

I'm Kartosha – or, Chase Your Dream!

This book is about love. Love and the humanity we carry inside us. Even when life is tough, we all have a chance to open our hearts to someone who needs help — right now. In return, you'll get gratitude, boundless love, and even help from the universe.

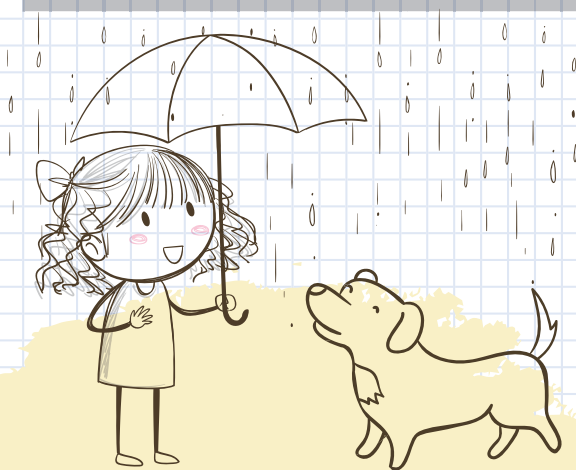
Hi! I'm Kartosha the dog, and this is my story. I used to be a stray — wandering the streets, not knowing where to find warmth or love.

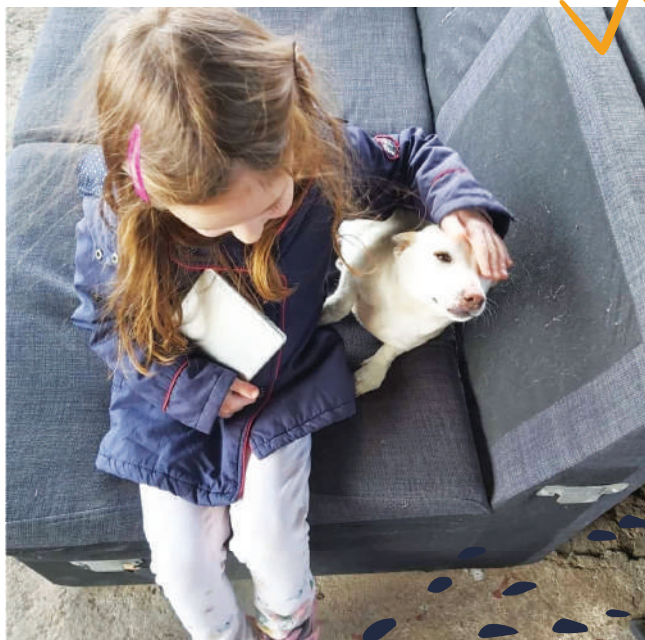
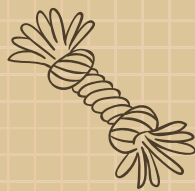
But one day, I got lucky. I met the kind of people who opened not just their door, but their hearts too. This book is about how I found a family, what it means to be loved, and why you should never give up — no matter what. Read my story and see for yourself: even the smallest tail can wag its way to happiness.

This book is a collection of short stories about the little moments I share with my family. I want everyone to know how great it is to have a Kartosha in your life. Adopting a dog isn't just a kind thing to do — it's a daily dose of joy, laughter, and cuddles.

Written with love, this book supports homeless animals in need. All profits will go to charity — to rescue and care for animals who still haven't found their home.

Let's make the world a better place! Together.







Now then, here I am — Kartosha — wondering where I even came from. I only remember myself already under a bush, playing with a lizard. Maybe aliens dropped me off? Or maybe my parents lost me? But I knew my mum and dad would find me eventually. I even kept the photos from our first meeting. Want to see what happiness looks like?



