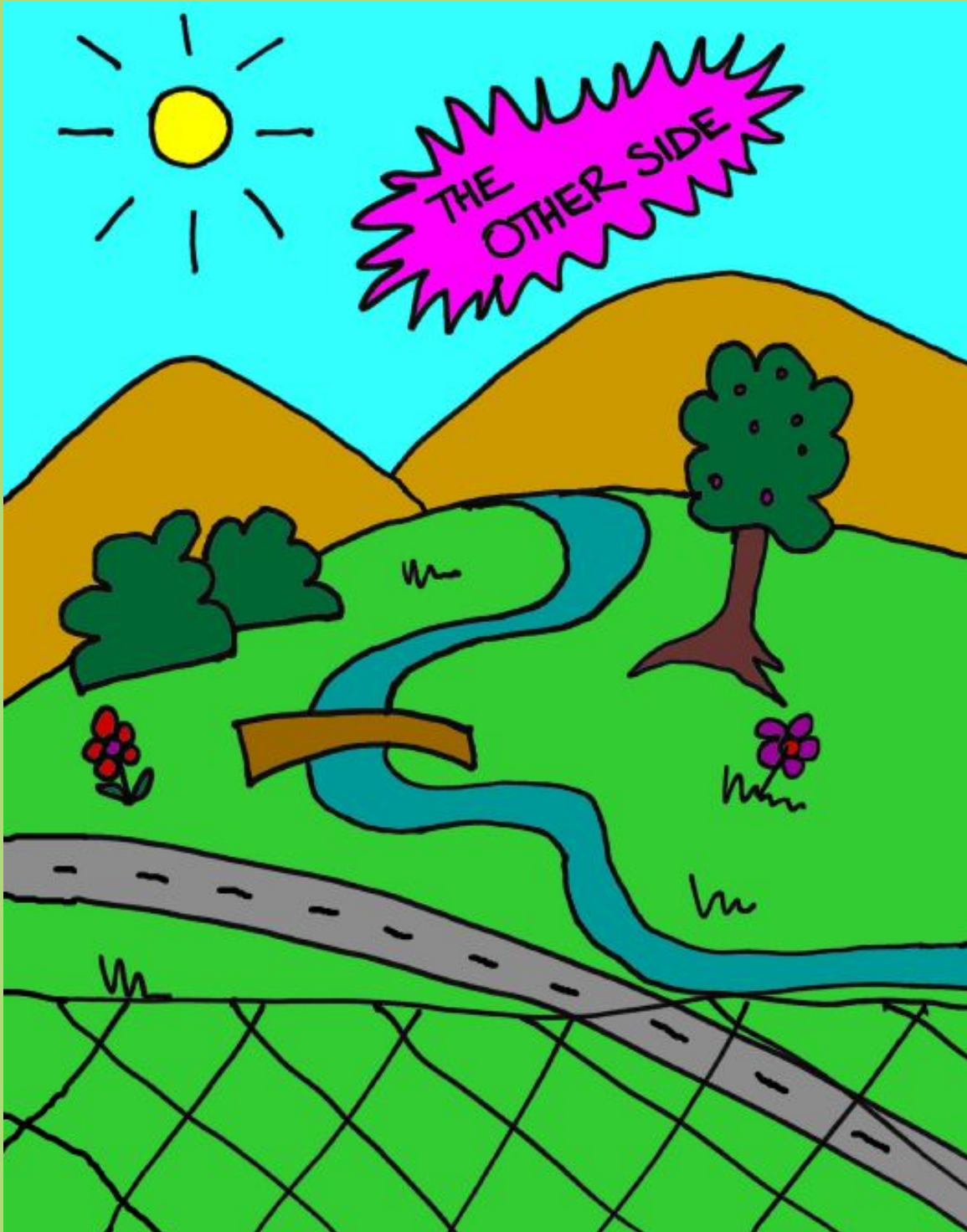


BIG MAC AND LITTLE DIPPER

–Volume 2–

The Other Side



Danielle Bruckert

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–Volume 2–

The Other Side

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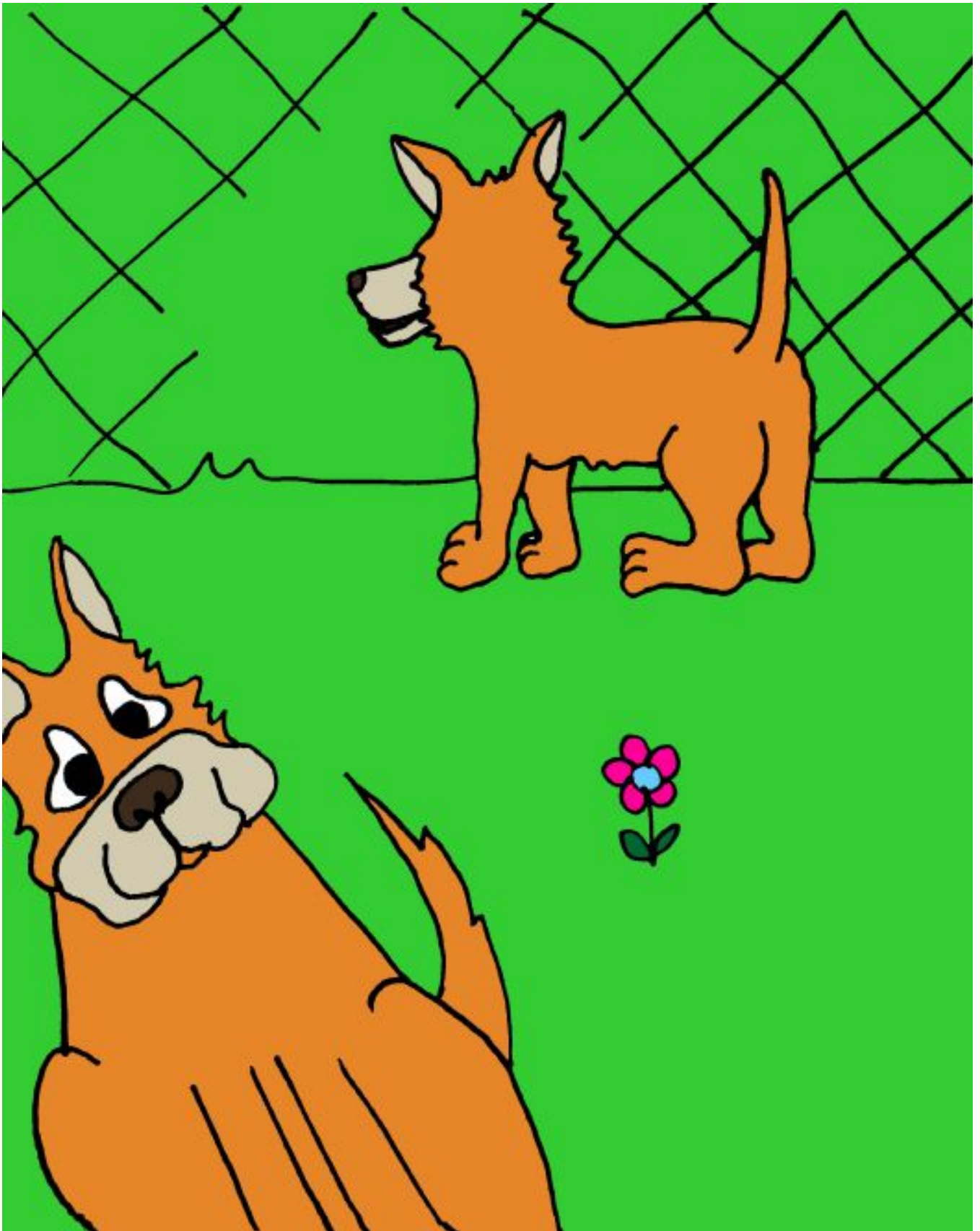
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BIG MAC AND LITTLE DIPPER

