

Alain M. Bergeron • Sampar

BILLY STUART

1. THE DAREDEVILS



ÉDITIONS
MICHEL
QUINTIN



CHAPTER 1

Charming Louielou...

My name's Billy Stuart and I live in the pretty little town of Cavendish, where the sidewalks are made of **wood**, none of the roads are paved, and all the houses are the same colour as their street name! My street is Scotch Red, which happens to be the Stuart family symbol.

My friends all live close by:

- 🌸 Foxy the fox lives on Red Road;
- 🌸 Muskie the skunk is over on Black and White Avenue;
- 🌸 Yeti the weasel lives on White Street in winter, and Brown Street in summer;
- 🌸 Lizzie the chameleon's home is on **RAINBOW** Lane.

The colour there changes with the sky. Today's a beautiful clear day, so her house has changed to a pure blue.

Too bad a storm's not coming today!

I have to go and walk LouieLou the dog, and I can only do it when it's bright and sunny. Otherwise LouieLou will be a **wet poodle** and this of course will spoil his beautiful coat...How come it never rains when I want it to?

LouieLou's a little white poodle, and I hate him. He belongs to our neighbours, the MacTerrings. At the beginning of summer I had this great idea to offer to walk the dog for them, in exchange for a bit of money. They **gladly** said yes. Which meant pocket money for me to spend at the corner store on Candy Road; that's where I buy my favorite treat, **CHOCOLATE** crawfish!

Yum, yum, yum...Deeelicious!

Well it's now been two weeks that I've been walking this awful LouieLou, and not even chocolate crawfish is worth doing it!

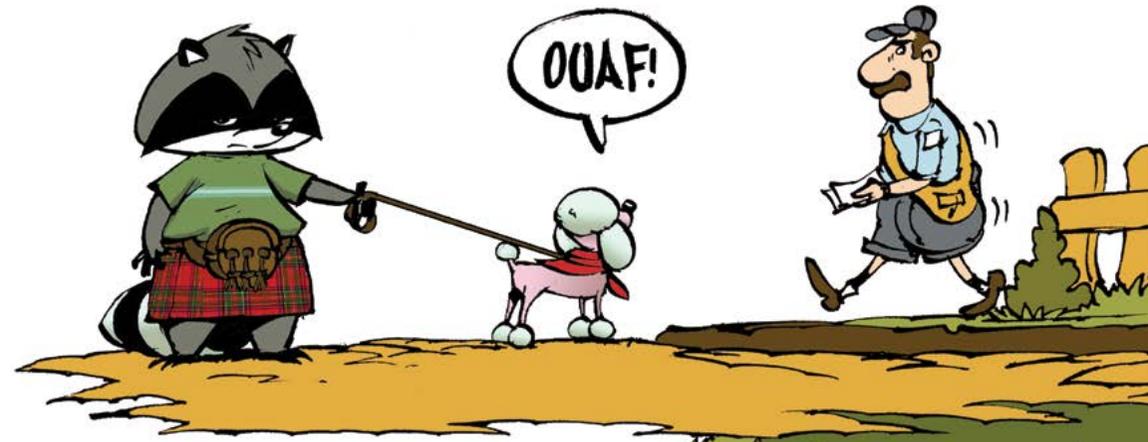
First of all, LouieLou looks like your typical poodle: his **body** shaved except for his **paws**, **neck**, **head** and **tail**! Ugh... wouldn't I love to just pluck out what's left of your hairs LouieLou!



The dog is totally ridiculous.

And it's not just because of his looks, but his snooty attitude too (his doghouse is **huge**, almost as big as our shed). As soon as he goes outside, this "upper-crust" dog turns into a complete jerk. He barks all the time at anything; a cat meowing far away, the postman crossing the street, a leaf fluttering to the ground, a plane flying above us, even me just breathing!

LouieLou then just goes *loony*.



He is constantly tugging on his leash; yanking at my shoulder. He sniffs everywhere, checking out where the other dogs in the area have walked. And of course he's not shy about leaving his own mark for others to sniff. Not to mention the other **smelly stuff** he leaves behind him that I have to scrape up and carry along in a plastic bag...**YUCK!**

Just to cause problems for me he makes a point of running off to relieve himself not at the beginning of our walk and not at the end, but just when we're halfway through. So you can just imagine me having to walk along, with the little plastic bag in hand. What's worse, Mr. LouieLou isn't at all interested in staying at the edge of the park. Nope, he prefers nice lawns, especially the ones over on Yellow Road... its **TERRIBLE!**

And obviously it's me who get's blamed every time. As if it was me that messed up the beautiful lawn; and I'm someone who's famous for washing my food before eating it!



