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Opening extract from
The Night Sky
in my Head

Written by
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For my parents and for Shawn



Prologue

I'm going to sit very quietly and wait: that's what you do with animals so they're not scared of you. The mother-dog is watching me from her bed at the other end of the living-room. I'm miles away from her babies but she's still worried.

'Are you all right in there, Mikey?'

It's the dog-lady. She's in the kitchen with Mum. They're worried too because I came out of hospital today.

'Yes!' I shout back quick so they don't come in and check on me.

It hurts behind my eyes when I speak. Little stars everywhere. I put my hands up to my head but then I stop—I don't want to touch the skin because of all the stitches down the back.

Mother-dog whines. I hold my breath. The puppies are waking up.

A little black nose sticks up out of the basket. Little paws. A black puppy rolls down onto the carpet. My legs are so whizzy I want to run about but I stay still. Pup's legs are wobbly—he can't walk straight. Falls over. Wags his tail. Stands up again. I don't move. He snuffles the edge of the blue rug.

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Here's the next one! Bigger. Fatter. A bit brown and a bit black. Jumps on the black one. They roll over and over. Paws and ears and open pink mouths. I'm fizzing all over but I stay still, I stay still.

Mother-dog shuffles around. She's got more room in bed now. The dog-lady said there were three, so where's the other one?

The big one has got a ruler in his mouth. He's chuffed to bits, trotting round the chair with it. King of the Ruler. He goes stumbly when he gets to the newspapers on the floor and drops it. He cries and scratches the carpet. He can't pick it up again.

I lean forwards to help him. Mother-dog gets up, growls. Uh-oh. I sit back down quick. My neck cricks. Lightning shoots up my head and I scrunch up on the floor. The carpet smells of dog. My ears are under water. My scar aches. My head is black black black.

Breathe slowly, Mikey. In and out, in . . . and . . . out . . .

There's something wet on my cheek. I open one eye. A little furry face. He licks me again and sits down on the carpet. I open the other eye. It's the last puppy. He's all brown except for one black ear. He's watching me with his head on one side. His baby-ears flop over, can't stand up properly yet.

Mother-dog growls again. I don't move. The puppy snuggles up against my shoulder. Warm and cosy. The black in my head is going. He's guarding me—the dog-lady said

Prologue

there was a bit of German Shepherd in them, like real guard dogs. His fur tickles my cheek. I still don't move but I can't stop my mouth from smiling.

I've found him. This is the one I'll choose.

This is my puppy.

He can come home to look after us now that Dad has gone.