

The Stair Case



Mac was a very big dog.

Mac lived in a house with a very small kitchen,
where Mac loved to sleep on the cool floor.

This caused lots of problems.

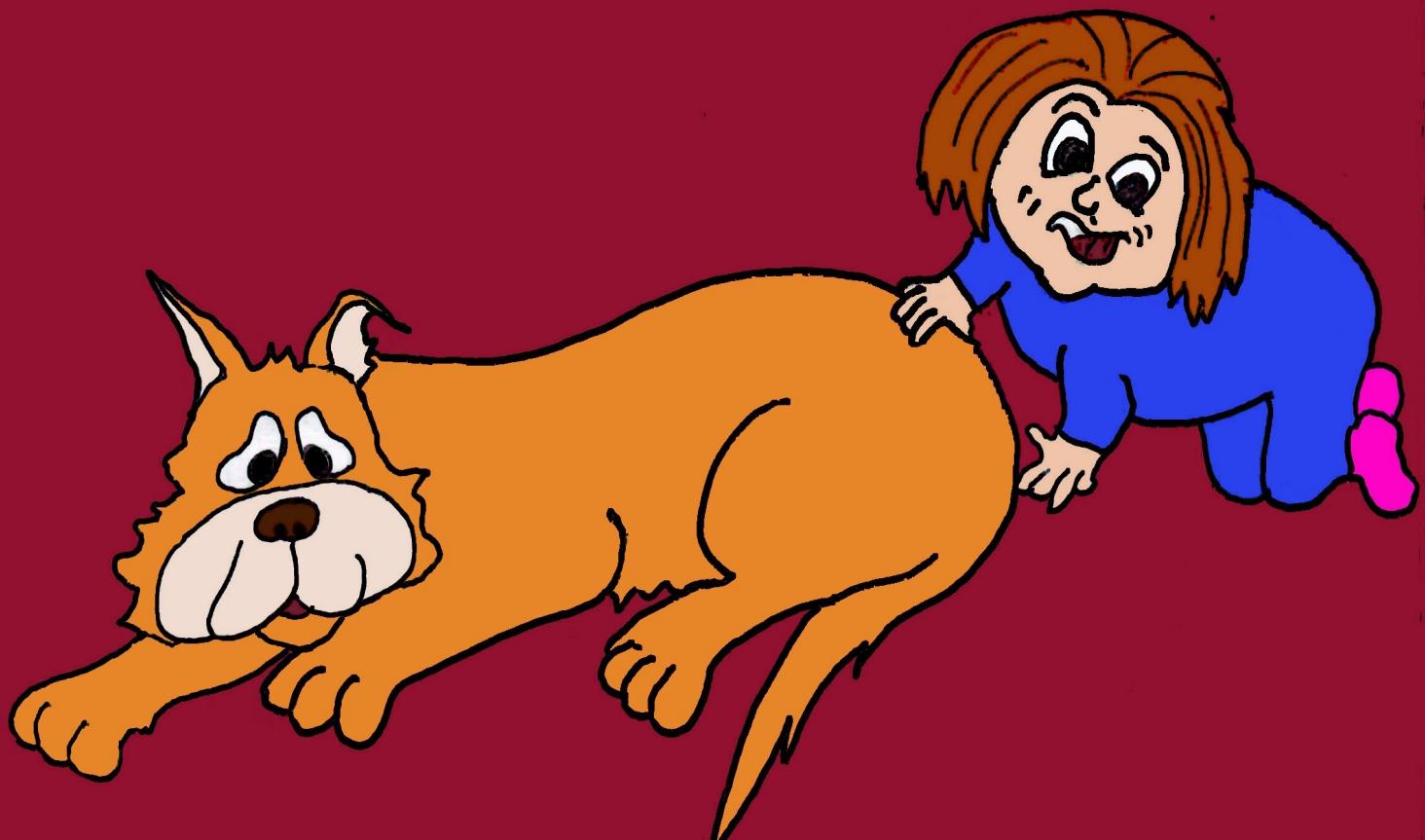
Mrs Smith would come into the kitchen and ask,
"Why have I got such a large dog in the middle of
my very small kitchen?"



Mac would see he wasn't wanted,
and slink away to the hall where the floor was
almost as cool,
but the smells weren't as nice.

Just when Mac had begun to settle down Baby Katia came crawling along the floor of the hall.

She bumped into Mac, and let out a small squeal,
"EEEIKK. -".



Mrs Smith looked over and threw her hands up in the air again, saying,
"Why have I got such a big dog in my small passage way?"

Picking up the baby she chased Mac out of the hall.

Mac looked up with droopy Mac eyes,
and saw he was not wanted there either,
and decided to slink away to the bathroom.



In the shower the floor was always cool, sometimes a little damp, but always perfectly shaded for snoozing. Mac didn't like the soap smell, but he thought maybe at least I'll be safe here out of the way for a while.

Right at that moment, Katia's big brother Tyron, who hated getting up too early in the morning, choose to get up and wandered down stairs to have a shower.

When Tyron saw Mac in the shower he said to him, "Mac, I am happy for you to have a shower with me, but I don't think you are going to like it."

Mac looked up at Tyron with his big droopy Mac eyes, and rumbled a Mac rumble,

"GRMMRMRL."



Mac tried to decide if Tyron wanted him to go or stay. He paused in thought, half standing up and half lying down in the shower.

