

TÍR NA NÓG



WAYOUT STORIES FOR CARLIN AND HARPER

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter 1 – Arfy Meets the Lion

Chapter 2 – Arfy Learns the Truth



ARFY MEETS THE LION

This is Arfy Small. Arf, arf, arf!

Her mother always said, “Tír, stop barking!” Arfy’s real name is Tír.

“I am my own dog,” said Arfy, “and I get to name myself. I name myself Arfy and I say: ‘**Arf! Arf! Arf!**’”





For a long time, she had no friends. She had to play games by herself.

Arfy likes to play **dress** up sometimes.



Sometimes Arfy likes to play
with **toys**.





One day, her mother said, “Look, Tír, a circus has come to town! Let’s go and see the **circus**

“My name is Arfy!” said Arfy, but Mother still called her Tír.

The circus was full of amazing things. There was an incredible disappearing act. Arfy can't find the **sheep** anymore, can you?





Arfy really liked the World's First Flying Dog.

Arfy thinks she will be able to **fly** when she is older, too.

“Tír!” said Mother (“Arfy!”
said Arfy, but Mother didn’t
hear her).

“Let’s watch the **lion** trainer.”



The lion was very, very big but she looked sad. The lion was **sad** because she didn't look like the other lions.

The lion roared, "Roar!" The trainer made the lion run this way and that way. "Roar!" said the lion.



But Arfy knew she was not like the other lions.



When the trainer wasn't watching, Arfy went over to the lion. "Roar!" said the lion. "I will eat you!"



R



Arfy was not afraid. "I am Arfy Small," she said.

The lion looked at Arfy. "My name is Steadfast **Big**."



“We will be **friends**,” Arfy said.

“Maybe,” said the lion.



“You will come live with me and we will have adventures together!” said Arfy.

“Stop barking, Arfy,” said Steadfast Big.

“Arf, arf, arf!”



ARFY LEARNS THE TRUTH



When Arfy Small traveled home from the circus with Steadfast Big, she was very **excited**.

“Arf, Arf, Arf!” she said.

Her mother ran over to see what was the problem. “Tír,” she said. “Arfy!” said Arfy. “Stop barking!” said her mother as she hurried over.

“Oh, dear!” said her mother as she looked up at Arfy’s new friend. “You brought home a lion!”

