

THE ADVENTURE OF  
**THE MISSING SLIPPER**

DENT-DE-LION DU MIDI





BOOK ONE

THE ADVENTURE OF  
**THE MISSING SLIPPER**

DENT-DE-LION DU MIDI



TEETH OF THE LION

MMXXIV



## DEDICATION

This is for Artemis,  
One year into her amazing adventure!

And for my Muse.



WE ARRIVE SOONER  
WHEN WE HAVE NO DESTINATION.

DANDIANANDA



# THE MEETING

## ❧ CHAPTER ONE ❧



ne fine day, and not so long ago, a delightful afternoon in Spring, Purr was out for her daily walk. Well, not really *daily*, for on most days she could be found fast asleep, curled up in her favourite armchair!

But this day was so beautiful, that the clouds themselves beckoned her out, and so out she went, ever upwards towards the high forest.

She had a secluded spot in the woods which was hers alone. It was a lost dell, a forgotten glen, high up in the mountains, and there was *never* any one else there.

*Except today.*

To her great surprise, upon settling down in the soft grass of her private spot, she was quite astonished to see a rather large lion sitting nearby.

“Oh my”, she exclaimed, “a real lion!”

“True”, said the lion.

“I always dreamed of meeting a real lion”, she said.

He was silent beside her.

“You are more majestic than I had ever imagined”, she ventured.

The great tawny lion slowly studied the small white cat with his deep green eyes.

“And you are more beautiful than my dreams”, he said finally.

She began purring.

After a little while, the sun came out from behind the clouds, bathing the forest in golden light.

Then, assuming her most regal manner, Purr opened her eyes, raised herself up and declared: “I shall call you ‘Roar’!”

“Yes! I am Roar!”, he thundered!

Then he let out a mighty ROAR just like that!

“Goodness me!”, she exclaimed. “That was really rather loud!”

“Oh, that was nothing”, he replied, “here, let me show you...”



“That’s quite alright”, she hurriedly said, “I believe you!”

Soon all was still again in the forest, the sun drifting between the bright clouds, floating high above the tall gently swaying pines.

Roar turned his gaze away from the view and back to the cat.

“And you are?”, Roar inquired.

“I have a LOT of names!” She sat up and began to list them.

“You are ‘Purr’”, said Roar, interrupting.

“No one has ever called me that”, said Purr. “That’s my secret name! How do you know it?”

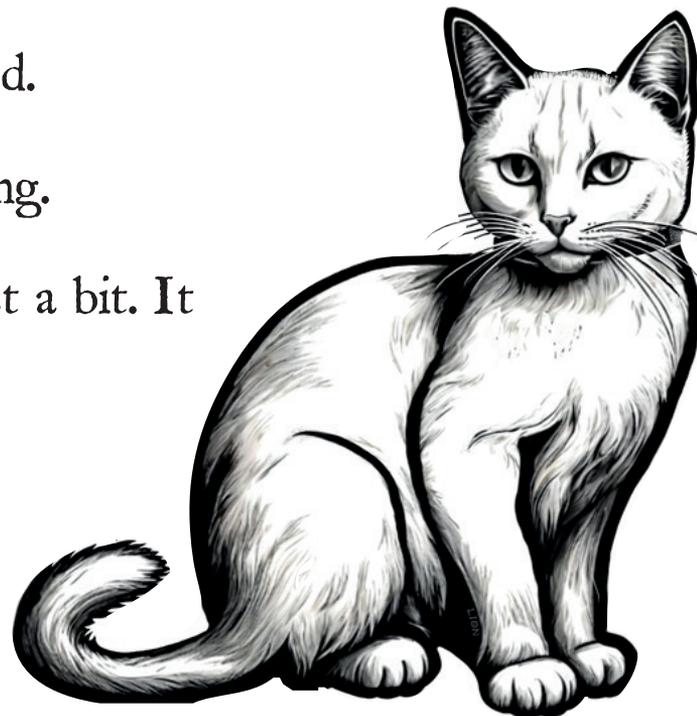
“Who else could you be?”, he replied.

“True!”, said Purr. She began purring.

“Good”, said Roar. “Now let us rest a bit. It is time for a nap.”

