



A TERRIER'S FUN TAKE ON THE HUMAN WORLD

THE BIG WORLD

ACCORDING TO

A CHARMING
COLLECTION OF HUNTER'S
EARLIEST DOGGIE COMICS--
AND CARTOONS--
COMPLETE WITH HIS
VERY OWN HILARIOUS
ANNOTATIONS--
TAIL-WAGGINGLY
DELIGHTFUL!



LITTLE
HUNTERMAN

HUNTER LASSAL



WHAT'S WEE-MAIL?

If you've ever wondered how my comrades and I exchange information, here's how: We leave wee-mail messages all over the place!

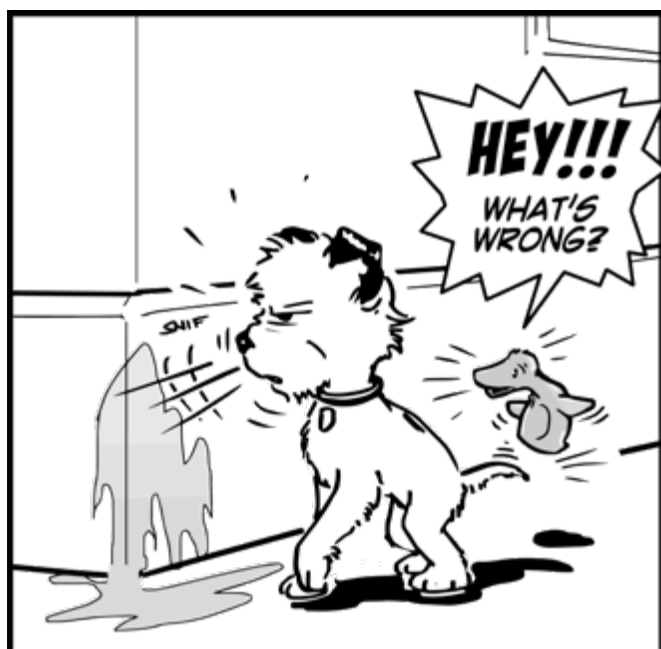
Wee-mails have many advantages: they are easy to leave on any surface, quick to overwrite, and they take only a sniff to read.

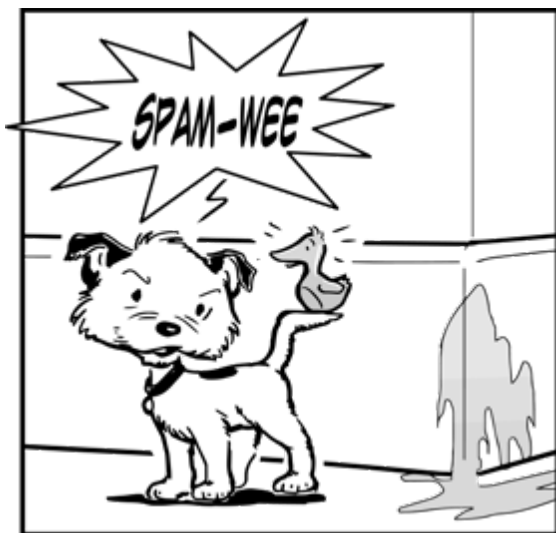
It also makes you look very cool when you stand on three legs without wobbling.

That is quite a feat, actually (the three-leg-thingy).

That being said, wee-mail communication does get its fair amount of spam — mostly from cheap dating and walkie services — but you learn to recognize and ignore that kind of stuff.

LITTLE HUNTERMAN





Recently, though, because of increased human impatience, it's becoming more and more difficult to finish our wee-sentences.



But there will also always be doggies with too much time on their paws, who go on and on and on ... and never seem to find an ending.

Unfortunately, this long-windedness is hard to keep up with and often leads to drinking problems.



By the way, I write wee-mail not only for comrades, but also for my human friends.

It's a special non-smelly sort of wee-mail that you can read on display-thingies.

While it takes more effort to write this sort of mail, you can send cool extra stuff along with it, like insightful doggie cartoons.

Kinda neat, really, to keep in contact with friends and comrades who live on the other side of the Earth-ball and send them stuff!!!

