a Rat  
no matter how fat  
                  no matter how sharp his teeth are.

But I guess some of us  
just need  
more.

I guess some of us  
just need  
a mamma to squirl in tight close to

and some of us

grow cold

now

some of us

grow hard

now

their beat gone

thrum gone

light in their eyes

breath in their snout

gone.

I guess life isn't *more* for everyone.

That FatRat moves

a little bit closer.