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Dachshund and Dane in the Summer

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Dachshund and Dane are best friends. Sure – Sighthound, Corgi, Basset, Boxer, and all the other dogs are their friends, too, but Dachshund loves Dane and Dane loves Dachshund more than anyone else. They know that it's more fun being together when figuring out what's making Basset so tired, listening to the new song that the starlings brought back from the Netherlands, identifying the curious object that Corgi discovered, or taking part in the Be Yourself Competition. And naturally, Dachshund and Dane know that summer is the very best time for getting up to their old tricks!

Dachshund and Dane in the Summer is the sequel to Hinrikus's popular book Dachshund and Dane (2020).



Excerpt

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The Strange Object

Dachshund and Dane were on their usual afternoon walk past Corgi's house when she burst out of the yard, panting.

"You've got to come see this! Come and look right away!" Corgi demanded.

Given that Corgi was blocking their way by standing up on her hind legs with her tail stretched out as far as it would go, Dachshund and Dane had no choice but to enter the yard. Right in the middle was a big, round table and in the center of it... a strange object.

"Come look at what I got from the store three days ago!" Corgi proudly declared.

Dachshund and Dane padded closer. They sniffed every centimeter of the peculiar metal doodad. Dane even gave it a lick.

"What's it meant to be?" Dane asked.

"Some kind of an object," Corgi answered.

"I can see that. But what does it do?" Dachshund asked.

"I haven't figured that part out yet," Corgi admitted.

"Then why'd you bring it here?" Dane asked, confused.

"I didn't have anything else like it at home and figured it might come in handy. Maybe it's something really useful."

Dachshund cocked her head and studied the object more closely.

"If you look at the gadget from the left, then it could be a water bowl with holes rusted into it. But if you look at it from the right, then it's more like a skimming ladle."

"I reckon that if the thing had a crank, then you might be able to use it as a meat grinder," Dane suggested. "And if it had a handle, then it'd look a little like a watering can."

Corgi pranced back and forth restlessly, striving to come up with an explanation and a purpose for the gadget as well. To be honest, she'd been working on that for three days straight. So far without any success.

"Hey! What are you all doing over there?"

Bernard poked his head over the

fence, his thundering voice startling them all.

"Come and take a look with us, too!" Corgi exclaimed, inviting the giant over. "What do you think it might be?"

Bernard padded majestically to the table, sniffed the object, and then flopped down on the ground cozily.

"Junk," he murmured, closing his eyes.

Corgi was just about to confidently argue that it wasn't when Mutt appeared at the gate.

"What's this fun little gathering you're having here, hm?" he asked.

"We're looking at an object," Dachshund replied.

"Huh! How cool! That must mean I've stumbled across an exhibition, then."

"What exhibition?" Corgi asked.

"Well, when all your guests are staring at an object, then that's an exhibition. And this, as I can tell, is a sculpture exhibition. How exciting! Am I even lucky enough to be here for the opening?"

Dachshund, Dane, and Corgi exchanged unsure glances. Even Bernard got back up, as he had a foggy suspicion that it wasn't appropriate to stretch out at an event he was unexpectedly attending.

"I guess you could say it is," Corgi stammered hesitantly. "Sure, we're opening an exhibition here. Absolutely. Why not?!"

"Then congratulations on the festive occasion! It's a fascinating sculpture," Mutt said, barely even glancing at the mysterious object. "Where are the drinks and snacks?"

"Snacks?" Corgi echoed, frowning.

"Guests are always offered the finest cuisine at an exhibition opening, savory and sweet alike. Didn't you all know that?"

"Of course we did," Bernard said, livening up in a second. "Bring out the food!"

Corgi hurried off to the kitchen. Moments later, a heap of grilled sausages and a trayful of muffins appeared on the table, and all the guests began devouring the treats. Corgi felt proud and delighted. She was the only one of them who'd ever had their very own exhibition in their yard.

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The Letter

“Hi, friends! May I come in?” Labrador asked Dane at the doorstep.

“Of course. Come right in!” Dane answered kindly.

Labrador wiped his paws on the mat and padded into the kitchen. Dane offered him a striped rug to sit on.

“I wanted to ask your advice about something.”

“Oh-ho!” Dachshund and Dane cried in unison.

“Mutt often reminds us that we’re all descended from Wolf, right? Well, I keep thinking about that. What do you think about writing a letter?”

“To Mutt?”

“No, not to Mutt. To Wolf.”

“Oh-ho!” Dachshund and Dane exclaimed again. “Do you really think we could?”

“That’s just what I wanted to discuss. On top of what we could write to her, if we think we could.”

Dachshund and Dane started wagging their tails. They very much liked the idea of writing a letter to Wolf, who was an ancestor all the dogs shared. Dachshund was already imagining including a little drawing of her and Dane with the letter.

“I suppose we could write about what our lives are like,” Dane suggested.

“And what else?” Labrador asked excitedly.

“Well, we could write about what we do, what we eat, what we look like, what our homes are like, what Mutt and Spaniel did last Friday, where Corgi went for a walk yesterday, how long Basset can sleep, what Bernard is afraid of, the way Poodle trimmed her tail fur, and how Dachshund and I made jam. And then we could definitely write about how Dachshund and I went on a boat trip one time and played hide-and-seek and exercised and...”

“And how I helped Dane get better one time and made a compress for his tail and what happened when Husky took us sledding,” Dachshund chipped in.