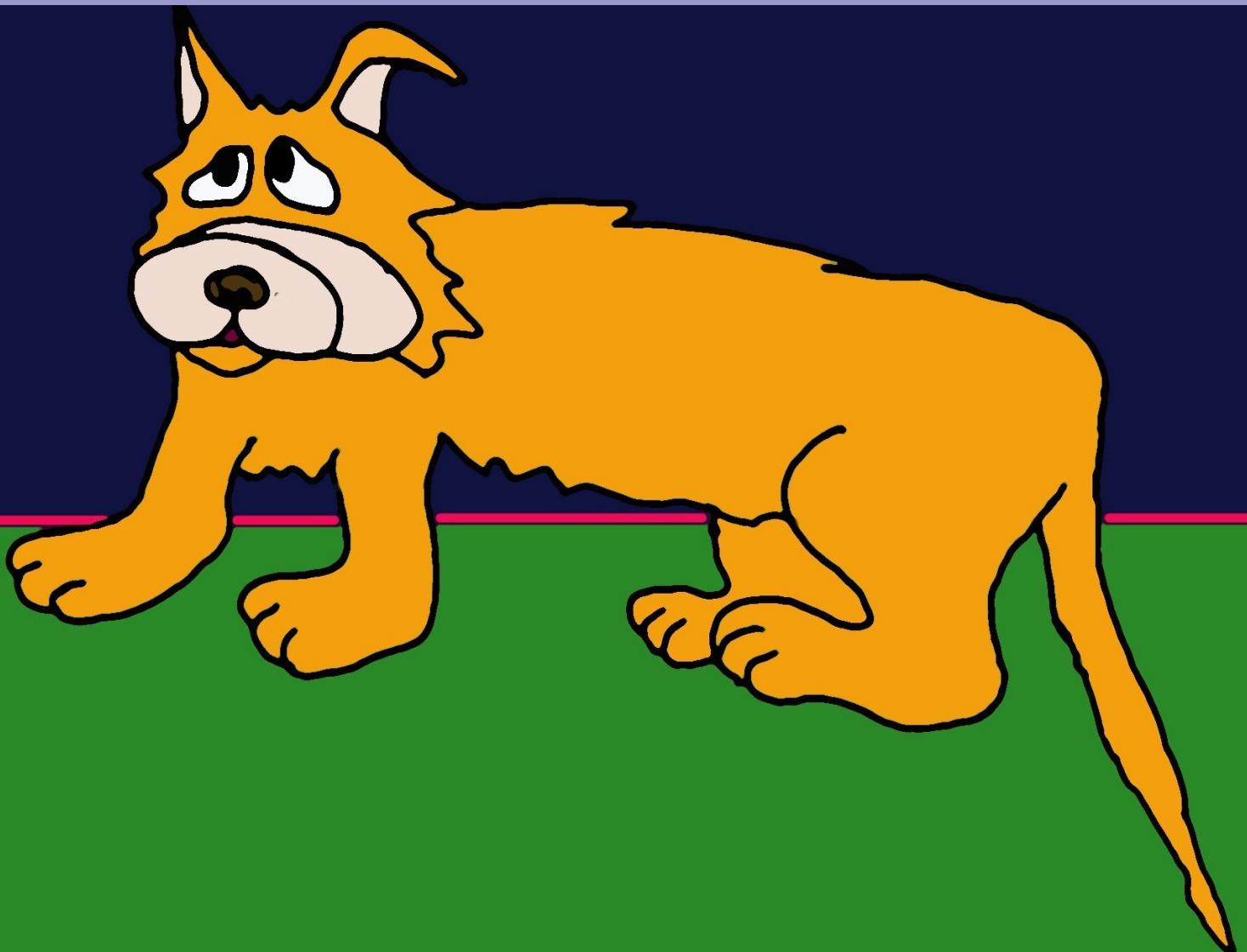
Tyron said:

"Mac if you don't believe me I can show you."

He turned the tap on very softly to let Mac know what might be coming.



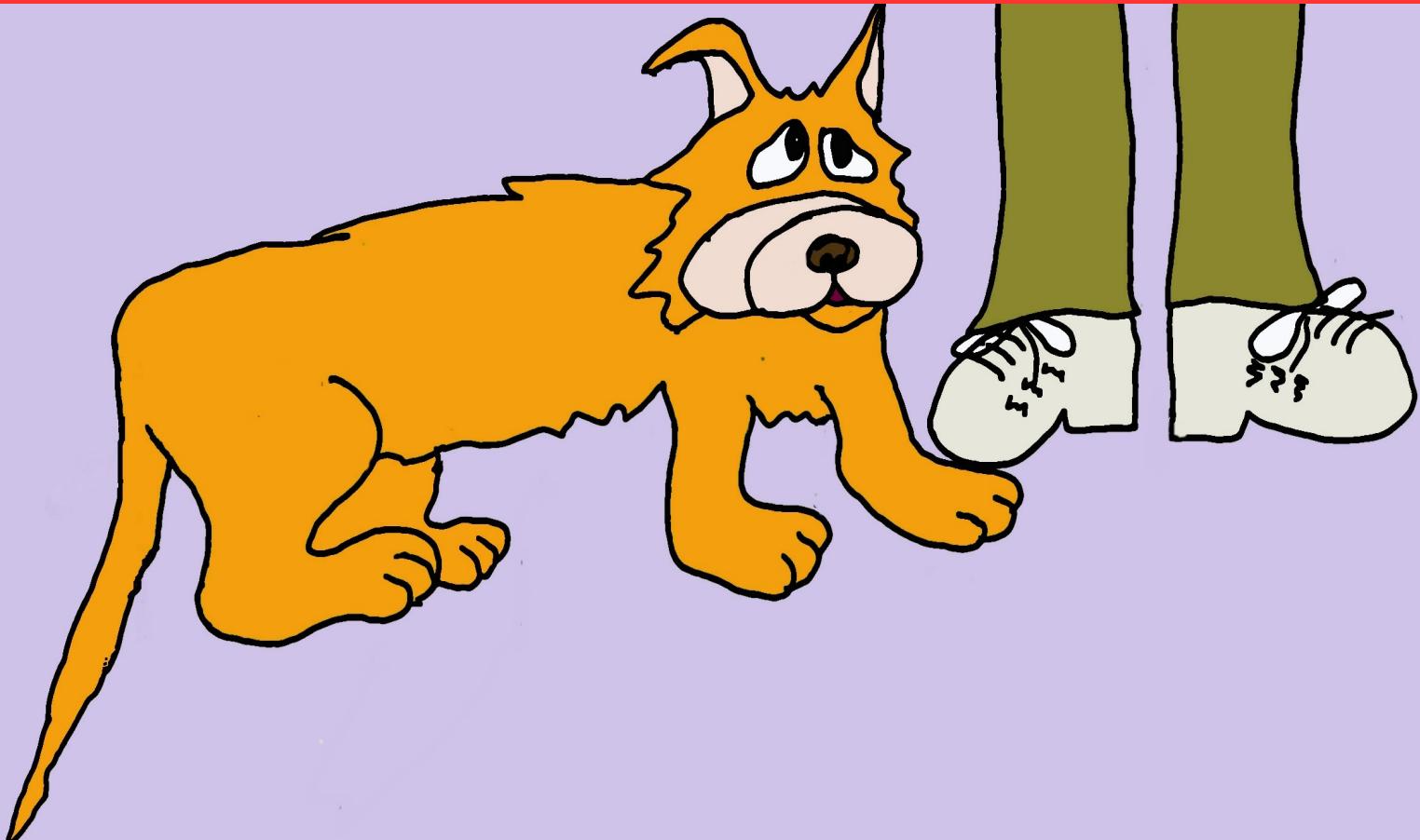
Mac suddenly felt something cold and wet, he looked at Tyron a bit startled. Then he realized Tyron was just warning him there was more coming and he wouldn't much like it, and perhaps he better go.



