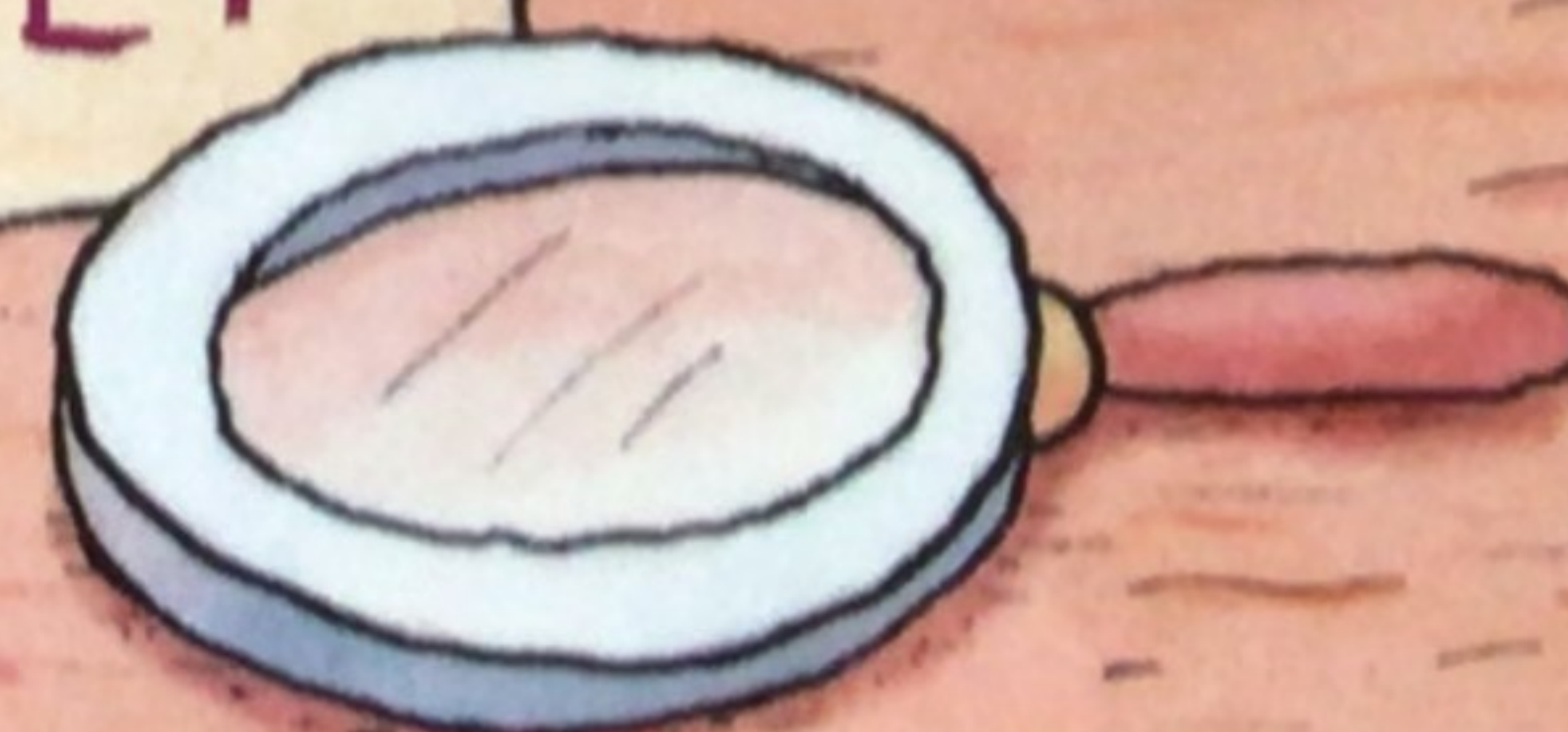
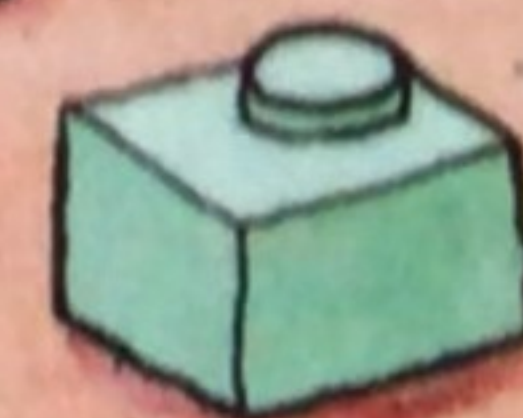
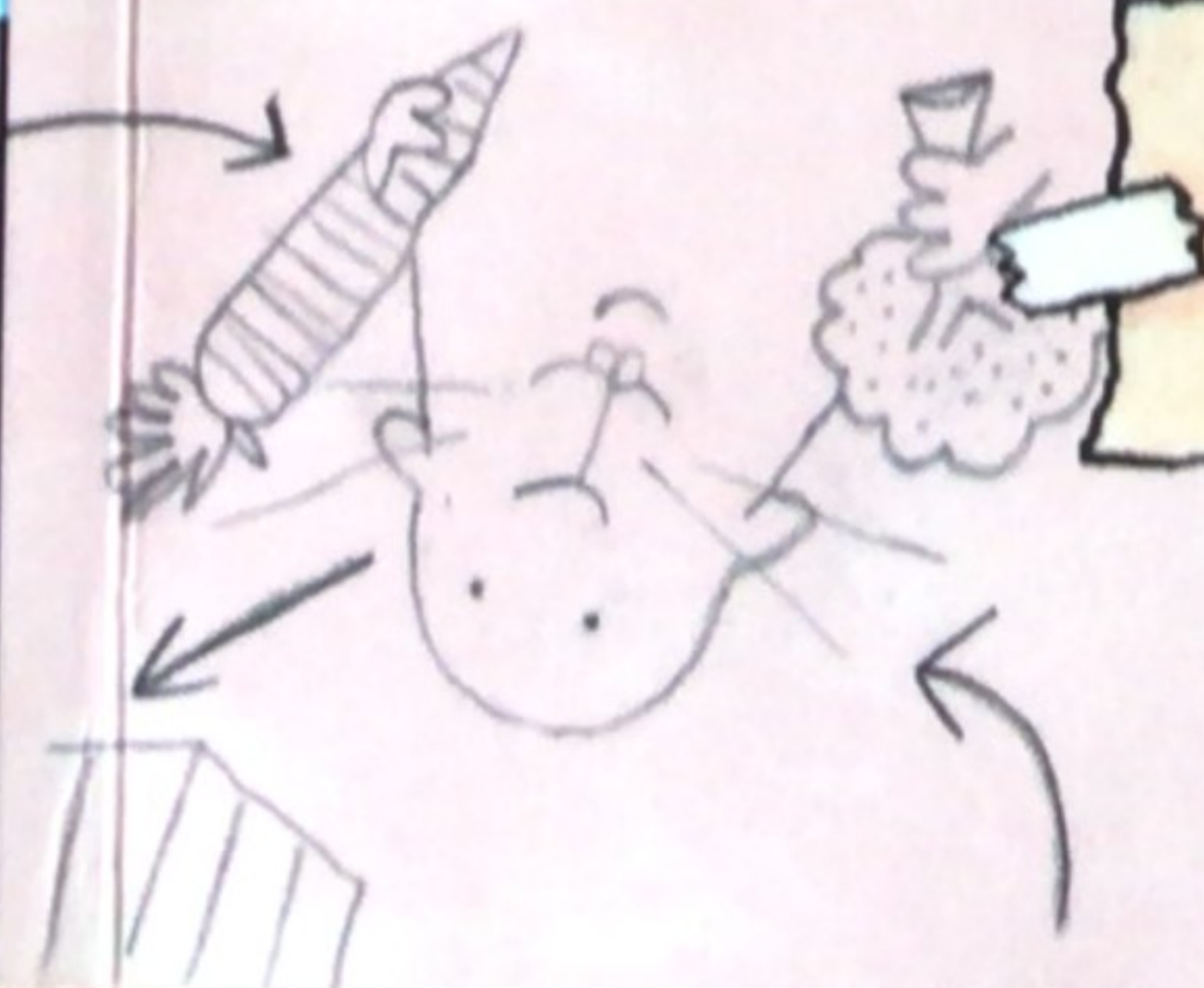


BRUNO and TITCH

A Tale of a Boy
and His Guinea Pig



SHEENA DEMPSEY





Once upon a time, a boy called Bruno wished for his very own guinea pig.



