



After briefly considering careers in space travel, cookery, and being a rabbit, Alex T. Smith finally decided to become an illustrator. He has written and illustrated several books for children, including *CLAUDE IN THE CITY*, *FOXY AND EGG*, *HOME*, and *ELIOT JONES*, *MIDNIGHT SUPERHERO*. He lives in England.

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Meet Claude.

He's no ordinary dog—
he leads an extraordinary life!

When his owners leave for the countryside,
Claude decides what adventure he will have.

What will happen today?



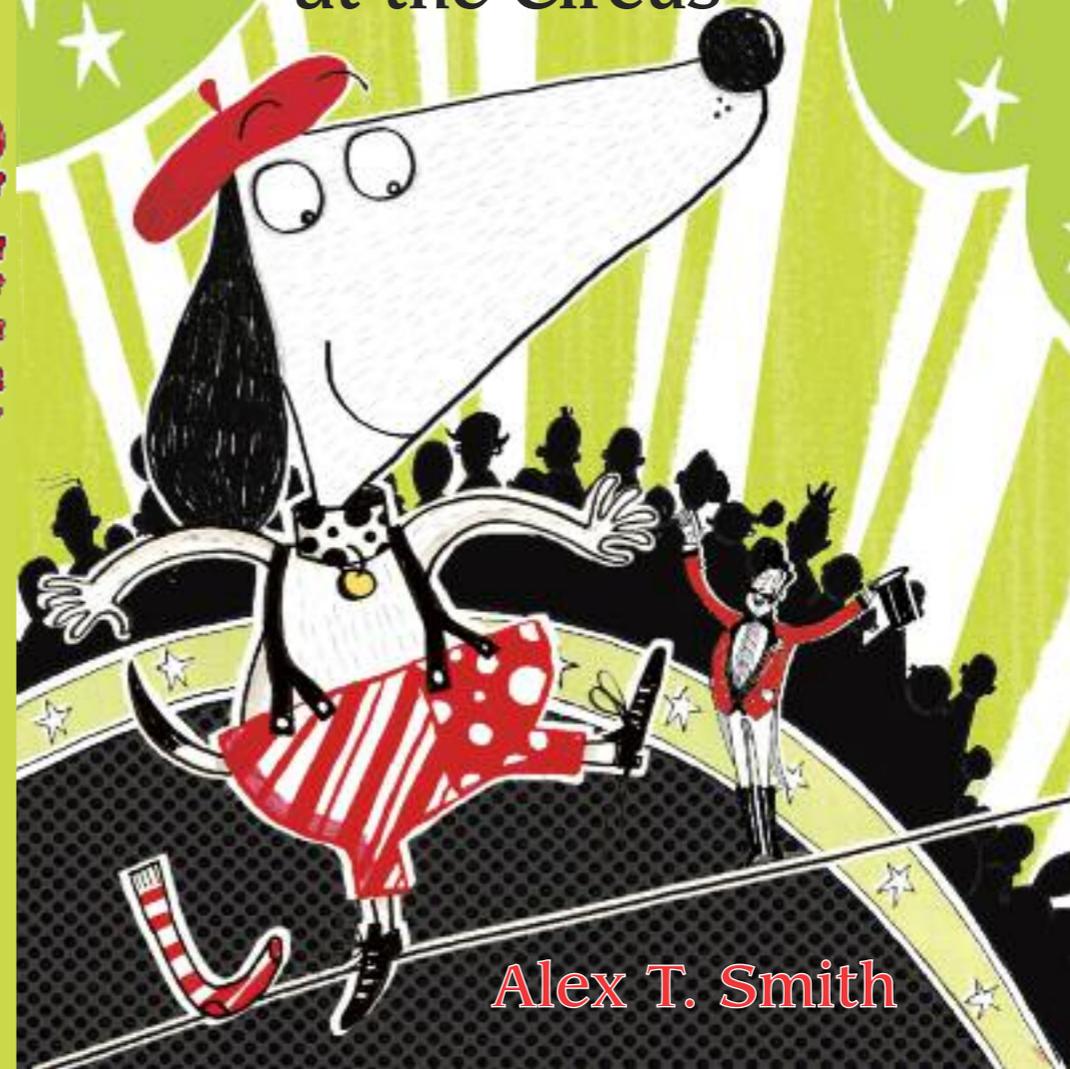
SMITH

CLAUDE
at the Circus



CLAUDE

at the Circus



Alex T. Smith



In a house on Waggy Avenue, there lives a dog. His name is Claude, and here he is.

This is his best friend, Sir Bobblysock.  He is both a sock and quite bobbly.

Claude and Sir Bobblysock go out for a treat. Their walk in the park leads to a walk on a tightrope when they join the circus and become stars of the show!





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Summary: While Mr. and Mrs. Shinyshoes are away for the day, Claude, a small, plump dog, and his friend, Sir Bobblysock, share adventures in the park and at the circus.

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CLAUDE

at the Circus



ALEX T. SMITH



Chapter 1

In a house on Waggy Avenue,
number 112, there lives a dog.

