

Wagging Tales



Muffin



Lord
Ness



By; Lord Ness and Muffin
as told by; Tony Bullock (Jeeves)



To a Valiant Heart, Nothing is Impossible



WAGGING TALES
as told by Tony Bullock
Inspired by Lord Ness and Muffin

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

STORY 1	A MATTER OF ETIQUETTE	pg 6
STORY 2	SURPRISE PACKAGE	pg 15
STORY 3	THE GREAT ESCAPE	pg 24
STORY 4	FIXING FENCES	pg 34
STORY 5	CUTTING BACK	pg 41
STORY 6	GETTING THE LAST LAUGH	pg 51
STORY 7	SHEEP DOG?	pg 59

Story 1

A MATTER OF ETIQUETTE



“No No No Muffin. Lord Ness said crossly. “Now get back up on your chair and try again.”

“But it’s easier on the floor,” Muffin wailed plaintively.
“Why can’t I eat down here?”

“Because it’s just not done old chap. Not by us aristocrats anyway. “Now, come back up here and I’ll show you the way it’s done.”

Muffin reluctantly scrambled back up on his seat at the table, grabbed another biscuit and was just about to stuff it in his mouth when he was stopped again.

“Not like that!” Ness snapped. “Have a bit of decorum. Here give it to me. I’ll show you how.”

Muffin unwillingly handed the biscuit over and watched miserably as Ness nibbled daintily. “There! That’s how we do it.” Ness dabbed the corner of his mouth with a serviette.” Now you try.”

“But I can’t,” Muffin whined.”

“Of course you can. Just takes practise,” Ness said gruffly. “No such word as can’t.”

“There is now,” Muffin grumbled. “You’ve just eaten my last biscuit.”

“Oh, sorry old chap,” Ness grinned. “Never mind. Lets get on with the next lesson. How to eat ice cream.”

Muffins face brightened. Ice cream was his favourite. “I know how to eat that,” he giggled and hopped onto the table. “slowly, like this.” He licked happily at the cold treat and a smile of rapture spread across his face. Ness was not impressed.

“Get your feet off the table,” he growled, “and don’t lick. Think about it man. What’s the Butler going to think if he sees you playing around like that?”

“I don’t know. What is he going to think?” Muffin grumbled.

“If you dabble around with it for five minutes he’s going to think he gave you too much.” Ness explained patiently. “Ice cream needs a new approach. Here, I’ll show you.” He deftly reached over, pulled the bowl to his side of the table and with one quick movement scooped the whole lot into his mouth. “There,” he smiled. “All gone. Now you do it,”

Muffin stared into the empty bowl in dismay. “You’ve done it again,” he howled. “There’s nothing left. How am I going to learn if you keep eating all mine?”

“Whoops! Sorry “ Ness chuckled. “Education can be a tough process but you have to learn sometime. Now, Where did the Butler go? I’m still feeling a bit peckish.”

“Dunno,” Muffin muttered peevishly. “but I hope he’s noticed you ate all mine. I say Ness, do you smell what I smell.” He lifted his nose and sniffed carefully. “Is that salmon or am I imagining it?”

“It’s salmon all right. Can’t mistake that.” Ness hopped off the chair and followed the appetising scent into the kitchen. “Look!” he exclaimed happily. “The Butler’s set us a place at the kitchen table. He must have been very impressed with our table manners. Pull up a chair Muffin. Lots of goodies here.”



“I’m having the cherry cake next Ness.”

Muffin scrambled up beside Ness and gazed in awe at the food spread in front of him,” Are you sure it’s for us,” he gasped. “There seems to be an awful lot of it.”

Of course it's for us, Who else?" Ness took a huge mouthful of salmon and licked his lips. "Mmmmm," he murmured. "Delicious. Try some Muffin old chap."

Muffin needed no urging. Between them they cleared the salmon in record time. "Don't like those leafy things," Ness said thoughtfully as he licked the last traces of the delectable fish from the plate. "What else is there?"

"Bread, lots of it," Muffin swallowed a piece of cheese, followed it up with boiled ham, and rubbed his stomach happily. "Pass me a slice please Ness."