Not so far away, in a little glass box, a tiny guinea pig
waited for his Big Person to come and find him...

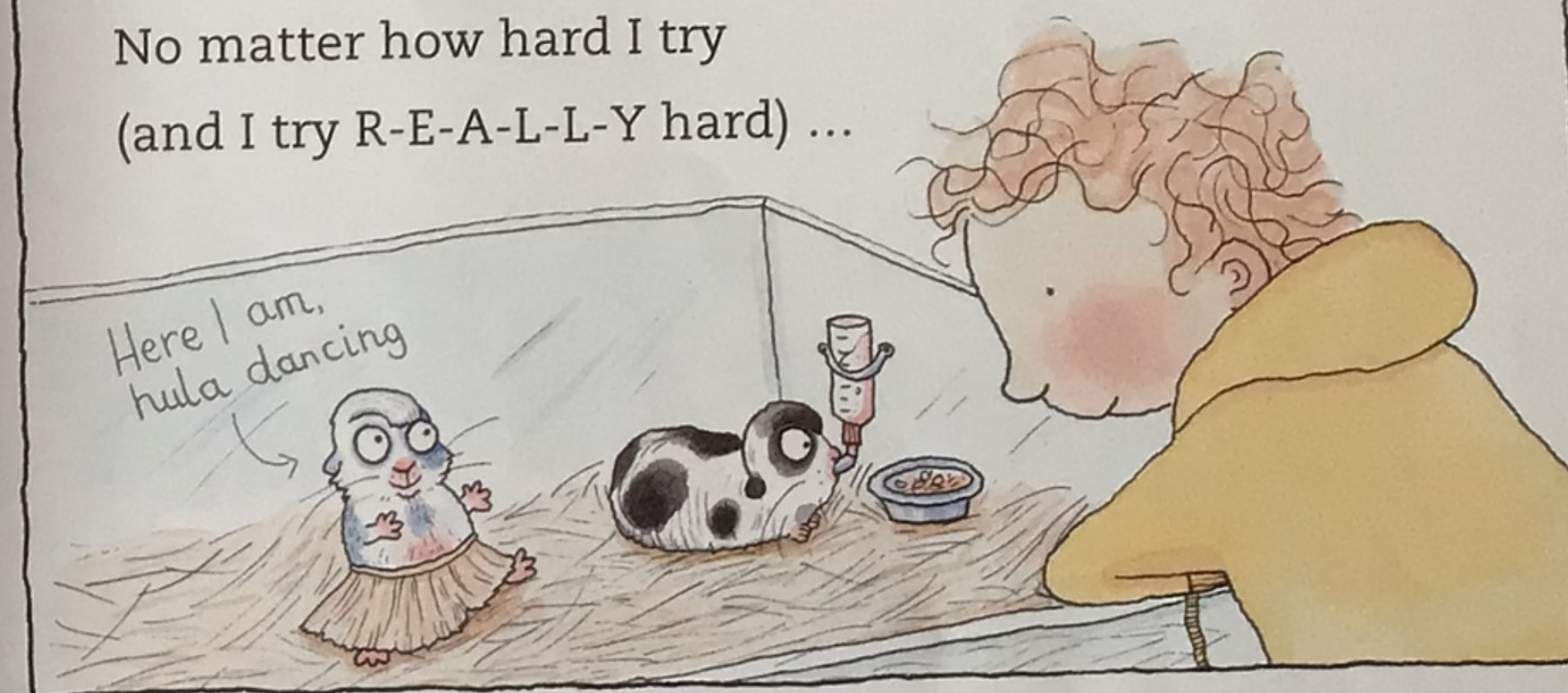
I've been waiting three human weeks for
a Big Person to come and bring me home.
In guinea pig time, that's almost a year.
Which is a VERY long time to wait.

54
32
LEFT!

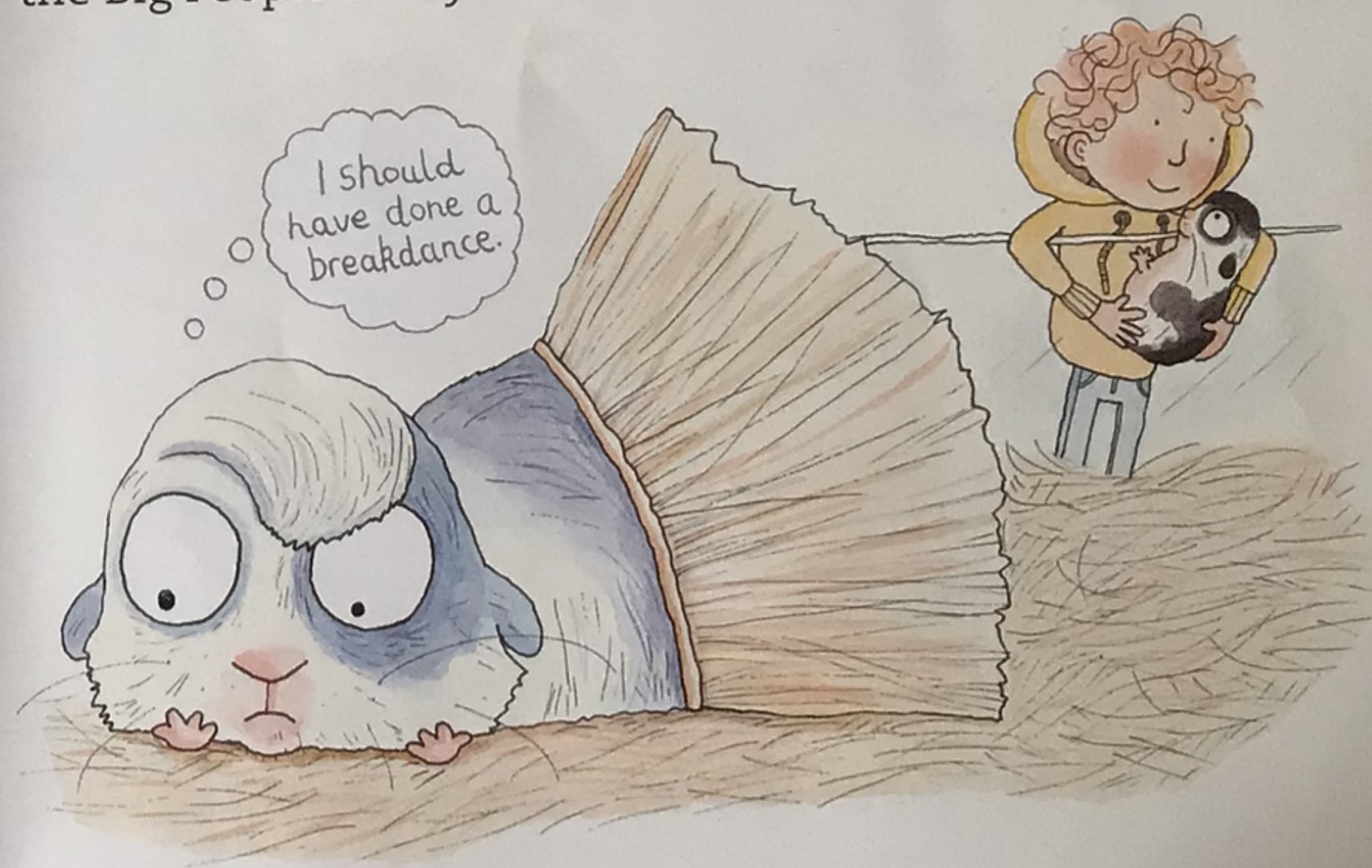
GUINEA PIGS
FOR SALE



No matter how hard I try
(and I try R-E-A-L-L-Y hard) ...



the Big People always choose some other guinea pig instead.