Volume 2

The Other Side

This book belongs to:



One day Mac was outside playing in the garden of the house where he lived with Mr and Mrs Smith, Tyron, baby Katia, Dipper, and The Cat.

He was pursuing one of his favourite pastimes, chasing The Cat, when suddenly, something caught his attention.

It was Dipper.
She was digging at something by the fence.

He bounded over to where she was busy with the fence to find out what was going on.

“Whatcha doing Dipper?” Mac asked, sniffing at the fence where she was digging.

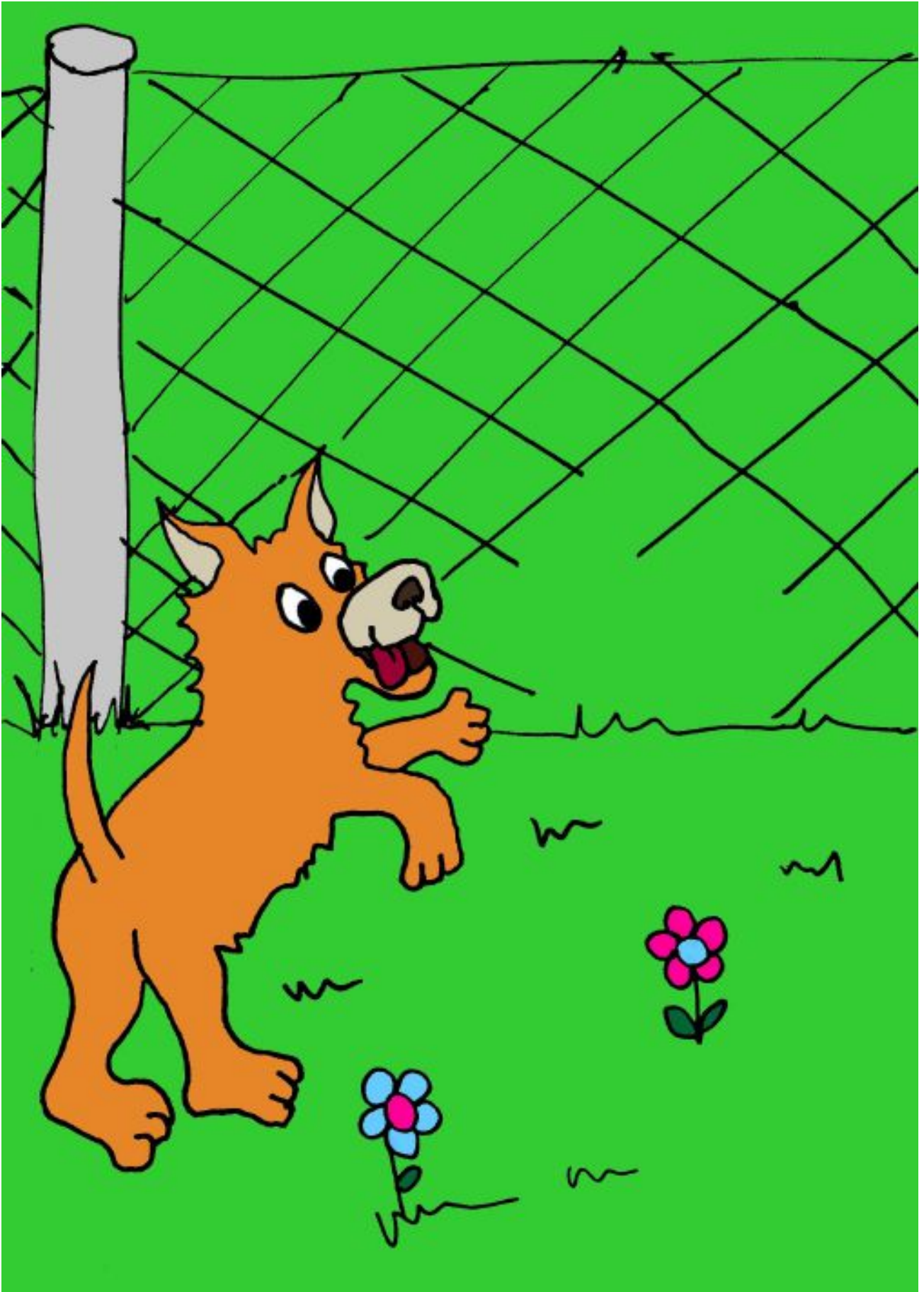
“I think I found a hole!”
Dipper announced proudly.

“A hole?” questioned Mac.

“Yes a ‘hole’,” Dipper replied enthusiastically.

“What’s a hole?” asked Mac.

“Er—well, a hole is something that’s not there.”
replied Dipper.



Mac thought about this carefully.

What's the use of having something that's not there?
He thought to himself.

