

Story Dog



For my Cal.
And for anyone, big or small,
who has ever opened their heart to a rescue animal.
You're beautiful. J.F.



SIMON & SCHUSTER

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Story Dog



**JAN
FEARNLEY**

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I'm Harry. I love stories, but they make me nervous. When it's my turn to read out loud in class, my voice shakes.

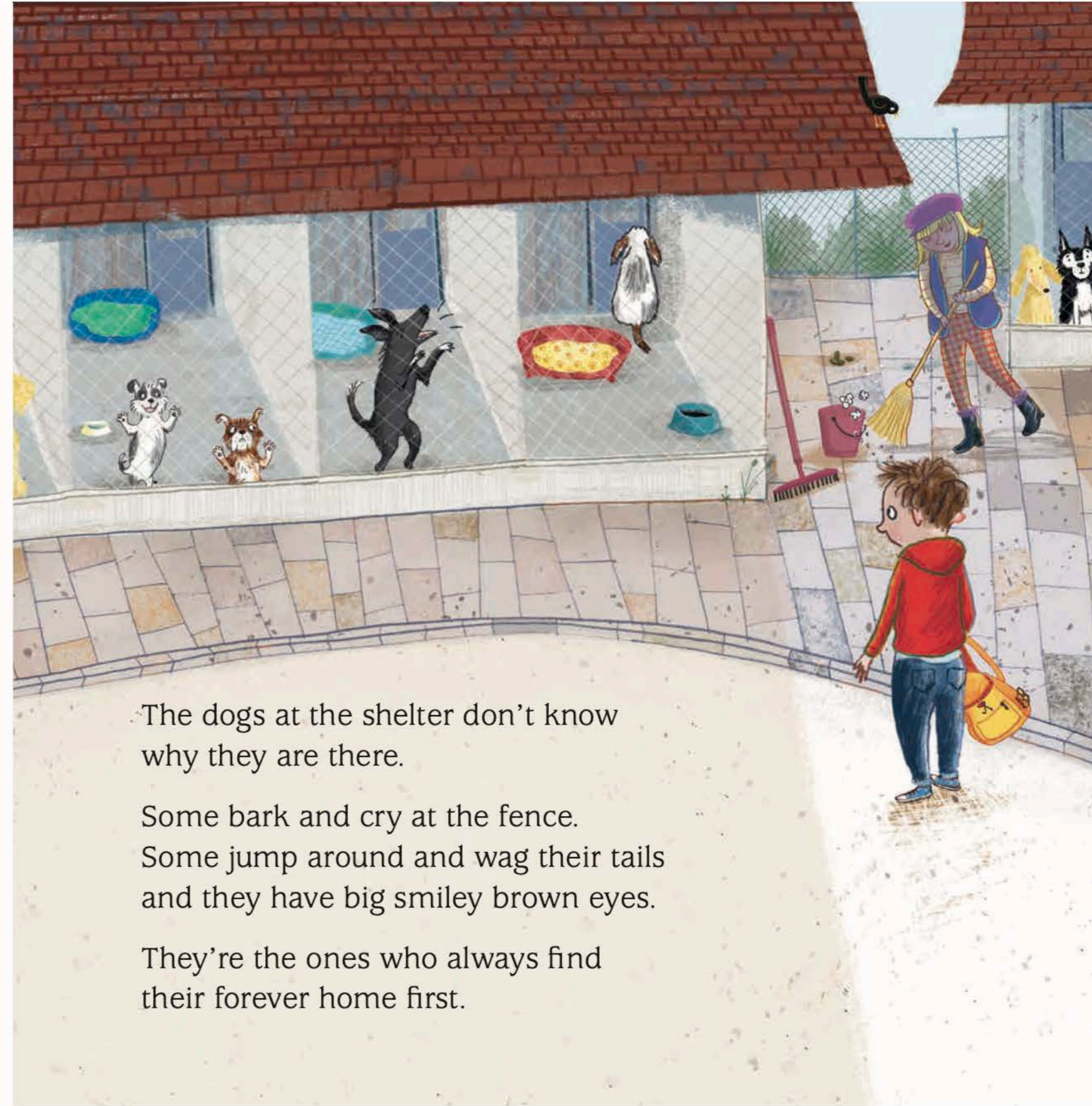
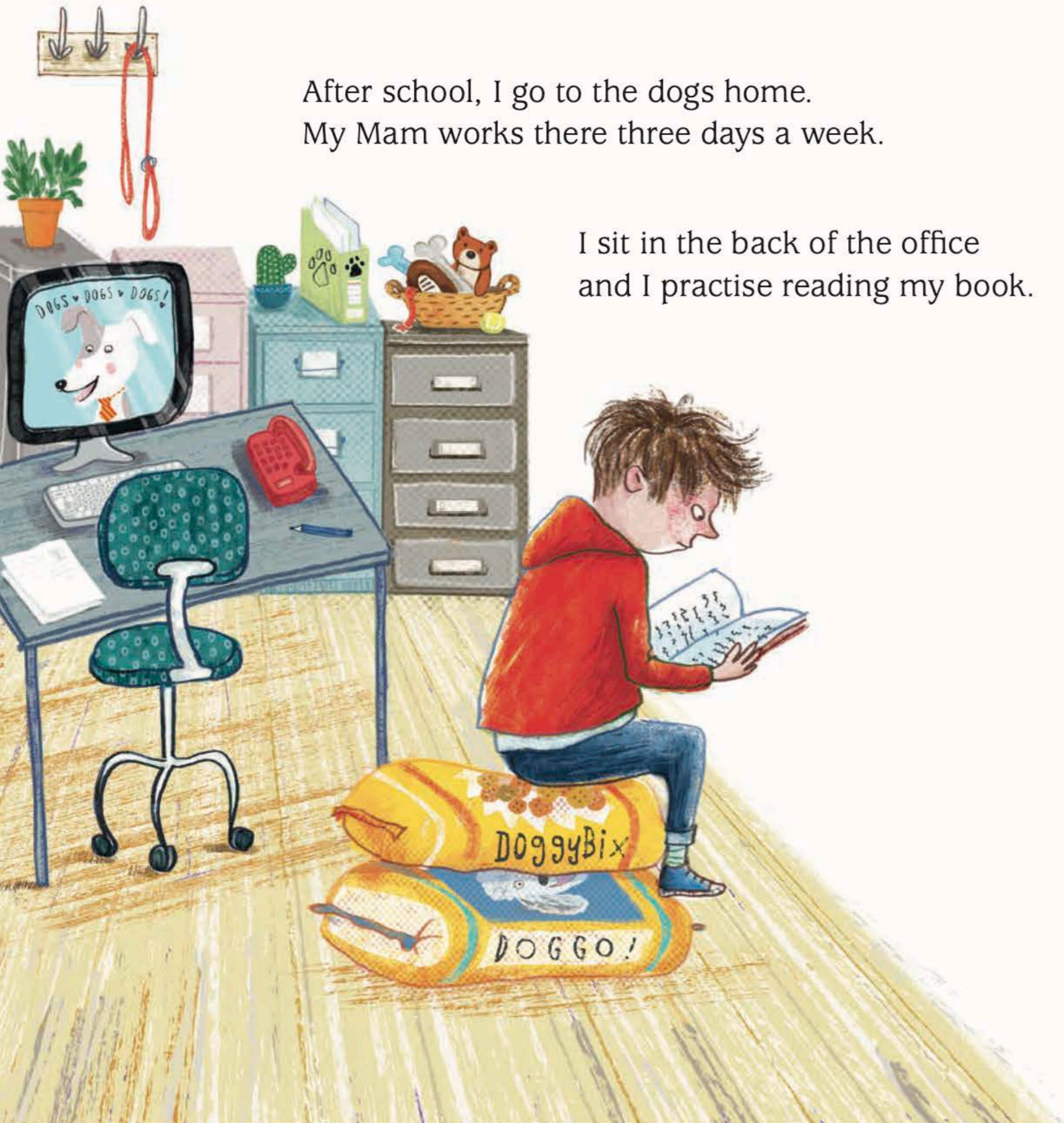
The words jumble and tumble.
I make so many mistakes.