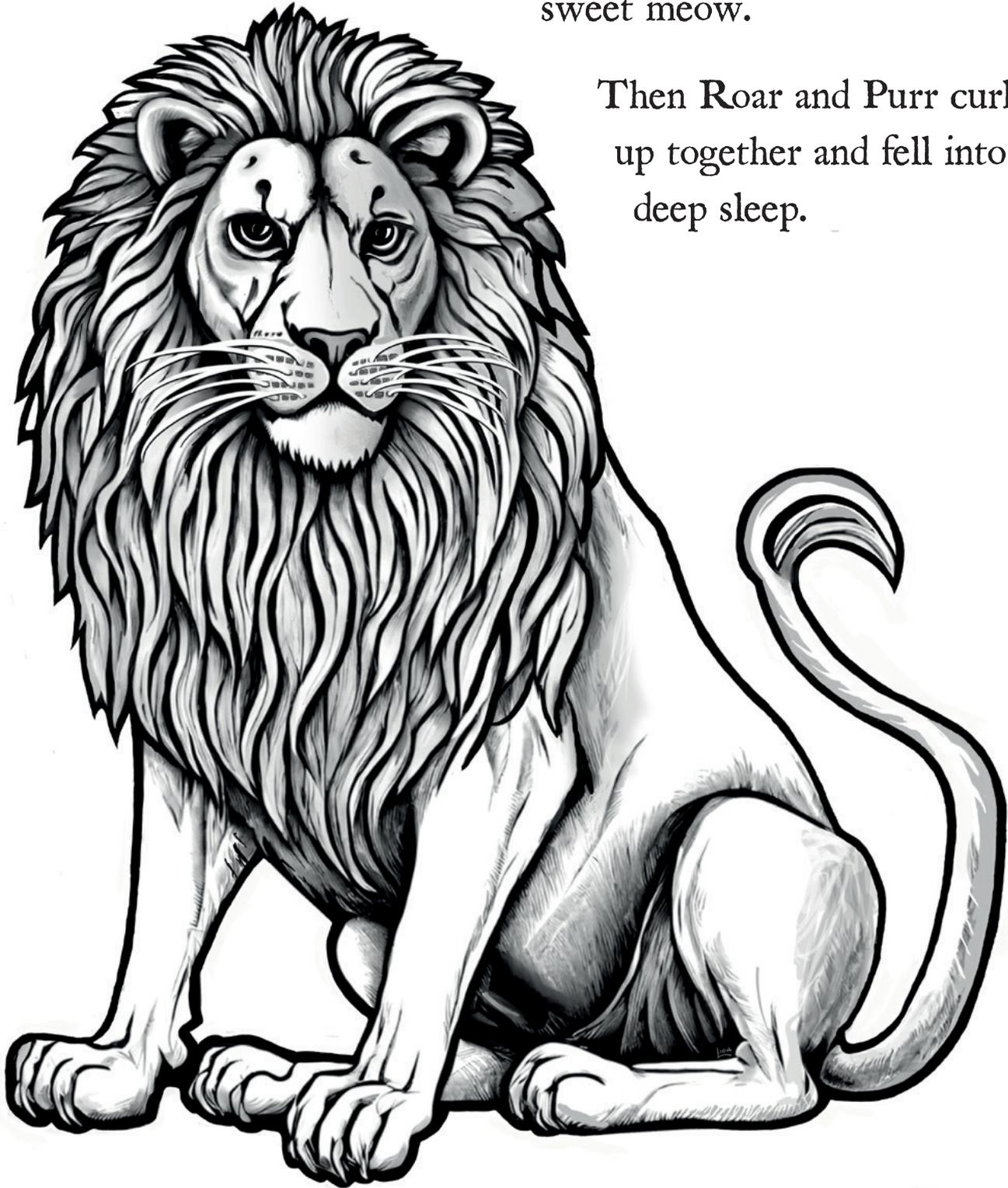
“That’s the most sensible thing you have said”, Purr replied.

He rolled his eyes, and gave her a gentle muted roar.



She smiled shyly, giving him a  
sweet meow.

Then Roar and Purr curled  
up together and fell into a  
deep sleep.





# THE PLAN

## ❧ CHAPTER TWO ❧



uite late in the afternoon, the pair awoke. They stretched and spent some quiet compatible moments grooming. Then Roar turned his attention to Purr.

“We are going on an adventure!”, he exclaimed.

“That sounds rather dangerous”, said Purr.

“Indeed”, said Roar. “That’s what makes it an adventure!”

“Perhaps you could just go alone and tell me all about it when you get back”, said Purr. “I have so many things to do at home, with all my sleeping, grooming and eating. Oh, and did I mention... my naps?”

“NO!”, he roared. “You are coming with me, and that’s that. You are *critical* to our Mission!”

“I don’t like that word much either”, said Purr.

“There is nothing to worry about, you will be completely safe with me”, said Roar reassuringly.

“But I will be late for my dinner!”, said Purr.

“Possibly”, nodded Roar. “When is that?”

“All day”, said Purr.

Roar rolled his eyes.

The shadows were growing long, as the sun reached the edge of the snow-capped mountains.

“This adventure that you have in mind”, asked Purr, “is it very far away?”

“Yes, of course! It would not be a real adventure if it were too close”, Roar explained.

“And just how long will we be gone?”, questioned Purr, “I am quite a busy kitty!”

“I can’t say”, said Roar. “It’s not really a question of time. We might be back in the blink of an eye, or it could take us forever!”

“I see”, said Purr. “That’s quite a wide range. How am I to plan my schedule?”

“I don’t like that word much either”, said Roar.



Purr shook her head... then quick as a flash, she swatted Roar with her small white paw.

Roar rolled over... and lay still.

Purr looked over at him, thrilled with her triumph.

“So Roar”, she proclaimed, “my kitty power showed you something!”

“Now... as I was saying Roar... I have a busy... Roar? schedule...”



“Roar... ROAR!!! Oh no! I’ve knocked him out cold!”

Alarmed, she leaped over to where he lay, and jumped onto his chest. Up and down she bounced, up and down!

“ROAR! ROAR! Oh what have I done?”, she cried out, “I have killed him!”

There was absolutely no response from the big lion.

Suddenly, she found herself being lifted high into the air! Roar’s massive tail was wrapped firmly around her waist.

She looked down at Roar who had opened his eyes.

“Hello Purr!”

“Put me down!”, she ordered him.

“I can’t hear you”, he said slowly. “I think I might be... dead!”

“Very funny. Put me down!” She tried to wiggle free, but knew it was hopeless. Who could imagine the strength of a lion?

