

# WHO WANTS THIS PUPPY?

For more  
fun, play  
*Spot the  
Paw Print!*



Written by  
PAT TERNOVETSKY

Illustrated  
by ZANE  
BELTON

Who Wants

This

PUPPY?

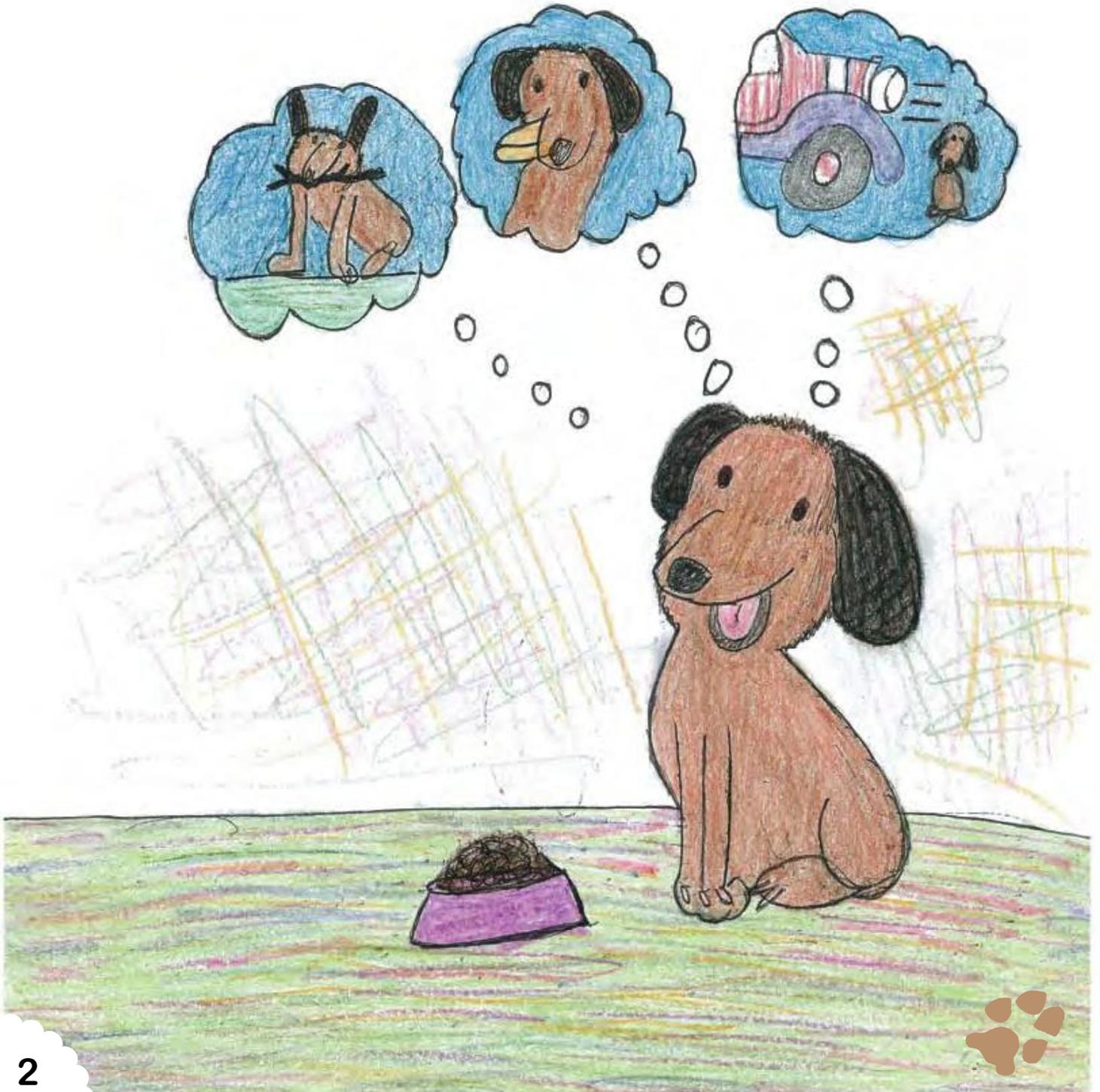


Story by  
Pat Ternovetsky

