





Franko, a dog dressed as a chef, applied for a job at a big tourist hotel high in the snowy mountains. He loved to ski, and that's why he wanted to work there!



Franko wasn't a real chef, so everyone wondered if he could make the special meals on the menu.



Chef Franko was told he needed to make
desserts for the night's menu, a delicious
strawberry cream cake. He was very happy
because he loved desserts!



He got strawberries and cream from the fridge, sat down with a huge bowl and spoon, and decided to 'check if they were okay'.



They were certainly okay! Chef Franko ate
all of them! His fur was red with
strawberries, and his whiskers were
covered in cream.



Oops! There were no more strawberries or cream in the fridge, and his belly started to rumble with a pain.



Chef Franko quietly slipped out of the kitchen and went back to his bedroom for a nap.



The other chefs were getting angry, ringing his phone because they couldn't find him.
But Franko just put his head under his pillow to ignore the calls.



After a great sleep, Franko stretched and headed outside to put on his skis. He was dressed in a stylish blue ski suit, red gloves, and a red scarf.



He got on the ski lift and went up the mountain. It was a lovely, sunny day, but a bit windy, making his red scarf blow across his black goggles.



At the top, he adjusted his scarf, tucking it into his collar. He saw a beautiful wooden chalet cafe far down the mountain.



Franko skied fast, darting in and out of trees, doing jumps and showing off! He was heading for that cafe to get a hot chocolate.



He finally reached the cozy chalet cafe and
ordered a hot chocolate with
marshmallows, standing by a warm
fireplace.



He had a huge grin, enjoying the beautiful day, the great ski, and his belly now full of hot chocolate.



Just then, his boss, Chef Ralph, stormed in,
yelling at Franko for disappearing from the
kitchen last night!



Knowing he was in trouble, Franko raced outside, put on his skis, and sped down the mountain again, zoom zoom!



He reached his tiny green car, put his skis
on the roof, and sped off.



No one saw Franko again, only his car
disappearing into the distance, with snow
flying from its tires.