Here's another Big Person right now.



I bet he's not here for me though. They never are.



Wait! Maybe ... maybe he IS here for me!



It's finally happening!
My very own Big Person AT LAST!



MRS PINKERLEY'S PETS

Ouch!
Not so tight,
Bruno!

OUTBREAK!!
FLEA
EPIDEMIC!

LOST!

Puppy
Training!
ASK INSIDE

Come
say
hello
to
the
Kittens

WELCOME



LOOK!

A house ... a real, live Big Person house.

I can't believe it. I've made it.

"Welcome to your new home, Titch!" said Bruno.

3 Guinea Pig Months
(or 24 Human Hours) later



My new home is ... different.
Bruno eats strange food. He gets up very early.



And we don't always like the same things.



More than anything,
Bruno likes to play, A LOT.
And I love to play as much
as the next guinea pig ...

but there's only
so much
of the

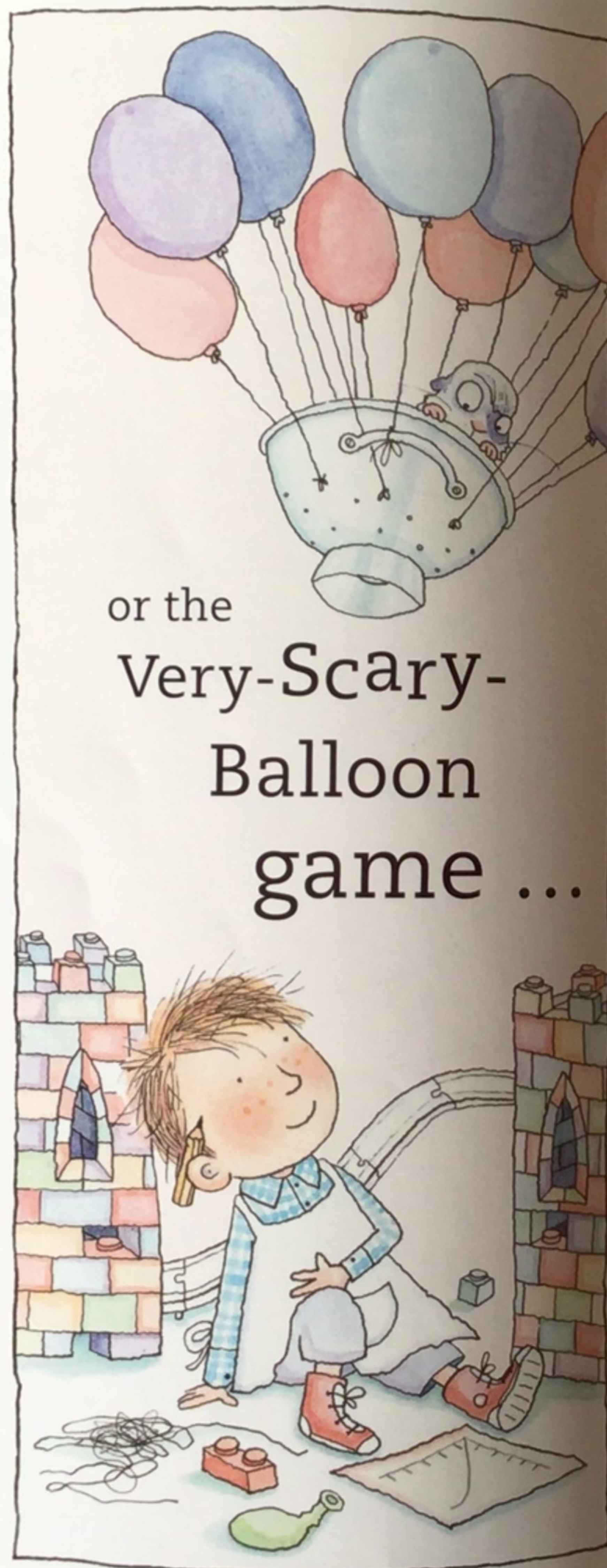
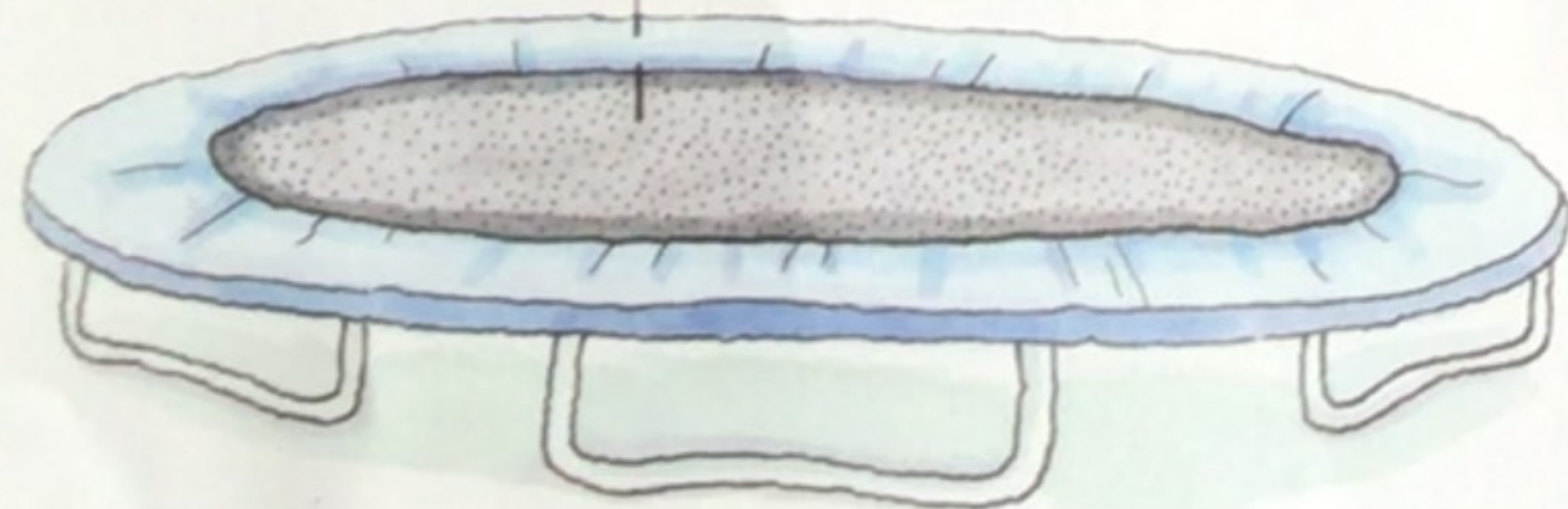


Bouncing-
Very-High
game

This is
not fun
for me.