No sleep for me, Kartosha, tonight. Just lying here, thinking deep thoughts. Let me tell you about my “three names.” Everyone here has to have a full name — a first name, a patronymic, and a surname — so of course I’ve got one too: Kartosha Sergeevna Prodolgovataya. Very proper. Very official. But then, depending on the day (or my family mood), I go

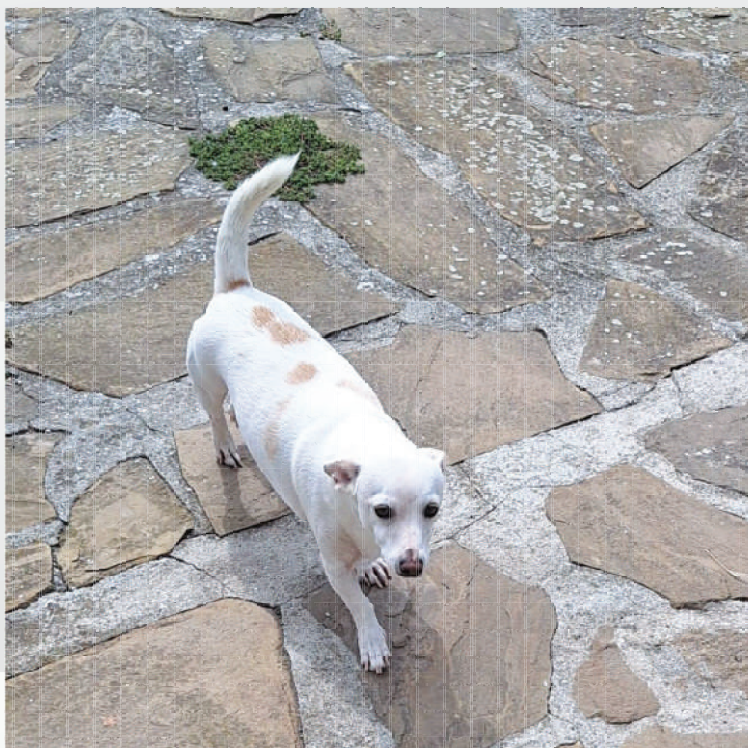
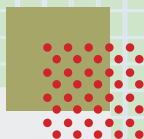




by all sorts of names — Kartoffelina, Kartonia, sometimes even Kartonka. That last one is Grandma's invention — it means "little cardboard dog." ¹She's clearly testing boundaries. Still hasn't been eaten.

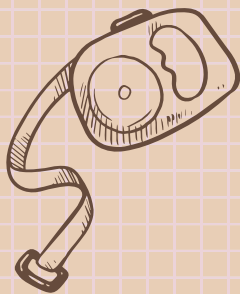
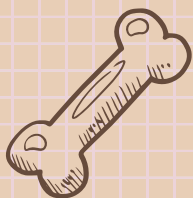
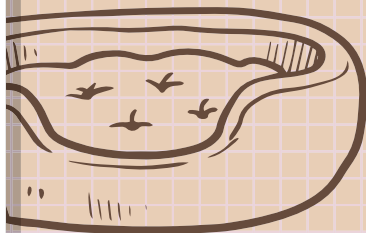
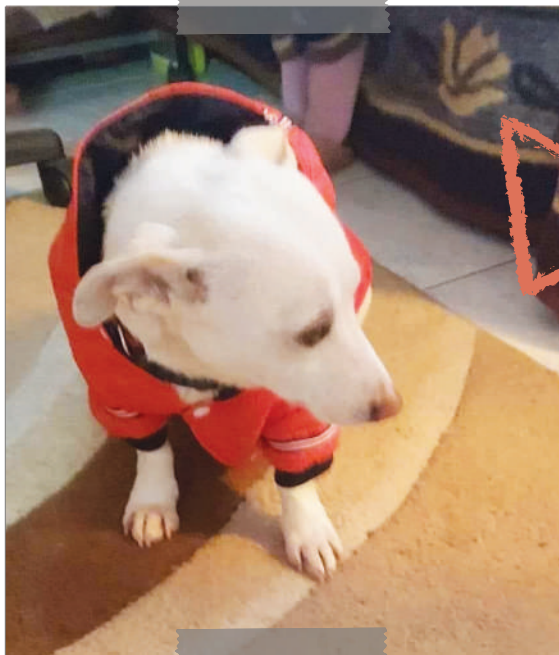
¹ "Kartonka" comes from the Russian word karton, meaning "cardboard," with the suffix -ka added to make it sound small and cute.