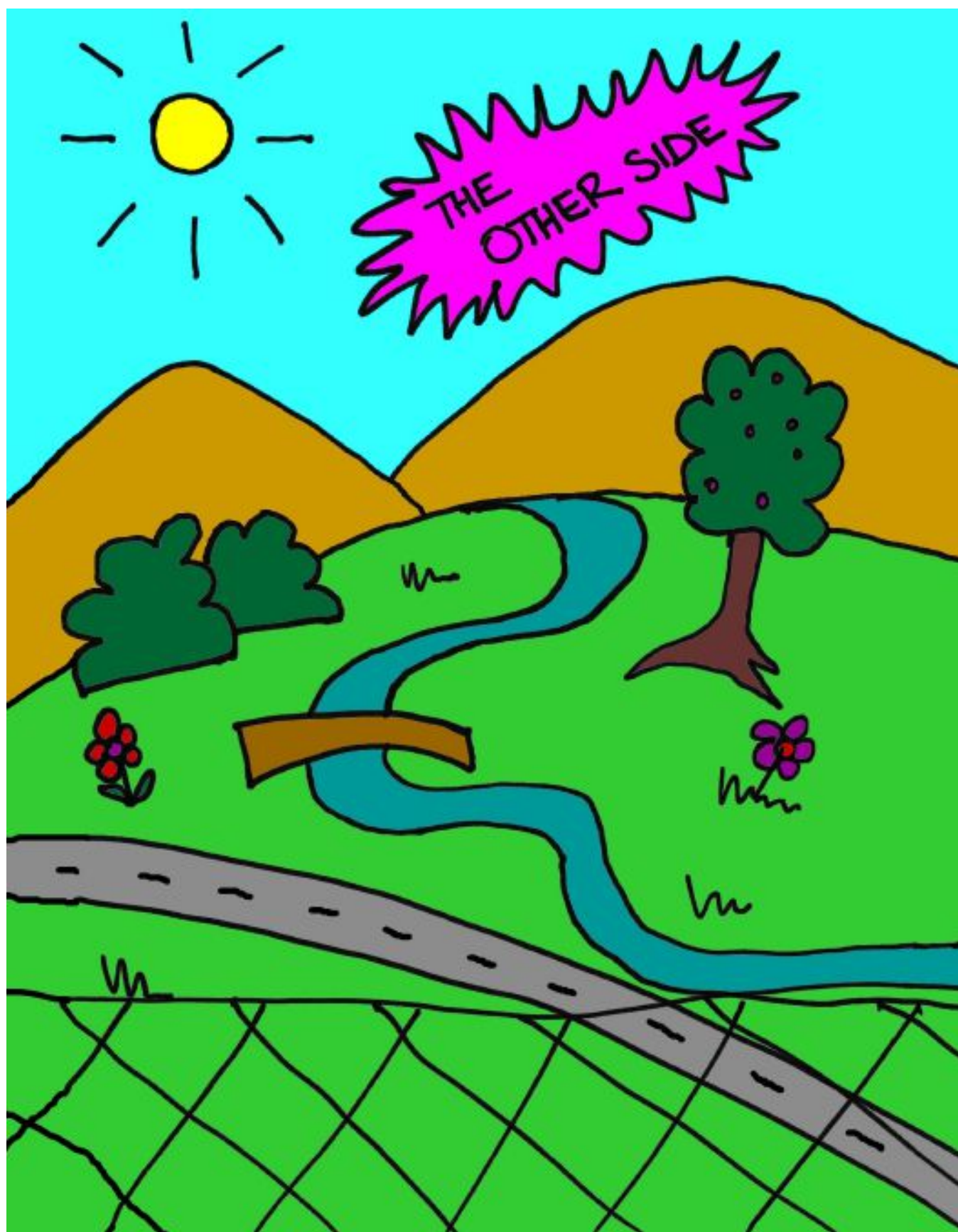
He paused, not wanting to seem stupid.
Then, figuring that appearing stupid
was far better than being stupid, he decided to ask:
"What's the big thing about something
that isn't there?"

"Well," said Dipper, "when something isn't there,
there is nothing to stop us going through."

"Going through?" said Mac,
"Well, what is the point in going through?"

Dipper looked dreamily into the distance,
and paused a while before answering.

She paused so long that Mac had almost forgotten what they were
talking about, and had begun to wonder where The Cat was....



“If we go through,
we can see what is on—
The Other Side!”
Dipper finally answered triumphantly.

Mac, interrupted from his thoughts about The Cat,
wondered what the big deal was.
Who cares what’s on The Other Side, he thought,
I’ve got all this nice stuff here. I don’t want to go to
The Other Side, why would I want to go to there?

Dipper was young and inquisitive, and since she had found the
hole she just couldn’t keep her mind off finding out what was on....