So he ambled back to the hall -
looked around to see if the 'coast was clear',
and sunk down into his favorite snooze position.

The coast was not clear for long, Mr Smith came back from reading his paper and saw Mac.

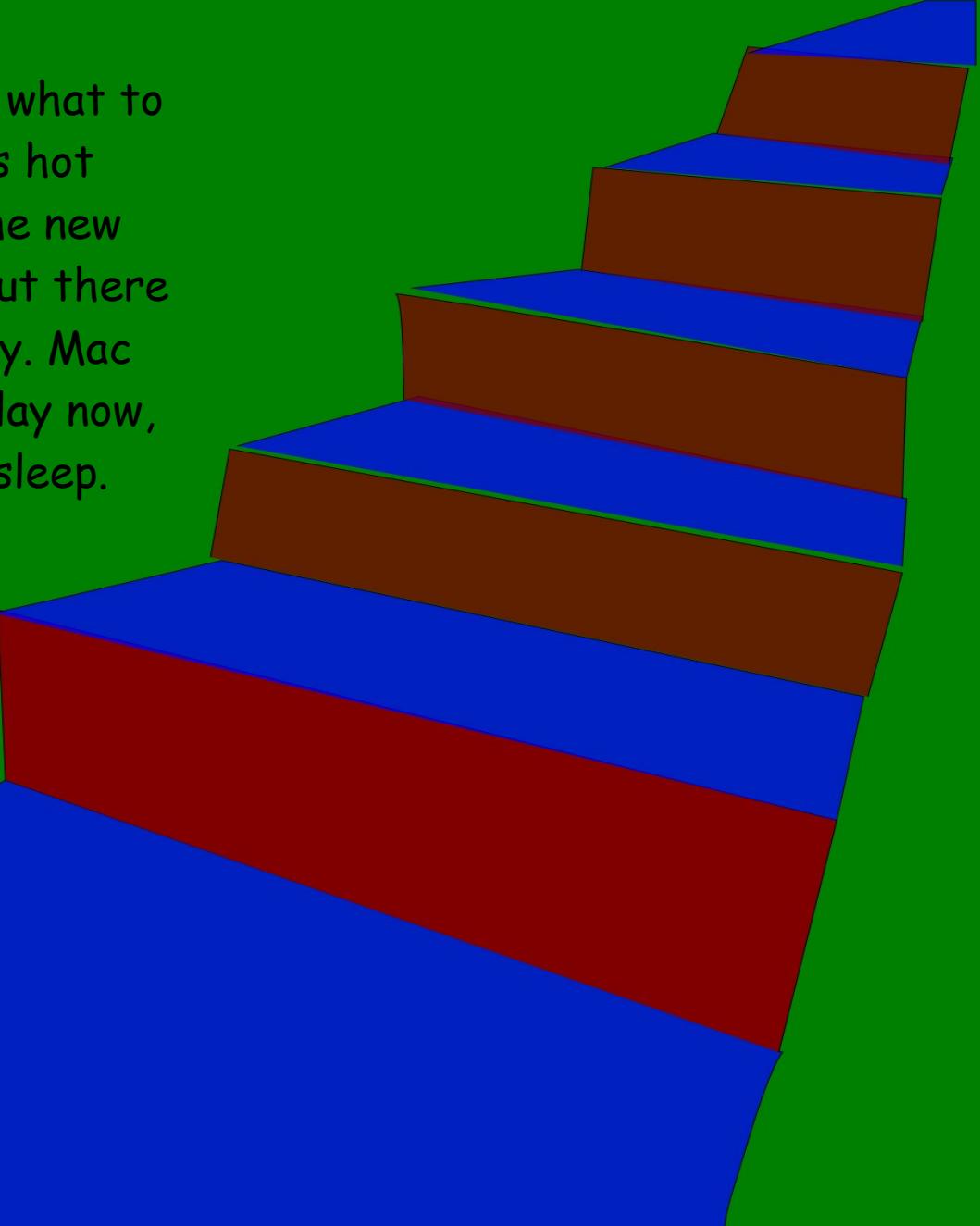
"Mac, old boy, why do you, such a big dog, choose to sit in such a small passage?" he asked.



"You know you shouldn't be here, Mrs Smith will find you and you don't want that do you?"

Mac looked up with his big droopy Mac eyes, and rumbled softer this time....

"Grmmgrrl."