“Put me down this instant you big bru...”

“Not till you say, ‘I can’t wait to go on our adventure!’”, demanded Roar.

“Put. Me. Down!!!”

“Say it!”

“I... can’t wait... to go on our... adventure”, she whispered.

“Excellent!”, said Roar, setting her down carefully on the grass and slowly unwinding his tail.

“You shouldn’t scare me like that”, she scolded.

“You shouldn’t have swatted me with your ‘kitty power’”, he answered with a wink.

“Hmmm... you’ve quite messed up my fur!”, she replied.

She started to slowly groom herself. A few moments later she noticed he was calmly watching over them.

She felt wonderfully safe and secure now. She began to purr loudly.

Suddenly they found themselves looking deep into each other’s eyes.

“You look quite beautiful again my dear Purr”, he said.

She purred a little louder just for him.

“Thank you Roar”, she replied.

Twilight was coming on, as the lovely bright day deepened into early evening.

“My dear Roar, I must go home now”, said Purr, “I’m a cherished pet!”

“Oh”, said Roar... “I have heard of that. Do you like it?”

“Well, I have very few responsibilities, and I get all the food I can eat, day and night! I do have to put up with a bit of handling and the odd request... but sensibly speaking, there are serious advantages to this kind of lifestyle.”

“Aha!”, said Roar. “I cannot imagine that.”

“No”, said Purr, “of course not. You are what we call a ‘wild animal’!”

“That I am”, said Roar, preparing to roar...

“Will I see you here tomorrow then Roar?”, she interrupted, giving him her sweetest meow.

“Yes”, said Roar, “ready for the beginning of our first adventure!”

“Hmmm... we will see”, said Purr, still a bit dubious.

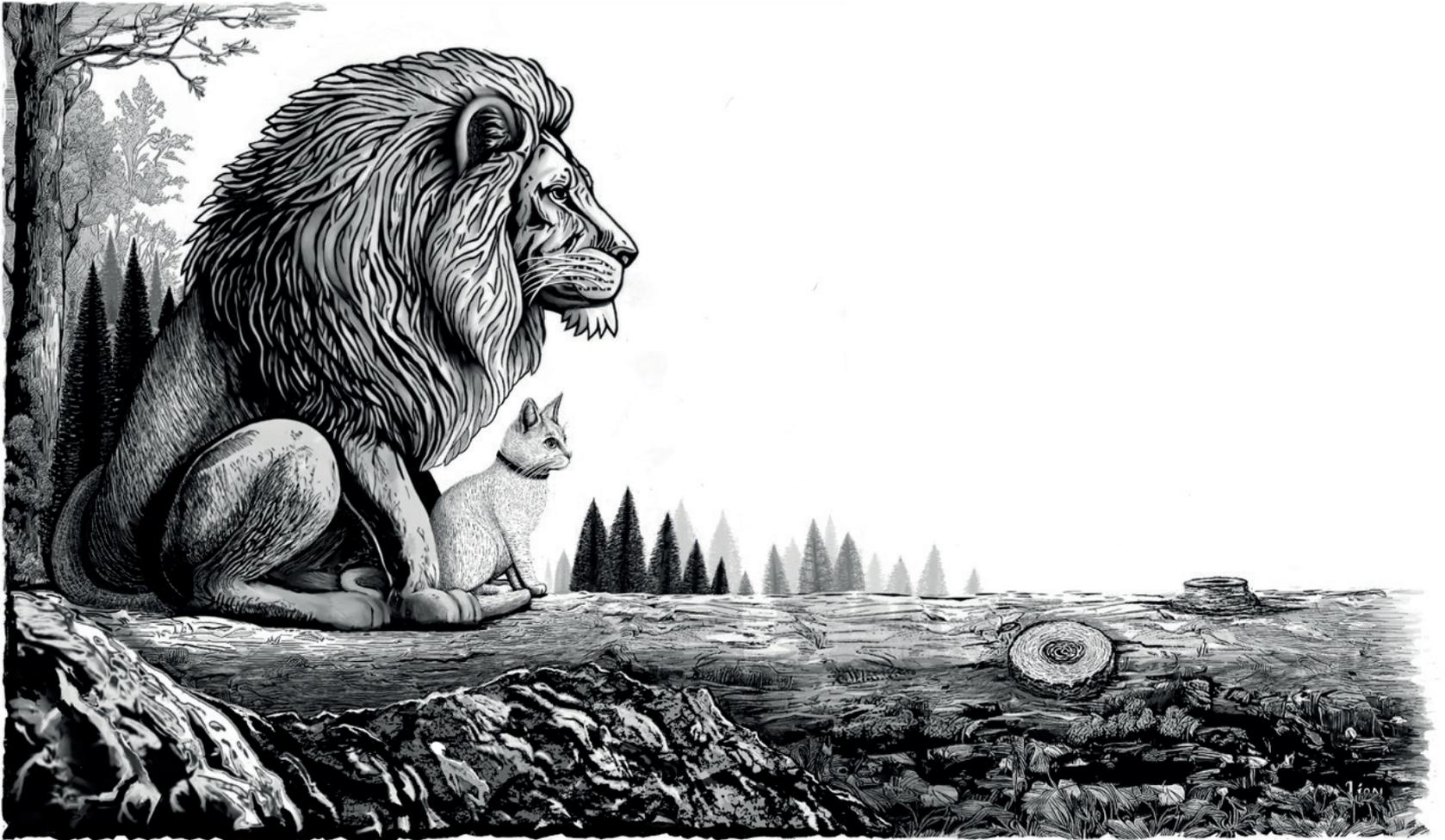


“That we shall!”