"Last one coming up," Ness laughed as he jumped down off the table. "Nothing so good as buttered bread to finish off a meal."

Together they sat back and looked at the remnants of the feast. Lettuce, spring onions, celery, peppers and

lots of other unappetising things littered the table.

Crusts of bread, declared inedible by Ness littered the floor. A piece of tomato had somehow become lodged under Muffin's chin and looked like a bright red extra tongue.

The two friends, full to the limit, sat happily in the middle of the carnage. "Now it's time for a rest," Muffin murmured sleepily. "Best meal I've had in weeks."

"You can thank me for that," Ness smiled "If I hadn't taught you table etiquette you would still be eating from the floor."

Muffin yawned, rolled over , and surveyed the food scattered around. "Could still do that," he observed. "After a long sleep."



TIME FOR A SLEEP NESS

Story 2

SURPRISE PACKAGE



HERE COMES THE MAIL MAN

“What are you waiting for Ness?” Muffin ambled to the gate and flopped down beside his friend who was peering expectantly down the road.

“Mail man” Ness answered tersely. “Expecting a parcel from Mum.”

“But isn’t that the Butlers job?” Muffin queried. “You never collect the mail.”

“I do this time, Don’t want the Butler to get it first. Can’t trust him.”

“How’s that?” Muffin looked puzzled. “Do you think he’s hiding something.?”

“Definitely,” Ness grinned slyly, “but I’ve got him figured out now. He’s going to find it harder to fool me in the future.”

“Come on then, out with it. What’s he been doing?” Muffin was curious now. The Butler had always seemed alright, a bit mean with the servings at dinner but otherwise very reliable.

“O.K. I’ll tell you.” Ness lowered his voice to a whisper and looked around to make sure no-one overheard. “I think he’s been opening my mail,” he hissed. “Keeping all the goodies for himself.”

“Never!!” Muffin was taken aback. “It’s very unlike you to make accusations about the staff Ness. What makes you think that?”

“Been watching him,” Ness growled. “Every morning is the same. Collects all the mail, opens it without showing me, then hides it in a cupboard.” Pretty strange way for a Butler to act don’t you think.”

Muffin rolled onto his back and thought slowly. “No,” he said eventually. “Not strange. Just tidy.” He rolled back again and sat up.

“What goodies do you get anyway?” he chuckled. “You never mentioned them before.”

“Nothing that would interest you,” Ness snapped irritably. “Special things.”

“Oh....., special things,” Muffin looked disappointed. “Not food then. Homemade cakes and things?”

“No, nothing like that. Oho! Here comes the mail. Now if I can get the man to give it to me.” Ness put his paws up against the gate and barked loudly. “Here man. That parcel is for me.” To no avail. The mail man grinned cheerfully, patted him on the head, and, to add insult to injury, asked, “Where’s your master then?”

Ness almost burst a blood vessel. “Master! He spluttered. Did you hear that Muffin?, He asked where my MASTER is.” What sort of tales has that Butler been spreading. MASTER indeed.” He turned his bark to full volume and gave the luckless mail man the full benefit. “GIVE ME MY PARCEL” he hollered. “ARE YOU DEAF?” No good. All he got was a smile. It was

too late anyway. The Butler was already walking down the driveway.

“Never mind,” Muffin consoled him. “You’ve seen him get it now. Let’s just see what happens.”

Ness would not be comforted. “I know what’s going to happen,” he groaned. “All my treats are going to be shared with that friend of his. I won’t get any of them.”

“Friend..... What friend is that Ness old chap?” Muffin had never seen anyone with the Butler except of course the housemaid.

“Another of his secrets,” Ness muttered, “but I’ve figured it out. I even know his name,” he said triumphantly.

“How do you know that?” Muffin asked.

“Heard him talking to the housemaid when he was opening the letters..... My letters.” Ness snapped. “He probably thought I was asleep. Come on Muff, you can hear it for yourself.”

