



A True Story

by

The Story Elves

ONE-DER

We invite you in to enjoy a

Free Chapter

of our latest book

A SYNOPSIS

(A musical word for "summary")



A puppy is born unexpectedly, a litter of one.



One-der becomes a great CHAMPION.



He does not excel in obedience school.



A move brings a shocking discovery:



Mysterious vermin in staggering abundance!



Will One-der obey the Golden Rule, or protect the safety of his pack?



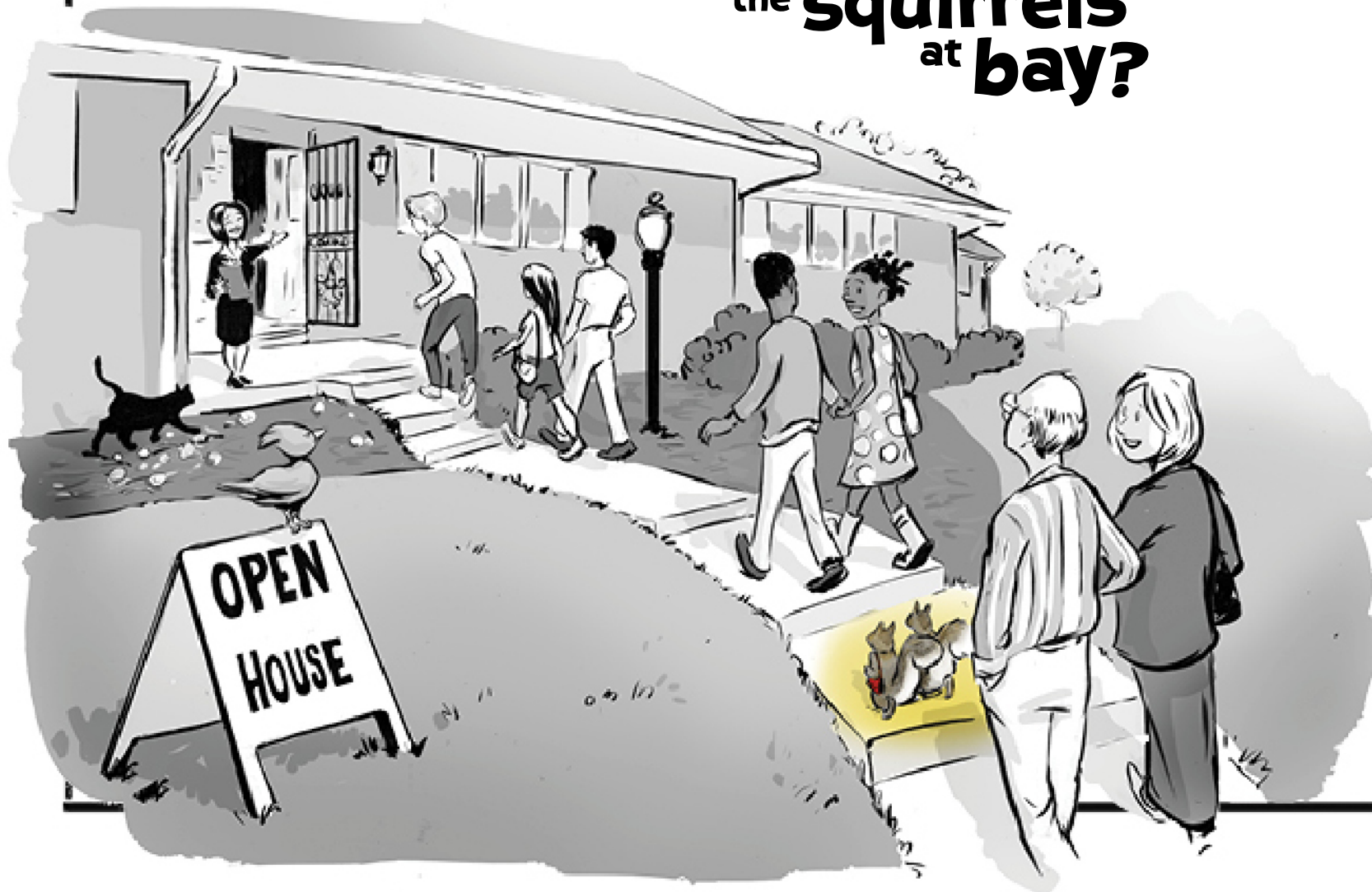


uncharted **TERRITORY**