A small dog.

A small, plump dog.

A small, plump dog who wears a beret and a rather fetching sweater.

His name is Claude, and here he is.



Claude's best friend is Sir
Bobblysock. He is both a sock
and quite bobbly.



Claude and Sir Bobblysock don't
live in their big house all by
themselves; Mr. and Mrs.
Shinyshoes live there too.



Usually, Mr. and Mrs. Shinyshoes get up bright and early, leap into their smartest clothes and shiniest shoes, and hotfoot it out the door to work. Sometimes though, mainly on nice sunny Saturdays, Mr. and Mrs. Shinyshoes pop on their comfy clothes and pack a picnic.

“Let’s go on a day trip!”
Mr. Shinyshoes says.
“Lovely idea!” says Mrs.
Shinyshoes. “Shall we take
Claude?”

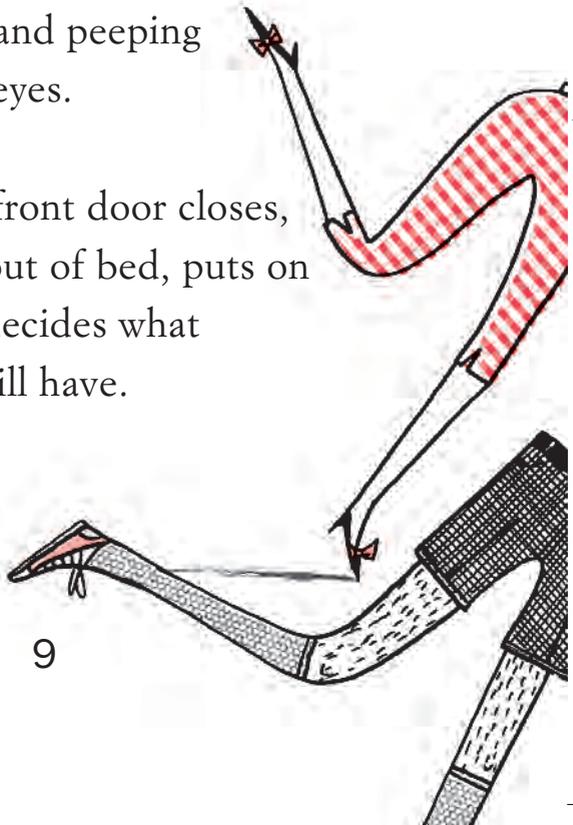
“No,” whispers Mr. Shinyshoes.
“Let’s leave him here to sleep.
You know how awfully tired he gets.
We won’t be long.”



And so Mr. and Mrs. Shinyshoes
tiptoe out of the house,
hop in the car, and ramble off
to the countryside for the day.

But Claude hasn't really been
asleep. He's been listening with
his floppy ears and peeping
with his beady eyes.

As soon as the front door closes,
Claude jumps out of bed, puts on
his beret, and decides what
adventure he will have.