Together they hurried into the house where the Butler was already opening the mail. “There,” Ness said triumphantly. “He’s sharing them out.” Sadly it seemed Ness was right. The Butler put some of the letters in a box and hid it in the cupboard. The parcel though he left on the table. “This one’s for his Lordship,” he muttered. “better let him open it.”



HELP ME OPEN IT MUFFIN

“It’s for me,” Ness bounced with delight. “I knew it was.” Come on Muffin, let’s see what we’ve got.”

“But aren’t you forgetting something,” Muffin mumbled as he tugged at the corner of the package. “what are you going to do about the letters?”

“Letters??” Ness spluttered through a mouthful of paper. “Not worried about them. Those are Bill’s. He’s welcome to them.”



WOW!!!!. A BANDANA AND A CAP



Story 3

THE GREAT ESCAPE



WHAT'S THE GARDENER DOING?

“What’s he doing Muffin???” Lord Ness tumbled off the hammock and watched with interest as the

gardener, bent double, eased himself backwards from under a bush.

“No idea.” Muffin put aside the biscuit he’d been nibbling and sat beside Ness. “Must be painful though, look how he’s rubbing his back.”

“Old age,” Ness growled. “Might have to replace him soon, find him something easier.”

“Now he’s going back under the hedge Why don’t we give him a hand,” Muffin suggested. “We don’t want him worn out. Remember he’s making dinner tonight.”

“Oh, alright, just this once,” Ness grumbled. “but we’re not going to make a habit of it.”

Ness and Muffin ambled down the garden to where the gardener, just visible under the shrubbery was

busily hammering wooden stakes into the ground by the fence.

“Hold on a minute,” Ness gasped. “He’s blocking up my escape hole. I only made it this morning. Hey!!! Stop that,” he yapped angrily. “Leave that hole alone. It’s mine.”

“No good shouting at him,” Muffin chuckled. “You know he’s doesn’t hear very well.”

“I know!” Ness exclaimed. “I’ll make another hole and get in front of him. He’ll hear me then.” He dashed down the garden, scrabbled his way through a small gap, and rushed back, but he was too late. His escape route was securely blocked and already the gardener was moving further down the fence looking for more holes to fill.

“Better get back quick,” Muffin shouted. “I think he’s

going to lock you out.”



HE'S LOCKED ME OUT

“Can’t come back the same way,” Ness snapped “If he sees me he’ll block that one too.” He sat glumly on a log and studied the problem. Then his face lit

up. “I’ve got it,” he laughed. “We’ll make some more holes. Lots of them. All the way up the garden. Come on Muffin. Let’s get to work.”

They worked hard. On one side of the fence Muffin dug laboriously. On the other Ness pulled and tugged at branches and twigs that littered the ground. Very soon they had a sizable hole.

“That should do,” Muffin panted. “Where next?”
“Here.” Ness whispered. “Come on, hurry up before he sees us.”

They set to work again,...and again,...and again. Digging and scratching at the hard soil until they reached the top of the garden. Ness wriggled his way through the last gap and surveyed their handiwork. “Excellent job Muffin old chap,” he smirked. “He won’t fill that lot in a hurry.”

“That’s true,” Muffin agreed, “which means we can have a couple of hours sleep before dinner.”

Down at the other end of the fence the gardener stared at the holes that had suddenly appeared and scratched his head in disbelief.

“That was a good dinner Ness.” Muffin wobbled to his favourite chair, tried to jump up but failed, then settled for a comfy spot on the rug.

“Very good,” Ness burped. “All that hard work gave me an appetite. Tomorrow I’m going exploring. Are you coming with me?”

The only answer he got was a loud snore.



TIME FOR A NAP BEFORE DINNER

The next morning dawned bright and sunny. Ness rose early, eager to start exploring the bush covered land that lay beyond the fence. Someone else however rose even earlier. As Ness tottered out of the door rubbing his eyes and yawning, the gardener was already at work, spade in hand, and a roll of wire mesh leaning against the fence. Ness watched in dismay

“What’s wrong Ness?” Muffin flopped down beside his dejected friend. “You don’t look too happy.

“There, that’s what’s wrong.” Ness bleated dismally. “He’s filling in the holes again.”