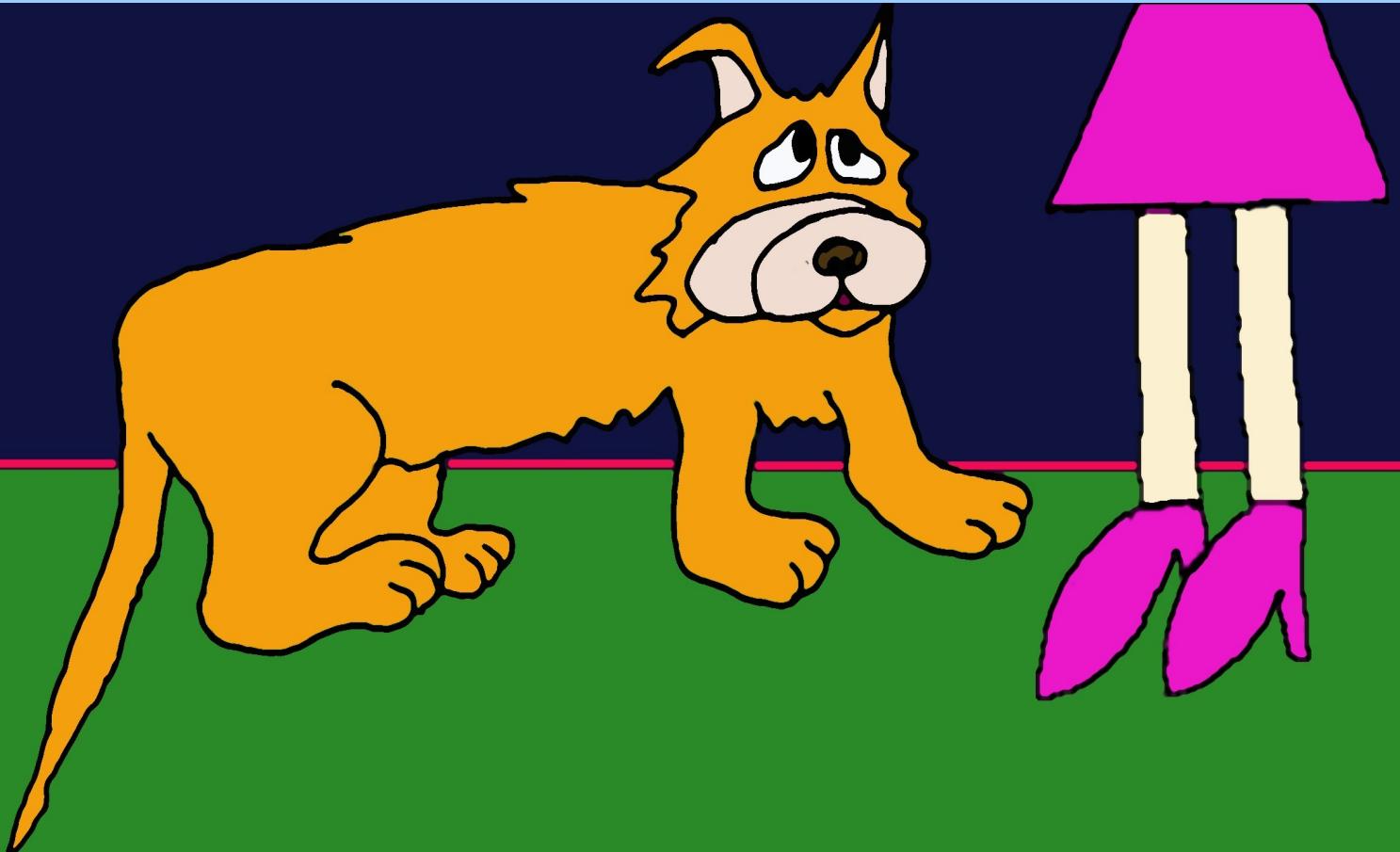


Mac didn't know what to do now, it was hot outside, and the new puppy would be out there and want to play. Mac didn't want to play now, he wanted to sleep.

The only place Mac could go for really good shade was on the balcony, but he was afraid of climbing up the stairs.

The stairs were so BIG and STEEP and SCARY looking.

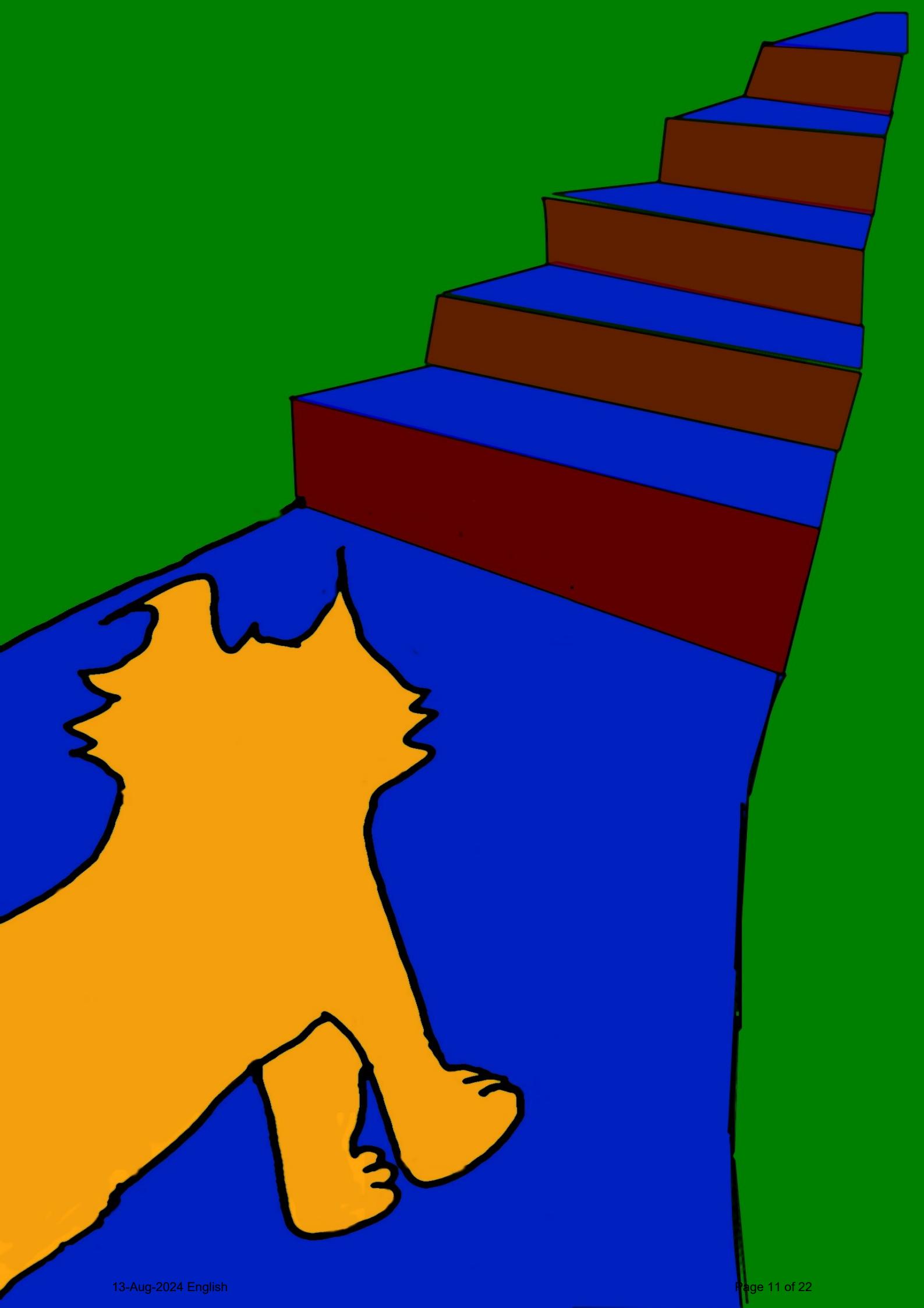
He tried to slink back to the kitchen,
but Mrs Smith spied him creeping in,