Then, with a mighty **ROAR** that shook the forest (and Purr!) he leaped away and was gone.

*Oh my, a real lion, thought Purr arriving home. I must consider carefully everything he said...*

*After my nap!*



# THE MISSION

## ❧ CHAPTER THREE ❧



he next day dawned as pretty as the last. Purr awoke unusually early, as she was quite eager to meet Roar. After two breakfasts and a light brunch, she hurried out, making her way up towards the forest.

She arrived at the hidden glade to find Roar already there, resting calmly under a stately pine tree.

“Good morning Roar”, she said. “How did you sleep?”

“I don’t know”, Roar replied. “I was sleeping!”

She rolled her eyes, then smiled. “I’m rather curious to know more about our adventure.”

“Then hop on my back and let’s get going!”, Roar exclaimed.

“Not so fast my dear, I have a few important questions first”, said Purr.

“Three”, stated Roar. “You have three.”

“Ok”, she sighed. “Hmmm... What is the Mission? Are we saving the world? Stopping a mad evil genius? Disrupting an horrific crime in progress? Rescuing a lost child drowning?”

“That’s five”, said Roar.

“Oh”, said Purr, “you’re right.”

Roar assumed his most majestic pose, raising his right paw. “I can tell you that our Mission is of far greater importance than all those other adventures you mentioned... combined!”

“That sounds absolutely amazing Roar!” *Amazingly dangerous!*, she thought to herself.

The wind had picked up a little, the day was full of expectation and adventure.

“So tell me... what’s it all about?”, she asked.

“A missing slipper”, said Roar.

“A missing *slipper?*”, gasped an incredulous Purr.

“Yes”, said Roar.

“We are going to go halfway around the world, lose precious sleep, forgo excellent dinners... for a *missing slipper?*”, she asked disbelievingly.

“Exactly”, said Roar.

“That’s... that’s ridiculous!”, she exclaimed.

“No... not if you are Rocket”, said Roar.

“Rocket? Who or what is Rocket?”, she asked.

“A dog”, said Roar.

Suddenly, it grew quite still in the hidden glen, there was not a sound to be heard.

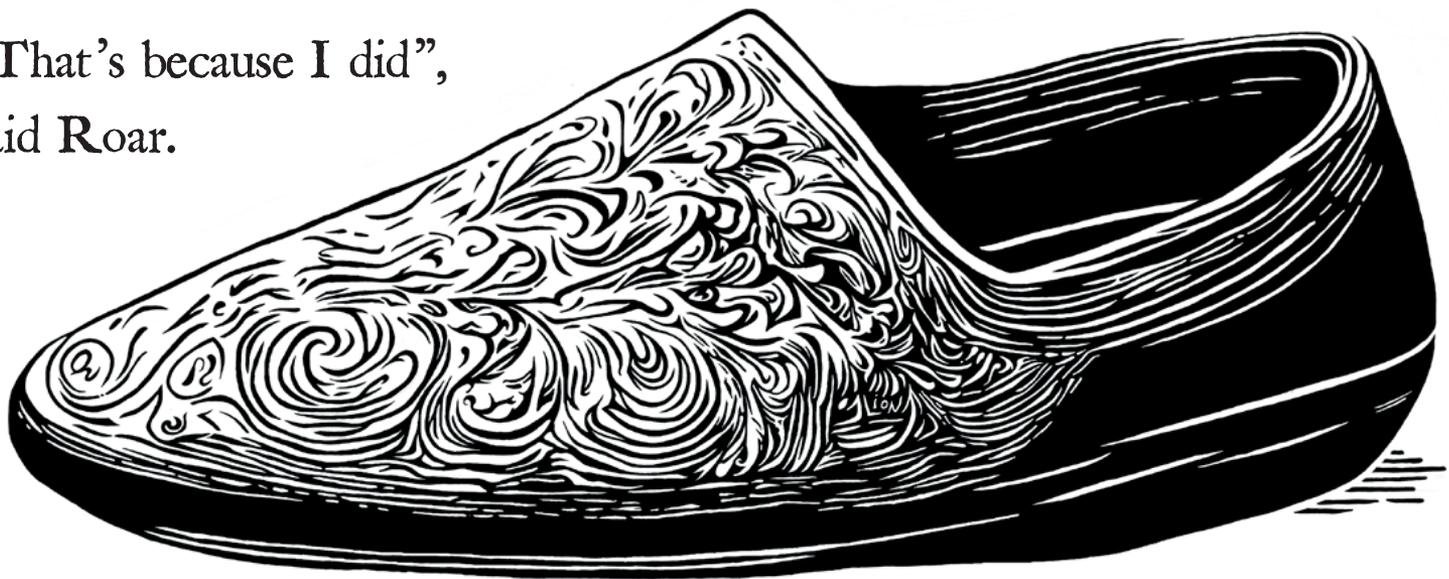
“What are you doing Purr?”, asked Roar.

“What does it look like I’m doing?”, Purr asked in return.

“You’re cleaning your ears”, said Roar.

“Exactly! And they must need cleaning, as I can’t seem to hear straight! I actually imagined I heard you say ‘dog’!”, she exclaimed.