“Mmmm. And he’s making a better job of it this time,” Muffin observed. “Looks like he’s putting that wire stuff right into the ground.”

“Well, that’s it” Ness grumbled. “another day trapped in the garden and with the Butler away and the

gardener busy we won't even get a walk."

"Well I will," Muffin smiled mysteriously, "but not until I've had breakfast. Come on Ness. We need a good meal before we set off."

Ness followed glumly into the kitchen and nibbled half-heartedly on a biscuit as he waited for Muffin.

"Right,,, now I feel better," Muffin chirped brightly. "Let's go."

"Go where?" Ness muttered peevishly. "We're stuck here for the day. How are we going to get out?"

Muffin didn't reply. Instead he trotted outside and pointed. "Don't you see Ness?" he said with a grin."

"See what? Ness looked around, puzzled,

“The gate Ness.... The gate.....”

Slowly Ness’s glum look was replaced by a wide grin. “Of course,” he said happily. “The gate. How nice of the gardener to leave it open for us. Come on Muffin old chap. We’ve got rabbits to chase. Oh, and remind me to thank him when we get back.”



NOW, LET’S CATCH A RABBIT

Story 4

FIXING FENCES



“Ness!! Ness!! Your dinner Ness.” Muffin raced out of the door and looked around in a panic.

“Ness, where are you Ness?”

“Slow down Muffin old chap,” Ness popped up from where he was working beside the fence. “Now calm down and tell me what’s wrong.”

“Your dinner,” Muffin gasped breathlessly. “Your dinner.”

“All right,” Ness interrupted. “I get the picture. Sit down and take a few deep breaths. We aristocrats can’t be seen rushing around in a panic. That’s the golden rule.”

“But Ness,” Muffin wailed.

“No buts.” Ness held up a paw. “My dinner isn’t so important that it can’t wait a few minutes and this job’s urgent”

“Oh well, if you say so,” Muffin looked over Ness’s shoulder “What are you doing?” he asked.”

“Making this fence invader proof.” Ness said grimly. “I’ve had enough of those young hooligans trespassing in the grounds.”

“I’ll help,” Muffin volunteered eagerly. “What do you want me to do?”

“That’s very good of you Muffin old chap, just grab some of those sticks and stuff them in any holes you can see.

That’s right. Make sure they’re in tight.”

After half an hour of hard toil Ness stood back and admired their work.



“MAKE SURE THEY ARE IN TIGHT!”

“Not bad,” he said smugly. “We made a good job of that.”

Muffin agreed. “Not even a mouse could get through there,” he chuckled.

“Or a terrier,” Ness growled, “That’s the last we’ll see of him. Now, time for dinner I think.”

“You may be wrong about that,” Muffin grinned, “He’s in the kitchen.”

“The kitchen!!!!” Ness howled “Why didn’t you tell me?” “What’s he doing in there?”

“Last time I saw him he was eating your dinner,” Muffin laughed. “And now he won’t be able to escape. Looks like you’ve got him cornered Ness.”

“But I don’t want him cornered,” Ness shouted

angrily. “I want him out. Make a hole in the fence, chop down the hedge, anything. Just get him out of here.”



“GET HIM OUT OF THERE!!!”

“Calm down Ness, take a few deep breaths,” Muffin patted Ness on the shoulder. “Remember what you said about the golden rule and can’t be seen rushing around in a panic.”

“Forget the rules,” Ness snarled as he dashed into the house. “If he’s eaten my dinner I’m going to write a few new ones and they won’t include being friendly with the neighbours.”

Muffin lay back against the open gate and smiled contentedly. “Another exciting day,” he murmured as the terrier hurtled past.

“Life with Ness is never dull.”



Story 5

CUTTING BACK

“What are we doing today Ness?”

Muffin bounded into the kitchen and bounced onto the chair. “Got anything planned?”

“I have actually” Lord Ness nibbled on a biscuit thoughtfully, “I’ve just heard the cook saying we should go on an economy drive.”

“Oh goody” Muffin chuckled happily, “are we going in the Mercedes?”