"Mac, why do I have such a big dog
trying to creep into my small kitchen again?"

She threw her hands up again,
for the third time that morning.

"Mac what will I do with you? - Outside now!"



It was getting closer to midday, and it was getting
hotter by the second.

Mac wished he didn't have a fur coat.

There were lots of trees to lie under, but the
ground was all prickly and Mac didn't like it.

He looked at the stairs, he wanted to go up and lie
under the table on the cool balcony floor,
but they were terrifying.

They were so big and steep,
he didn't know how he would come down.

Maybe he would get stuck up there,
and if no one found him he might miss his dinner.

Or maybe his legs would fall through the gaps
and he would be trapped,

Then the Cat would taunt and tease him until
someone came to the rescue.

While thinking of all the terrible things that might happen if he tried, he slowly ambled over to his least hated tree where he lay down in the prickly grass.

Soon after he lay down to snooze, the new puppy came bounding up to him.

"Whatchya doing Mac? Whatchya doing?"

"GrrrrrrMm".

Said Mac.

"Whatchya doing Mac? Whatchya doing?!"

"GRRMMMLL"

Said Mac,

this time in a more menacing Growly voice.

The puppy should know what that meant, he thought.

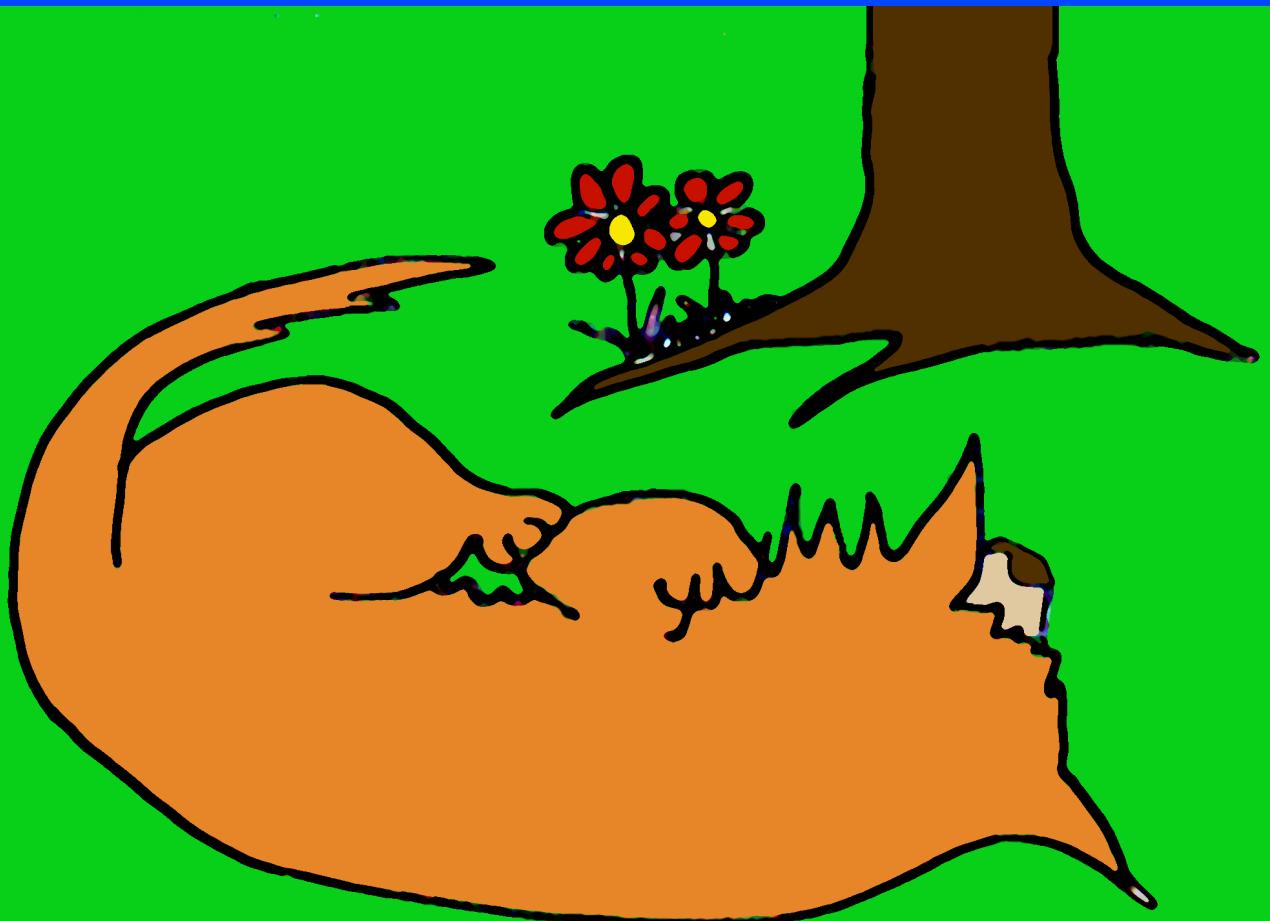
But noooo...