Four seasons passed, and the large female decided that it was time to find a new territory. A nice older female, who was always sharply dressed, drove the large female around in an elegant looking car to show her other possibilities.

Relentless waves of people washed through to inspect. The front door bell was constantly ringing, and there was an inordinate number of new pant legs to sniff. Additionally, every Sunday afternoon, a time formerly of great tranquility and repose, One-der was put in the back of the car and removed from his land for "Open House."

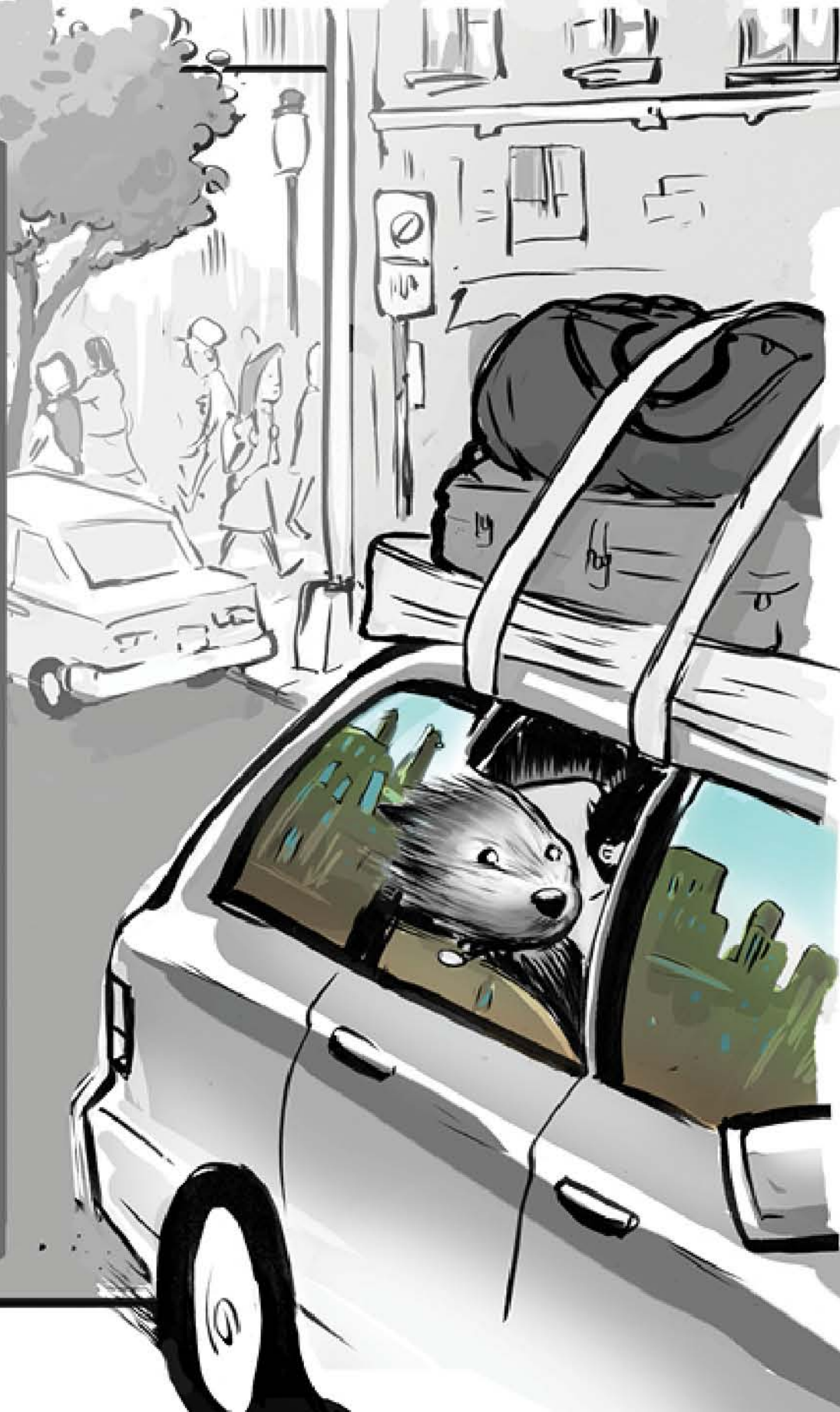
Who would keep the squirrels at bay?