ARFY ARFY

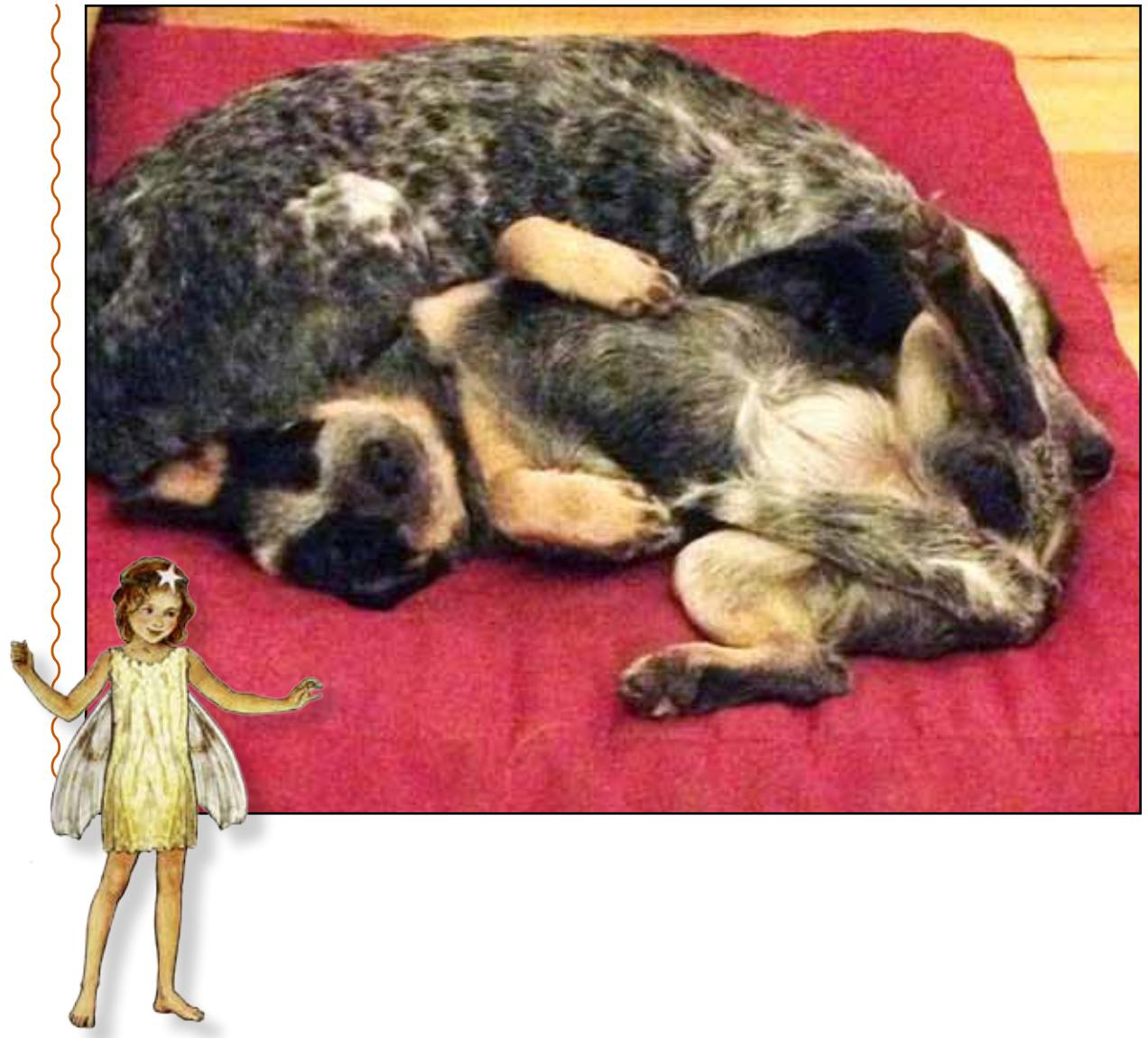
ARFY ARFY

ARFY ARFY

“Her name is Steadfast Big!
She is a lion! She is my new
best friend! Arf! Arf!”

Mother looked at her sternly.
“Tír, it is time for your nap.
You are over excited. Your lion
may take a nap now too.” Arfy
grumbled a little but she was
feeling sleepy so she lay down
to take a nap with her mother.

Steadfast did, too.





Steadfast could not sleep, however. She felt very guilty.

She looked over and saw her new friend **sleeping** peacefully, shhhhhh, so lay very still on her cushion while she thought things over.