“That’s because I did”,  
said Roar.



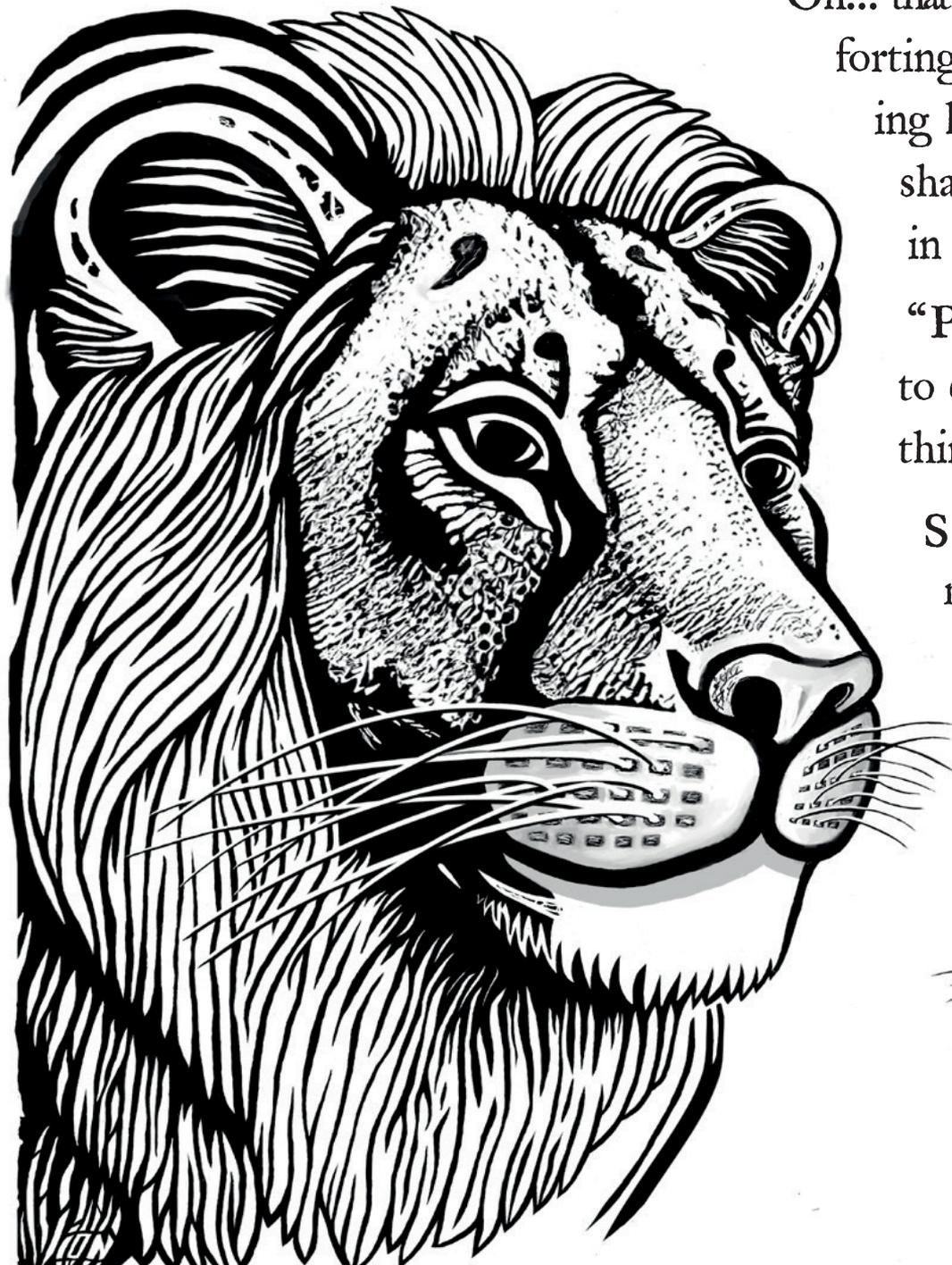
“We are risking our lives for a *dog?*”, she asked, shaking her head.

“No, we are risking our lives for a missing slipper!”, said Roar.

“Oh... that’s much more comforting”, she said, rolling her eyes and shaking her head in disbelief.

“Perhaps you need to explain one small thing”, said Purr.

She paused for a moment, for maximum dramatical effect.



“WHY!!!???”

As the bright cottony clouds floated indifferently by, Roar explained to Purr the importance of the mission, Rocket’s unfortunate predicament, and the dire consequences for the world if their adventure failed.

“So you see my dear Purr... if our mission fails, a series of catastrophic events originating from the loss of the slipper will occur. Which will mean the end of the world!”

“How do you know all this Roar?”

“I just do”, he replied.

“And what is my role in the mission?”, asked Purr.

“You are ‘the distraction’”, said Roar.

“Oh, you mean... I’m the bait?”, she replied.

“Well I would not choose that exact word”, said Roar.

They paused for a moment, taking the opportunity to groom and stretch.

Then Purr continued:

“So, I am putting my life in danger for a dog? Excuse me... *a slipper?*”, she asked.

“No, for the fate of the world”, said Roar.

“Oh, well at least that’s something!”, offered Purr.

“Anyway, it’s all decided, I distinctly heard you say ‘I can’t wait to go on our adventure!’”, said Roar.

“That was under coercion”, she replied.

“I can’t remember... it was so long ago.”