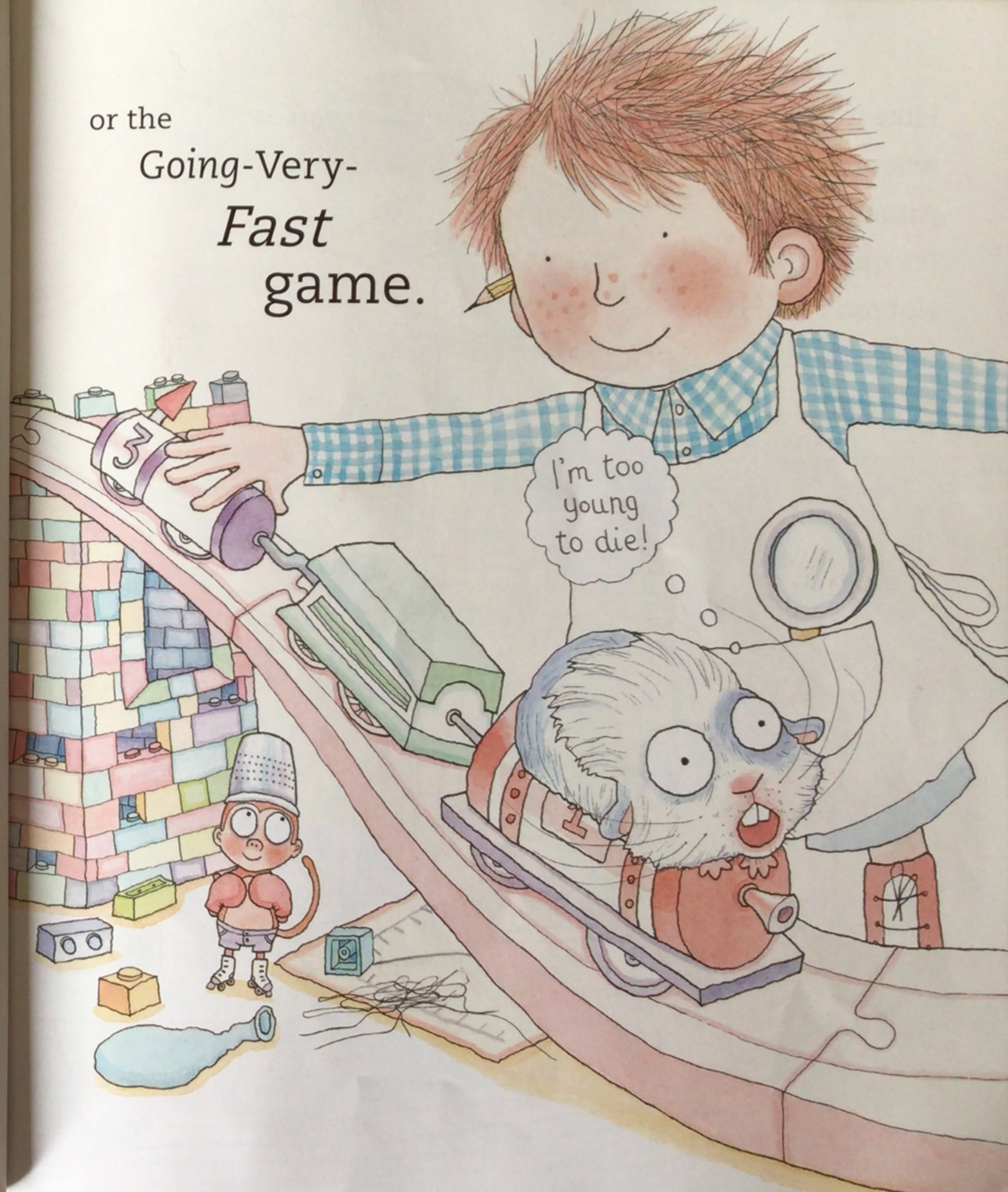


I can take ...

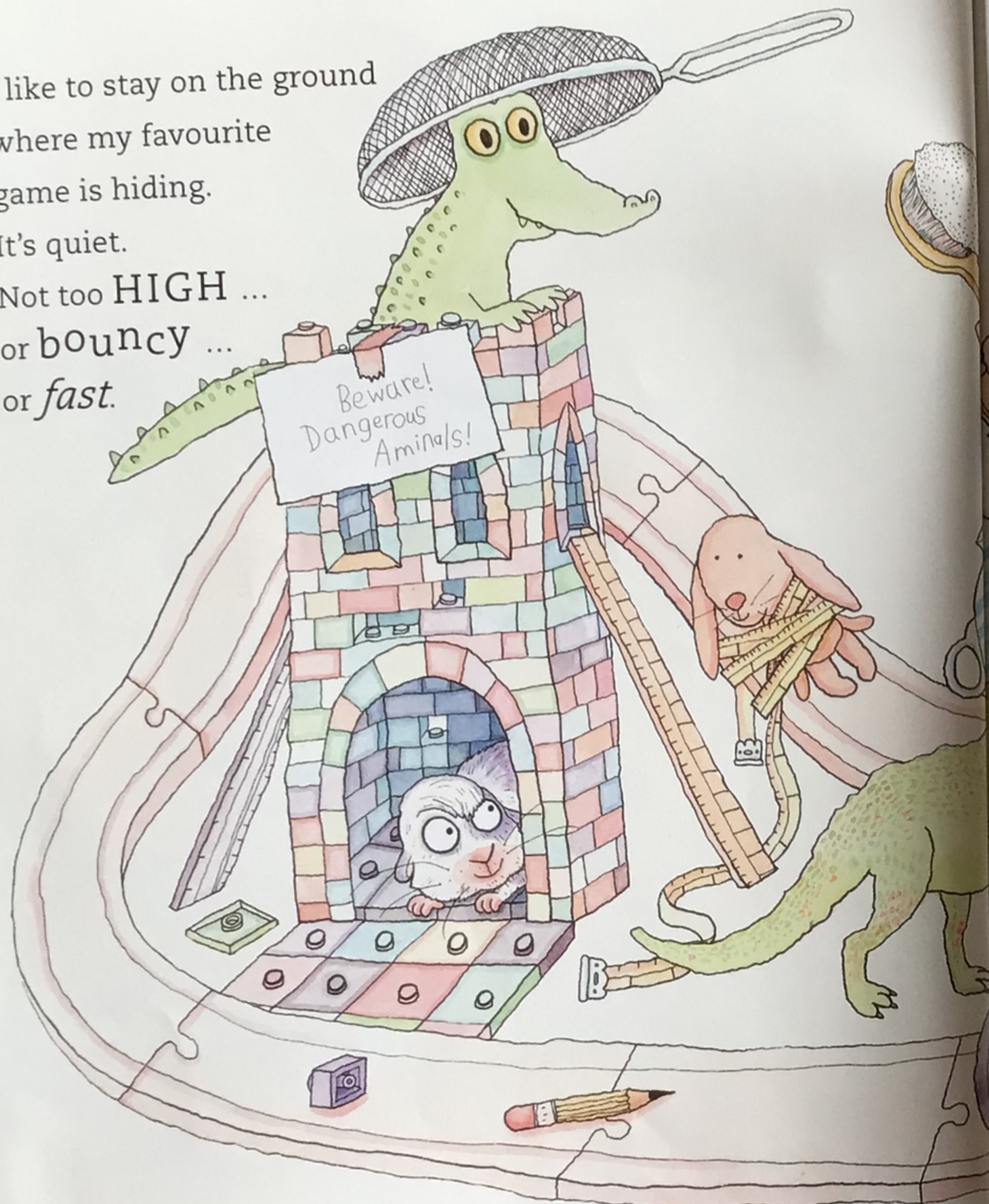


or the
Very-Scary-
Balloon
game ...

or the
Going-Very-
Fast
game.