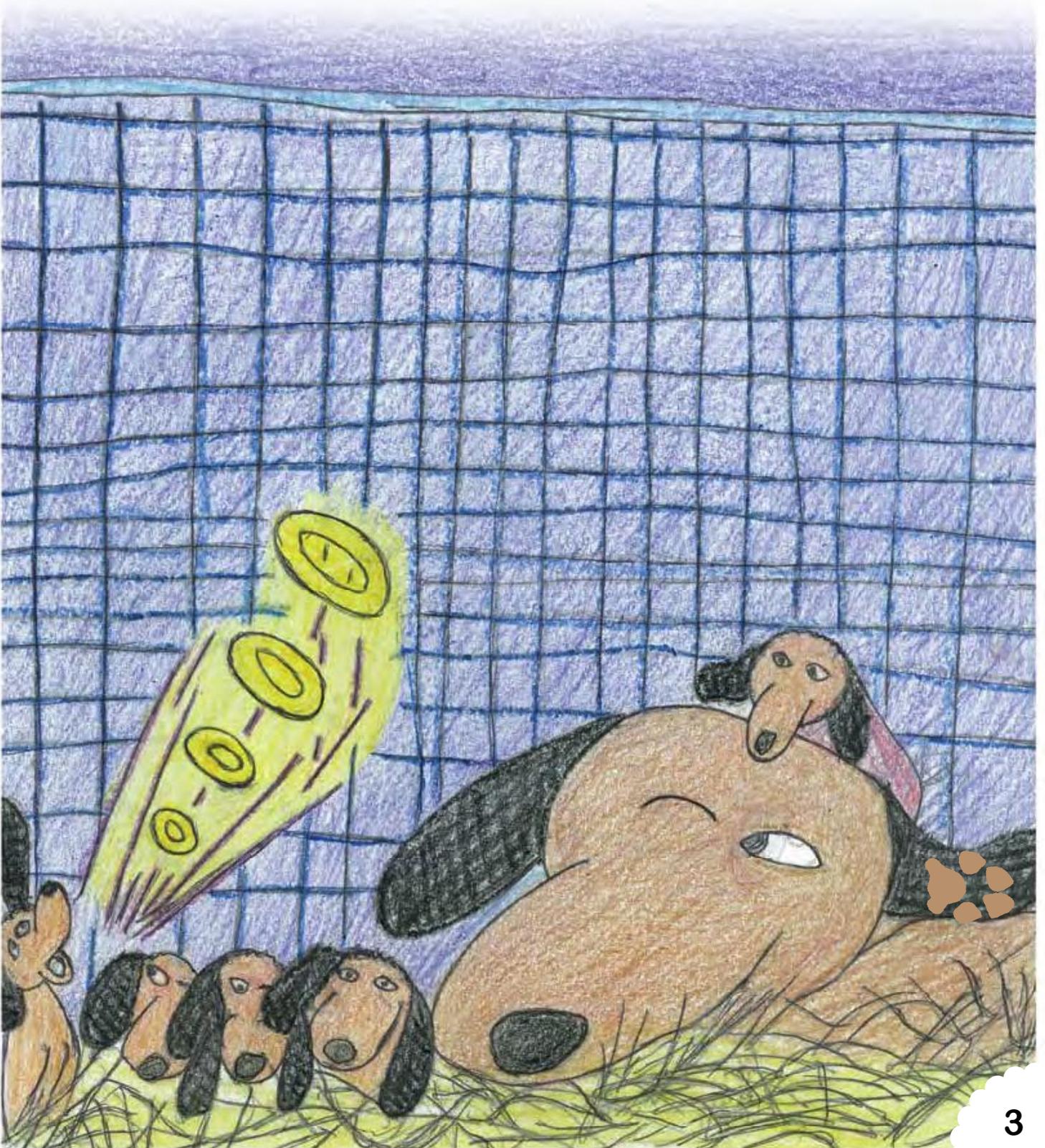
Illustrations by  
Zane Belton

Peanut Butter Press

Have you ever wondered what it's like to be a puppy?  
It can be fun and exciting and scary and lots of things.  
Let me tell you my story.