In due course, and after a terrible lot of astringent cleaning products had been sprayed (offending the inside of One-der's nose), the territory was surrendered.

A suitable new territory was located but was not immediately available. So the pack needed to remove to temporary quarters.





Moving day. Unfamiliar males emptying out the dwelling. A large rattling moving truck.

Marking his trees for the last time.

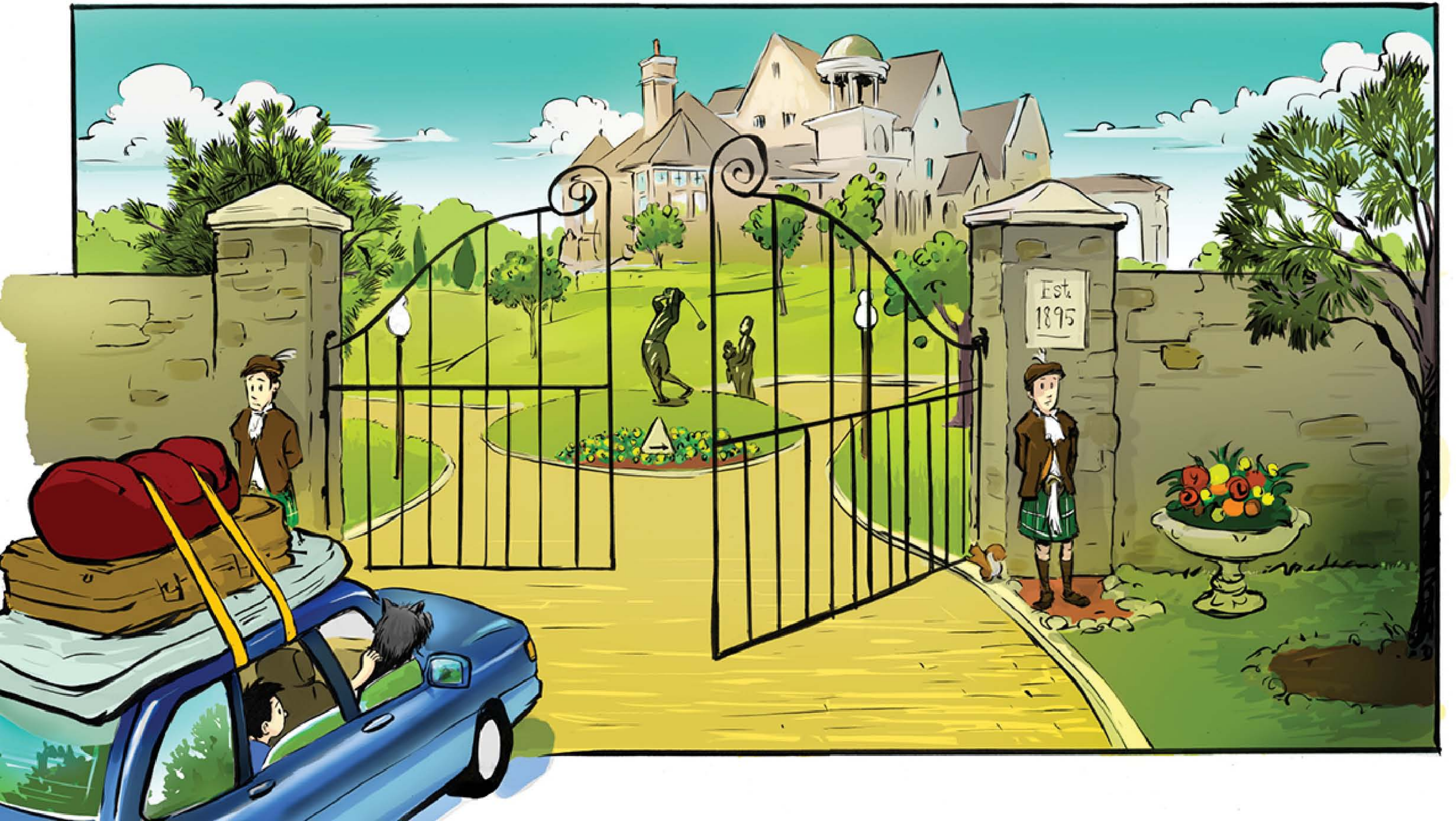
Then to the car, which was packed to its roof. No room for the crate, thankfully. One-der jumped into the back.