“It was yesterday Roar!”, she pointed out.

“Oh, really?”, said Roar. “It feels so much longer.”

“Anyway Purr, you distinctly said it... and looked quite adorable saying it!”

She blushed. “Oh, you think so?”

A gentle wind was softly blowing now from the south, feeling like an invitation.

“Climb aboard Purr. Adventure awaits!”, Roar thundered.

“And so does my dinner”, she replied.

Shrugging theatrically, she leapt elegantly onto his back, fastening her claws deep beneath his mane.

“Ouch!”, said Roar, “not so deep please, my little assassin. Those are rather sharp!”

“My pride and joy”, beamed Purr.



“Ready?”, asked Roar.

“Not really”, answered Purr.

“UP UP AND AWAY!!”, he boomed! Then with a mighty ROAR he leapt high in the air and they were off!

In all Purr’s life she never imagined this ride! It was like flying! Did Roar’s feet actually touch the ground? She did not know one could run so fast, the world passing by in a blur. She felt she could touch the clouds! She leaned over, asking into his ear, “How long until we are there?”



“I have no idea”, Roar replied.

“WHAT? Don’t tell me you don’t know where we are going?” she exclaimed!

Roar was silent.

“Well?”, she asked.

“You told me not to tell you”, Roar replied. You just said, ‘Don’t tell me...’”

Purr rolled her eyes. She thought to swat him one, but wisely changed her mind.

“You don’t know where this ‘Rocket’ lives?”, she inquired.

“No, but that’s not so important. We are on the right way”, he said.

“But how do you know that?”, she asked.

“I just know.”

Purr shook her head. *I’m missing countless dinners, an untold number of naps, riding on the back of a mysterious lion, who has no idea where he is going, on a ridiculously dangerous adventure, that may never...*

“There!”, said Roar.

“There what?”, she asked.

“Our destination!”

He alighted gently on the ground.

“We are here?”, asked Purr incredulously.

“Yes. This is Rocket’s house.”

“Wow! I must say... that’s rather... impressive.”, Purr admitted.

Roar made a small formal bow.

“And now our mission truly begins!”

# THE MISSING SLIPPER

## ❧ CHAPTER FOUR ❧



It was midday when they stopped, and quite warm. There were many houses about, but all was quiet and calm, there was no one in sight.

Roar began to whisper some instructions to her.

“Now, listen carefully Purr, avoid the kitchen, our lives may depend on it!”, Roar commanded.

“Why are you whispering Roar?”, she said. “There is nobody near!”

“Because it’s an adventure Purr!”, he whispered.

“Oh, of course!”, she whispered back.

“Now have you memorised your instructions?”, he asked.

She recited them back completely jumbled.

“Right?”, she asked.



“I don’t know, I was studying your pretty little nose and forgot to listen!”, he said.

She smiled shyly and gave him a soft meow.

“Okay, are you ready Purr?”

“No, of course not”, she said.

“Well... readiness is overrated”, said Roar.

All was quite still, there was not a movement to be seen or heard in the sleepy neighbourhood.

“Purr, this is important! When you hear the doorbell ring, quickly find your way out of the house. Then meet me back here and we will make our escape!”, Roar said earnestly.

“Doorbell! Escape! Gotcha!”, recited Purr.

“Ok... good luck team!”, said Roar.

“Team?”, questioned Purr, looking around. “You seeing things Roar? There is just the two of us!”

“Two is still a team. We’re the ‘A team!’”

“More like the ‘C team’”, Purr corrected.

“Yes, ‘C’ for cats!”, he exclaimed.

Roar gave her a big toothy grin. Then he suddenly grew dreadfully serious.

“Be careful my dear Purr, and keep your eyes open and your claws ready!”, he commanded.

Purr saluted. “Will do Sir!”

“Team leader to team... Go!”, ordered Roar.

Then, with a flourish, he disappeared in a single bound!

Purr found herself alone in front of the big house.

*Hmmm... well I may as well go in, perhaps there is something delicious inside, she thought.*

She silently entered the house through the dog’s door, finding herself in a foyer with halls leading off in all directions.

*All clear... hmmm... now what exactly were Roar’s instructions?*

She heard dim voices down one hall, a small group of people talking out back.

*I’m sure he said something about ‘the kitchen’ so I will head there, she thought, being a bit hungry after their long journey.*

Her keen sense of smell soon brought her to the kitchen. Heaps of food were laid out on a big table, ready to eat as if for a party.

*Roar said something about... ‘distraction’. Well, I am certainly ‘distracted’,*

she thought, sampling one of the dishes.

She heard a dog barking in the distance. She returned her attention to the food.