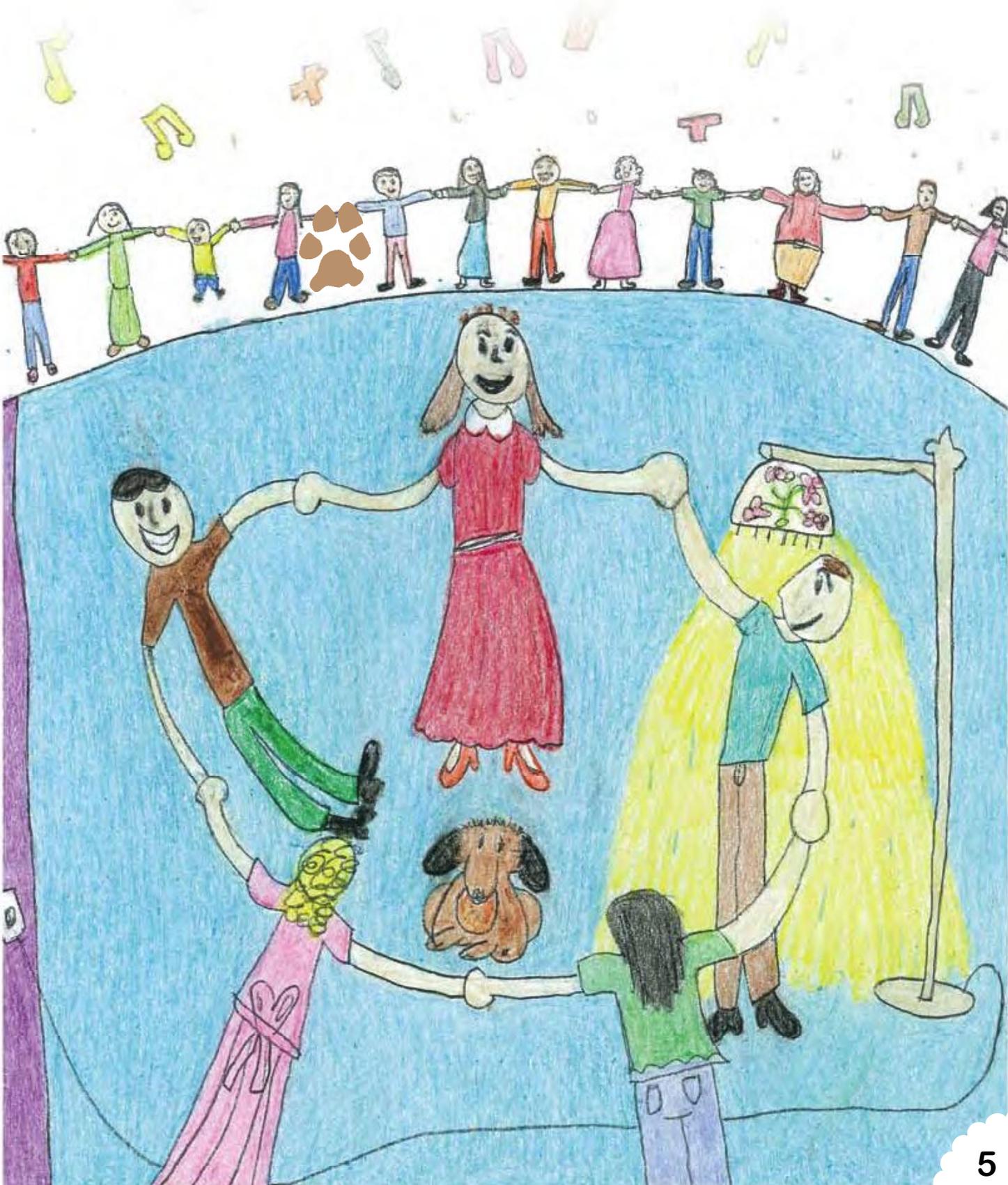
I was born on a farm with my eight brothers and sisters. We lived together with our mother in a warm pen full of straw. We played and ate during the day and we snuggled up at night. What a **great** start to life!