A car ride. The radio playing.

Sights and sounds sliding by, all different and new.

Then a mounting agitation and expectation emanating from his pack. One-der was alert and watchful. Curious even.

The speed of the car slowed. That this was now an approach was obvious. One-der leaned out the window, expectantly.





First he took in high walls built of great massive stones packed tight. Not so much as an ant-sized crack was visible. This was a barrier to be proud of, and nothing like the feeble chicken wire he had left behind!

Then a pair of large metal gates lurched open and a strange and unfamiliar ecosystem stretched out before him.

Inside the high stone walls lay acres upon acres of gently rolling fields of rich, tightly grown Rye, perfectly manicured.

Small ponds and sand dunes sprang up from the earth in all directions. A central lake with a noisy waterfall came into his field of vision. One-der darted back and forth, pushing his nose out of each window to drink in this new place at every sensory level.

There were trees. There were bronze statues.

There was serenity.

And there wasn't a squirrel in sight.

This was a magical fortress.

Vermin couldn't possibly make it through the barriers of solid rock and gates and security guard hut. And what was inside was of such beauty and magnitude! Even One-der had never imagined that he would preside over anything so grand.



The car stopped and the pack members opened doors. One-der dove out and put his nose immediately to the ground. He was tallying scents, calculating the comings and goings of other residents. All seemed well.

His bowls and his bed were carried in to a new dwelling, where another set of sights bowled One-der over. Littering the floors were the softest Persian rugs he had ever felt under his pads. Comfortable over-stuffed sofas beckoned him from every direction. Tall plantation shutters dressed the windows, and their slats were perfectly angled to let in a series of blissful shafts of sunlight.

Two older humans welcomed them, apparently (judging from the familiar greetings), somehow, connected to One-der's pack.

One of them, a short female, went straight to the kitchen and within moments... the crackle and intoxicating aroma of SAUSAGES choked the air!

Where was he?
Heaven?



After a leisurely lunch, it was time for a first walk and to begin the somewhat daunting process of formally marking this territory as his own. He began with a small Japanese maple just outside the front door. And as he set to work, his gastrointestinal system full of mild Italian breakfast sausages, his mind drunk with good fortune, there was a flash of white and a rustle in a nearby bush.