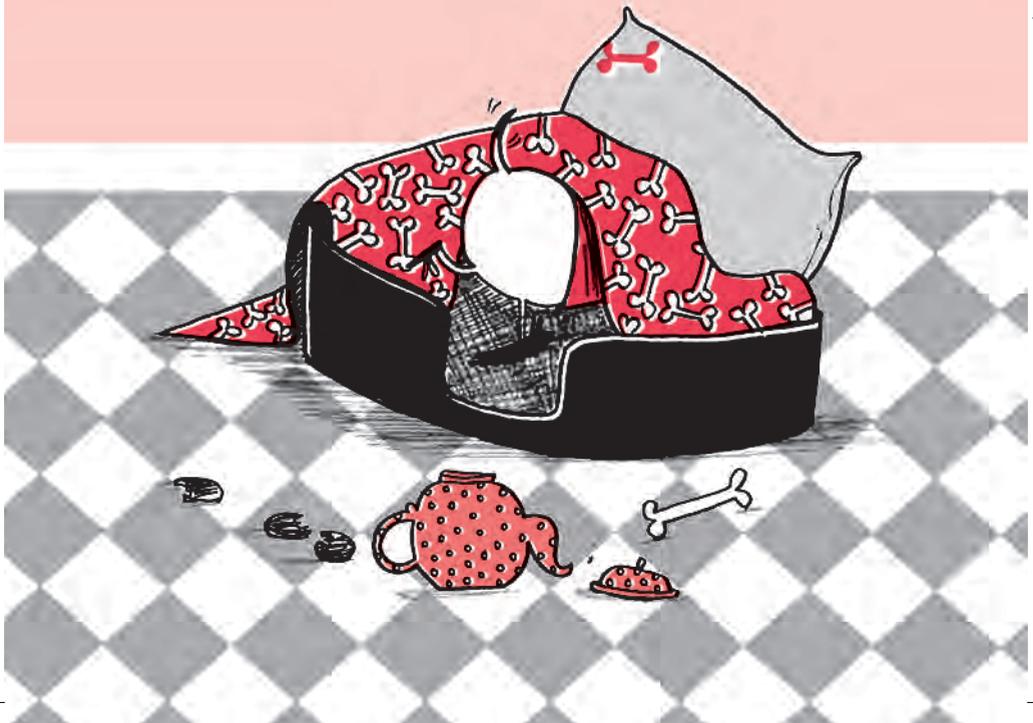
Chapter 2

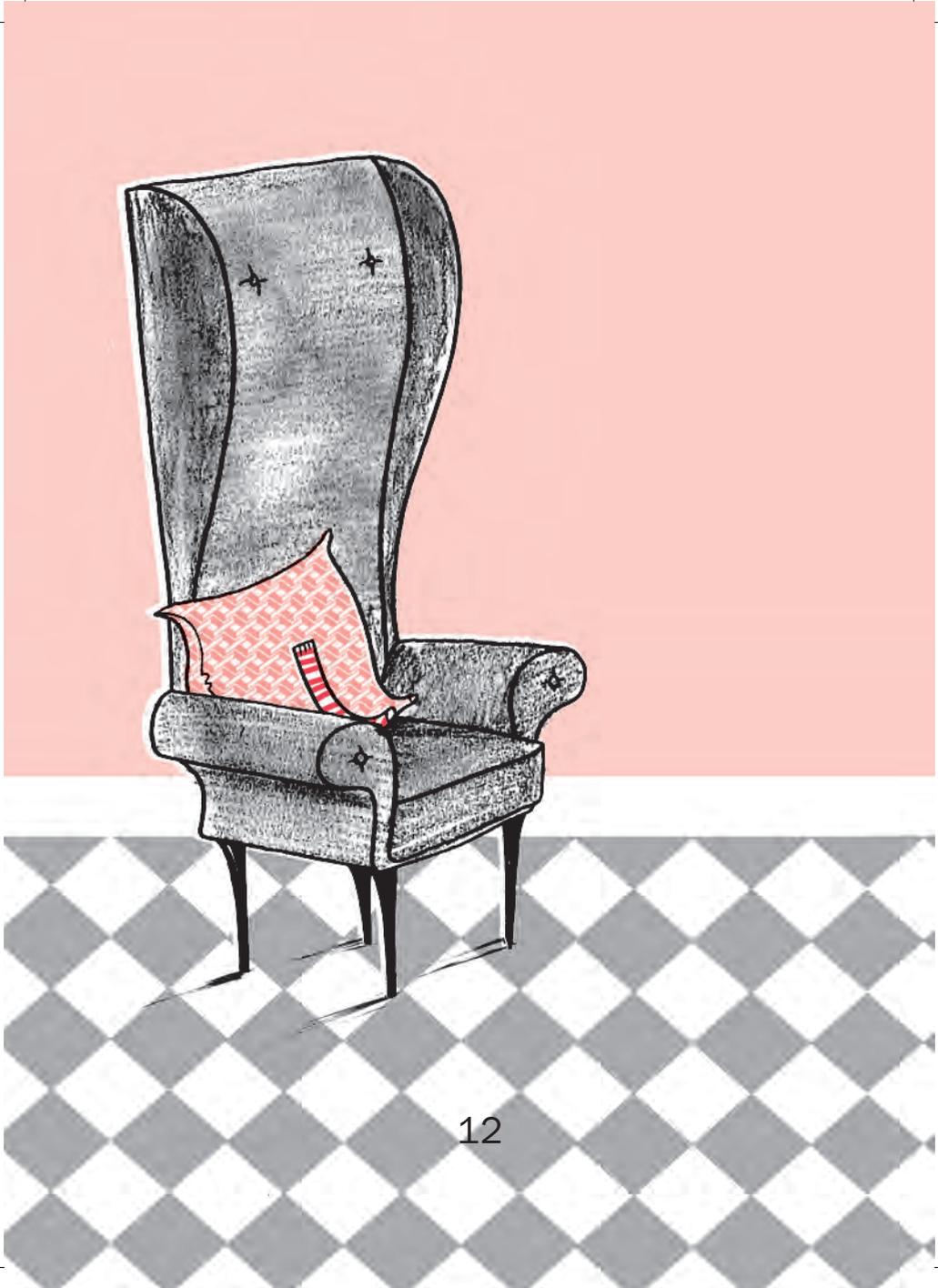
One bright Saturday morning when Mr. and Mrs. Shinyshoes were off in the country, Claude popped on his beret and thought about what he wanted to do. He felt like he needed a treat as he had been very busy the day before, giving his bed a good spring clean.



He had plumped up the pillow,
shaken the blanket, and tidied
up his top-secret hidey-hole.

Out went several packages of half-
chewed cookies and a juicy bone
baguette, which was rather past
its best.





Sir Bobblysock had sat in a comfy armchair and told him what to do. He would have loved to help, but he didn't want to get in the way.



“I think I will go to the park today,”
Claude said.

So off he went.

Sir Bobblysock came along too,
although he was worried that all the
flowers might set off his hayfever
and make him sneeze.