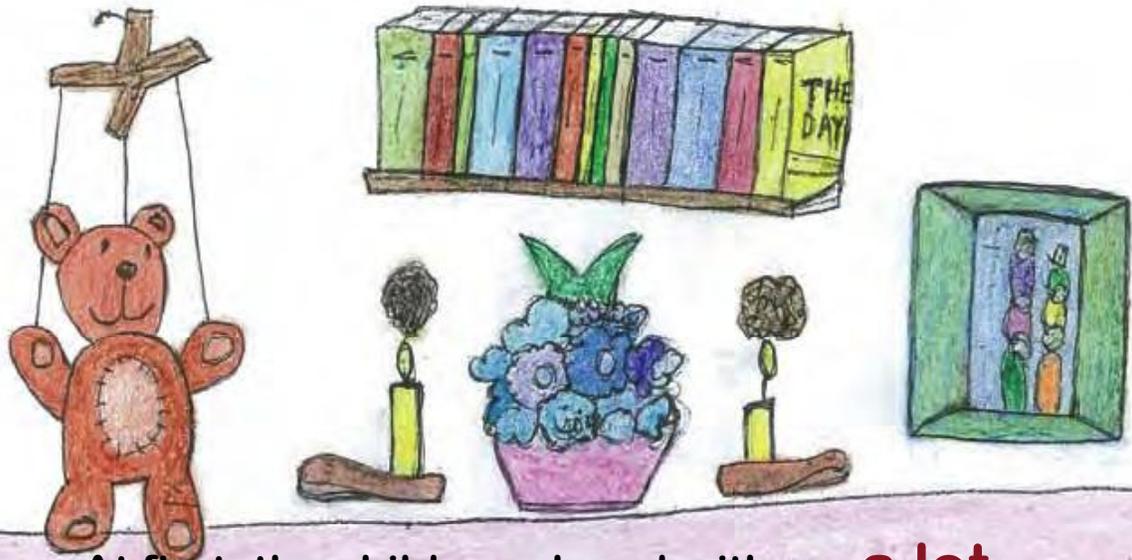


How lucky I felt when a man and lady came to the farm and picked **me** to be a Christmas present for their children! They put me in a big box beside the tree so their son and daughter could find me on Christmas morning. When the children saw me, they jumped up and down with excitement!

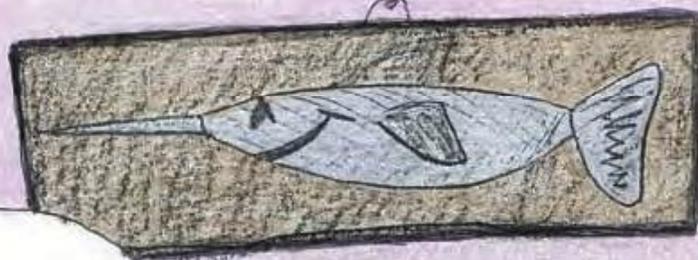


All the holiday guests loved me and I thought living with this family was going to be fun!