If you leave me your wee-mail, I'll totally write you back as well. ☺



TOTAL INTRODUCTION-THINGY



Surprise: There are TWO of me!
Totally the coolest, right?

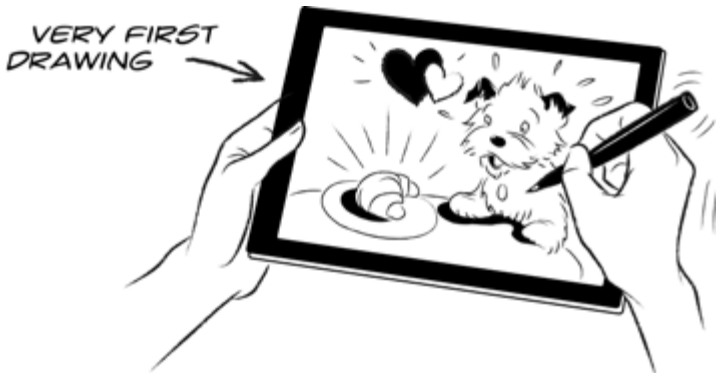
Seriously though, the world might be full of mind-boggling mysteries, but how I, a totally for real Parson Russell terrier, ended up becoming a fearless cartoon doggie is definitely one of the mostest mind-boggliesting mysteries of them all.

(Right up there with why we have to put up with evil bath monsters.)

No one ever found out what fantastically magical forces made my human come up with my illustrated doggie-self (but it must have been a truly Earth-ball-shattering event.)



Come to think of it, no one ever figured out why I became obsessed with croissants, either.



Then again, if my human had only drawn me a wee bit bigger — just so I could've reached the yummy croissants on my own ...

(And humans wonder why we doggies have to beg.)

But that's life, I guess:
All the bits and pieces are never really well
thought through ahead of time.
Life is a fill-in-as-you-go kinda thingy.

So that's why I try to do just that: filling my life with as much fantastical stuff as I can manage — like long walkies in the rain, which are THE bestest doggie-nose treat EVER! (Even though Flynn would never join me on those because he fears rain like crazy.)

And, to be fair, it is totally my fault he's so scared of water. It's a sad but true little story.

See, when I was still a puppy, barely months old, I had to make my first big-dog decision:

To comfortably stay with my doggie family in a totally safe, predictable, and orderly home-place ...

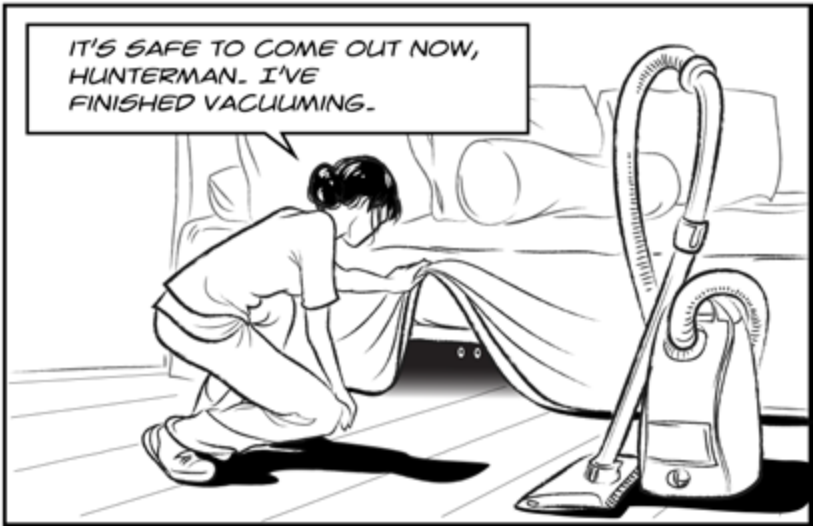
SOMEWHERE IN THERE, THERE WAS A BOUNCY BALL.



... or to follow my newfound humans to a fate unknown and possibly full of mighty challenges and life-threatening doggie-dangers.

Obviously, this was a total no-brainer for a fantastically fearless Parson Russell terrier like me.

And so I went into the wild to conquer the world.