Here I am. Kartosha. Reporting from the living room. I've got a dad — he's sweet and looks like a tiny tiger. My brother, Maska, is a rascal. Dad once lightly smacked him with a towel for stealing socks. But he's a good dad — taught me the best things in life — how to eat from the armchair and how to sleep under the blanket. Life is fluffier now. Much fluffier.



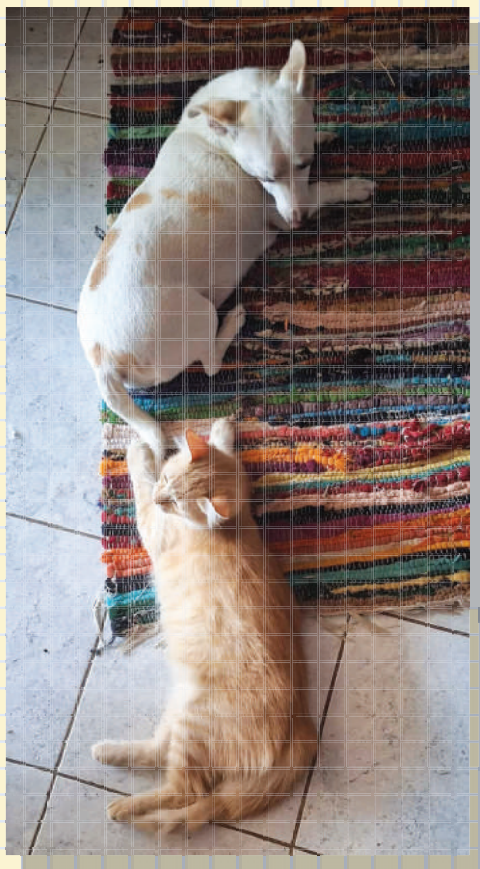
Monday. It has arrived. For me, Kartosha. Off I go, with my very serious face — checking the yard, chasing birds, inspecting frogs, sniffing the pool. I'd rather be napping, of course. But someone's gotta keep this family in order. And I did choose them, after all. Family is family.



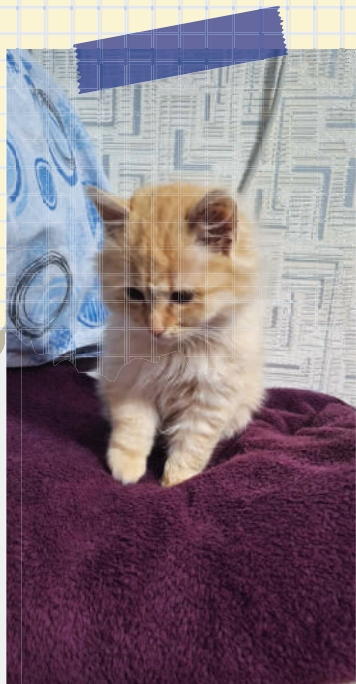
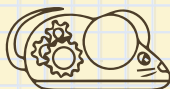




Let me tell you — this is Kartosha speaking — winter is coming. Well, not exactly winter yet. The first part of it. I think it's called... autumn? I've told Grandma to wash all my blankets and Hoover the sofas. She listens — partly because she's worried I might eat her. Of course, I wouldn't!



Why would I want a grandma with her mobile phone in my stomach? Far too noisy. But I must admit, her fear has made my winter preparations much easier. So I'm not complaining.



Last year, they gave me Fufa. I still don't know what Fufa actually is, but it's definitely a menace. Keeps chasing my birds — five a day, no shame at all. Furry on the outside, but in terms of usefulness? Questionable. And its planet of origin? Unknown.



Then there's Ryzhik. I'm convinced he's a Martian lion. We're friends, though. He sleeps on the dining table, while I prefer the sofa. Strange, right? He loves cuddles. But hissing sometimes. Men are like that — unpredictable. Take it from me, Kartosha. That's not a cat's tail talking — that's life experience.