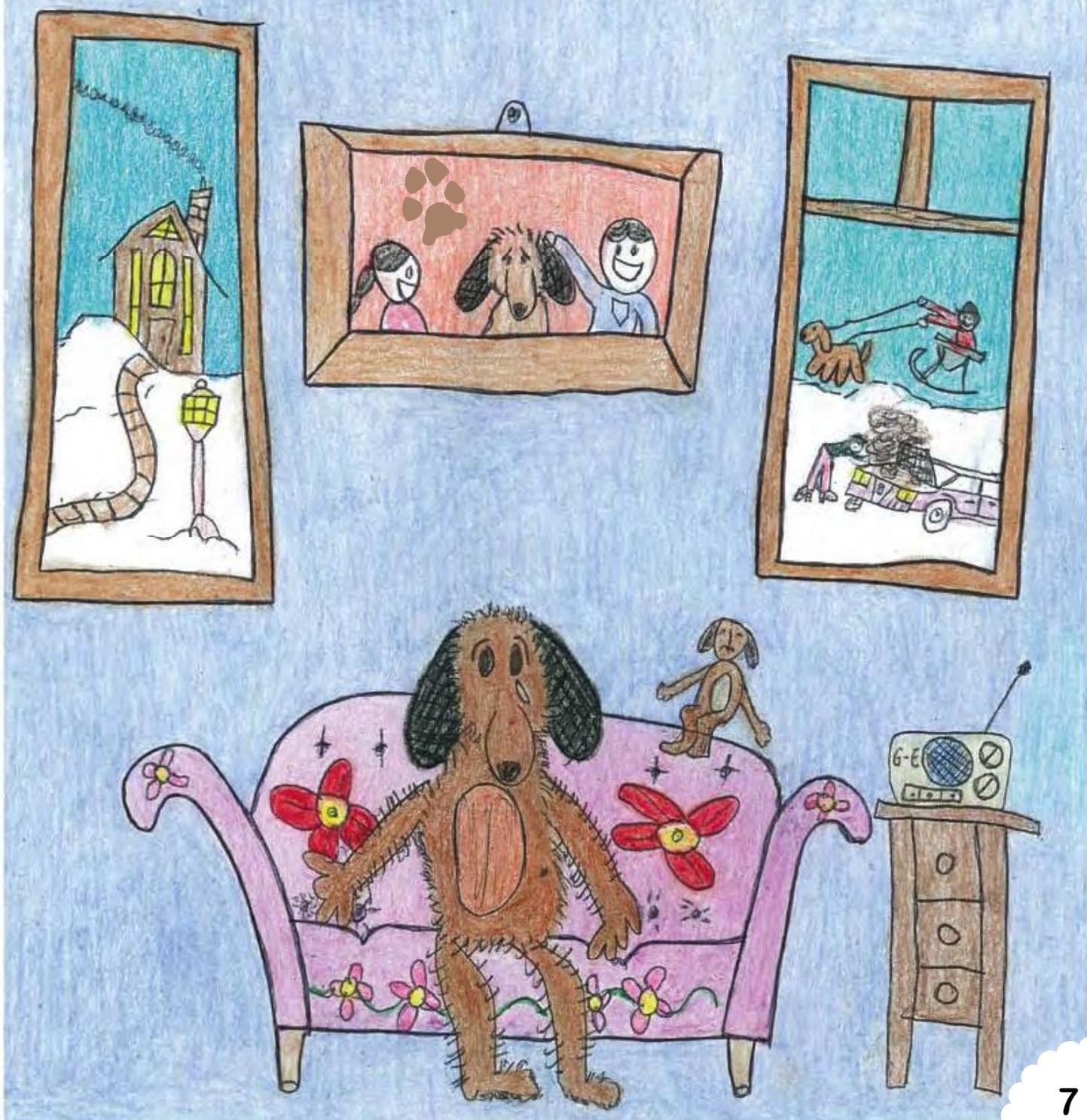
At first, the children played with me **a lot**.