I even got my very own little bed in my very own little basket. Plenty of undisputed room for me alone. I liked it a lot.



My basket had this fantastically soft cushion and an extra orange blanket. Then I added my mostest important toys of the moment, the ones I thought I couldn't live without. I'm sure you know what I mean. Everyone has things they think they cannot live without. Even humans, right?

And some nights, when I simply couldn't decide on what I wanted, I'd totally try to stuff ALL of my toys into my basket. Then it would get a tiny wee bit crowded.



But then, as the weeks passed, I started to notice the terrible dangers in this new

world — like sudden gushes of wind coming from kinda out of nowhere, weird shadows moving all by themselves in front of open windows, and other totally worrisome stuff.

From that moment on, it felt much safer to close the front gate of my little basket house for the night.



And at first, it helped.

But because I was not used to being alone, I'd get terribly upset when I'd wake up all by myself in my basket in the middle of the night. So, my human let me sleep next to her.



This way, all it took was a quick sniff to check that my human was with me and that both of us were safe. That's the magic of a fantastically powerful doggie nose for you. (It also helped to sleep on my human's hand just to make sure she couldn't leave unnoticed.)

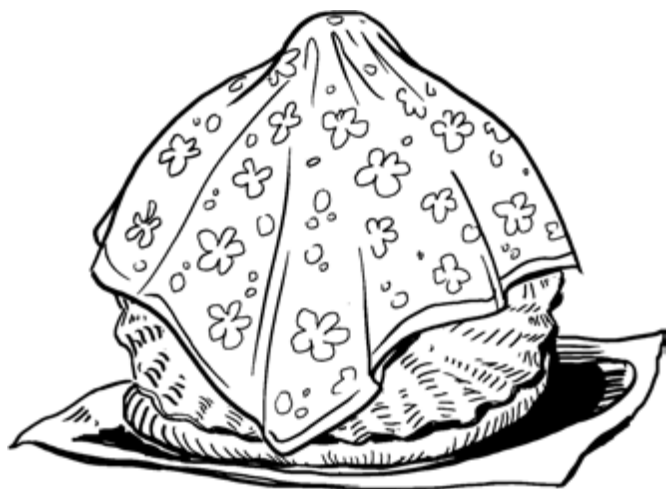
The new arrangements made me feel much less anxious.

Unfortunately, it did not take me long to find more stuff to worry about.

From my newly elevated sleeping-place I could see right through the apartment window to the big, unknown outside world.

And my doggie logic told me that WHATEVER was out there would now totally see me, too!!!

Thankfully, we found a satisfactory way to deal with this new nighttime threat.



Big bonus: I'm a November doggie — so these were my very first flowers EVER! And they were orange, too, my mostest favorite color. Coolest, right?

With my nighttime worries solved, I could finally fret over my daytime problems. That's because my new human did this crazy work-thingy, see? And even though she usually worked from home, she could not keep playing with me non-stop like she had done in the first weeks.

I had to find new things to do ...



... and new friends to do them with.
That's how I met Flynn.



Fortunately, it turns out that I'm a total expert in making new friends.



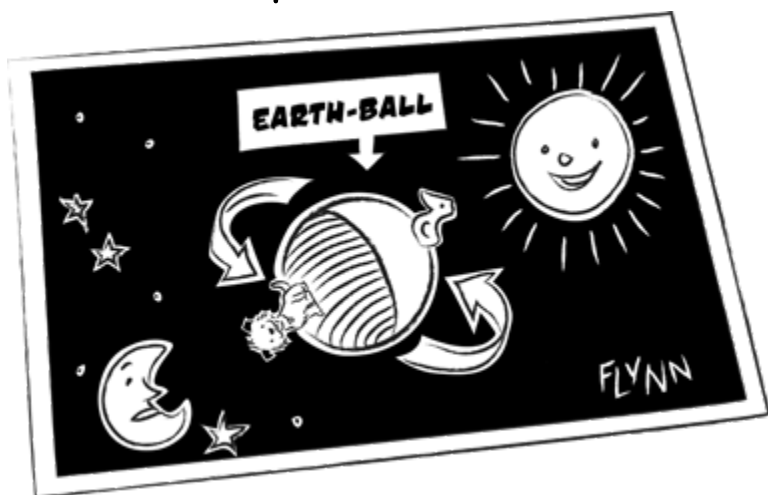
Too bad that I had already chewed off his tail, though, turning Flynn into the first ever rubber-duckie afraid of sinking. It made him a wee bit grumpy.