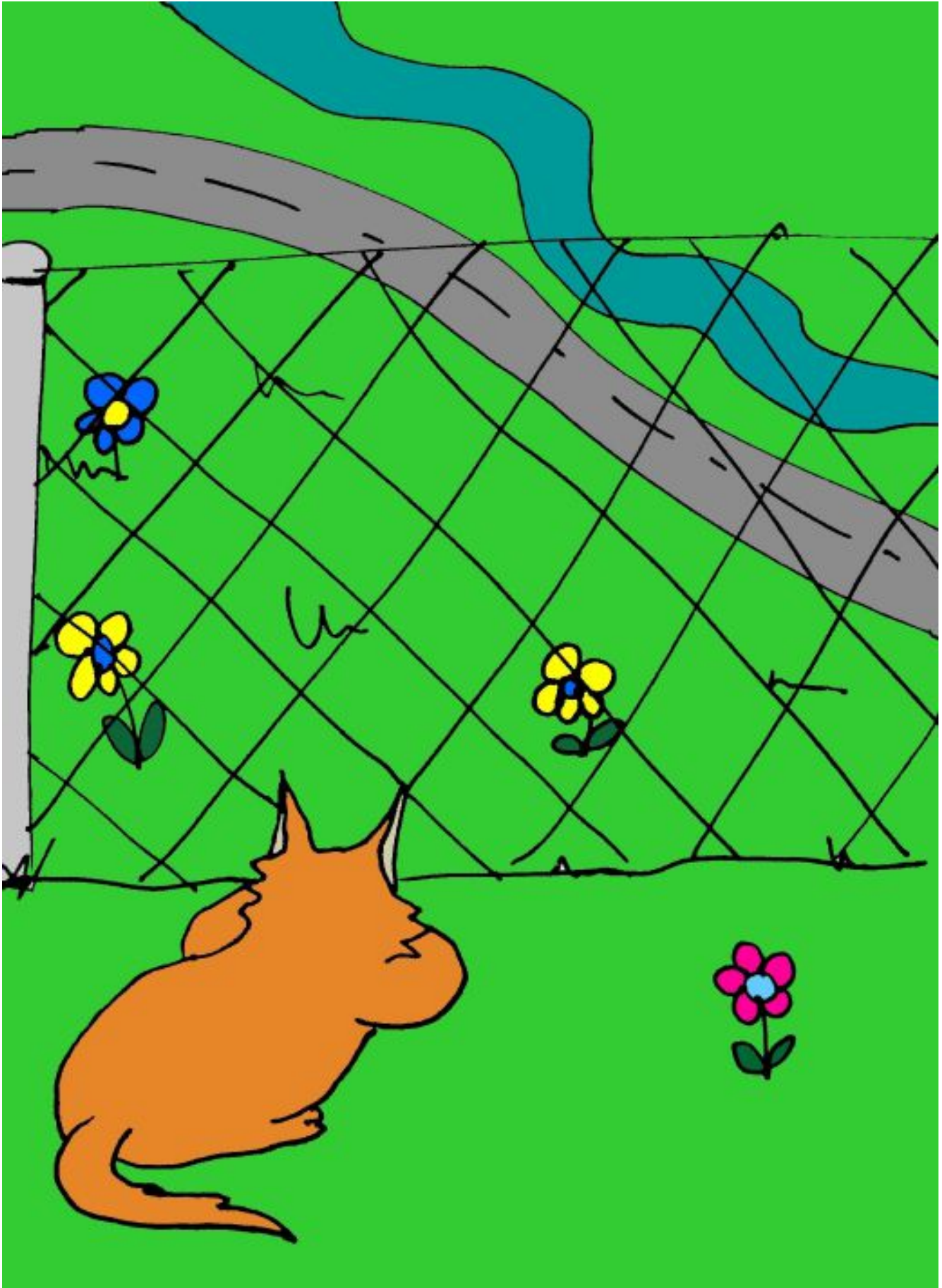
The Other Side!

“Yep—there’s definitely a HOLE here,” said Dipper,
“and if we go through, we’ll be on—
The Other Side!”.

Dipper was fascinated, she couldn’t go to The Other Side without
someone with her, and then she could only go where they wanted
her to go.

What was the rest like? Why couldn’t she go there, alone? What
interesting things were out there on The Other Side?
She wondered excitedly.

Now here was her chance to find out!

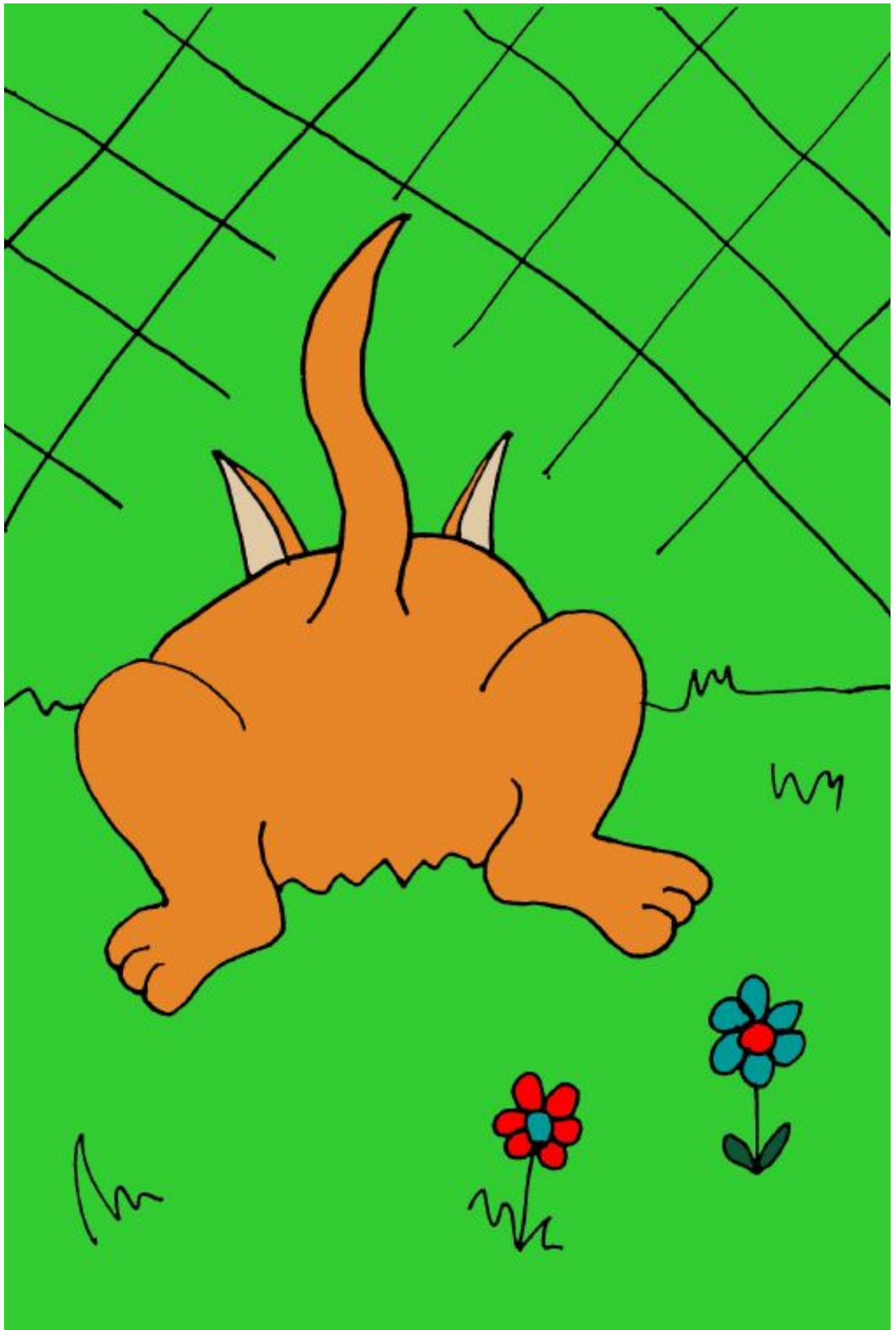


Mac did not like the look of the hole.
He thought The Other Side was dangerous,
and he didn't want to go somewhere dangerous.