“No, not that sort of drive you chump,” Ness said patiently. “An economy drive,”

Muffin’s face fell. “Not the motorcycle” he moaned, “I don’t want to go on the motorcycle.”

“Muffin old chap, let me explain” Ness put a paw on his friend’s shoulder. “An economy drive is when you cut back on things you don’t really need.”

“Like what?” Muffin was puzzled, he needed everything he could think of.

“Well,,,like the Butlers tobacco for instance,” Ness smiled. “We certainly don’t need that.”

“No, smelly stuff,” Muffin agreed, “but won’t he get grumpy when he doesn’t have any?”

“Maybe, but he’ll have to get used to it. Anyway I’ve got other plans.” Ness tossed the half eaten biscuit to Muffin and hopped down from the sofa. “Come on Muffin, there’s work to be done.”

Lord Ness led the way quickly along the garden path with Muffin trotting cheerfully behind.

“Where are we going Ness?” Muffin spluttered through a mouthful of biscuit.

“We’re going to do our bit to save money old chap. Cutting down on the food bill for a start.”

Muffin didn't like that idea. "Does that mean we're going to eat less?" he groaned. "I like eating."

"Yes, I'd noticed, but don't worry, we're just going to be more self sufficient. The harder you work and the more you can eat."

Muffin knew there must be a catch in Ness's plan but he couldn't see it. "All right" he agreed, "I'll help. What do I have to do?"

"We'll start here" Ness growled. "Looks a likely place." He rubbed his paws together and started to dig a hole. "Come on Muff, get working. All this green stuff has to go for a start."

Muffin looked doubtful. "Are you sure about this Ness?" he asked. "I'm sure I've seen the cook use this in the kitchen."



PULL THESE GREEN THINGS OUT MUFFIN

Ness was equally sure. “Weeds old fellow. Throw them with the others on that pile over there. Right,, now lets get digging.”

Muffin was becoming more puzzled by the minute. “Digging for what?” he asked. There’s nothing here.”

“Bones Muffin....Bones,” said Ness impatiently “Why do you think the cook is always digging holes in the garden?”

“To put those leafy things in. That’s what I was trying to tell you,” Muffin laughed. “He puts them in the hole, pours water on them, and when they grow bigger he cooks them for dinner.”

“Hum!! Only if he can’t find some bones,” muttered an embarrassed Ness looking around at mess they’d made. “Anyway they looked like weeds. Stick them back in the holes Muff and cover them up. He’ll never notice.”

“Now what?” Muffin buried the last plant and stood back to survey their handiwork.

“We go for dinner old chap, all this cutting back has made me hungry,” said Ness.

“Me too,” Muffin chuckled. “that’s the only good idea you’ve had today.



“Oho!! I think were in trouble.”

Ness ducked behind a tree and peered out nervously.

“The cooks headed this way,” he whispered. “Try to look innocent.”

“What does innocent look like?” Muffin quavered.
“I’ve never seen one.”



“Never mind. Just watch and do as I do. Ready?”

“Ready” Muff echoed.

“Now!!!” Ness gave a shrill bark and raced across the lawn in front of the surprised cook. Muffin, yapping his loudest chased after him into the shrubbery and out of sight. Then, hidden by the bushes and still barking furiously they watched as the cook looked in amazement at the ruins of his garden.



“Shhh, I want to hear what he’s saying,” Ness hissed. Then, hopefully, “I think we might be alright. He’s shouting something about pesky rabbits.”

“Come on Muff, I think we might just get a pat on the head for chasing them off.” He gave a self satisfied smirk. “Always knew those rabbits would be useful someday,” he grinned. “This should be worth an extra bone after dinner.”

“And today we won’t have to eat our vegetables” Muffin chuckled. “You know Ness, I’m beginning to like cutting back.”

Story 6

GETTING THE LAST LAUGH



HE SAID I'M TOO FAT

“Well, how did it go?” Lord Ness, sprawled luxuriously on the back seat of the Mercedes, grinned as Muffin flopped down beside him with a groan.

“How did it go?.... I’ll tell you how it went,” Muffin spluttered. “That silly man in there, the one in the white coat.”

