



*The Last  
Castaways*



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# The Last Castaways

Being as it were,  
the Account of a  
Small Dog's  
Adventures at Sea



written and illustrated by  
**Harry Horse**



PEACHTREE  
ATLANTA



For Mandy and Roo





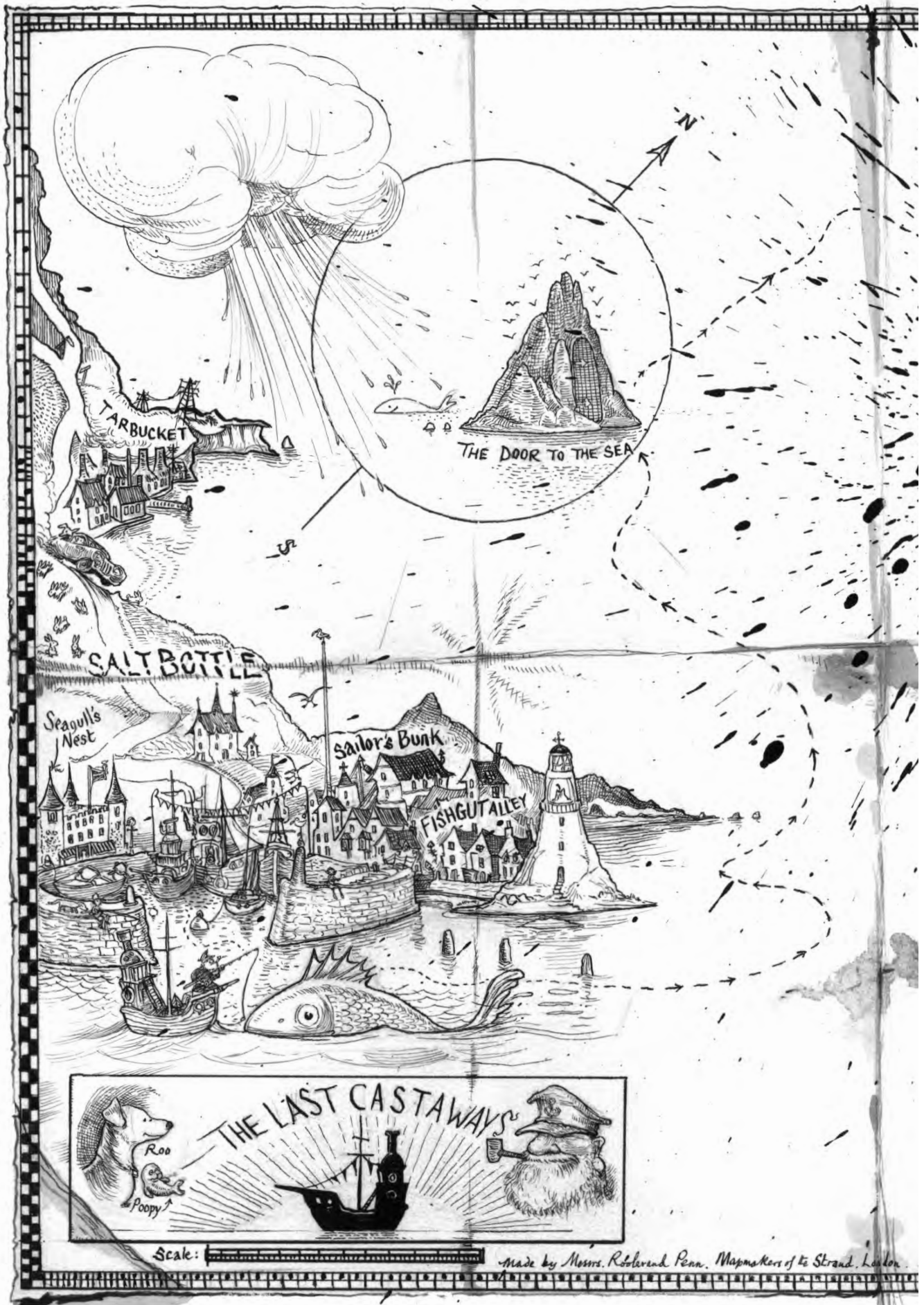
Author's Note:

I should like to make it clear that Roo's reputation has in no way been damaged by the following story. My version contains no facts that are not true. Roo is not good on sand, snow or sea.

I think that the evidence speaks for itself. If Roo wishes to proceed with her version, then so be it.

witnessed by: Arthur Grumble  
solicitor

signed: J.H.



SALT BOTTLE

Seagull's Nest

Sailor's Bunk

FISHGUT ALLEY



Scale:

made by Messrs. Robert and Penn. Mapmakers of the Strand, London.



THE  
FORGOTTEN  
SEA

Roo did this!