See what I mean?

Flynn's proper name is Admiral Flynn van Kwiitsch, from the Mighty Everlasting Rubber Duck Fleet. He comes from the China-lands which sit on the other side of the Earth-ball from where we live today.

When it's day over there, it's night right here, and the other way around.



Weird, right?

Even after crossing the big Pacific-Ocean-waters to our side of the Earth-ball, Flynn never got used to the switched around day-and-night-time rhythm.

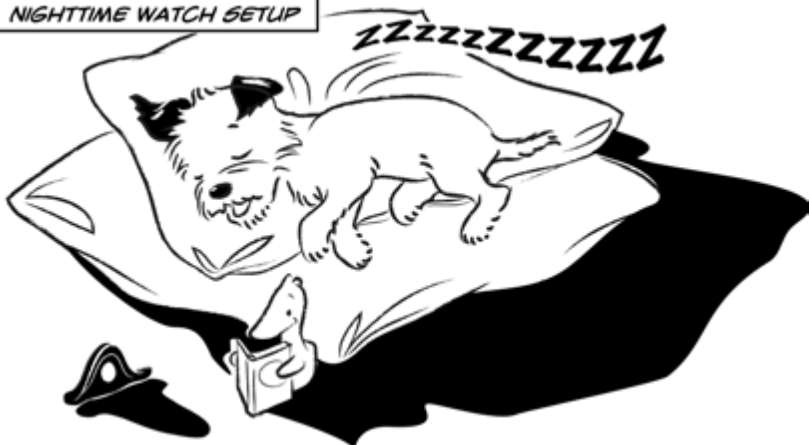
That's why Flynn is always awake during our nights and mostly asleep during our days. We try to make the bestest out of it by taking turns watching each other's backs.

DAYTIME WATCH SETUP



At night, while I sleep, Flynn reads books or secretly borrows my human's cell-phone-thingy to wander the interweb-places.

NIGHTTIME WATCH SETUP



He gets to read the mostest amazing stories. And then he tells me everything during our morning walkies (until he falls asleep, that is.) I generally have to come up with an ending myself. Then again, it totally works for us.

During morning walkies we also prepare our fanstastical anti-grumpiness [Monday Cartoon Wees](#). (You can sign up on my website to get these via wee-mail, if you want.)

In our Monday Cartoon Wees we talk about our adventures and other totally important doggie stuff. And then, once we have collected enough comic & cartoon material, it all might end up in a new Little Hunterman book.

Just like the stuff in this book is from the first-ever batch of cartoon-wees that we sent to our family and friends waaaaay back.

Coollest, right?

If you go on reading, we'll totally show you.



"What do you mean by
this was YOUR breakfast???"

1. A WEE ABOUT HAVING THE WEES

When I was a puppy, people kept staring at me while I was doing my wees. My wee-logic differed from my comrades' — something I was completely unaware of at the time.

Naturally, I had assumed that the mostest sensible thing to do is to lean against stuff while lifting one leg. Just to steady myself, right? Even more so when I had to go out in the middle of the night and my human was swaying just as much as I was.

She leaned against the tree.

I leaned against the tree.

And all was well.

Or so I thought.

Then I would notice everyone staring. And by this I really mean ...

... **EVERYONE!**



It was very disturbing.

I CANNOT BELIEVE YOU WEEED WHILE
LEANING AGAINST A TREE...



I THOUGHT IT WAS ALL ABOUT
TERRITORY, DOMINANCE,
AND BEING THE BOSS?



They just don't get it. We doggies can be very practical thinkers.



At least, it is while you are a puppy.

