

My dog, Jarvis, is a bad dog. He must go to classes at dog school.

“Let’s start today,” said Dad. “It’s not far.”

Dad parked in the car park and we went in.



Three dogs stood in a row ... a sheepdog, a bulldog, and a posh dog. Jarvis stood next to them.

“I am Carl,” said the man. “Shep, Bill, Pippa and Jarvis will all be good dogs by the end of the class. I will start by telling them to sit.”