H...m...m...m



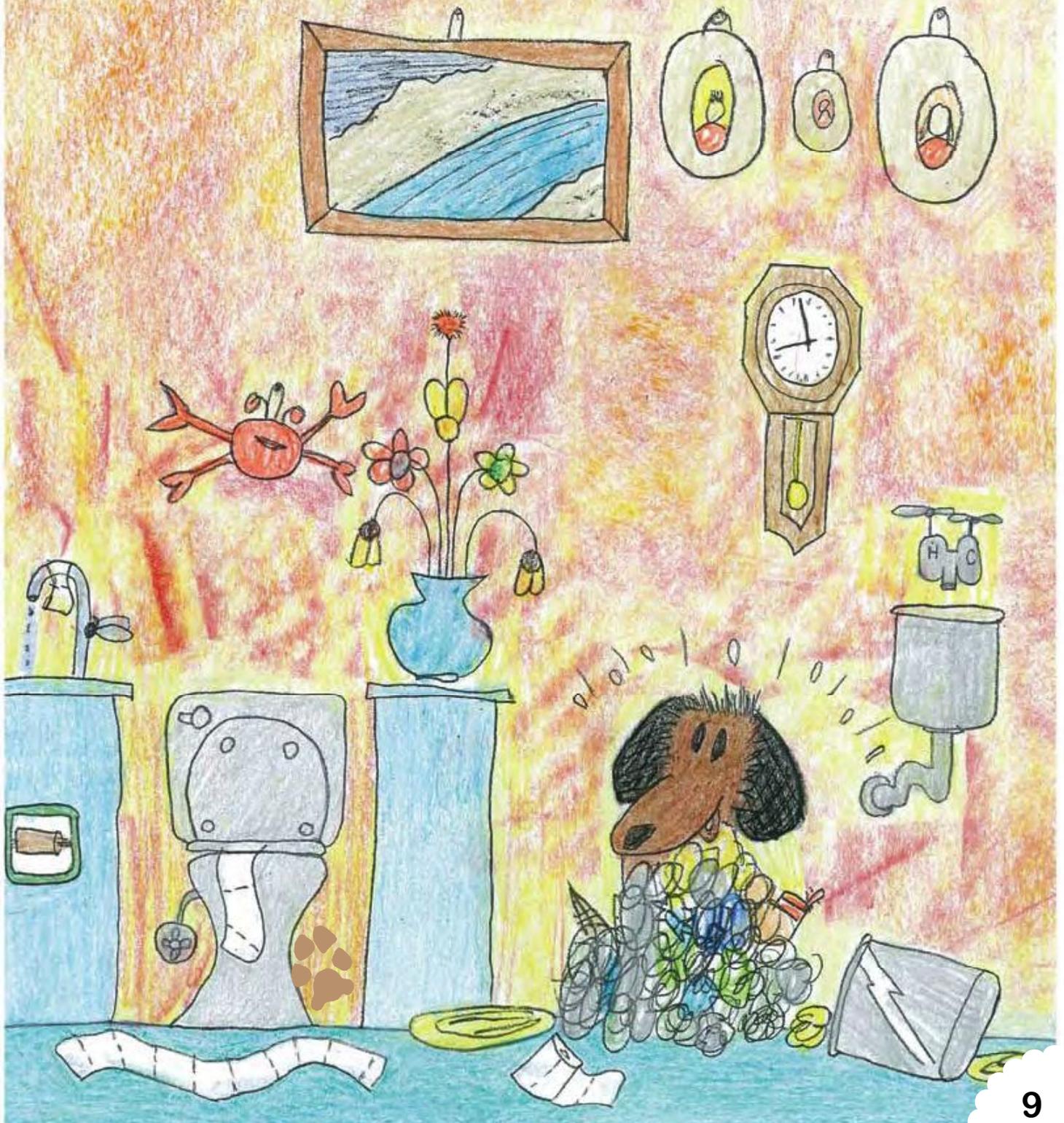
But then January came and everyone in the family got busy. They went to work and to school . . . leaving me **all** by myself **all** day long.

