



ANIMATED CLASSICS

Disney

One Hundred  
and One  
Dalmatians



*This story begins in London, not so very long ago.*

At that time, Pongo the dog lived with his pet human, Roger, in a flat just off Regent's Park.

It was clear to Pongo that Roger needed someone. All Roger did, Pongo thought, was write songs. And those songs were about romance – something Roger knew absolutely nothing about it.

Pongo knew Roger was intelligent enough, in his human way, and rather handsome. He could see no reason why his pet human didn't deserve to find someone, and he was determined to do his best to help him. He had a rough idea of what to look for...

So, one beautiful spring day, Pongo gazed out of his sitting room window, surveying the passersby and watching for a match. No one seemed quite right for Roger – until, suddenly, Pongo spied a beautiful Dalmatian and her human.



Pongo knew he'd never find another pair like the Dalmatian and her pet, not even if he looked for a hundred years.

They're heading for the park, he realised. A perfect meeting place, if I could only arrange it.

But Roger never stopped work 'till after five o'clock, and by then, it would be too late...

In a flash, Pongo padded over to the clock, nosed around the minute hand until it pointed to after five, picked up his lead and pawed at the door, barking loudly.

"After five already," said Roger, glancing up from his piano. "Fancy that."

He looked over at his dog. "All right, Pongo," said Roger, standing up. "All right, boy."

Roger put on Pongo's lead and Pongo shot down the stairs, across the street and into the park, towing Roger behind him.





“Pongo, boy, take it easy,” said Roger as Pongo pulled him down the path. “What’s all the hurry?”

Pongo raced over a little bridge between the trees. Then, suddenly, he spotted the Dalmatian and her person on a bench overlooking the pond.

Pongo knew it was all up to him now. To attract attention, he grabbed hold of Roger’s hat and placed it on the bench, right next to the lady.

Pongo thought things were going great. Roger and the lady seemed to have noticed one another. But then, for some strange reason, the lady and the pretty Dalmatian left!

“Come on, you old renegade,” said Roger. “We’re going home.”

But Pongo refused to give up.

He shot after the lady and wound his lead around her and Roger’s legs.

“I beg your pardon,” Roger said to the lady. “I’m so sorry.”

“Oh, really. Good heavens,” the lady replied. “Of all the—”

And then they both tripped over... into the pond.





“Oh, my new spring suit and my new hat,” said the lady, drenched.

“I’m terribly sorry,” said Roger. “Please, let me help you.”

“Please, just go away,” the lady replied. “You’ve done enough.”

She reached into her handbag for her handkerchief, only to find it was sodden.

“Oh! I say, here, take mine,” said Roger, reaching into his pocket, only to find his handkerchief was equally sopping.

And then they both started to laugh. Pongo looked on delightedly.

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