*I'm a professional adventurer on a critical mission, doing an excellent job being distracted... she mused. Roar will be so proud of me!*

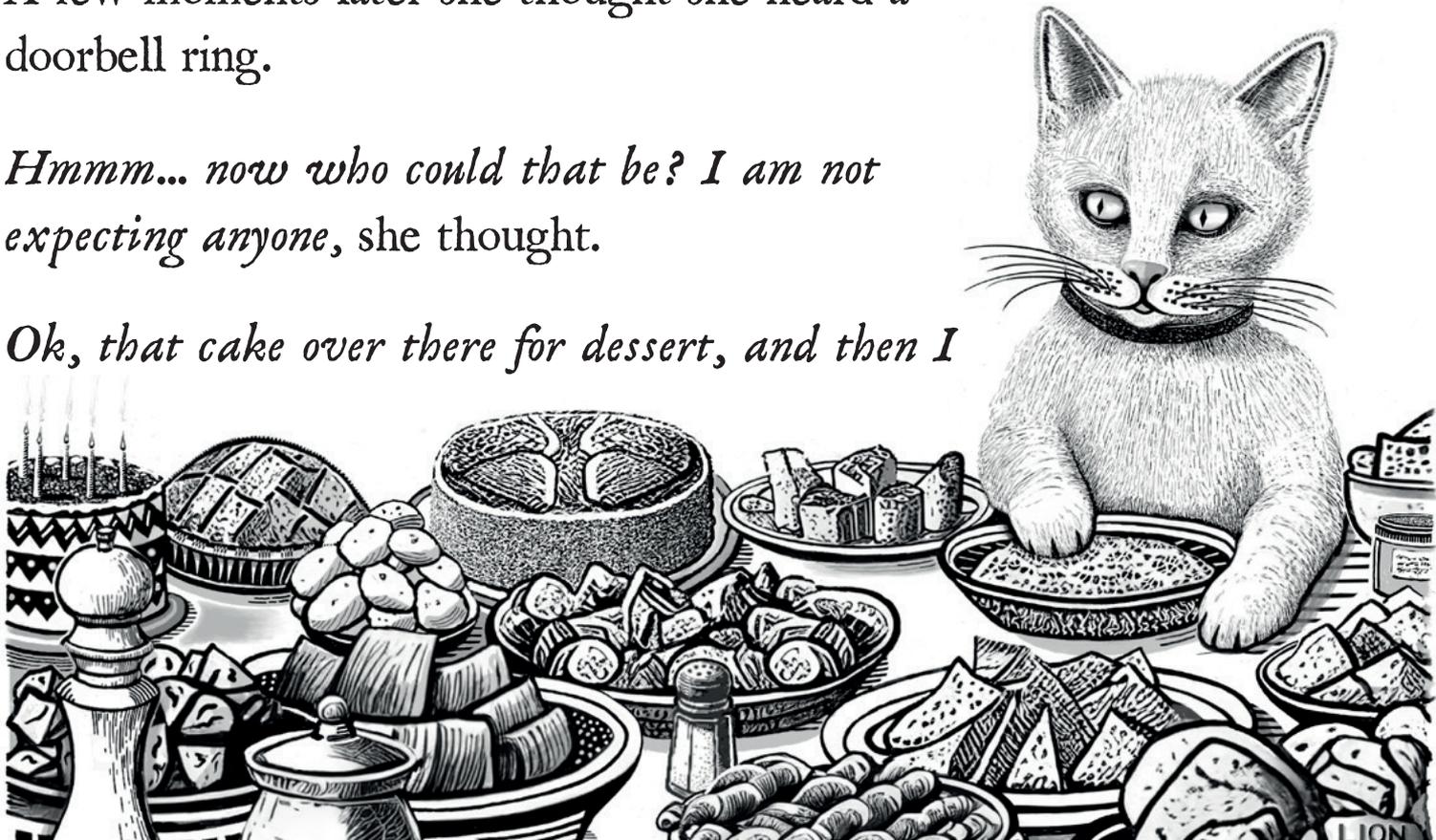
She resumed eating, another small dish that was finer than the first, which was really quite tasty.

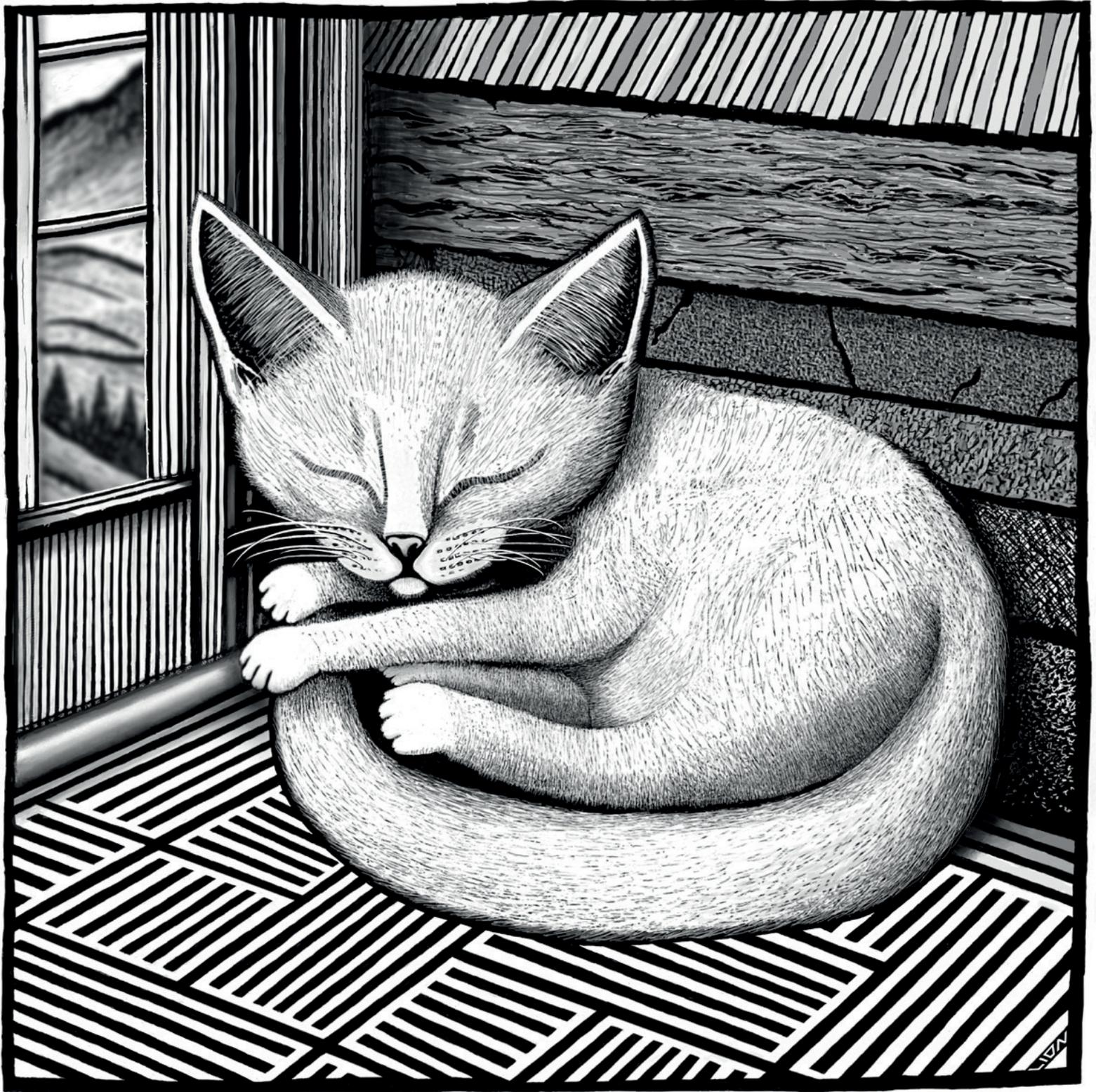
*This is even better than home, she thought... bold adventurous eating! This is really living dangerously!*