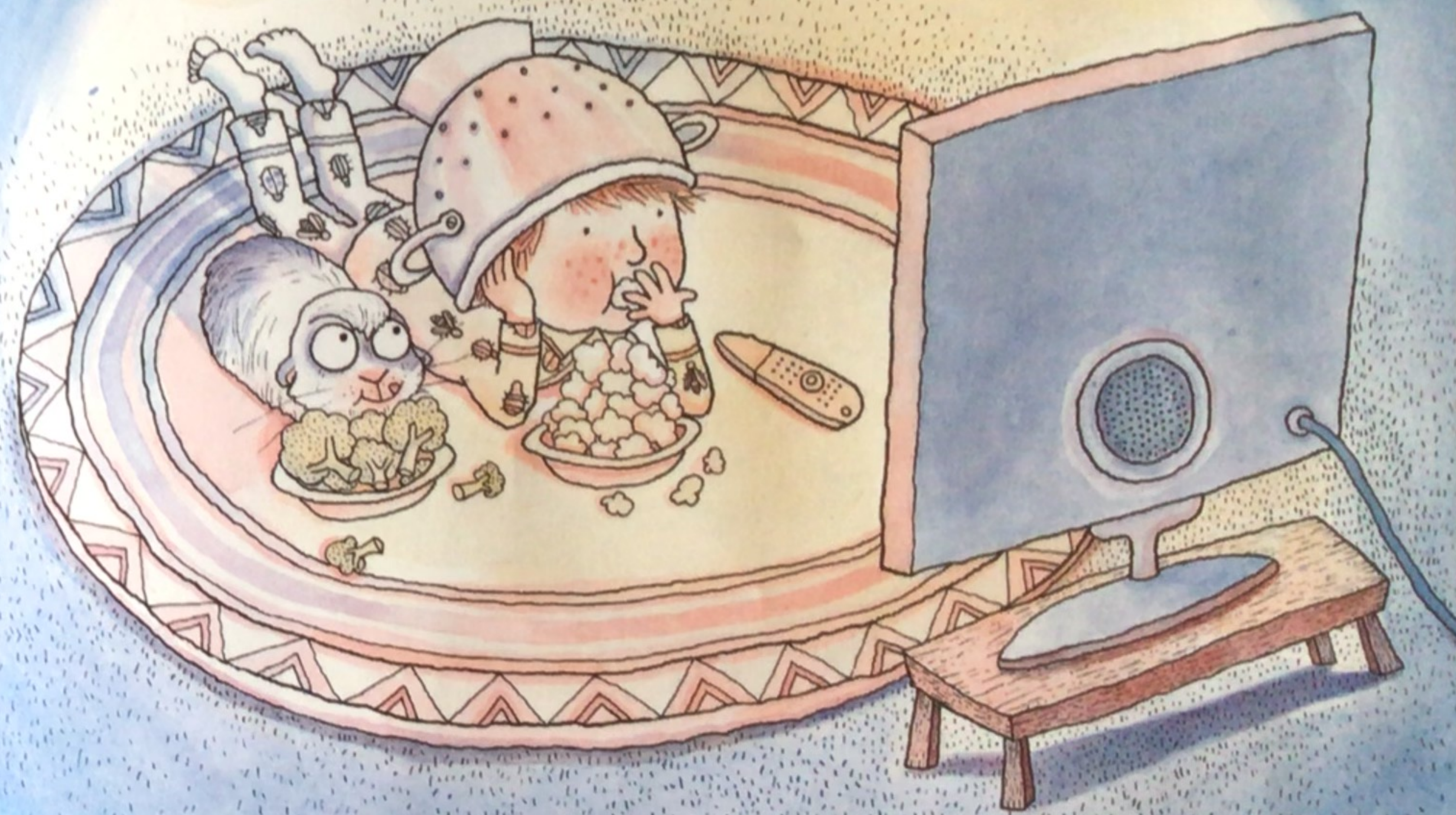
I like to stay on the ground
where my favourite
game is hiding.
It's quiet.
Not too HIGH ...
or bouncy ...
or *fast*.



When we're not playing, Bruno and me
look at stuff together.



And we make all
kinds of important things.



So even though we're different,
I think me and Bruno are
becoming the best of friends.

At least that's what I thought...

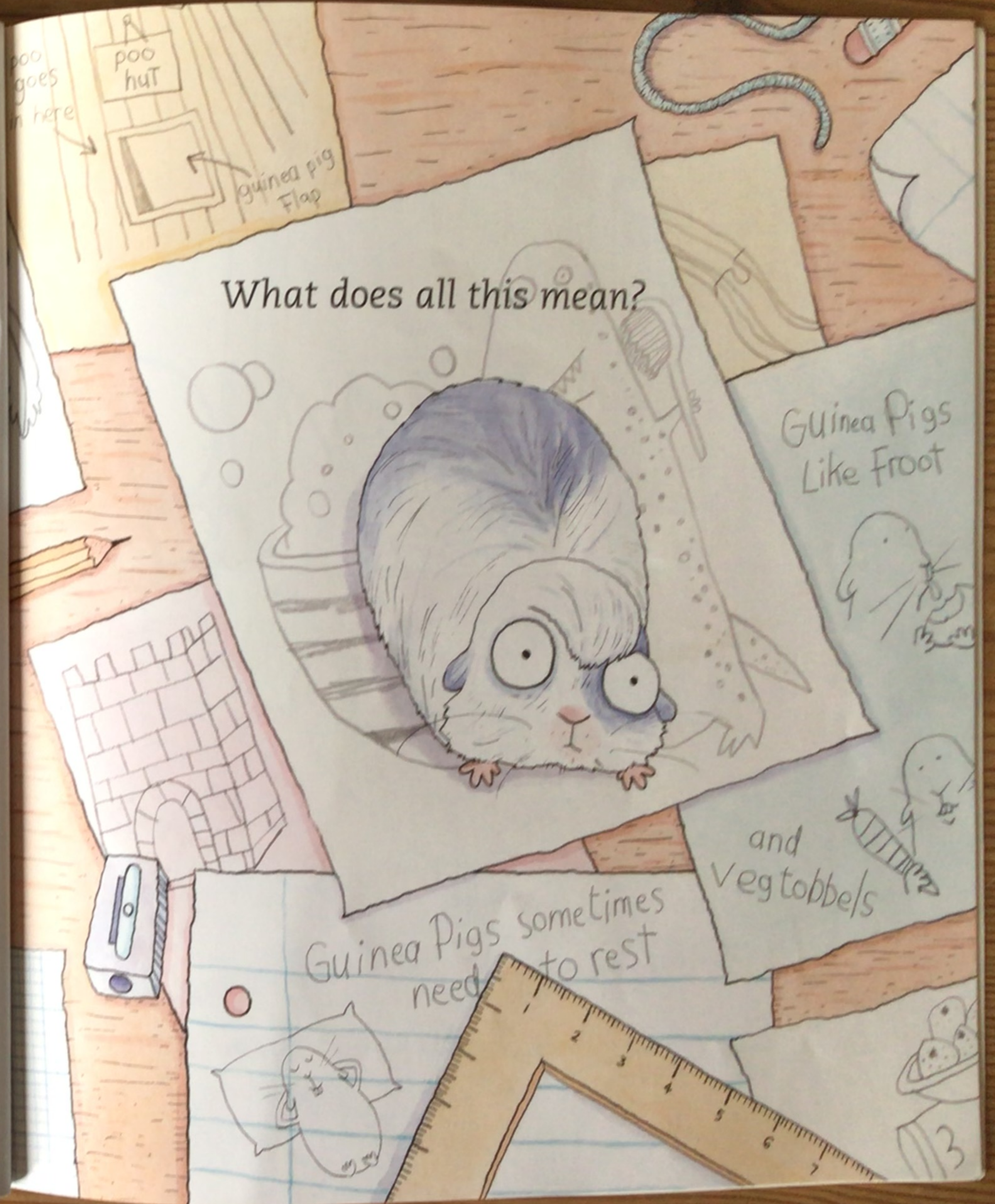
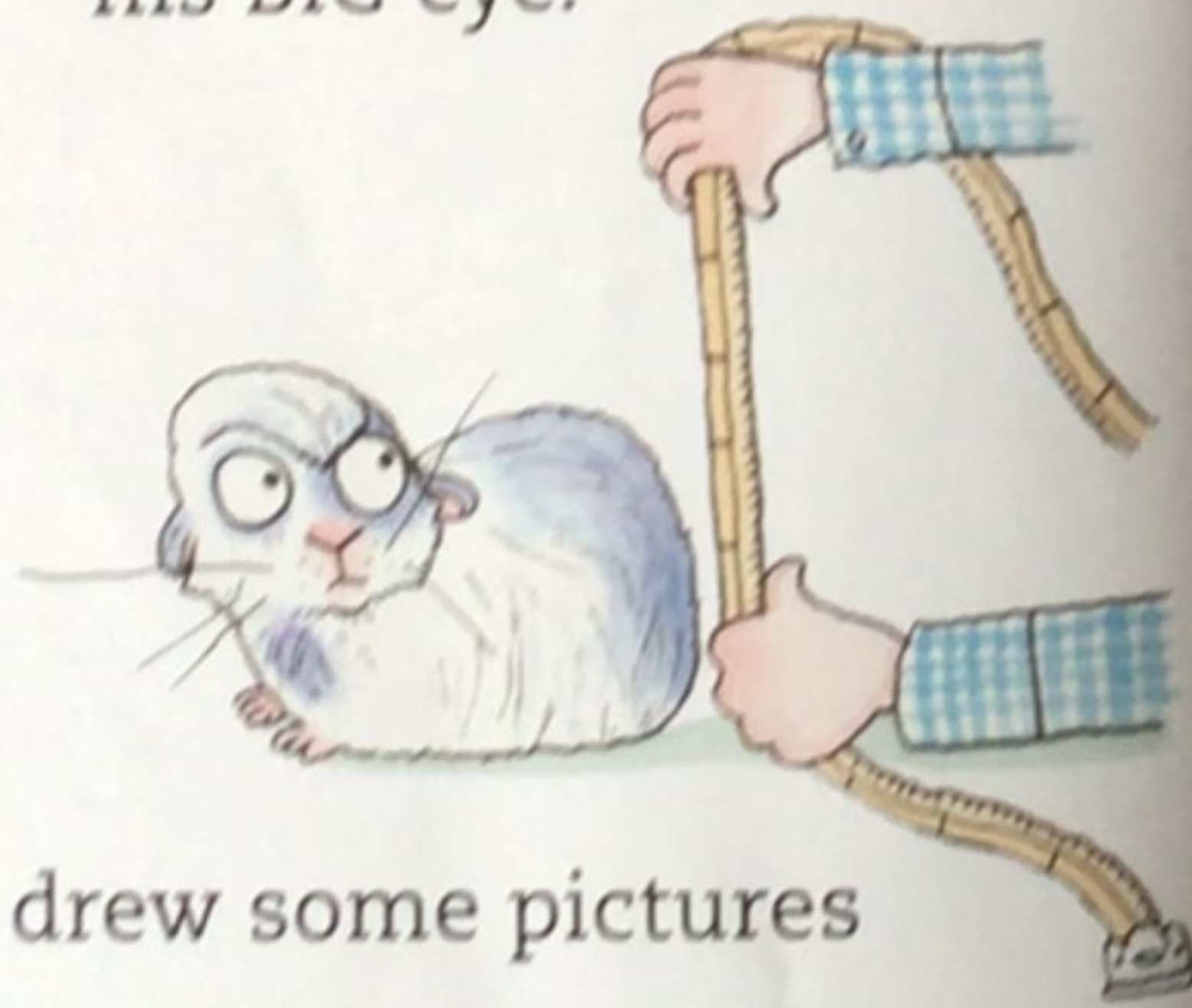
This morning, Bruno started acting all strange.

