



DOGS WILL BE DOGS by Sarah Lovett.

[This text is read aloud at the beginning of this video:]

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Dogs Will Be Dogs by Sarah Lovett.

The dog looked at her with pleading eyes.

"He's rather big," Marie said to the kennel girl. "He might be difficult to control."

"Greyhounds are really quiet and gentle," was the reply.

Marie had been convinced. Other people had told her the same. But they hadn't met Roger.

The first day, she took him for a run on the beach. He spent all his time chasing after smaller dogs. He obviously mistook them for rabbits.

The following day, she didn't dare face the beach walkers again.

"We're going to the park today," she told Roger as she pushed his reluctant bottom into the back of her car.

As she set off, Roger hopped over onto the passenger seat and sat there looking out of the window. "Just sit there nicely," she said.

He didn't stir but every time he spotted a small dog or a cat, he howled loudly.

"Be quiet; you're not a hound," she told him.

Roger leant over and licked her nose in apology.

Unfortunately, he obscured her vision so she didn't see the bicycle until a crash startled her.

Looking in her mirror, she saw a huge man lying on the ground with a red bicycle on top of him.

With her heart thudding, she slammed on her brakes. She leapt out of the car and ran to his side.

"I'm so sorry. Are you alright?"

"Yes, no thanks to you," he snapped. "Didn't you see me?"

"No, my dog was in the way."

"Dogs should be secured behind a dog-guard," he said.

"Yes, I'll get one," said Marie.

The man got back on his bike.

Marie climbed back into her car, her breathing slowly returning to normal.



At the park, she kept Roger on the lead until they had walked well away from all the other dogs. Then she let him run free. He chased a squirrel up a tree and was standing underneath looking up into the branches when a red bicycle sped past him. Roger turned and gave chase.

“Come back, Roger!” yelled Marie.

The bicycle stopped. Roger jumped up at the man, tail wagging madly. Marie ran to put him on the lead.

The man scowled. “You’re the woman who made me fall off my bike. That dog needs training!”

Marie felt indignant. “I’ve only had him two days.”

“There’s a training class tomorrow at the Village Hall. I suggest you attend,” he said, with a glare.

The following evening, Marie arrived at the class with Roger. As they went through the door, a very small Chihuahua raced across the floor, barking ferociously. Running after it was the owner of the red bicycle.

“Heel, Pixie! Heel!” he was calling.

Marie could feel a giggle bubbling up inside her. “It’s a wild beast you’ve got there,” she said as the man reached her.

His face was crimson with shame.

Suddenly Marie felt much better about Roger.

“Dogs will be dogs,” she said.