

# HARRIET HOUND



KATE FOSTER

Illustrated by Sophie Beer

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**HOUND**



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WALKER  
BOOKS

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For Claude, Ian, Rosie, Barney, Josh and all  
the other dogs who brighten the world. – KF

To Miss Bumbles the labrador  
of Boomerang. – SB







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# Nice to Meet You!

My name is Harriet Hound.

Here are some important facts about me ...

I'm eight years old.

I'm autistic.

I live in a town called Labrador.

I'm vegan.

My favourite number is eight,

favourite colour is brown,

favourite letter is H.

I have short curly hair.

And here is even more **IMPORTANT  
INFORMATION.**

When my family moved to Labrador, they built the most **ENORMOUS, AMAZING, DOG-FRIENDLY** house ever! One day, my grandparents found a stray dog and her puppies. The Hound family **LOVE** animals, so they took the dog home, helped raise the puppies and then found them all new families.

What heroes!

When the final puppy was handed over to its new owner, it made my grandparents so happy and full of love that they decided to start a rescue shelter – Hound’s Rescue. They even built and named the road they lived on – Hound Lane!

Now, *I* live here with my mum, dad and older brother Hugo, and together, we run Hound’s Rescue!

And here’s the last important fact about me.

It’s **ENORMOUS.**  
It’s **GIGANTIC.**

# It's COLOSSAL!

It began on my eighth birthday.

I went to bed brimming with happiness and cake and discovered a dusty old box on the floor by my bed. On top was a note that said:

*For Harriet.*

*Filled with love.*

*Nana. xx*



It was **ODD, WEIRD, PECULIAR** because my nana was travelling the world in her campervan. Had she sent this to me from another country?

When I lifted the lid off the box, I peered inside. It was empty.

**STRANGE,  
UNUSUAL,  
BIZARRE.**

Before I could check to see if I'd missed something, a magnificent rainbow bubble appeared and surrounded me, and out from the box, a tiny book floated up into the bubble and right into my hand.

I opened it and read the first page:

*Harriet,*

*You are about to become a superhero, exactly like me.*

*Here's what you must do ...*

*Twirl around, think of the rescue dogs and bark three times.*

*One large dog bark,  
one medium dog bark  
and one small dog bark.*

*Then the magic will happen.*

I was a little bit scared, but also very excited. What was going to happen? Only one way to find out. So, I ...

**twirled around once,  
closed my eyes,**

**thought of all the dogs from Hound's  
Rescue in my mind**

and then I stimmed! I flapped my hands out to the side and clicked my fingers out in front of me over and over again.

It's OK. There's no need to be worried. Stimming is something I do **ALL THE TIME**. I do it when I'm worried and when I'm angry. Sometimes I can't stop my hands from doing it, but I also do it when I'm excited or when I'm happy. I stim to calm myself down.

I then called out,

**“WOOF!**

**RUFF!**

**YAP!”**

Out from the leather box floated a pair of pyjamas and a pair of slippers into the rainbow bubble, and suddenly I was wearing them.

**WOW!**

I read the next page in the tiny book.

*These are your superhero pyjamas with pockets that are always full of healthy dog treats. The pyjamas are covered in magical dog pictures, which hold a special power to call on the dogs from Hound’s Rescue who will help save the day. You will always find the exact dog you need.*

The pyjamas were soft and silky and smooth and comfortable. My favourite type of clothes! I love ALL things soft and silky and smooth and comfortable.

The final page of the tiny book read:

*Your love for the rescue dogs is your super-power!*

*People can't see you when you're a superhero or recognize the dogs when they come to help, not even your mum, dad, or brother. Because IT'S MAGIC!*

*Choose carefully, and good luck!*



My nana was a superhero, and now I'm a **SUPERHERO**, too!

Yes, an actual, real-life, powerful, magical superhero.

Since becoming a superhero, I've saved the day fourteen times.

**WOW!**



Altogether, with my magic and the dogs' skills, we have rescued:

**nineteen humans,**

**ten animals,**

**five insects,**

**two bicycles**

**and one toilet!**

Adventure always awaits me.