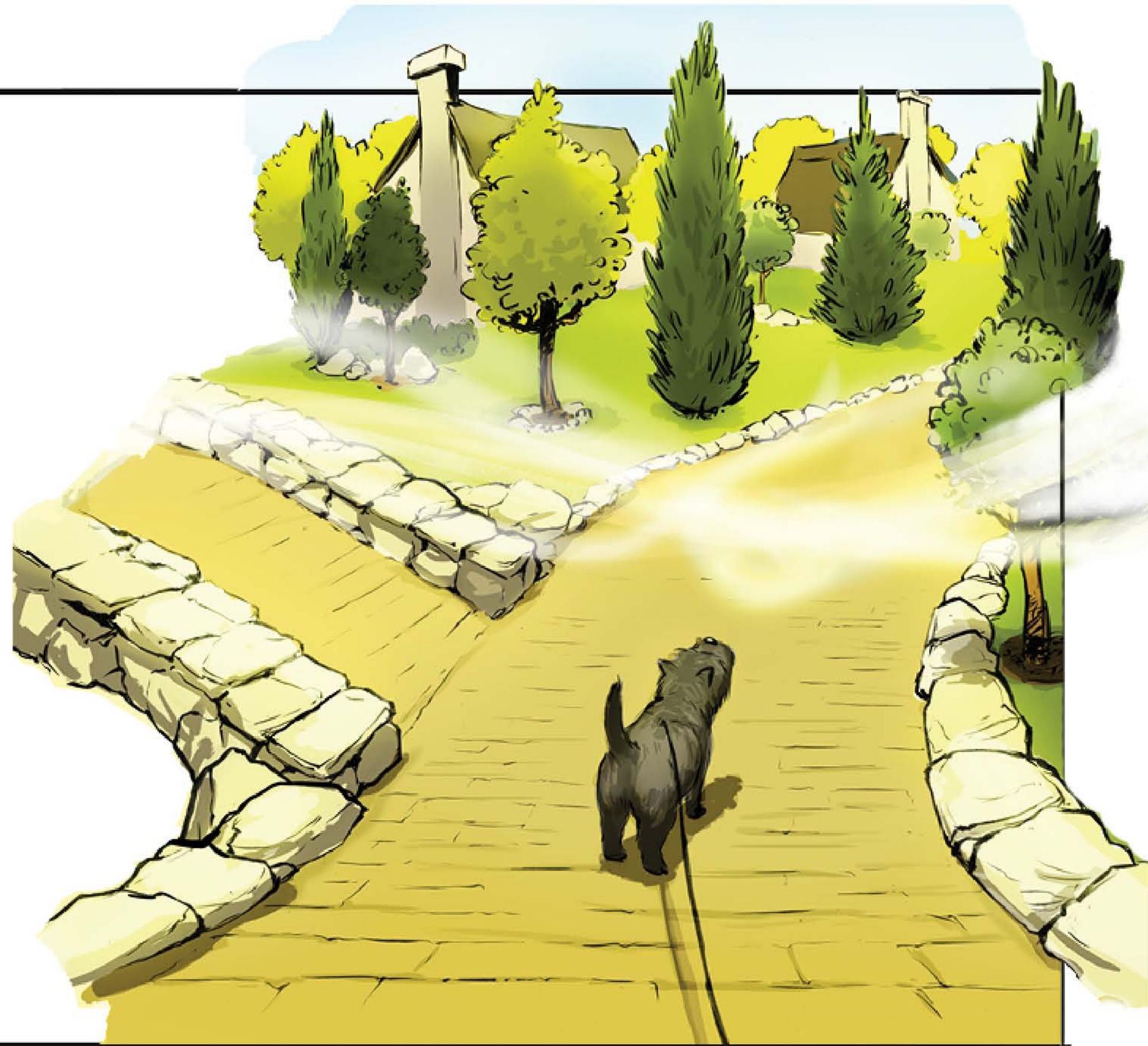
**one-der blinked.
He stared.**

He shook his fur and walked on.

Then it happened again: another flash of white disappearing into deep green Juniper.

A new smell was wafting up into his nostrils. The smell registered with nothing in his mental archives. One-der continued, no longer delighting in the ornamental trees and the charming pathways. He was uneasy.

And then he saw it, in plain view, before it retreated at a humbling speed from the middle of the roadway to under a hedge.





WHAT
on this
good
green
Earth was
that?

I can say no more without giving away too much.
If you would like to find out how this story ends, what
decision Oneder makes and what fate befalls One-der
and his small male, please contact the workshop!

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A story in 144 Full Color Pages
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All Ages Welcome!