I wish I were a better reader.



After school, I go to the dogs home.
My Mam works there three days a week.

I sit in the back of the office
and I practise reading my book.



The dogs at the shelter don't know
why they are there.

Some bark and cry at the fence.
Some jump around and wag their tails
and they have big smiley brown eyes.

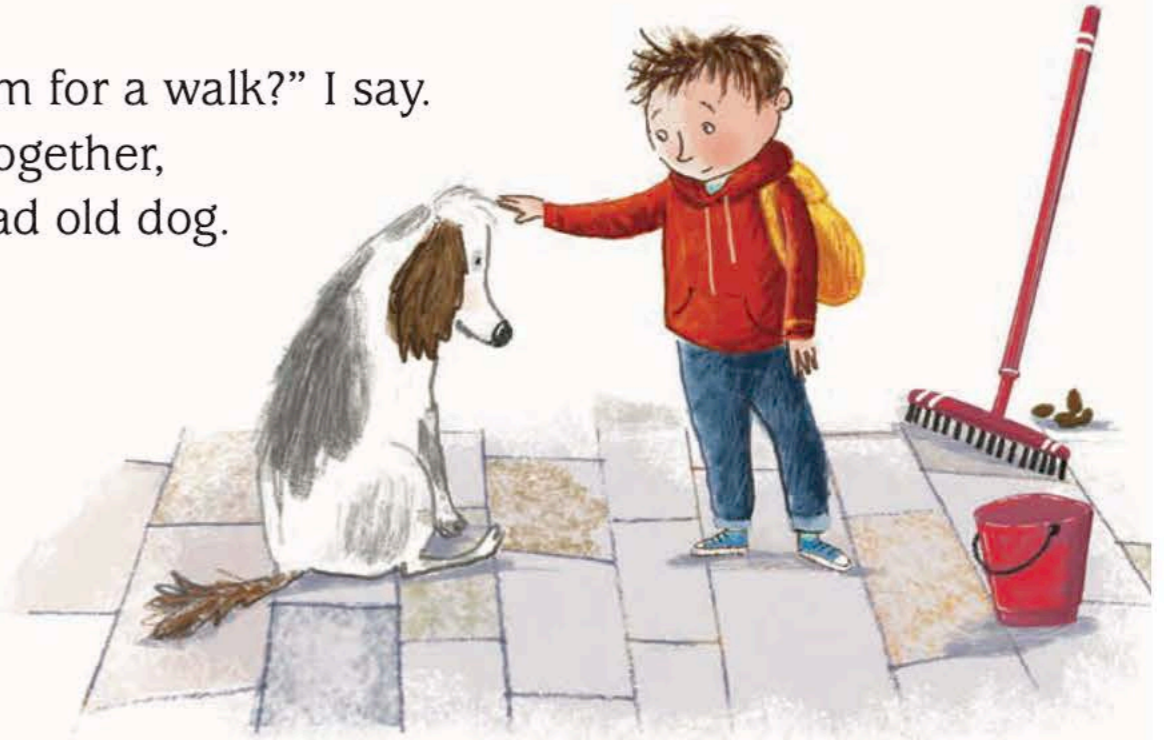
They're the ones who always find
their forever home first.

“Look at this sad old dog,” says Mam.
“His name is Cal. He needs a friend.”
He doesn’t bark or run around or wag his tail.



He sits in the corner, silently waiting for his family . . . who never come.
He stares into space with his sad black eyes.

“Can I take him for a walk?” I say.
So off we go together,
me and this sad old dog.



At first he doesn’t know me –
but he likes my sandwich.





This is how we become friends.
Every day after school, me and old Cal
walk together, while he waits for his family.



He likes the track in the wood . . .
He likes the big meadow.



We chase shadows and jump on the rocks.
Cal has the rest of my sandwich.

Then he sniffs at my book.