**OFF WE GO!**







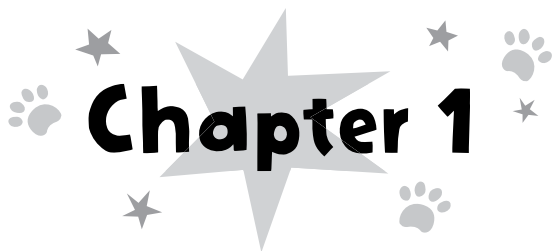


**HARRIET**  
**HOUND**

and the

**VANISHING**  
**VEGETABLES**



The title 'Chapter 1' is centered in a large, bold, black font. It is surrounded by a large, light grey star in the background. There are also several smaller grey stars and paw prints scattered around the main star and text.

# Chapter 1

It's Saturday morning, and Dad is out with Hugo because Hugo is running a **LOOONG** race today. Hugo is twelve and he is a

**FIRST CLASS,  
OUTSTANDING,  
EXCELLENT**

long-distance runner. He has won  
trophies,  
medals,  
rosettes  
and certificates!

I am proud of my big brother.

While Dad and Hugo are at the running competition, I'm helping out in Hound's Rescue with Mum and the other staff.

Hound's Rescue is more like a dog hotel than a rescue shelter. We make sure all the dogs who come to stay with us have

- 🐾 **comfy rooms where they can relax on sofas, beds and blankets,**
- 🐾 **plenty of space to run and play,**
- 🐾 **opportunities to make friends with other dogs and humans.**

My grandparents made sure it wasn't like some shelters, with small cages and little freedom for the dogs. They treated all the dogs as **VERY IMPORTANT GUESTS!**

The dogs can be sad and scared when they first arrive at Hound's Rescue, but we make sure they have lots of attention, yummy food and love!

The best part is when I learn about all the amazing things the dogs can do.

Every dog is

# EXCEPTIONAL, ASTONISHING, REMARKABLE!

I love helping out. Sometimes people don't think I hear things, see things or know things. They're wrong. That's because they don't really know what it means to be **AUTISTIC**. I hear, and I see, and I know. I'm also quiet and shy, and I don't like to talk much or look people right in the eye. Doing those things can make me scared.





At Hound's Rescue I am given

## **VERY IMPORTANT DUTIES!**

Today I have a **LOOONG** list of jobs to do. These are:

- 🐾 feed some of the dogs their breakfast,**
- 🐾 count how many bags of dog food we have left in the storeroom,**
- 🐾 take Bao the beagle cross for a walk.**

It's 12:25 p.m. and all I have left to do is walk Bao, then Mum and I are heading to the market to buy tonight's dinner.

"Harriet!" Mum calls. "Could you please fetch both the blue and the red harness?"

In the office, I grab them off the hooks on the back wall, and then head outside into the courtyard area at the back of the shelter.

I put on Bao's red harness.

Mum puts on Polly the Pekingese's blue harness.

Bao and Polly look so

**SMART,  
MERRY,  
CHEERFUL!**

Their tails are wagging.

Their tongues are lolling.

Their front claws are **clipping** and **clopping**  
on the concrete.

I love seeing happy dogs!

Mum taps me gently on the shoulder to  
get my attention. “Ready?” she asks.

I wrap Bao’s lead around my hand two  
times. I grip it tightly.

**OFF WE GO!**



The title 'Chapter 2' is centered in a large, bold, black font. It is surrounded by a large, light grey star in the background. There are four smaller light grey stars and four light grey paw prints scattered around the main star and text.

# Chapter 2

Bao and I stroll next to Mum and Polly, and I keep Bao on a short lead exactly like I've been shown so he learns to walk like a good dog. We walk

**through the courtyard,  
past the outdoor exercise area,  
out through the big-bolted iron gate.**

Some of the bushland is enclosed by a long metal fence and this is part of our property. We won't meet any other people or dogs out here. Although on some other walks we have met

**snakes,  
koalas  
and kangaroos!**

Even though there are **LOUD** noises outside, like

**CARS,**

**MOTORBIKES,**

**MACHINERY,**

which can make me scared, the sounds of nature are special and I want to hear as many as I can!

I love being outside. It's so

**PEACEFUL,**

**VIBRANT,**

**REFRESHING.**

My favourite colour is brown and my second favourite is green, and these are the main colours of nature.

We wander slowly because even though Bao is only five, Polly is fourteen and walks slowly! Bao doesn't mind going slowly though because he loves walking next to his friend Polly. The dogs plod along by our sides, stopping to sniff

every tree trunk,  
every weed  
and every stick we pass.