“Yes” Ness interrupted. “The vet. What did he say?”

“If you keep quiet I’ll tell you.” Muffin said peevishly. First of all he kept poking me with his finger. Then he said I was cute. I ask you, me, cute!!! He nearly found out how hard I can bite.”

“Steady on old chap” Ness gasped. “You can’t go around biting people just because they think you’re cute. It’s just not done old chap.”

“Maybe not,” Muff relented “but that’s not all he said.”

“Ah! I thought so,” Ness chuckled. “Come on. Out with it. What did he say to make you so angry?”

“Promise you won’t say.. ‘I told you so,” Muffin demanded, “and no laughing.”

“AHA!!!” Ness giggled “I know what he said. “He said you’re too fat.” He hooted with laughter. “Told you so.”

“That’s not fair,” Muffin grumbled. “I asked you not to laugh. It’s not funny having someone you don’t know making comments about your weight.”

“Sorry old chap, I suppose you’re right.” Ness looked at his plump little friend thoughtfully. “Problem is.....What are we going to do about it?”

“We could both go back in there and bite him,” Muffin said hopefully. “That would teach him a lesson.”

“I mean what are we going to do about you.” Ness

sighed. “Got to get you back into shape before he sees you again. I think I’ve got a plan.”

“So have I,” Muffin grumbled as he settled down on the sheepskin cover. “Get a new vet. This one doesn’t know what he’s talking about.”

“Right, here’s what we’re going to do,” Ness explained when they arrived home. “First of all, you need to exercise more, and before you eat,” he said hastily, pushing Muffins dinner away. “You can have that after a few laps round the garden.”

“But I’m hungry,” Muffin complained. “I’ll never make it round the garden without food.”

“Yes you will,” Ness insisted. “I’ll see you outside in two minutes, and I know how much there is on your plate so don’t think about eating any.”

“Oh, alright, I promise I won’t touch it” Muffin mumbled. “It’ll still be there when we get back.”



“Another lap,”

Ness yelled, racing down the garden and urging Muffin on. “Come on. You can do it.”

“Alright, but this is the last one,” Muffin wheezed as he struggled up the steep lawn, “then it’s dinner followed by a long sleep.”

“There, that wasn’t so bad,” Ness chuckled brightly as they trotted back indoors. “Nothing like a brisk run to sharpen the appetite.”

“Mine didn’t need sharpening,” Muffin grumbled breathlessly. “I can eat quite well without having to run around like a greyhound.”

“But you’re the one who’s overweight,” Ness reminded him. “Just keep this up and you’ll soon be as fit as me.”

Muffin, busily tucking in to his dinner, didn’t hear him but he heard what came next.

“What’s this?!!!!. Ness stared at his food in alarm.

“The cooks got it wrong,” he yelled angrily. “I’m not on a diet. This must be yours Muff.”

“Can’t be. I’ve eaten mine,” Muffin grinned slyly.

“But this is only half of what I usually get.” Ness groaned. “How am I supposed to live on this???”



“You could start by cutting down on the exercise,”

Muffin suggested with a smile. “And don’t expect me to run around on an empty stomach,” he added to himself. “You never said I couldn’t eat some of yours.”



Story 7

SHEEP DOG?

“Are you sure it’s a dog Ness??” Muffin looked dubiously at the rather strange animal trotting along happily beside them.

“Of course it’s a dog. What else could it be?” Ness growled. “I told you. We used to have one just like it.”

“But I can’t remember it” Muffin grumbled. “I’m sure I’d remember anything that made that sort of a noise.”

“Before your time old chap,” Ness explained patiently. “before I became Lord of the Manor.”

“Oh,then.” Muffin gave Ness a long, quizzical look. “But you must have been very young. What happened to it?”

“Dunno. It was there curled up in my bed one night,

Had to keep an eye on it, been eating too much grass I reckon.” He stopped and gave his new found friend a nudge. “Just like this one,” he laughed. “All the same when they’re young. Eat anything. Come on silly, you’ll make yourself sick.”