The puppy was young and very eager
but not yet very bright,

"Mac - watcha doing, don't ya wanna
come and play with me?"

She said, still waiting expectantly
for a reply.

Mac tried to ignore the puppy
and rolled over to face the tree.



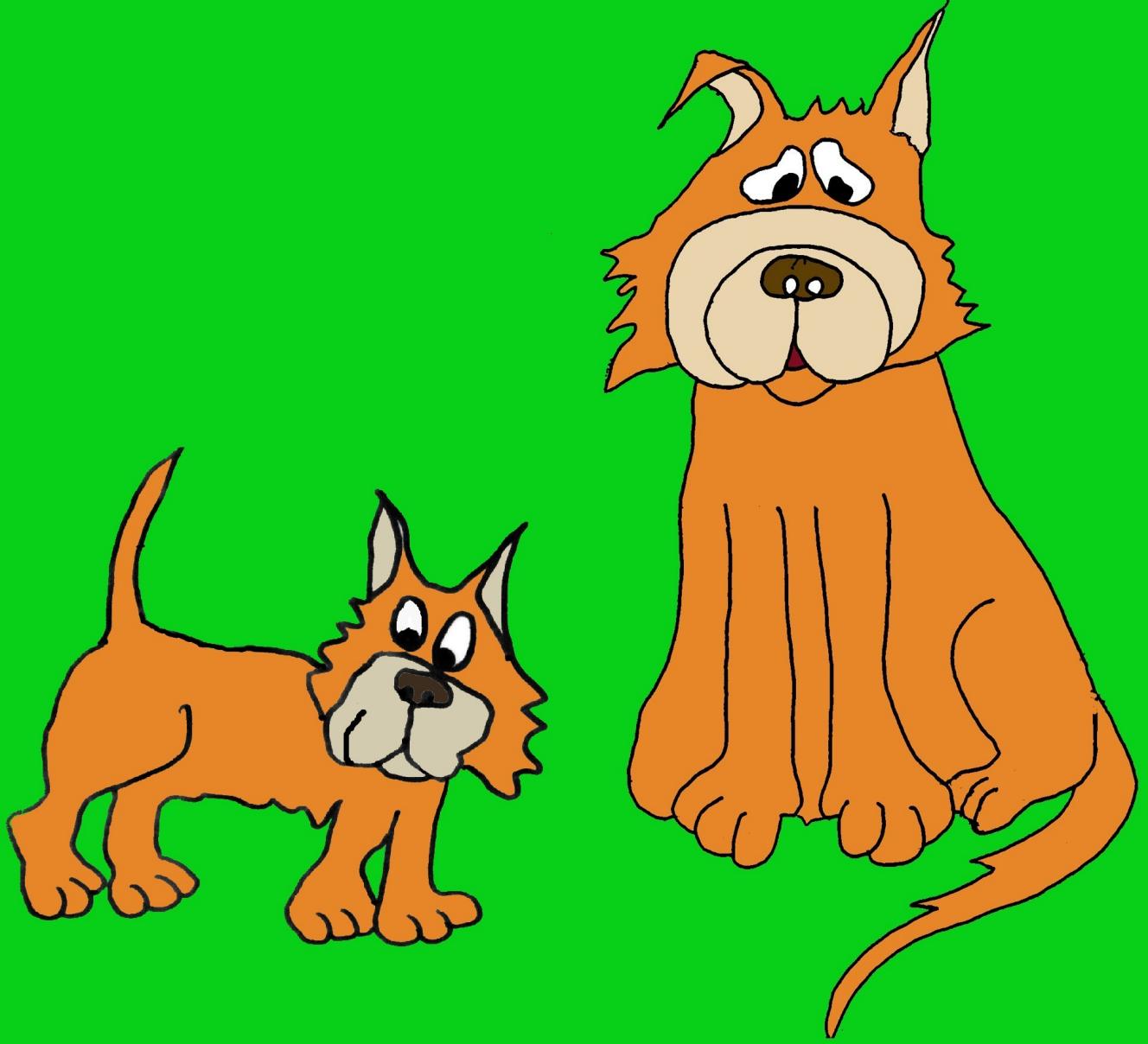


"Mac, I'm gonna go chase the Cat -
I saw him just now.

Mac don't you wanna chase
the Cat with me?"

Mac put his paws over his head and
pretended not to see or hear.

She just ran up the stairs on to the balcony,
if you wanna come with me,
I think she's trapped up there."



Mac was going to roll over again when his ears pricked up as he caught the word 'Balcony'.

"Little Dipper", he said slowly in a bit of a mumble-grumble, not wanting to sound too interested,
"Do you know how to get on to the balcony?"