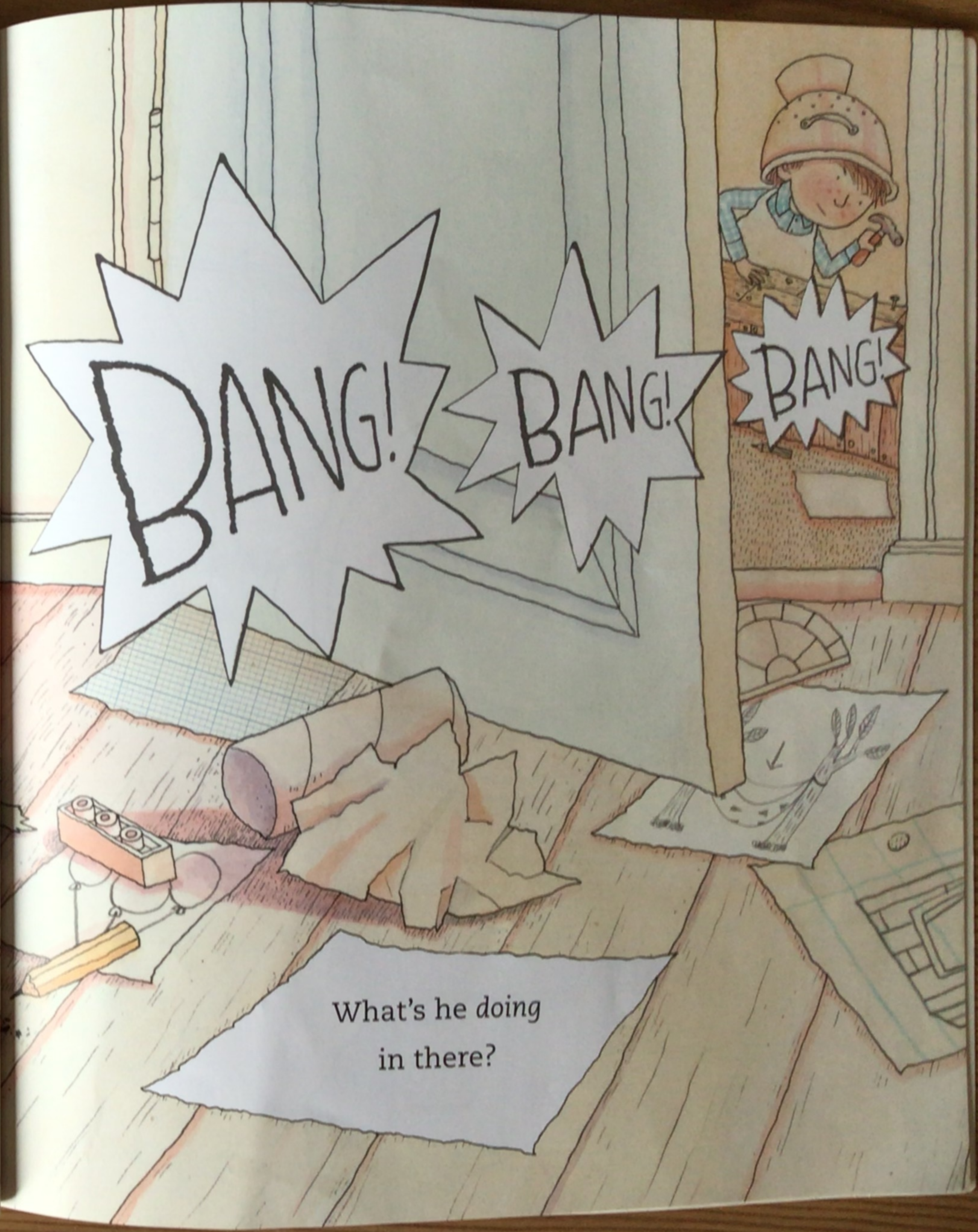


He looked at me with his BIG eye.



He drew some pictures I didn't understand.