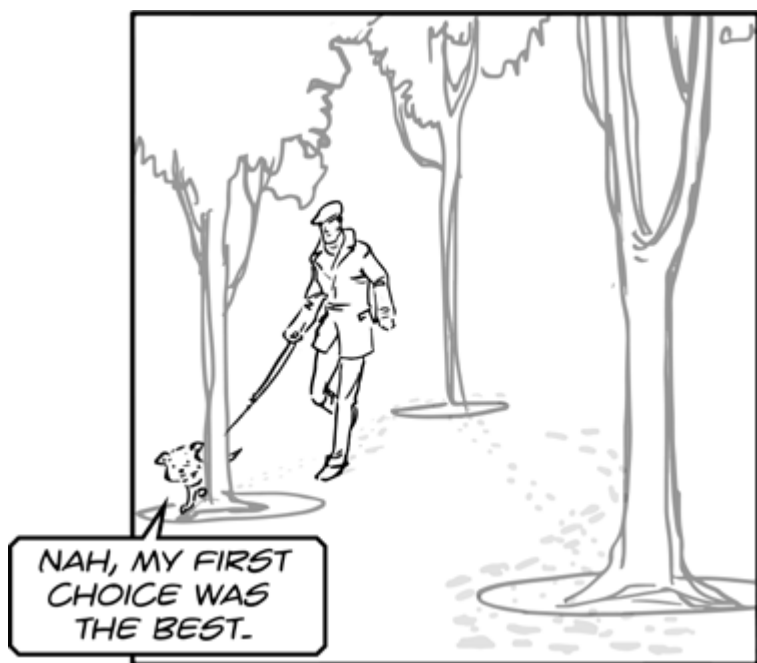
Later, I learned that part of growing up had to do with prioritizing logic. So, while safety and ease of wee were a higher priority when I was young, looking cool and totally in control is all that matters when you are playing the grown-up doggie game.



Unfortunately, trying to look cool and totally in control leads to a whole lot of extra challenges.









After all, if APPEARANCE is all that counts, then there could always be a better-looking opportunity around the next tree.

Maybe.
Right?

2. A NIGHTTIME BUSINESS WEE

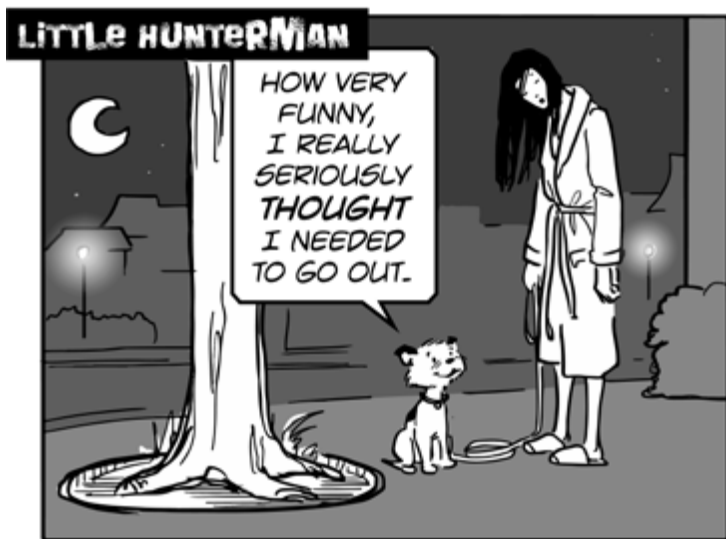
Have you ever had really vivid dreams?

Like one where you can actually smell cold mountain dream-rivers on a hot summer dream-day, taste the dream-rivers' fresh dream-waters on your dry dream-tongue, feel how delicious and soothing it is when the dream-water runs down your dry dream-throat ... right into your little dream-bladder?





Sometimes, my vivid dreams mislead me. But it is always an honest mistake. I swear.



And sometimes, my humans even thank me for it.



Because, let's be honest, the bestest time of the day is the night. So, we should always make the mostest of it and share it with the ones we love.



WE HOPE YOU'VE ENJOYED THIS BOOK SAMPLE.
YOU CAN FIND ALL CURRENT VERSIONS
OF THIS TITLE ON:

WWW.HUNTERLASSAL.COM/BIGWORLD



THE EBOOK IS IN COLOR.