The two friends, with their new companion ducked under the garden fence. Ness stopped and put a paw to his mouth. “Shhh,” he whispered. “I don’t want anyone to know he’s coming to stay. Not till he’s settled in anyway.”

“Settled in,” Muffin gasped. “You mean he’s going to live with us?”

“Of course he is. Could be a long lost relative,” Ness said seriously. “He doesn’t look much now but with a bath and a trim he’ll look just like us.”

“Not with that funny tail he won’t,” Muffin giggled.
“You’ll never get that to curl properly.”



“We’ll see about that,” Ness answered happily. “Come on you. Stop eating the flowers. We’ll go and find some proper food.”

“Oho, you’re going to have to tell the cook he’s here,” Muffin chuckled. “Don’t think he’ll be too pleased.”

“Won’t tell him just yet. You keep the little chap amused in the garden. I’ll get him something to eat.”

“Wish he’d hurry up,” Muffin grumbled. “I’m getting a bit hungry myself.” He stared unhappily along the garden path. The strange little creature gave a funny bleating noise and carried on eating a rose bush. Finally Ness appeared.

“All I could get in one lot,” Ness spluttered as he dropped the juicy bone and a few scraps of meat. “Should keep him happy until we can smuggle him indoors.”

Muffin eyed the bone hungrily. “Can’t he just eat another bush?” he asked wistfully. “He doesn’t seem to want bones.”

“Mmmm....I think you’re right.” Ness watched thoughtfully as his new relation skipped across the grass and nibbled a camellia bush before bouncing into the vegetable patch.

“Better go and get him a few biscuits Muff before he does more damage.”

Muffin dashed eagerly to the house. Ness nibbled on the bone as he settled down to wait. He didn’t have to wait long. A very agitated Muffin raced back at top speed. “This is all there is,” he gasped breathlessly. “Only two, and they were mine.”

“That’s right,” said Ness nonchalantly. “Thought I might as well eat my dinner while I was there. No point in both of us waiting.”

“So I have to share mine,” Muffin moaned dismally. “And I suppose that’s my bone you’re eating.”

“Oh, sorry old chap, wasn’t thinking.” He tossed the half chewed bone to Muffin and watched as the wagging tail of his wobbly friend disappeared into the shrubbery.

“Got to sort out a bed for the little chap,” he decided.

“Probably too tired to eat. Come on, let’s get him inside. He can sleep in your bed tonight.”

“Mine!! Why not yours,” Muffin protested. “You gave him my dinner. Now it’s your turn to share.”

“Don’t fuss Muffin, he won’t take up much room. You can sleep with him and keep him warm.”

Getting the lively animal indoors was harder than they expected. Getting him to stay in Muffin’s bed was impossible.



NOT MUCH ROOM FOR ME NESS

“Stop him Muff,” Ness yelled. “Don’t let him go in the kitchen.” Ness made a dive for the door but he was too late. “That’s done it,” he groaned. “The cooks in there.

He will tell us to take him back.” He sat on Muffin’s bed and waited glumly for the cook’s reaction. He didn’t have long to wait.

Hello!! What have we here then?” The cook’s voice rumbled from the kitchen. “Well! I’ll be darned. It’s a lamb. Now what would you be doing here?”

“Did you hear that?” Muffin whispered. “He said it’s a lamb. I thought you said it was a relative.”

No.....I said it might be” Ness mumbled. “Hard to tell at that age.”

“Well we know now,” Muffin chuckled. “Who would have guessed it. The Lord of the Manor thought he was related to a lamb.” An idea suddenly struck him. “I say Ness old chap,” he grinned. “Do you think that’s where lamb chops come from?”

Ness looked at him in dismay. “Don’t be silly Muffin,” he said gruffly. “Lamb chops come from the butcher’s shop. Haven’t I taught you anything. Come on. Let’s help the cook take him home. He wouldn’t have been much good anyway until he learns to bark.





“THESE PESKY RABBITS ARE
EVERYWHERE MUFFIN”



NESS, MUFFIN AND THE COOK/BUTLER/
GARDENER TAKING A BREAK BETWEEN STORIES







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