I wish too that LouieLou would get out of the disgusting habit of sniffing the behinds of strange dogs in order to get to know them better. You don't see me doing that with the new kids at school do you?

It's just soooo **EMBARASSING!**

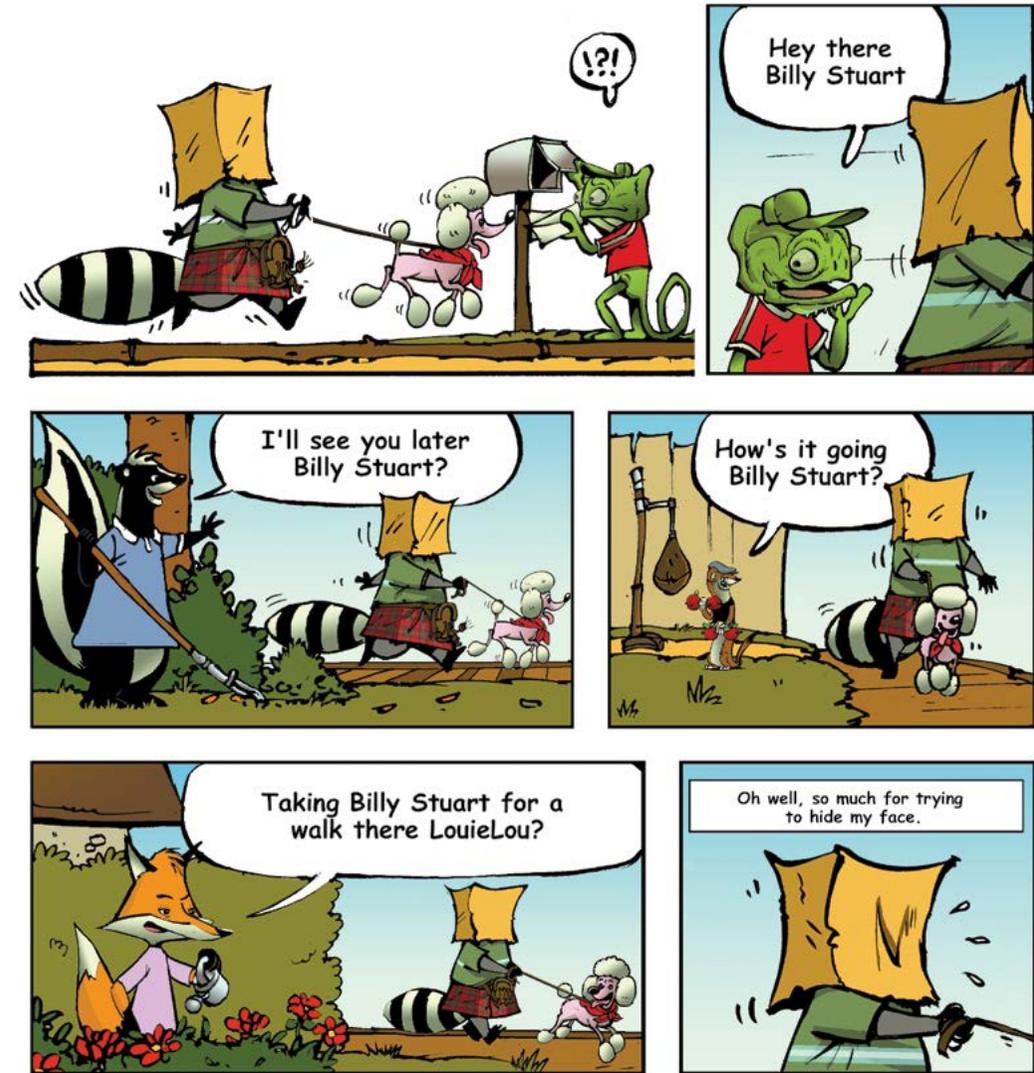
I've come to hate our daily outings now. When I told my Mom and Dad I felt like giving up this chore, all I got from them was the usual lecture on how important it is to stick to my promise.

"Your deal with the MacTerrings is until the end of summer" my Dad reminded me.