He had a bad feeling about it.
After all, he thought, if it wasn't dangerous,
why wouldn't he be allowed to go there?

Mr. and Mrs. Smith looked after him, and if they didn't want
him to go to The Other Side, there must be a good reason.

Dipper was too young to reason so well; all she saw was that
The Other Side was OUT THERE to be explored, and she
wanted to go there!



“Mac—I think I can get through here!” Dipper yelled.

“Uh, I really don’t think you should do that Dipper,”
Mac woofed back.

“Why not?” Dipper retorted, then quickly added
“Don ’t be silly Mac, you’re scared of everything.”
hoping Mac might forget to answer.

“I am not!” Mac defended. “I just think there is a good reason why
we can’t go there.”

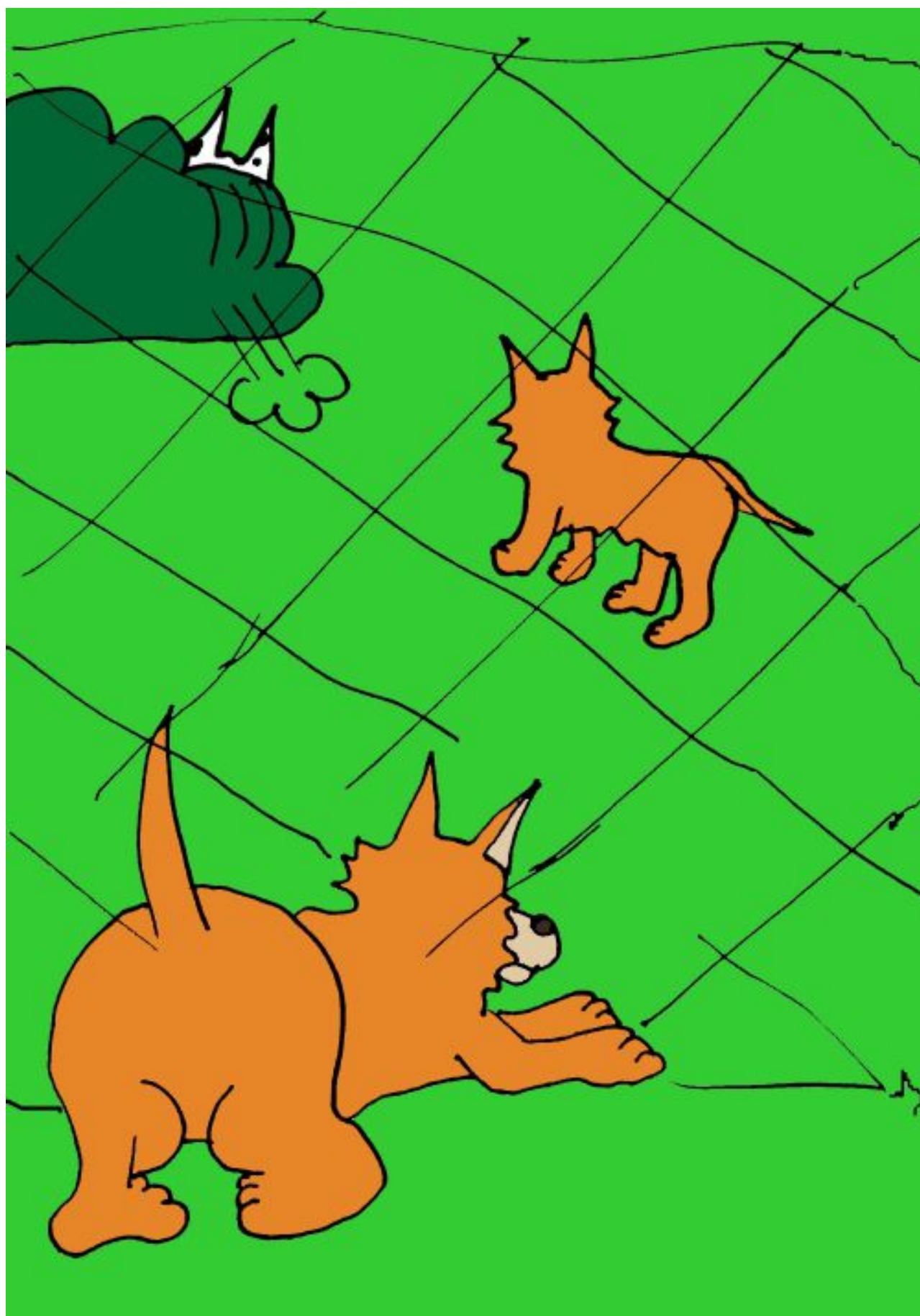
“Yeah—well what is the reason?”
Dipper asked.

“Uh, I dunno, but I uh...”
Mac replied. He still had that bad feeling,
but Dipper was too excited to notice.
“Common, let’s go!”

Before Mac could stop her,
she was through the fence and on

The Other Side!

Mac didn’t want to follow her: he thought she might not be brave
enough to leave his sight if he stayed behind the fence.
Then, something happened that made him rethink.



A small, black and white object darted
across the road and disappeared behind some bushes,
with two pairs of eyes following.

The two dogs looked at each other, then back across the road,
and then at each other again.

“THE CAT!”
They shouted together.

Dipper started running towards where The Cat disappeared,
while Mac began squeezing himself through the
Dipper-sized hole.

It took a bit of struggling, but before long he was through the
hole and bounding across the road to look for The Cat.