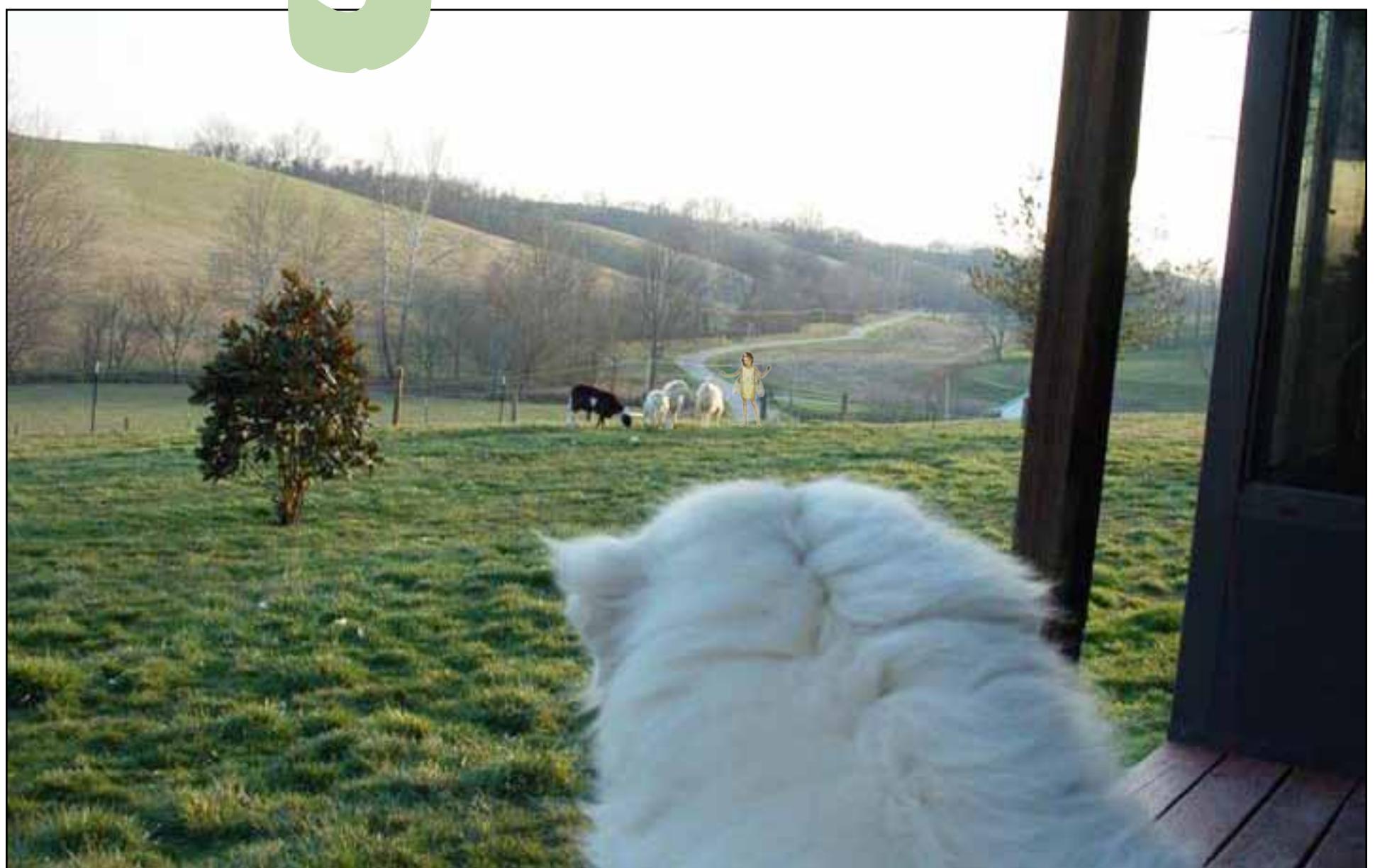
"I am not really a lion. I have lied to my new friend who has taken me into her home and family. My new friend, who is not even afraid of me when I roar, should know the truth. I am afraid she won't want me to live here if she knows the truth, though, and I like my new friend and Mother has been very kind to give me a **pillow** for my nap."

Steadfast sighed very deeply as she paced. Steadfast sometimes likes to be dramatic. "I will just have to be a lion, for my friend Arfy."



Arfy woke up from her nap. “Arf, Arf, Arf! I am awake,” she said. “Roar,” sighed Steadfast.