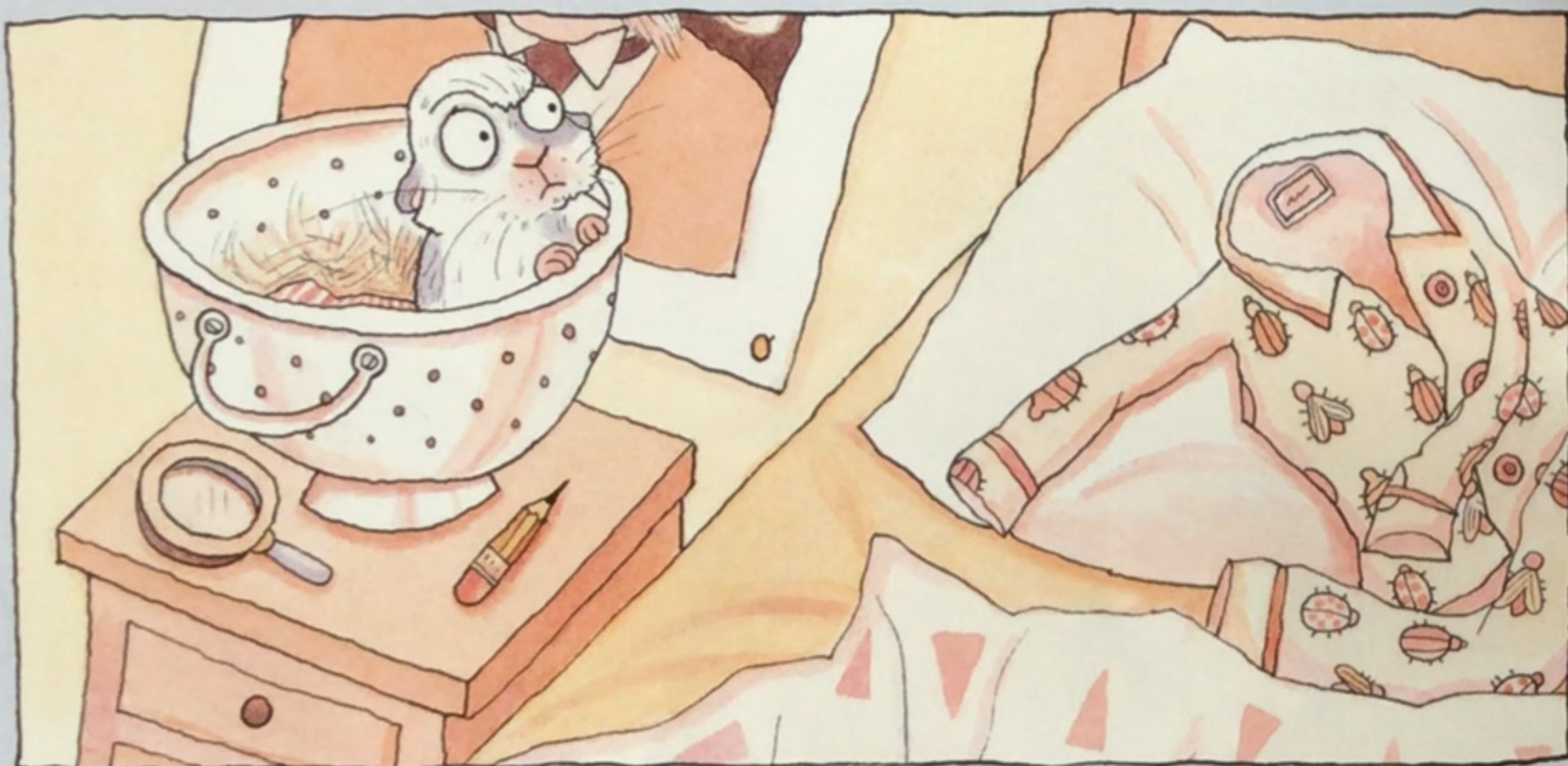
BANG! BANG!

BANG!

What's he doing in there?

Maybe Bruno is bored of me already...
Is he going to get rid of me?





Where did he go?

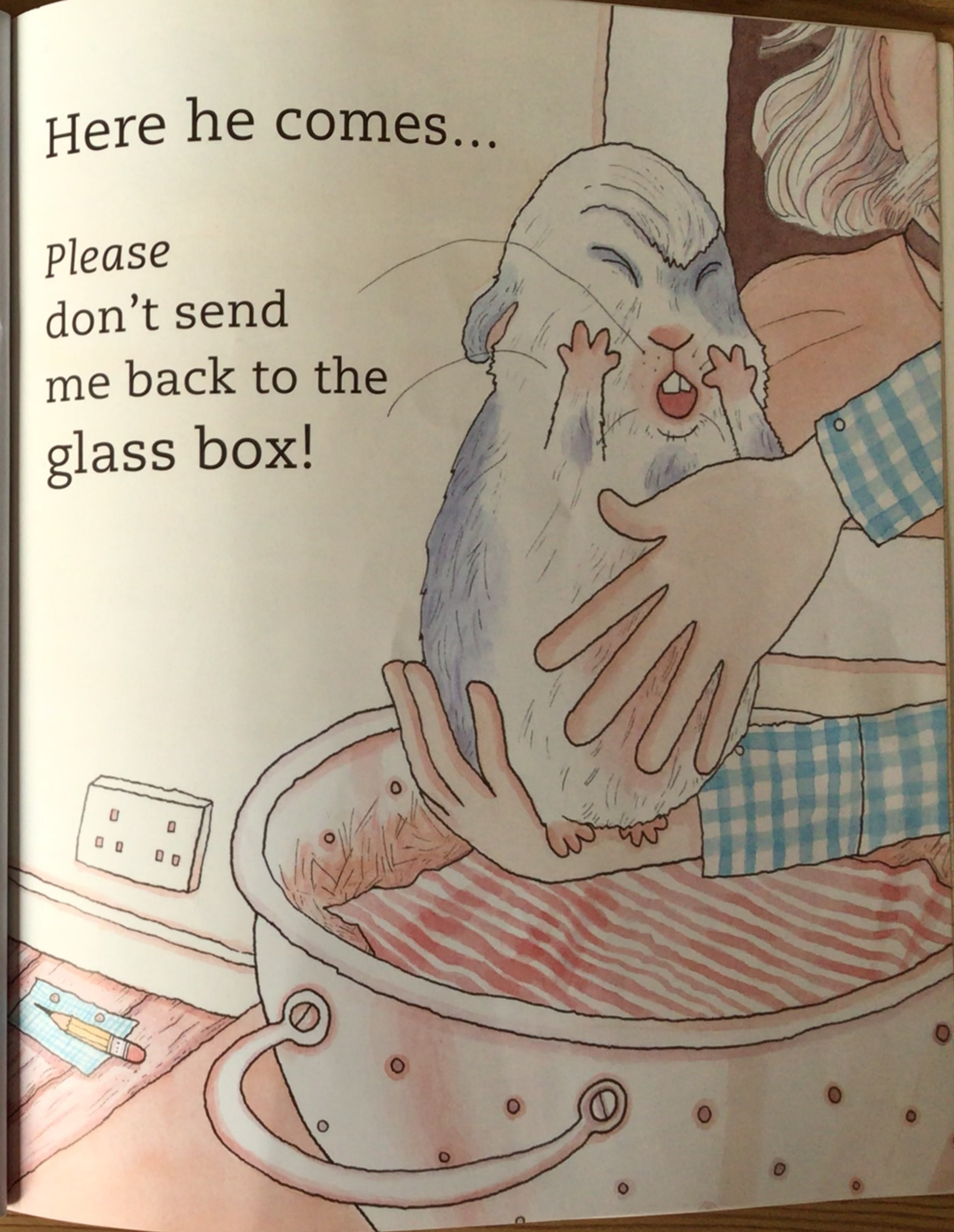
Why hasn't he taken me
out of my bed yet?
This is not a good sign.



Maybe
he doesn't want
to be friends anymore?

Here he comes...

Please
don't send
me back to the
glass box!



LOOK! A Guinea Pig Palace!

In all my guinea pig life (3 months and 3 weeks),
I've never seen anything so incredible!

"Behold my great guinea pig
palace of fun, Titch!
I hope you like it,"
said Bruno.