"But that's **ages** from now" I cried.

But arguing was useless. So I'm going to have to **waste** my holidays walking LouieLou around.

As soon as the MacTerrings can't see us, LouieLou turns into you know what. So what do I do? I stick a paper bag over my head!



I'M NOT KIDDING YOU

TOWN OF CAVENDISH

One afternoon, sick and tired of listening to the poodle barking for nothing, Billy Stuart decided on a plan.

«You and I are going for a long ride.»

«Woof» answered LouieLou.

Billy put the poodle in his bicycle basket and cycled for 15 minutes across Cavendish. Then he stopped and left LouieLou at the side of the road.

«You just stay there, jerk!» he ordered.

«Woof» answered LouieLou.

Pleased with himself, Billy went back home.

Turning the corner onto Scotch Red Street, what did he see but LouieLou sitting on the porch, barking at the sight of the postman! So then Billy scooped up LouieLou, put the poodle in his bicycle basket, and cycled for 20 minutes. Then he left LouieLou at the side of the road.

«You just stay there, jerk!» he ordered again.

«Woof» answered LouieLou.

Pleased with himself again, Billy went back home.

As he got there, what did he see but LouieLou sitting on the porch, barking at a squirrel. So then Billy grabbed

LouieLou, put the poodle in his bicycle basket, and cycled for 30 minutes. Then he turned left, cycled for 10 more minutes, turned right, then left again, and went back 500 metres along the way he had come.

«You just stay there, jerk!» he ordered the poodle.

«Woof» answered LouieLou.

Much later, Billy stopped at a telephone booth and called his mother.

«Mom, is LouieLou there?»

«Yes he is Billy. Your dog's out on the porch, barking at the birds.»

« Mom, he's not my dog. Let me talk to him will you?»

«Why?» his mother replied curiously.

«Because I'm loost!»



A WORD FROM THE AUTHOR

A bit of an explanation ...

Dear reader, I must explain you a few things here. First of all, let me introduce myself. I'm the author, Alain M. Bergeron, and it's me that Billy Stuart told all his many adventures to.

As you're reading along, you'll notice that at times I'll add my own message to the story that Billy Stuart's telling. I do this to:

- A) Explain something more or give more information;
- B) Add a personal comment;
- C) Have some fun;
- D) All of the above.

So you'll know it's me wherever you see «A Word From the Author.» You can't miss my message; it looks like a note stuck to the page.

OK, you can go back to reading the story. I'll just sign this «Word From the Author»

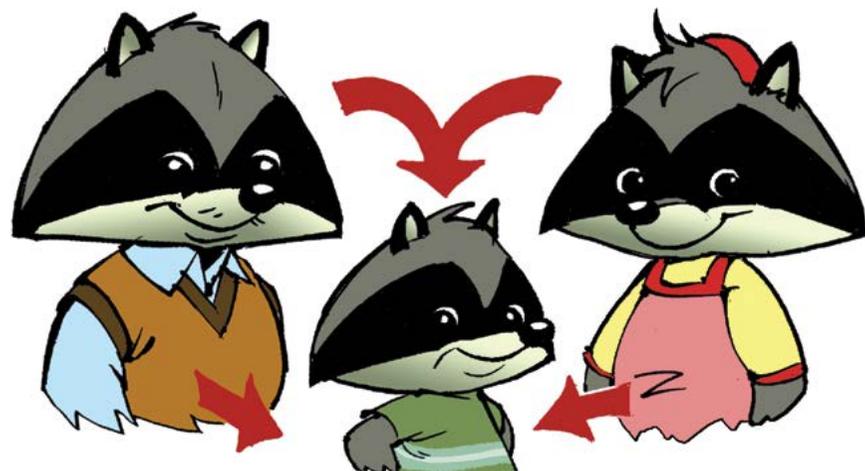
AMB (You can guess why it's here, right?)

CHAPTER 2

I can't believe that!

So who do I look like, my **FATHER** or my *mother* ?

My parents don't agree on this. Dad thinks I'm just like him, his spitting image. Mom thinks the opposite; she feels my face is exactly like her's. Personally, I think I'm simply an angel that was made out of the **TWO OF them**.



