



Poppy's World

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Hello, my name is Poppy and I live in Poppy Cottage. Can you see me in the picture?

As you can see, the cottage is decorated with poppies.

My mummy is an artist, and we have a gallery inside the house. There are lots of paintings in the gallery and quite a few of them have me in them!

There are also lots of pictures of scenery and lots of pictures of guess what... POPPIES!

This book is all about me and how we came to live in Poppy Cottage.



Hello again! I am just a little puppy here. We live in Crosby, Liverpool near the beach. I love to play NON-STOP! I never get tired, well maybe a little bit sometimes.

**My Mummy says to me that I need my sleep because then when I wake up, I'll have more energy to guess what?...
PLAY**

When Mummy and Daddy go out for walks I storm ahead, letting the wind toss my fur as I tear through the long grass which tickles my paws!

I peer around my shoulder...Mummy and Daddy are miles behind...woohoo I've won! I always win the races; I'm the fastest in the family!

I need to lie down just to let Mummy and Daddy catch up, It's not because I'm tired though, well maybe a little, I'll just rest my eyes for a minute.



Mummy won't play ball with me, so I'll go and find someone who will!

There's a man over there, I'll see if he will play ball with me. I give him an angelic persuasive look and wait for a game of fetch, but he doesn't move a muscle. I jump up at him, but he still doesn't move.

In the background I hear Mummy and Daddy laughing and I turn round and they are pointing at me. Mummy shouts out "Oh Poppy! It's a statue you silly billy. It's ok, I'll play ball with you".

I love my Mummy; she always hugs and plays with me, and gives me lovely bones to chew.



I heard Mummy and Daddy talking today, they are thinking about moving to Scotland.

“Woof Woof” I bark, “Will you please hurry up, I want to play on the beach.”

When it was time to go home, I looked back at the beach and wondered, will I ever come down here to play again?



Here is Mummy and me looking out of the window, we are on holiday and are staying in a loch keeper's cottage.

Mummy keeps staring out of the window. She wants to move up to Scotland and paint the beautiful scenery.

"Hurry up Mummy," I cry, "I want to swim in the canal!" Mummy says "Oh Poppy, don't you ever get tired of playing." Of course I reply "NO."



Finally we are now living in Scotland, in a beautiful village called Lochcarron, Mummy and Daddy have called our new house “Poppy Cottage”.

It’s great here, there is so much for me to do, the loch is just across the road and I can go and play on the beach and in the water whenever I want.

I’m so glad we moved here. There are lots of new places to go to and explore, there are even dolphins which swim up and down the loch.

I watch the birds feeding on the bird table and there are huge eagles flying high in the sky above the loch.

One day a seagull landed on my wall and started screeching. I don’t like screeching. In fact, I don’t like the seagulls.

[OBJ]



I've had enough of the screeching seagulls, so Mummy has taken me for a walk. Can you see my ball?

I like to crouch on the floor whilst my Mummy gets the ball and throws it for me.

Mummy throws the ball and it lands in the loch. I jump into the water to get it. Oooohhh its very cold, but I'm very good at the doggy paddle, so I soon warm up.

"Hurry up and throw it again" I cry!

I like swimming; it makes me feel all tingly. I think I might have a lie down for a bit... Not because I'm tired, I never get tired; well, I may just have a quick 40 winks.



It's been raining all day then suddenly its stopped and the sunshine has come out. I can see the sunlight on the mountains; it makes them look like they have been sprinkled with gold dust.

Mummy says because I am so pretty and the mountains look so beautiful she is going to paint a picture.



Today we are going for a lovely long walk up in the mountains.

There is lots of heather up on the mountains and the sun is shining too.

I love to romp up and down the mountains- it's great fun!

I'm not tired, but I think I will just sit down in the heather and catch my breath!



After it has stopped raining Mummy and Daddy want to go for a walk along the shore across from our house.

Mummy has hung her washing on the beach and it flaps just like flags in the wind.

I watch the sunlight work magic on the loch. It makes the water sparkle so it looks like it's covered in diamonds.

When Mummy gets the washing in, it smells all salty just like the water in the loch.



We have gone all the way back to Liverpool to visit my Grandad.

He loves drinking tea, and when he does, he always gives me lots of cuddles. I love getting cuddles from my family; it makes me go all warm inside.

“Come on Granddad, can we please go for a walk and a play, I’ve been a very good girl, and sat here all nicely whilst you drank your tea.”



Well, I finally get my wish and we go down the country lane to a place called Little Crosby. I'm sniffing the air and smell lots of familiar things.

I really like it here in Liverpool, but I am missing our new home in Lochcarron.

Tomorrow we are going home; Mummy says we will be back here soon though.



On the way home to Lochcarron, we stop just outside Fort William to watch the sheepdog trials. It's very exciting,

Mummy starts to laugh: and says "Poppy, you can't go and chase the sheep, it's not a game. I'll just have to give you a big hug so you don't run off."

It doesn't matter that I can't play with the sheep, I like getting hugs, and I like watching the shepherd and his dog rounding up the sheep.



Yippee! It's Christmas Day and it's been snowing, the sky is bright blue and the sun is shining.

I love Christmas Day fun and games, and I always get lots of presents and get to play as much as I want.

We have gone for a walk and I am standing on the "Bealach". It's the highest road in Great Britain. Can you see the mountains behind me? They are called "The Cuillins" and they are on the Isle of Skye.

Can you see my ball? I wish Mummy would hurry up and throw it for me.



Guess where we have been for Christmas dinner. We went to the castle behind me. We had lots to eat and then we went exploring.

I'm so full up after lovely Christmas dinner, I need to lie down for a bit. Mummy says it's time for bed. Well I think I'll do as she says, as I'm a very good girl...not because I'm tired though, honestly!



Hello again, I have got a new friend. His name is Mr McKay. He lives in a lovely cottage right on the beach.

The water from the loch nearly comes right up to his front door.

He is only 92! He is just like me, he does not stop. He grows his own vegetables and I help him in the garden. He says that I'm a great help. Can you see the flower that Mr McKay is wearing on his jacket? Do you know what the flower is called?

Mr McKay told me it's called a poppy, and that it's a very special flower, just like me.

Once a year there is a special day called Remembrance Day, and lots of people wear a poppy to remember the soldiers who have given us the great lives we have today.

I love Mr McKay, he is a very brave man and he fought in the Second World War. He tells me lots of stories and I curl up at his feet and listen.

When he finishes his story he says to me "Well Poppy, shall we go and play?" I think you may know what my reply is ... "YES PLEASE" and off we go, and as we do I wag my tail.



This is a True Story!

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Notes :



Why not come and see me and my family at

Poppy Cottage Gallery

**Main street,
Lohcarron,
Wester Ross,
IV54 8YB.**

www.poppy-cottage-art.com

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