“In that case, we can’t forget to write about how Greyhound chased a cat up a tree and it couldn’t get down again and how Dachshund went swimming and how I crocheted a striped collar for her. But we shouldn’t forget to mention Bulldog and

could probably even write a couple words about Chihuahua.”

Labrador already looked exhausted. He’d slumped down onto the striped rug and laid his head between his paws.

“I guess it’s going to be a very long letter,” Labrador sighed.

Just the thought of how many spelling errors might fit into such a lengthy letter made his head spin.

“And in closing, we could ask what her life is like,” Dane chattered on. “What she does all day, what she eats, what her home is like, where she goes for walks, who her friends are, what she’s afraid of, whether she celebrates Christmas, what she wants for her birthday, and who makes her compresses when she’s sick.”

Dane paused to lap up a couple mouthfuls of water. But before he could continue, Labrador scrambled up and out the door.

“Thanks for helping me think. I’m going to go home now and continue thinking there.”

It had dawned upon him that none of them knew if Wolf could even read in the first place.

Meanwhile, Dachshund and Dane started drawing self-portraits.



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The Search

Dachshund was getting more and more panicked. She'd already looked for her collar in the yard and the park, had trotted up and down the forest paths that led to the sea, and had combed the riverbanks. All for naught. She wouldn't have gone to such trouble if it were some ordinary collar, but this was the one Dane had crocheted for her: striped and fancy.

Corgi came into sight just as Dachshund was poking through a little clearing in the woods.

"Good morning!" Corgi shouted. "Found anything interesting?"

"Far from it. I haven't found anything."

Dachshund brought Corgi up to speed on the situation.

"Would you maybe like to help me look?" she pleaded.

"Alright, sure, why not. I've got a thousand other things to do, but I can help a little."

Dachshund felt a new burst of hope because even though Corgi could be a little difficult, she did have a fine sense of smell. Almost as good as Dachshund's own.

Sniffing the tall grass, Dachshund crossed the clearing in the direction of the spruce trees where Corgi stood. There were lots and lots of smells, but none of them resembled her collar.

Suddenly, Corgi emitted a triumphant shout, drowning out the calling of a cuckoo bird.

"Yoo-hoo! Found it!"

Dachshund bounded over to her friend, ears flopping in the breeze.

"Just look at all the chanterelle mushrooms here!" Corgi exclaimed, pointing to the forest path. "Have you ever seen so many in your life?"

"And my collar? Where is it?"

"What collar?" Corgi asked, perplexed. In all her excitement over discovering the mushrooms, she'd forgotten what she was supposed to be searching for in the first place. "You probably recognize all your own collars best. There's quite a haul here!"

And with that, Corgi started picking mushrooms. Dachshund turned back and resumed sniffing around for her collar.

It was late in the afternoon when Dachshund bumped into Poodle on the riverbank. Poodle was studying her reflection in the water, moving her forelock back and forth from one side to the other.

"What do you think? Forelock on the left is better than forelock on the right, right?" she immediately asked.

Dachshund only sighed. Her nose was already numb from hours of sniffing, and she couldn't care less about Poodle's hairdo. Still, Poodle was accustomed to getting answers to her questions and stared at Dachshund expectantly.

"You seem worried about something," Poodle finally concluded.

"You're right. I AM worried because I DON'T have my COLLAR."

Dachshund then told Poodle about the precious item she'd lost and how casually Corgi had reacted to the problem.

"Bah!" Poodle huffed. "Of course Corgi couldn't appreciate something like that. I, on the other hand, absolutely understand the meaning of beauty, fashion, and elegance. I remember your collar very well—Dane did a fantastic job making it. A masterpiece, and with a pattern that's high fashion. I'll help you search."

Poodle cast one more satisfied glance at her reflection before padding off through the mossy mounds. Dachshund trotted away, too. Her stiff little legs seemed to have become even stiffer and shrunk even shorter; all her hope and spirit had faded.

Defeated, she finally went home and crawled sadly underneath the cupboard, where she remained until late that evening when Poodle showed up at her door.

"Check out all the things I found today!" she said, holding her paws out to Dachshund. "Thanks to you, I ended taking a lovely stroll on this sunny day and came across an amazing number of pretty things."

Poodle placed her finds on the bench: a big swan feather, a hefty pinecone, a green pail with a white handle, a long blue ribbon, and three bolete mushrooms.

"Since I didn't spot your collar anywhere, I thought I'd give you something that did stand out. Choose whichever you'd like. Just not the feather," Poodle said, snatching the feather from the bench and poking it into her curly fur.

Right then, Dane showed up at the door. Dachshund was still under the cupboard.

“Hey, Dachshund! Where’ve you been rambling around all day?” Dane asked. “And what are you looking for down there under the cupboard? Come on out! I brought you your collar, which you forgot at my place after your bath yesterday.”

That turned out to be a marvelously happy evening. Dane tied the collar around Dachshund’s neck and promised to crochet a similar one for Poodle, just a little smaller and with a slightly less fashionable pattern, as she later reassured Dachshund.

Dachshund picked the green pail as her present from Poodle. They fried the mushrooms on a pan and ate them up before using the pinecone as a ball. The blue ribbon fit perfectly around Dane’s neck.

“It’s strange that I didn’t notice anything nice when I was searching for my collar all day,” Dachshund mused before falling asleep.

She placed the green pail with the white handle on her nightstand.