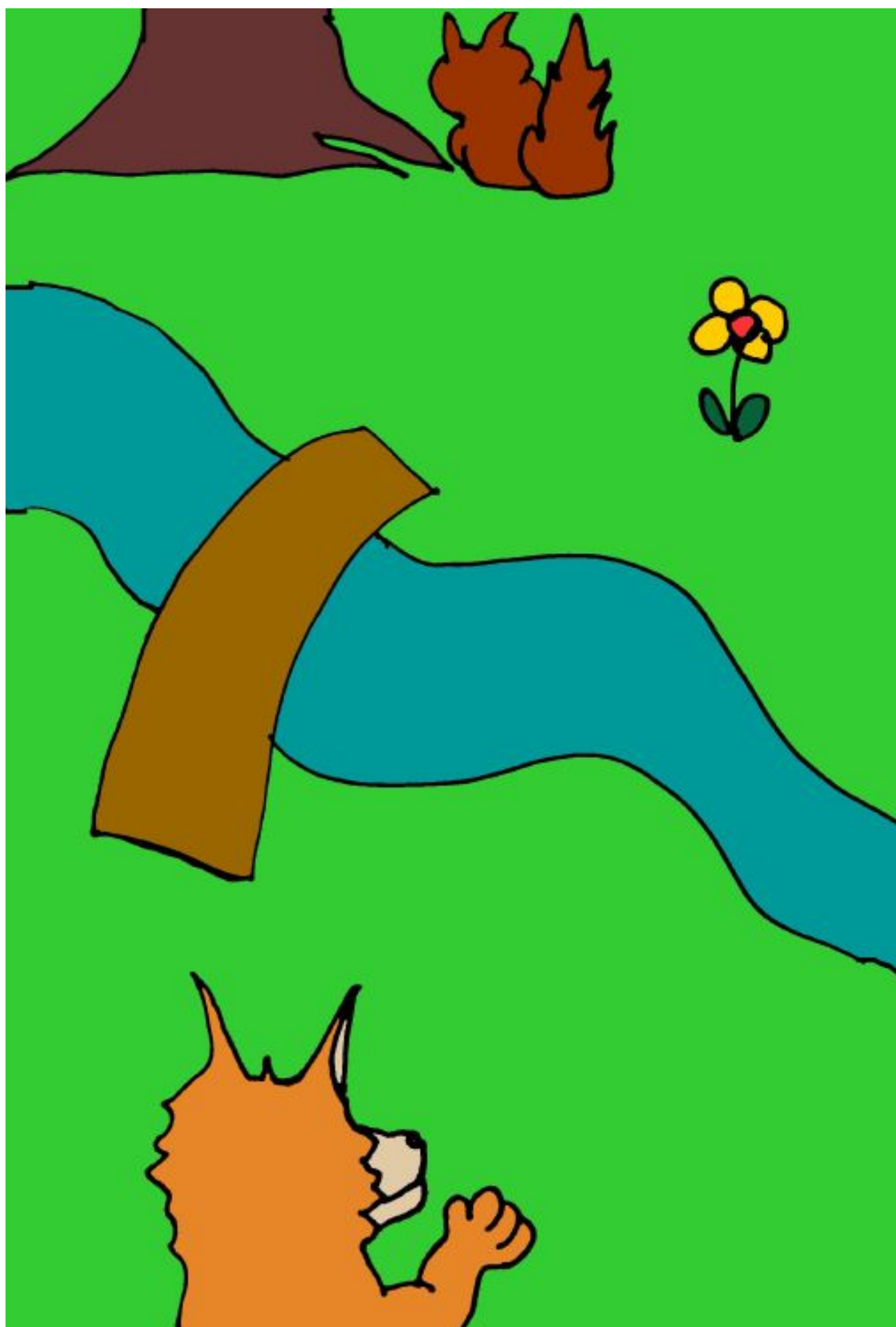
Dipper was rummaging around the bushes when he arrived.

“Where’s The Cat, Dipper? Where is she?”
he snuffed, out of breath from the squeeze through the hole
and the following chase.

“She must be here somewhere, I know it,”
said Dipper, still furiously sniffing around.

Mac joined her, and began furiously sniffing too. After a few
minutes, their sniffing slowed, and then stopped. They started
looking around, then they looked back at each other again.

“She disappeared.” said Dipper.
“Yes—I know,” replied Mac, “she’s gone.”



Mac was about to say,
“Let’s go back, this is not right,”
when Dipper interrupted his thoughts,



“Look—over there, it’s a small, brown, furry thing.
What is it? Where’s it going?”

She didn’t wait for Mac to reply, but started running after
the little creature.

“Er—I think it’s a SQUIRREL, Dipper!”
He again forgot why he wasn’t supposed to be out there
and started running behind her.

After all,
squirrels could not be left alone—
not if there was a chance to catch them!

They darted and dived through the bushes,
chasing the squirrel.
Every time they got close the squirrel darted off again, but
never far enough that they lost sight of his bushy tail.

The chase went on for some time,
until,
finally,
just when they thought they had the squirrel cornered...

He disappeared into a hole, and, like The Cat
—he was GONE.



Frumph...Mac sank down on his paws.

Frumph ...Dipper followed.

“Mac—” she called, “it’s not too bad.”

“Why’s that?—What do you mean it’s not too bad???”

Mac responded forlornly.

“Well, we are on *The Other Side* now, we can explore and see what everything on The Other Side is!” Dipper explained.

“But...” Mac tried to protest.

He kept thinking there was something wrong with the situation, but he couldn’t put his paw on it.

Dipper started sniffing around and checking this way and that. There were so many new smells to sniff, and she wanted to check out all of them.

Mac reluctantly looked on.

Each time she found a new smell,
it was a bit further away.

Mac followed just close enough to keep an eye on her,
always staying within woofing distance.



Whenever she found a new smell,
she called back to him.

“Mac—check over here, it smells like there were some other dogs
here...”