Dogs have the most

**INCREDIBLE,  
FANTASTIC,  
POWERFUL**

sense of smell! I'm happy that we take our time because I get to see

🐾 swooping lorikeets (they're like flying rainbows!),

🐾 nosy corellas,

- 🐾 Scampering water dragons,
- 🐾 shuffling brush turkeys (they are so funny!)
- 🐾 and even some dangling fruit bats fast asleep in the trees.

The green grass is soft under my boots. The air is warm on my skin. The smells are fresh in my nostrils.

Suddenly, Bao and Polly freeze. Their heads perk up and their ears roll forwards. They both stare past the trees towards the edge of our bushland.

Dogs have superhero hearing!

I squint through the bright afternoon sunshine and over our wiry fence. I see two people carrying yellow shopping bags bursting with plants. I put my hand on Bao's head to calm him as he **bark, bark, barks.**

People don't normally walk out this way, and Bao senses how **UNUSUAL** this is.

“Must be some hikers heading towards Basset,” Mum says, also squinting in the same direction.

I’ve seen lots of hikers, but not ones carrying shopping bags bursting with green plants before.

Then, my tummy rumbles.

“Ooo!” Mum giggles.

My tummy rumbles again.

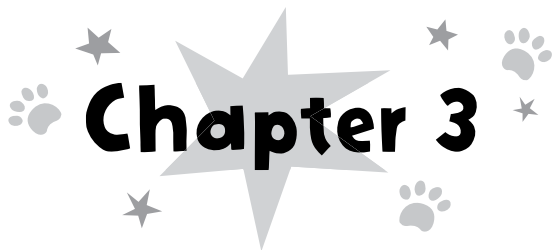
And then Mum’s tummy rumbles.

“Come on then,” Mum says.

We take the dogs back to the shelter so they can have a rest and Mum and I can deal with our hungry tummies. I glance over my shoulder.

I wonder why hikers are hiking with shopping bags filled with plants?



The title 'Chapter 3' is centered in a large, bold, black font. It is surrounded by a large, light grey star in the background. Scattered around the star are several smaller light grey stars and paw prints, creating a decorative, whimsical border.

# Chapter 3

It's 2:22 p.m. I've eaten my lunch, had a rest and now it's time to go shopping for tonight's dinner!

Bao and Polly are sleeping in their rooms and the dog shelter is clean and tidy.

We usually go to Marcia's Market in the afternoon when there are less people. Busy places can make me scared.

Marcia grows all of her produce in the big garden out the back of her shop. Mum and Marcia went to **SCHOOL** together and Mum sometimes shares her **VEGAN** recipes with Marcia, too. They are still very good **FRIENDS**.



Marcia sells:

fruit,  
vegetables,  
herbs,  
nuts,  
flowers.

From her produce, she makes and sells:

jams,  
chutneys,  
cakes,  
sauces,  
pies.

Marcia's food is

**FINGER-LICKING,  
SPLENDID,  
DELIGHTFUL!**

We climb into the car, and I sit in my usual seat in the back, put on my seatbelt, pop my noise-cancelling headphones over my ears

and press my right cheek to the window. The cold glass feels wonderful against my hot skin.

I feel the grumbling of the engine, I stim – clicking my fingers over and over – and close my eyes.

We weave our way slowly along Hound Lane and turn left at the end onto Koala Street, which connects the towns of Labrador and Basset. It takes twenty-two minutes to drive to Basset, but Marcia's Market is only seven minutes away.

Mum parks our car in the Marcia's Market car park. There is only one other car here – Marcia's maroon Mercedes. I step out of our silver car and feel the **BUMPY CRUNCH** of the gravel under my feet. Mum grabs our canvas shopping bag with the big puppy face on it, and we head into Marcia's Market. Mum has planned roasted Middle Eastern cauliflower for dinner tonight. Yum!

My other favourite dinners are:

🐾 vegetable biryani,

🐾 mushroom burger,

🐾 tofu massaman curry,

🐾 sweet potato and butternut  
squash soup.

Hugo and I don't like spicy food so Mum always makes everything mild, just for us.

We step inside Marcia's shop, but ...

... where Marcia normally has music quietly playing, today she doesn't,

... where Marcia normally greets us at the door, today she hasn't,

... where Marcia's shelves are normally piled high with multicoloured fruits and vegetables, today they aren't.

I flap my hands and scrunch up my face. My insides feel squirmy, and I remove my headphones, letting them hang around my neck.

What has happened in Marcia's Market?