

## 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.