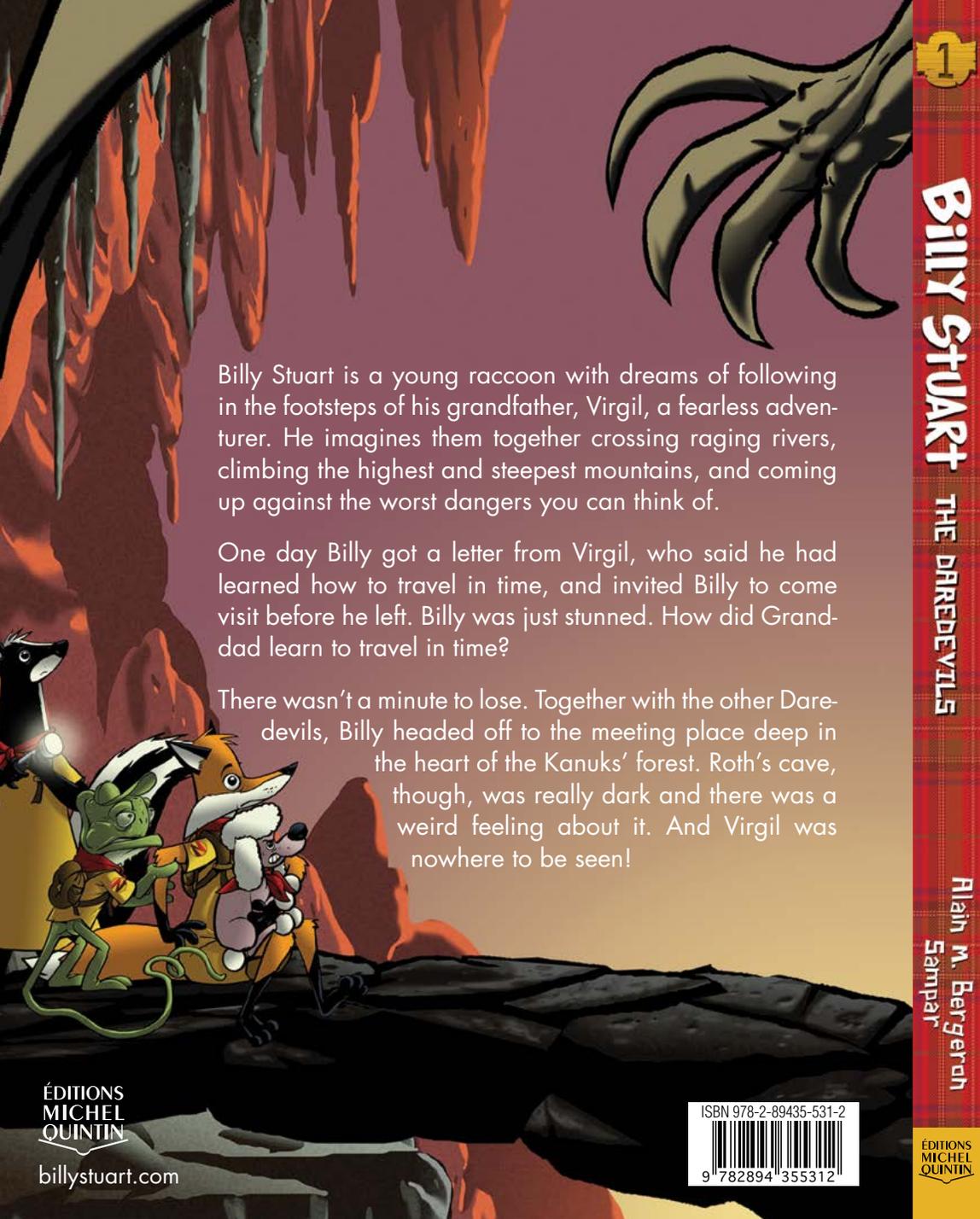


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Billy Stuart is a young raccoon with dreams of following in the footsteps of his grandfather, Virgil, a fearless adventurer. He imagines them together crossing raging rivers, climbing the highest and steepest mountains, and coming up against the worst dangers you can think of.

One day Billy got a letter from Virgil, who said he had learned how to travel in time, and invited Billy to come visit before he left. Billy was just stunned. How did Granddad learn to travel in time?

There wasn't a minute to lose. Together with the other Daredevils, Billy headed off to the meeting place deep in the heart of the Kanuks' forest. Roth's cave, though, was really dark and there was a weird feeling about it. And Virgil was nowhere to be seen!

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billystuart.com

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