A few moments later she thought she heard a doorbell ring.

*Hmmm... now who could that be? I am not expecting anyone, she thought.*

*Ok, that cake over there for dessert, and then I*





*am full. Perhaps a quick nap, that corner looks quite cosy...*

The doorbell rang urgently three more times as she curled up in the corner.

*One could get quite used to adventures! The risk! The stealth! The nerve! I'm a natural!*

She fell into a deep dreamless sleep.

She awoke to find that Roar had picked her up by the back of the neck, and they were leaping out an open window!

Purr had no idea what was happening, except it was happening fast!

“What’s going on?”, she yelled.

“Murmph mmurmph mmmurmph”, said Roar.

“Aha!”, said Purr.

A few moments later they were a safe distance away. Roar opened his mouth, which sent her tumbling down.

“You were SLEEPING Purr!!!”, admonished Roar, stamping down his foot and shaking his mane for emphasis.

“Only to the casual observer Captain!”, she explained. “I was actually being ‘distracted’.”

“You were supposed to be ‘distracting’, not ‘distracted’ Purr!”, he

corrected sharply.

“Oh”, said Purr sheepishly.

“Well... anyway... whatever you did worked out just fine, the mission was a tremendous success!”, beamed Roar.

“Ha! Pretty clever huh? My distraction skills are top notch, eh?”, declared Purr.

Roar rolled his eyes.

“Beginner’s luck”, he said.

“Beauty and brains, my dear Sir!”, she replied.

The day felt wonderfully endless, under the cloudless blue sky.

“So... we were successful? You found the slipper?”, Purr asked.

“What slipper?”, said Roar.

“**THE SLIPPER** Roar! **The MISSING SLIPPER** which was the whole idea behind our crazy adventure!”, she exclaimed.

“Oh that”, said Roar. “It wasn’t ‘missing’ after all”, he nonchalantly replied.

“Not missing?”, asked Purr.

“No”, answered Roar, “it was simply *misplaced*.”



“Oh, I see... so what did you do?”, she asked.

“I put the slipper back, and had a quick chat with Rocket. Everything is in order now, and the world saved! Let’s head back, there’s nothing more to do here”, he said.

He crouched down in front of her.

“Climb aboard Purr!”, he bellowed.

“Aye-aye Sir!”

Purr remembered little of the return journey. She snuggled deep down into Roar’s mane, which was rather cozy and comforting, and fell asleep soon after they were clear of the area.

She awoke to find them safely back in their forest, with the sun beginning to set in the west.

It was time for her to head home, there were quite a few dinners to catch up on and a long nap awaiting!

She looked over to find that Roar was busy grooming.

“Ahem! I must be going Roar... it’s getting late.”

“Yes yes, my dear”, he said, busy with his tail.

“Roar?”



He looked down at her with his deep green eyes.

“I must say that was an amazing adventure! Let’s go on another one soon!”, she purred.

“ROAR!!!”





Dent-de-Lion du Midi is Master Artist at Teeth of the Lion.

BOOKS

The Walker

IKONMAN

Frederick Bear | A Tale of Bern

The Poisoned Door

The Noise

The Missing Slipper

[teethofthelion.com](http://teethofthelion.com)

The Missing Slipper is typeset with Adobe InDesign.

The typeface 1689 GLC Garamond  
is designed by Gilles Le Corre.

The illustrations are rendered by hand  
in Procreate with the Apple Pencil.

Our heartfelt thanks to family, friends and patrons  
who make our Art possible with their kind support.