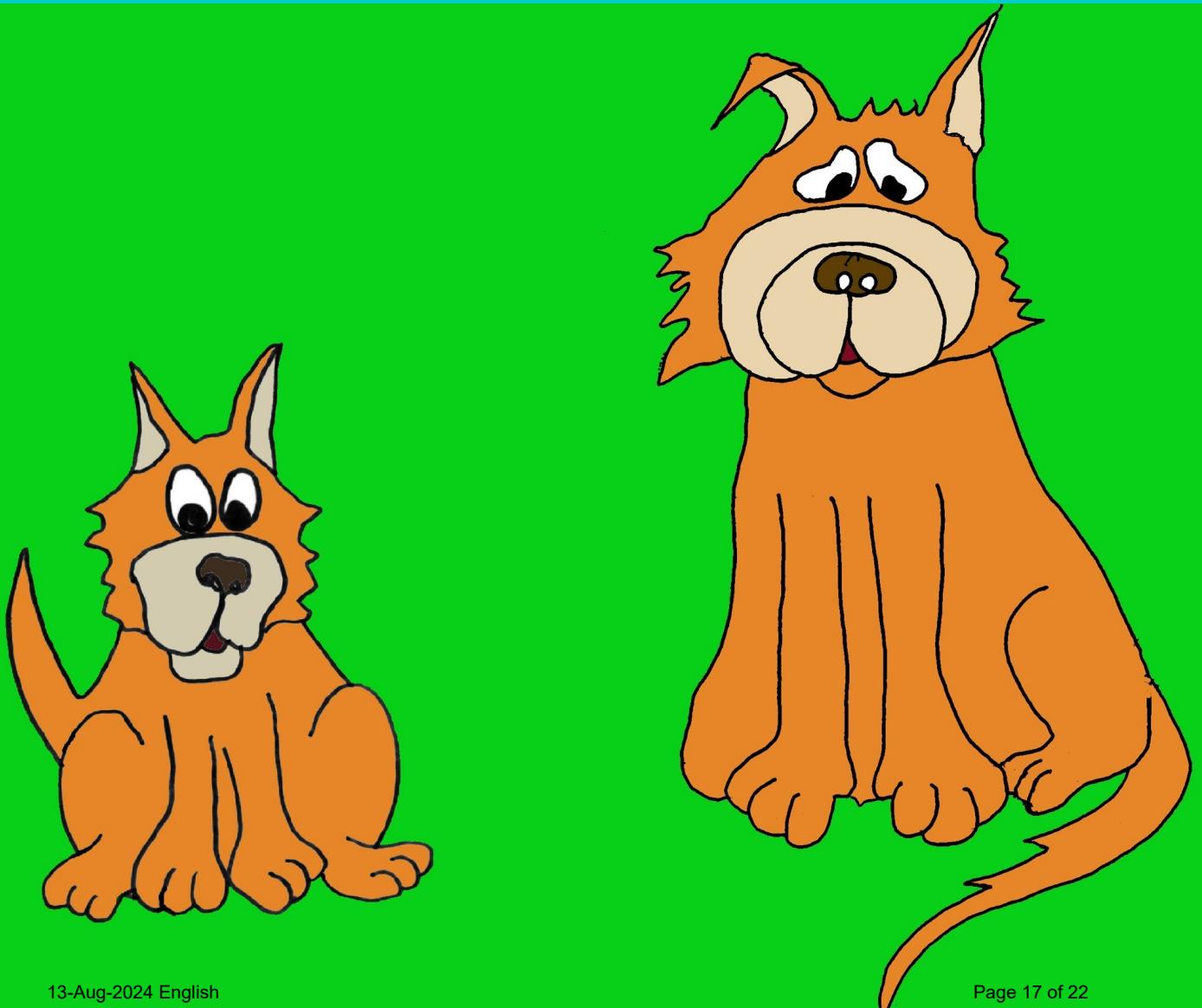
Little Dipper didn't quite understand what he said because he was mumbling, but was so surprised and glad that Big Mac was talking to her she was eager to give a good answer.

"Sure I do", she replied.

"So how do you?" asked Mac.

"How do you what?" replied Little Dipper
"How do you get onto the balcony?" asked Mac.

"Well by the stairs of course",
replied Little Dipper.





Mac shuddered a bit at the thought of the stairs, but tried not to let Dipper see.

"Well I know by the stairs, but how?" Mac asked.

"Those stairs are awfully big, and you are so very small. And what if you can't get down again?" Mac inquired further.

"But I normally always get down - why shouldn't I?" replied Dipper.

"You always get down OK?" said Mac.

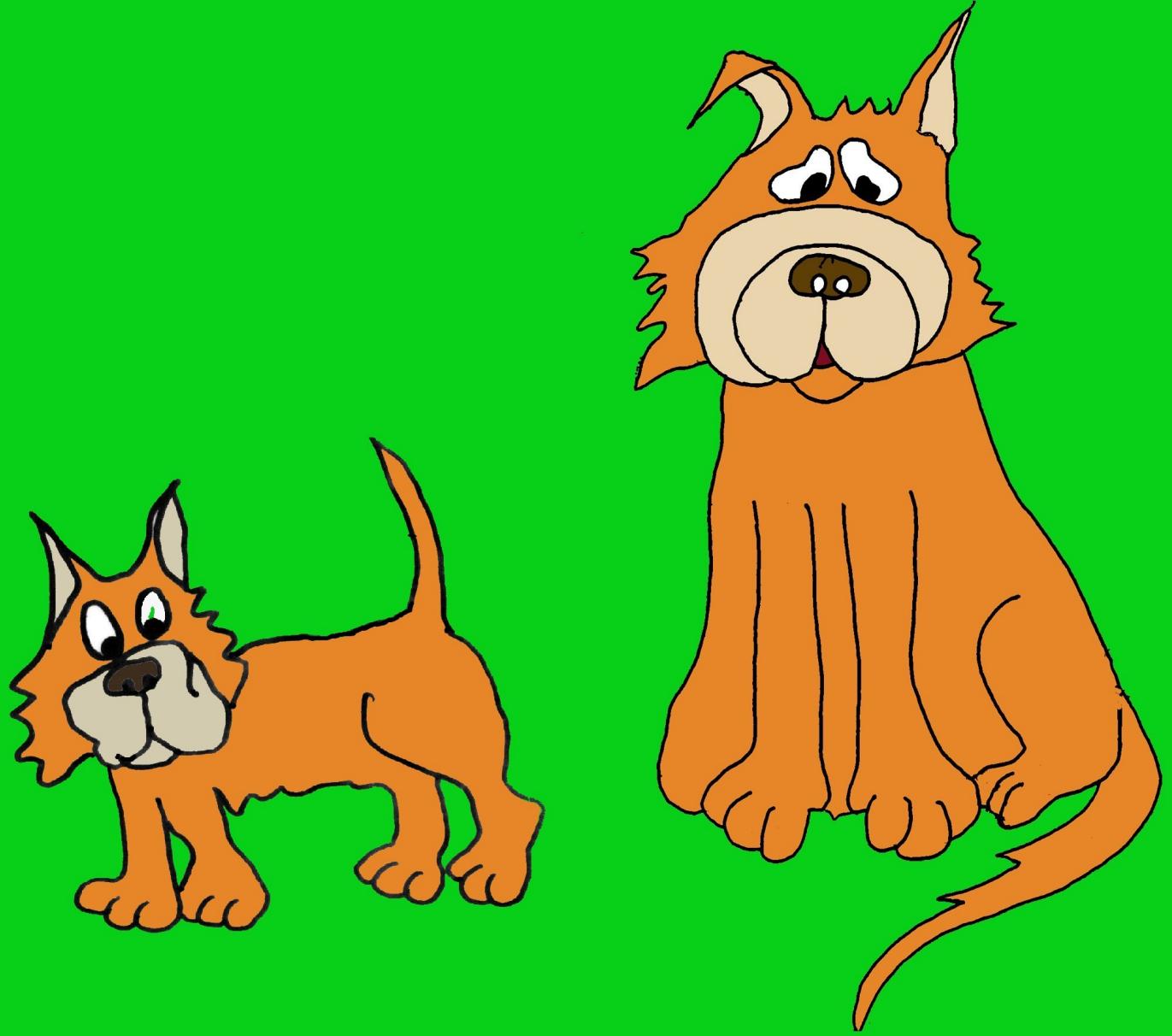
"Yep always", said Dipper.

