Everyone had somewhere to be, but poor Perdu!
Can this little lost dog find his own somewhere?

Richard Jones grew up in Leamington Spa, before moving down to Devon to study illustration at the University of Plymouth in Exeter, England. He never went home again! After finishing his degree, he stayed on to complete a PhD. While working on his thesis he got a “temporary job” in Exeter’s Central Library and somehow found himself working there for more than ten years. When not at his desk, he enjoys bobbing about in the sea, swimming in rivers, walking in woods, listening to audiobooks on the bus, and stroking the cat. He now works full time as an author and illustrator.

Little Perdu is lost and all alone, with nowhere to call his home. Outside, the sky is dark, the wind howls, and the grass is cold beneath his paws. In the busy city, people rush and race and cry, “Get out! Go away! Shoo!” Is there no place for Perdu to rest his aching legs and fill his grumbling tummy? If only there was a special someone who might be looking for a friend like him…

This warmhearted story of kindness will have readers rooting for its lovable pooch on his journey to a forever family.
The sky was dark, the wind howled, and so did Perdu.
Poor Perdu. A little lost dog, all alone, with no place to call home and nothing to call his own but an old red scarf.

Rain fell on his night-black coat, and the grass was cold beneath his paws.
He watched a leaf tumble through the air
and land with a whispery tap on the water.

It danced in the current, spinning and turning as it floated away.

That leaf has a place to be, he thought.

But what about me?
Perdu decided to follow the leaf as it sailed on through the night—through fields and through woods, through grass short and tall.

The night faded away, black became blue, and the sun began to rise.