*Thursday 1 September  
At home with Roo*



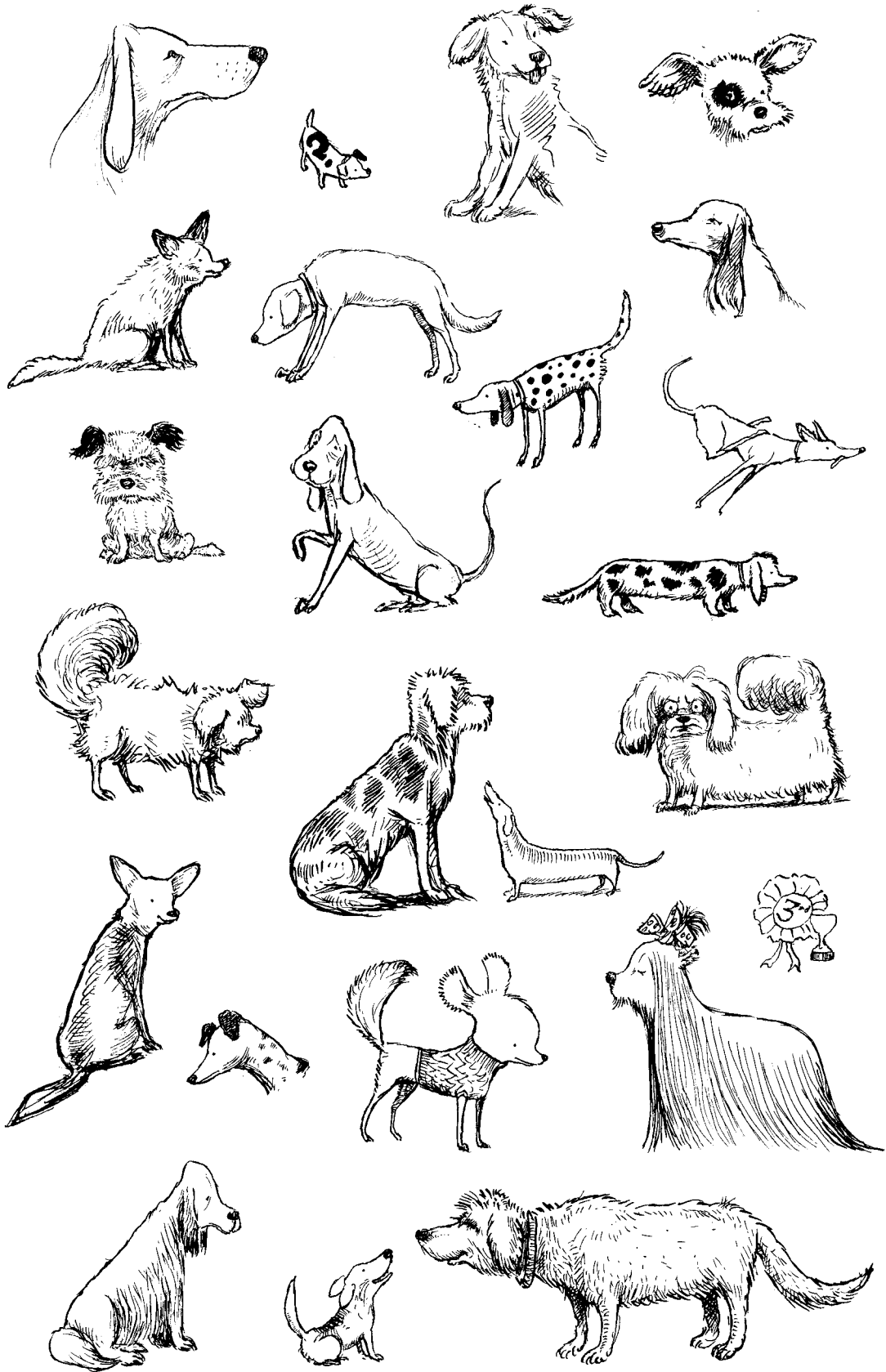
*Dear Child,*

Roo and I are both well. I have been puttering around in the garden and Roo is helping me. She's not really a gardening type of dog, unless you count digging large holes in the lawn as helping, which I don't.

To distract Roo from digging another big hole by the pond, I took her to the dog show at the community hall on Sunday.

Roo won a cup. She was the Best Unknown Breed in her class. The judge said that he was not sure what type of dog Roo was, but he





liked her anyway. Roo said her breed was famous for being unknown. She wanted to keep the cup in her basket but I would not let her. It might get dented. We have to give it back next year.



You ask in your last letter if Roo and I will ever go on another adventure again. As a matter of fact, we have had numerous requests from complete strangers to lead expeditions all over the world. One of the letters was from a chap called Colonel Parker. He wanted Roo to lead an expedition up the Amazon in search of a lost city in a jungle. I had to write back and say that Roo is not good in jungles and that we had retired.

So for Roo and me the days of adventure are over. No more expeditions for us. Your mother would not allow it, for a start. She says that we are both too old. I'm eighty this summer and Roo is not far behind. She's

twelve, which is quite old for a dog. But she still chases rabbits when given the chance and she never lets the robins stay on the lawn. Roo still has a spring in her step and she loves life.

And rabbits. And digging holes.

And food. Which reminds me—I had better go and feed her. Nothing comes between a dog and its dinner.

*with love Grandfather*

P.S. I almost forgot. Uncle Freddie has invited us to go down to Saltbottle for a few days. It's a lovely little place by the sea. We are going to stay in a hotel. Will write when we get there.



*Waiting for dinner*