"But how?" asked Mac.



Dipper looked at Mac, she was only one and a half, turning two years old soon, but she had been climbing stairs ever since she could remember.

She tried to think how she did it, but couldn't remember - she just did, and she found it difficult to understand why Mac was asking so many questions.



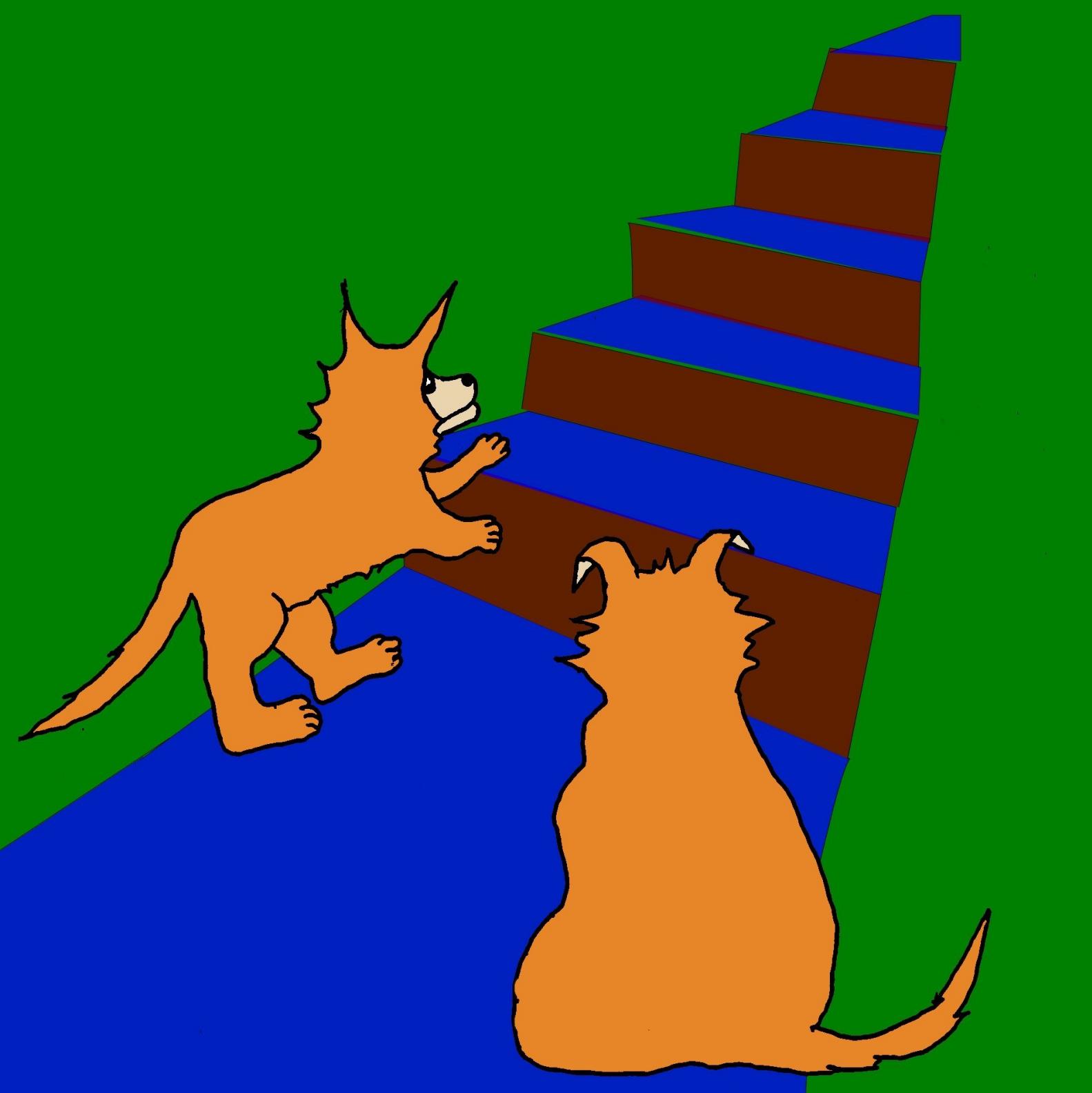
Then she thought, maybe it's because he's never
climbed the stairs.

Dipper thought very hard, and very long, until she
decided for sure she had never
seen Mac climb the stairs.

"Mac", she said, "do you want me to show you how
I climb the stairs?"

Mac, coughed a little, and mumbled,
"Grmmbl, er, well I would. But just to make sure
you don't hurt yourself or get stuck."

Then he added, "You better show me a few times,
to make really sure."



Dipper agreed, and they walked off together for the first time since she could remember. Mac, pleased that Dipper would show him the stairs, and Dipper, pleased that Mac wanted to play with her at last.

At the top of the stairs they settled down under
the table on the cool balcony floor.

The Cat was gone, but Mac and Dipper
had both forgotten.

They lounged down in their favourite snooze
positions and dreamed of pleasant doggy things.

The End.

Activity:

1. What was your favourite part of the story?
2. Write 3 sentences on your favourite pet animal.
3. Can you draw your favourite character from the story? What colours did you use?