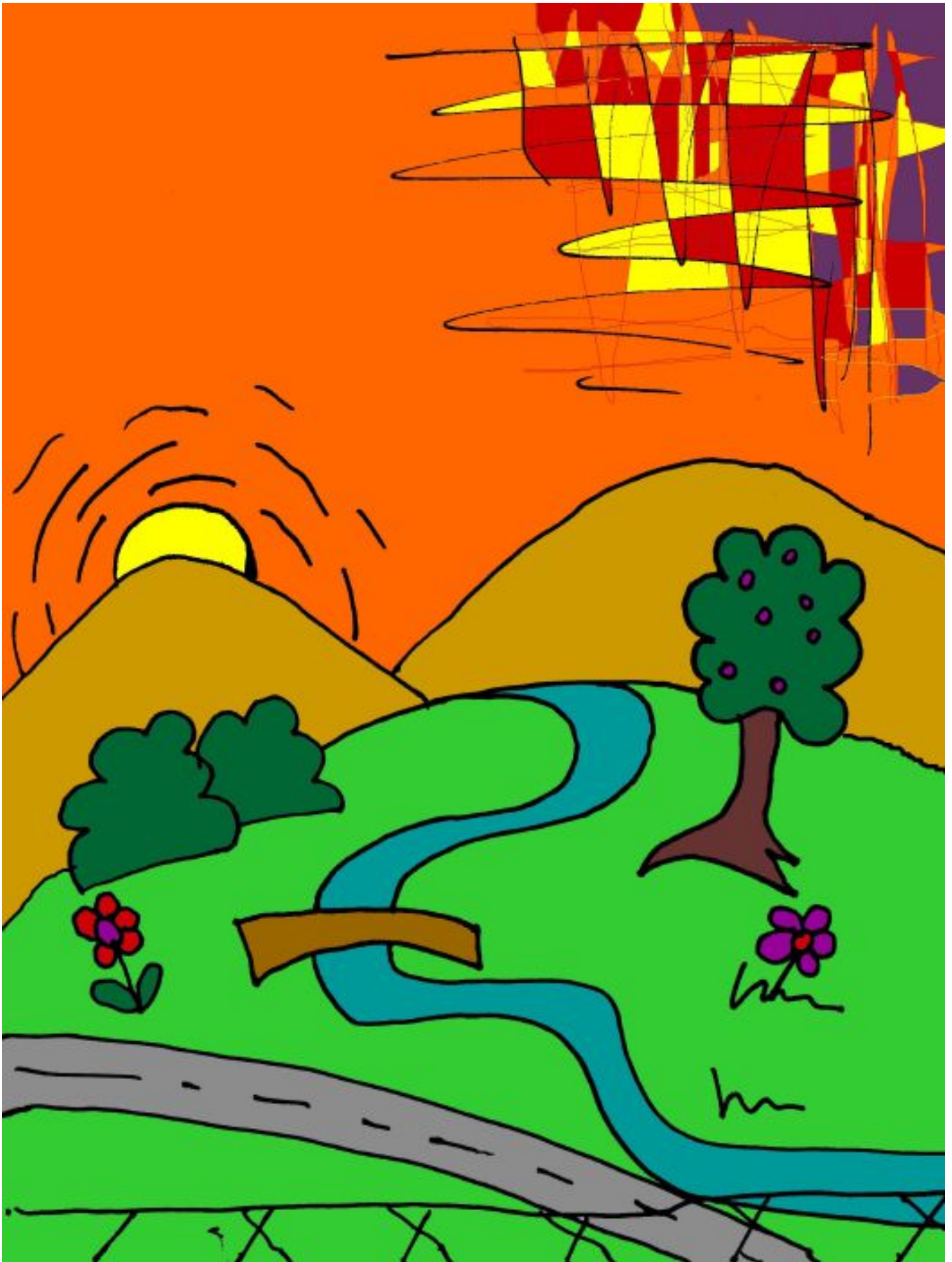
“Mac—this smells like sweet flowers...”

“Mac, there was some other animal here—maybe it’s another
squirrel...”

Mac, still followed, not wanting her to get in trouble, but also not
wanting to miss out on the action.

Not quite brave enough to look himself, and not quite bold or
scared enough to try to stop her, but too much of a friend to leave
her alone and go back home.

Mac might have been stuck in this dilemma forever,
had not something else happened.



They came out of the bushes into a clearing,
and Mac saw the sun.

“Dipper—it’s going to be dark soon! We can’t be out here on our own in the dark.” gruffed Mac.

“Dark—it’s not getting dark.” she replied.

“Look at the sun!” Mac pointed to the fading yellow ball.

Looking up, Dipper suddenly saw he was right.

“Okay, I guess we could come back, some other time.”
She was completely absorbed in the excitement and was worried
they might never see these things again,
the sun had not yet brought her back to reality.

“Let’s go NOW, Dipper!” Mac growled,
as he was becoming very worried about their safety.

They started back towards where they thought they had come from, quickly running through the bushes.

As they ran the light grew dimmer and dimmer, and as the light grew dimmer they had to tread slower and more carefully to keep from tripping over branches and getting tangled on twigs.

Still the light grew dimmer,
and then it grew darker,
and Mac got more and more worried.



He knew it wasn't a good idea to be out here.

"Mac—It doesn't look so much like where we came from."
said Dipper timidly.

"Er—no, it doesn't."

Mac rolled his big droopy eyes.

What were they going to do?

He decided to try not to look too miserable yet,
for Dipper's sake.

"It's okay, we'll find our way back, and we'll be warm and comfortable on the INSIDE soon. Inside, in our dog-houses, with our blankets and food bowls before you can say...."

Mac trailed off.

"Before you can say?" Dipper queried.

"Before you can say...." Mac still couldn't finish what he was trying to say: he was worried they really might not get back.

Dipper started looking about and sniffing.

Now all the smells that had smelled so interesting,
began to smell very scary.

The sounds that sounded so interesting
sounded haunted and spooky.

The night was getting colder and chillier,
she missed her blanket, and her bowl and her....



Mac suddenly remembered the reason why
they shouldn't go out—
because they might get lost!

Not only that—all those spooky sounds didn't just sound
spooky, they WERE spooky.
And, worse still, they might get hurt.

He started treading more and more cautiously,
“Stay close to me Dipper.” he called.

Mac also started thinking about home,
with his warm blanket and his food.

There was another reason they shouldn't have left:
The Other Side didn't have any ready-made food or
blankets around.

