

The lost dog

It's Friday. Sally gets off the bus. *Holidays! No school for two weeks*, she thinks. It's raining. She runs down the street to her house. It rains and rains. There is water on her face and in her eyes.

What's that? It's a little brown and white dog. It is sitting beside her door.

'Oh,' says Sally. 'You gorgeous little thing.'

Sally opens the door. 'Come on,' she says to the dog.

The little dog doesn't move. She looks at Sally.

'Come on,' Sally says again, and the little dog walks into the house.

'Mum! Mum! Where are you?' calls Sally.

'Here,' says her mother. 'I'm here. What's that?'

'It's a little dog. Isn't she cute?'

'Cute? I don't know...' says Sally's mother. 'She's *wet*. Look at all that water.'

'Yes, she's wet, but she's gorgeous,' says Sally.

'She *is* pretty, but I don't want water in here. Please get a towel and dry her.'

Sally gets a towel and dries the little dog. She dries her back and her legs. She dries her long brown and white ears. She dries her little face and the dog licks Sally. 'Now my face is wet too!' laughs Sally. 'Oh, Mum, I love her. Can we keep her? Can she live here?' she says.

'No,' says Sally's mother, 'she can't.'

The little dog licks Sally again. 'She loves me too,' says Sally.



'We can't keep her, Sally. She's lost.'

'Lost?' says Sally.

'Yes,' says her mother. 'She has a home but she can't find it. Look, she's not hungry – she's fat.' She pats the little dog's round belly.

'Can Liz come and see the dog?' says Sally.

Liz is Sally's friend. She lives in a flat in Sally's street.

'She can come tomorrow,' says Sally's mother. 'Let's go to the shop now and get food for the dog.'

'Can the dog come with us?' says Sally.

'Yes,' says her mother. 'I don't have a dog lead but we can tie a rope to her collar.'

'No, we can't,' says Sally. 'She doesn't have a collar. Look.'

'No collar, no name tag, no phone number. Hmm...'
says her mother. 'Well, then, she can't come with us.'

'Goodbye, little dog,' says Sally and she goes to the shop with her mother.

They are back soon. Sally runs inside. Her mother puts the dog food on the table. 'Hello, little dog, we're back,' says Sally. She pats the dog and her mother pats her too. 'Isn't she cute, Mum?' says Sally.

'Yes, darling, she's very cute,' says her mother.

Twenty good names

It's Saturday morning. It's not raining. Sally jumps out of bed. 'Little dog! Little dog!' she calls. 'Where are you?' She runs into her mother's room. The dog is on her mother's bed. She is patting her.

'Oh, Mum, you like her, don't you?' says Sally.

Her mother smiles. 'Yes, I like her.'

'Can Liz come and see her now?' says Sally.

'Yes, yes, but first eat your breakfast, and then phone Liz. I'm going shopping.'

Sally eats her breakfast and then phones Liz.

Soon – *Knock! Knock!* Sally opens the door. It's Liz.

'Wow, you run fast!'

'Where is she? Where is she?' says Liz.

'Here,' says Sally.

'Oh, Sally,' says Liz, 'she is cute! I want a dog too, but we can't have one. Our flat is very small. You're lucky.'

'No, I'm not lucky. We can't keep her. She has a home,' says Sally. 'She's lost.'

'Are you going to look for her home?'

'I can't. She doesn't have a collar – she doesn't have a name tag,' says Sally.

The door opens and Sally's mother comes in. She says hello to Liz and pats the dog. Then she goes into the kitchen.

'Sally,' says Liz, 'the dog is lost, right?'

'That's right,' says Sally.

'But she doesn't have a name tag, right?'

'Right.'

'And your mum likes the dog, doesn't she?' says Liz.

'Yes,' says Sally. 'She does.'

'And look,' says Liz. 'Look on your table. You have lots of dog food – lots and *lots* of dog food!'

Sally smiles. 'You're right – there *is* lots of food!'

'Well, ask her again, Sally. Ask her again,' says Liz. 'I can help you to look after the dog. Please, Sally, ask your mother again.'

They go into the kitchen.

'Mum, can we keep the dog, please?'

'Oh, Sally, I don't know...' says her mother.

'We can't find her home. She doesn't have a name tag,' Sally says. 'Please, Mum? Please, please, please?'

'I can help to look after her, Mrs Bradley,' says Liz. 'I have a book about dogs at home. I can take her to the park. I can wash her. I can go to the shop and get her food.'

'Please, Mum, please, please, please...'

'Stop!' says Sally's mother. 'Okay, okay. You can keep her.'

'Yippee!' The two girls jump up and down.

'Thank you, Mum,' says Sally. 'Thank you, thank you, thank you.'

Mrs Bradley pats the dog's head. 'She has a sad face...'

'She's a King Charles spaniel,' says Liz. 'There are pictures of King Charles spaniels in my dog book. They all have sad faces – they have sad mouths.'

'Are you sad, little dog?' says Sally.

'Oh, Sally, don't be silly. She isn't sad,' says Liz. 'Now, let's give her a name.'

'Tomorrow,' says Sally's mother. 'You can give the dog a name tomorrow. Today we have to go out – we have to buy a collar and a lead and a dog bed. Come on, you two.'

Sally jumps out of bed on Sunday morning. She goes into the kitchen. The little dog is under the table. She is



sleeping in her new bed. Sally looks at her. *What's your name?* she thinks.

Liz comes after breakfast. She has a piece of paper in her hand. 'I've got twenty good names here,' she says, and she reads them to Sally.

'Bessie?'

'No,' says Sally. 'I don't like it.'

'Fluffy?'

'No,' says Sally. 'That's a cat's name.'

'Silky?'

'Well, she is very soft, but...no.'

'Lulu?'

'No.'

'Molly?'

'No.'

Liz reads all the names. The last one is... 'Rosie?'

'No,' says Sally.

'Sally, you have to give her a name!' says Liz.

'She *has* a name,' says Sally. 'She has a name – but I don't know it.'

'Oh, Sally, you are silly,' says Liz.