The Hundred-Mile-an-Hour Dog

Written by Jeremy Strong
Illustrated by Moreno Chiacchiera
I know what you’re thinking. HIS BEST FRIEND’S A GIRL! I’ve got used to the jokes. ‘Trevor’s got a girlfriend.’ ‘Trevor’s in love.’ ‘When are you getting married, Trev?’ I’ve heard them all.
It used to annoy me, but Dad pointed out that since it wasn’t true it didn’t matter, and that people only made fun of things when they were too stupid to understand – or just plain jealous. Tina and I got to be friends when we first started school and discovered our birthdays were on the same day. We even shared a birthday party once.
Tina’s taller than me. I’m a bit small and weedy, I suppose. My legs are really thin and bony. Sometimes I look at them in the bath and I wonder how they manage to hold me up all day. Tina is taller and stockier. We had an Indian wrestling competition once. I won’t tell you who won. She’s got loads of freckles, which she doesn’t like. Don’t ask me why.
Tina’s got a dog too. He’s called Mouse. This is meant to be a joke because Mouse is a St Bernard – you know, one of those dogs that looks like a Shetland pony that’s run head first into a brick wall and got all its front squashed in.
Mouse is very well trained. When Tina says ‘Sit!’ he sits. When Tina says ‘Fetch!’ he sits. When Tina says ‘Run!’ he sits. In fact, if Tina shouted ‘Ninety-nine percent fat free yoghurt!’ Mouse would sit. Compared to Streaker, he is super-intelligent.
I thought Tina might be able to help, so I decided to take Streaker over to her place. It took me a while to find Streaker. She was nesting under my duvet. She had stuffed the bottom of my bed with a jumper, two pairs of pants, a sock, a football boot, half a packet of crisps and an old apple core. Thank you, Streaker!