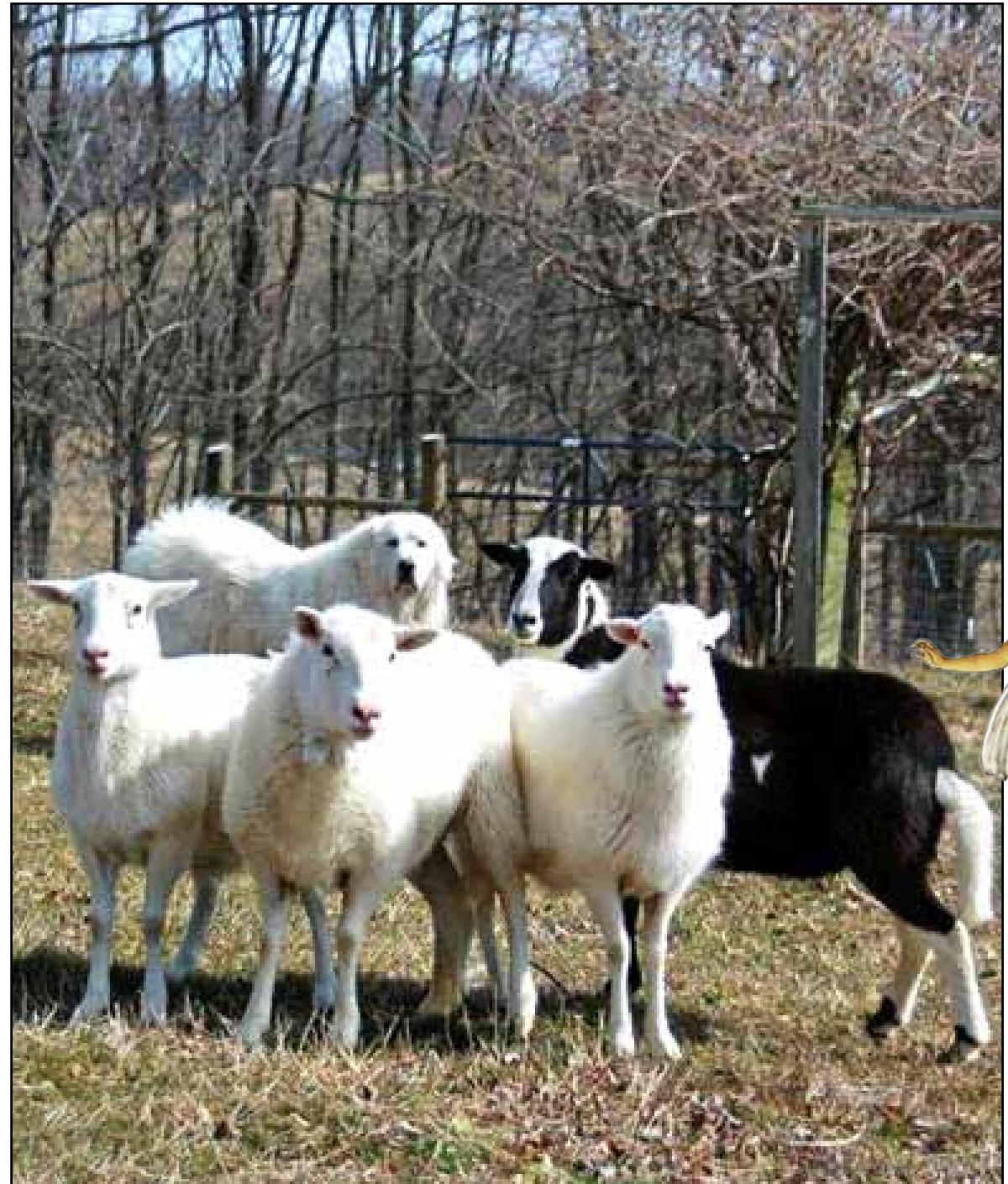
Steadfast saw some **sheep**. “I think lions eat sheep. I will have to eat the sheep but it goes against my nature.”



“I am a lion therefore I must eat the sheep,” said the lion to Arfy. Arfy said, “I don’t think you are allowed to eat them. Let’s ask Mother.”

“No, no!” said Arfy’s mother. “You are not allowed to eat the sheep! We already have coyotes who want to eat them. I wish we had a nice big guard **dog** to guard the sheep.” Arfy’s mother looked at the lion. “Do you know of any big guard dogs?” she asked.

Steadfast scratched her head and looked modest. “I might really be a big guard dog and not a lion,” she said. “I would like to guard the sheep – and Arfy .” “Her name is Tír,” said Arfy’s mother, but Steadfast did not hear her.



Now Steadfast guards the sheep at **night** and plays with Arfy during the day. Sometimes Arfy tries to guard the sheep, too, but she always gets distracted and forgets. Arfy is not a good guard dog.





Steadfast is happy to have a **job** and a friend. She works hard and she plays hard and when she is done she lies on her pillow and sleeps (if Arfy is not barking too loudly!)

Tír na NÓg – WayOut Stories for Carlin

Elder, Rebecca A.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording or by any information storage and retrieval system, without written permission from the author, except for the inclusion of brief quotations in a review.



Copyright © 2014 by Rebecca A. Elder

Photographs by Rebecca A. Elder

Cover design and layout by Susan Souders Phillips