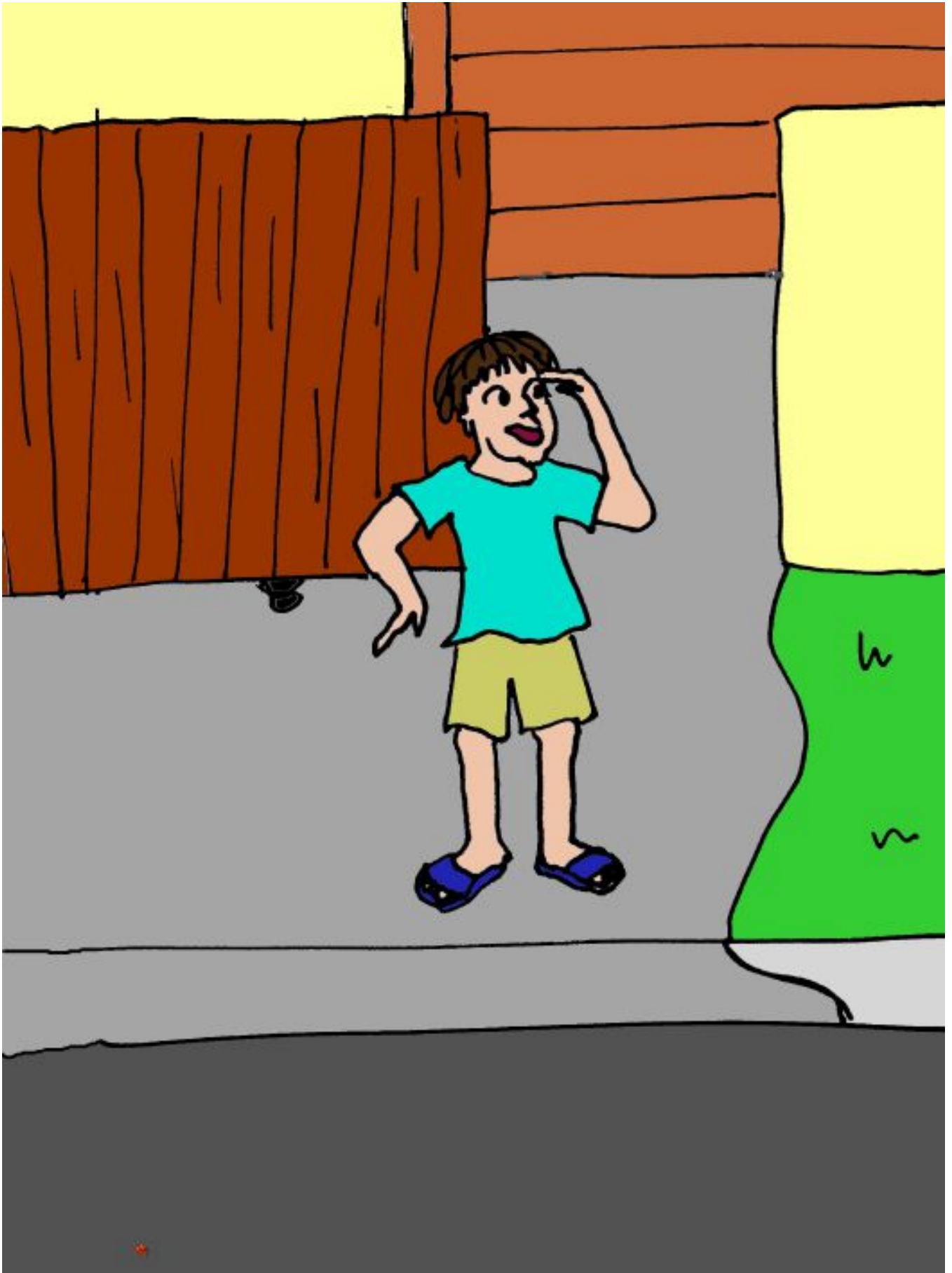
Why couldn't he remember all these things
before they left?

Better keep Dipper's spirits up, he thought,
and turned his mind back to the task at hand.

He tried to finish the sentence again
“We'll be home before you can say.....”

“Before you can say...
—THERE'S THE CAT!!!”

Dipper looked up suddenly.



He was right, it WAS The Cat!

Just when Dipper had started to think
she would never get home.

The Cat would know how to find home. If they just kept her
in sight, they would eventually find their way back. They
didn't know how, but they knew The Cat never got lost.

They stayed a short distance behind The Cat, so she
wouldn't run like she normally did when they chased her.

Slowly but surely, things started getting more and more
familiar, until finally they saw the fence again where they
had first found the hole.

But, the hole wasn't there anymore,
someone had fixed it.

Outside the gate, they could see Tyron calling:
"Dipper...Mac....., where are you, Dipper...Mac..."

He looked and sounded so worried.

There was no sneaking in now.
Mac remembered the other reason
why they shouldn't go out.



Mr Smith!

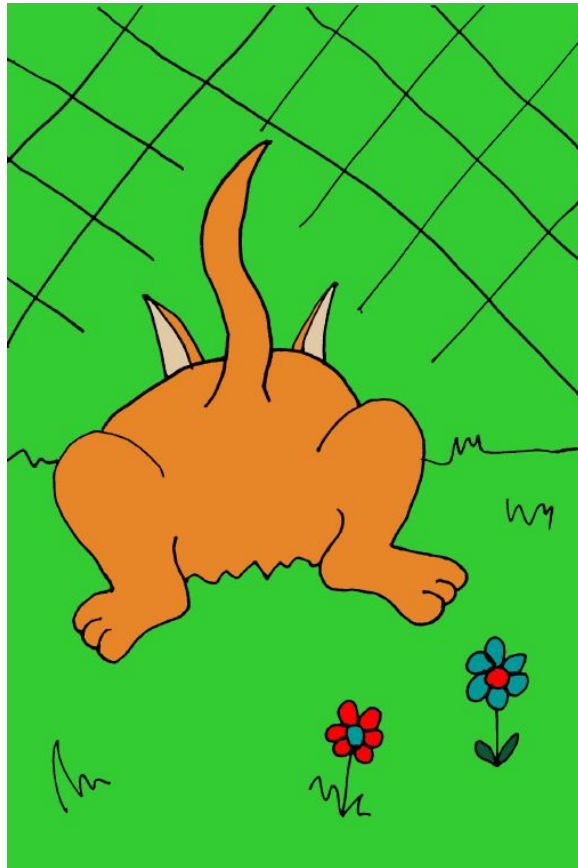
Once inside, they both got smacked on their bottoms by
Mr Smith for the naughty escapade,
to make them never forget why not to go out,
and then they were sent to bed without their supper.

But Mac and Dipper didn't care,
they were just very glad to be
back home,

on the INSIDE,

SAFE and WARM.

The End



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is purely coincidental.

About the Author

Danielle Bruckert

Danielle is a New Zealander living abroad, who now calls Africa home. Her chosen career is as a professional pilot, she has worked in a variety of aviation capacities from instruction to airline flying, and is the author of several aviation text books.

Danielle started writing children's books as a creative outlet from the stress of her 'day job' and as a break from the sometimes monotonous work required for her professional writing.

She began with the Mac and Dipper series, aimed at 5–10 year olds, inspired by two of her own dogs. After having a child of her own, she suddenly found she had a muse, an eager resource for test reading, and, by benefit of her age, an honest critic all in one, it was fun and rewarding to write creative stories which matched her daughters learning curve. A series of 'junior' books aimed at 2–5 year olds followed.

Encouraged by friends and family, and already familiar with the self-publishing route through her non-fiction books, Danielle began publishing the books online so that others could also enjoy them too.

Because of her passion for children's literature and it's role in improved literacy standards, all of Danielle's own books are available for free download and may be used free of charge for non-commercial purposes.

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