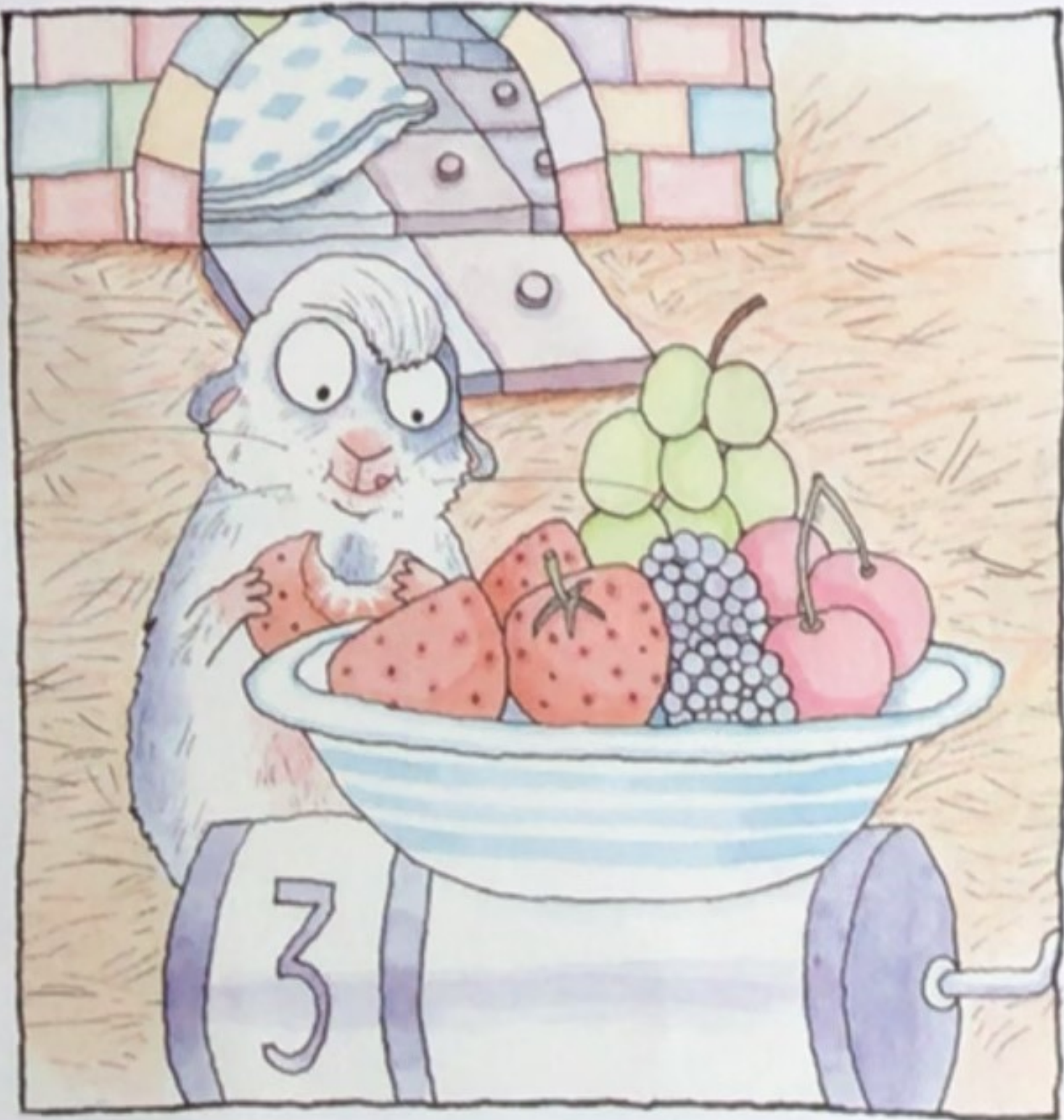


Only a true best friend could know
all of my favourite things.



My own jacuzzi.

A fruit salad bar.



(So delicious.)

Some privacy.



(I really need that.)

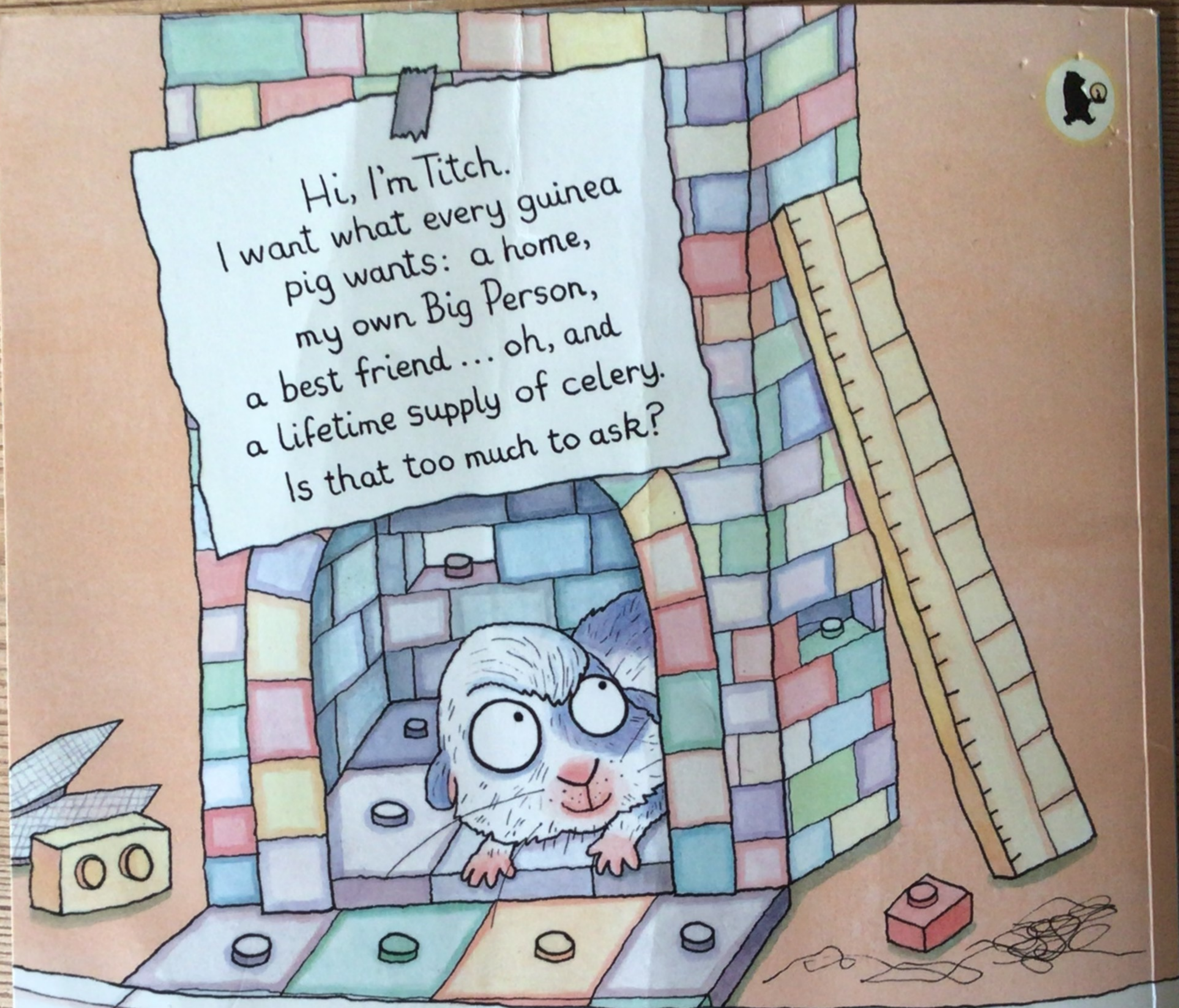


And a proper bed with
my favourite food nearby.

I waited a long time for my Big Person.



But now I have Bruno. And he has me.



Hi, I'm Titch.
I want what every guinea
pig wants: a home,
my own Big Person,
a best friend ... oh, and
a lifetime supply of celery.
Is that too much to ask?



"A sweet story about finding a friend"
Sunday Express
"Endearing" The Times

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