

Dad scooped Alis up just before her fingers plunged into the sponge. "How about one last paddle before we eat?" he said.

"Yes!" Bryn whooped. Glyn barked. Alis laughed.

Mum nodded. "Come on then."

They splished and splashed in the gentle waves. Glyn bounded through the foam.

"Don't get too sandy," Bryn warned. "Dad will make you have a bath."

"No!" Glyn cried. "I hate baths!"

Bryn knew the rest of his family couldn't speak Dog. He was the only one who could understand Glyn. And he didn't just speak Dog – he could speak Cat and Pigeon and Hamster and all kinds of other animal languages, too. Seagulls whirled above their heads, and Bryn could hear them yelling at each other to get out of the way.

Then he charged through the surf to splash Dad. "Here I come!" he yelled.