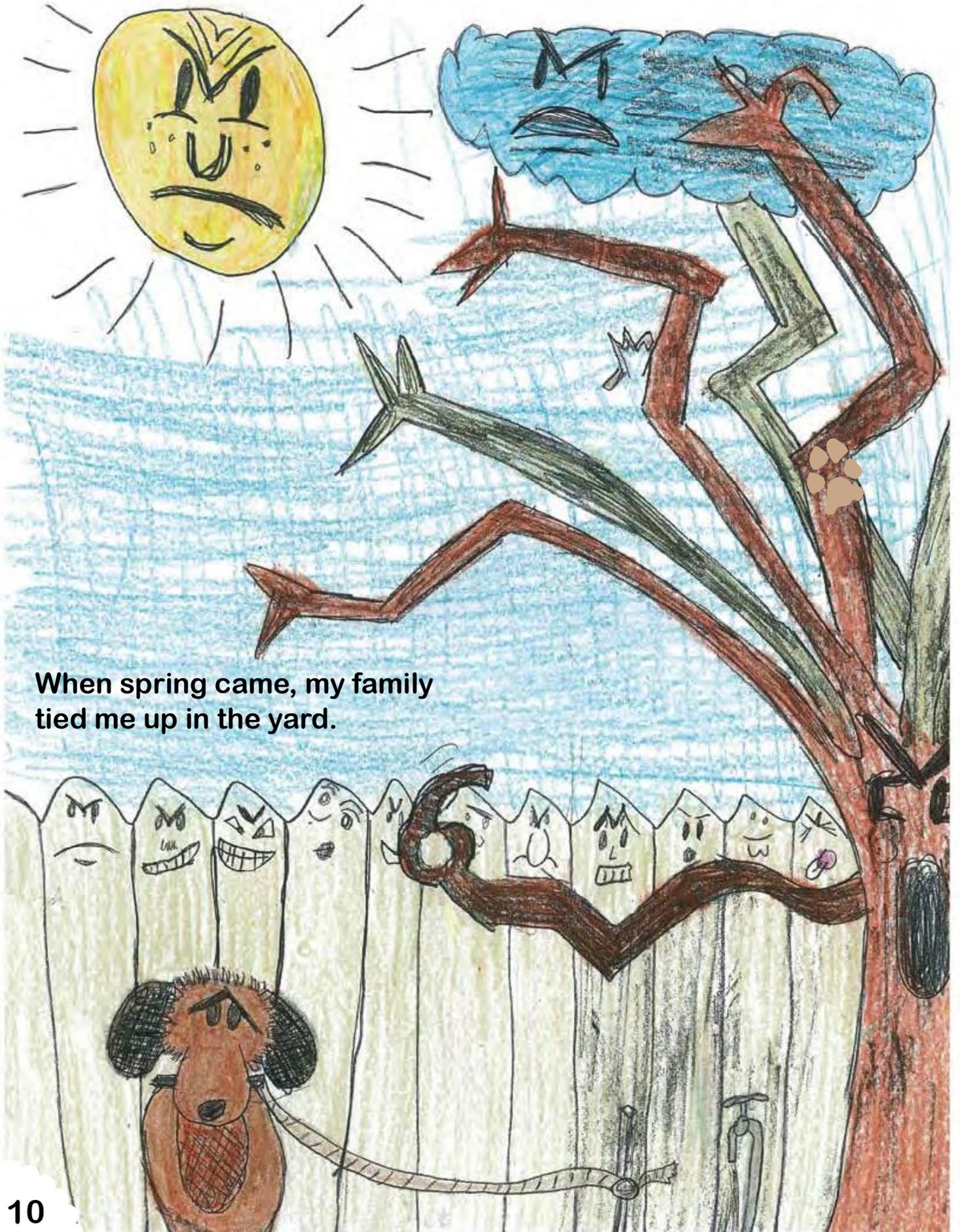


When I was alone, I got tired of waiting and I decided to have some fun. Those shoes in the closet looked so tasty and smelled so good that I just had to give them a chew!



I liked to topple the shiny can in the bathroom and spread the fluffy white paper all over. Sometimes I forgot where to “go” and left wet spots on the floor!

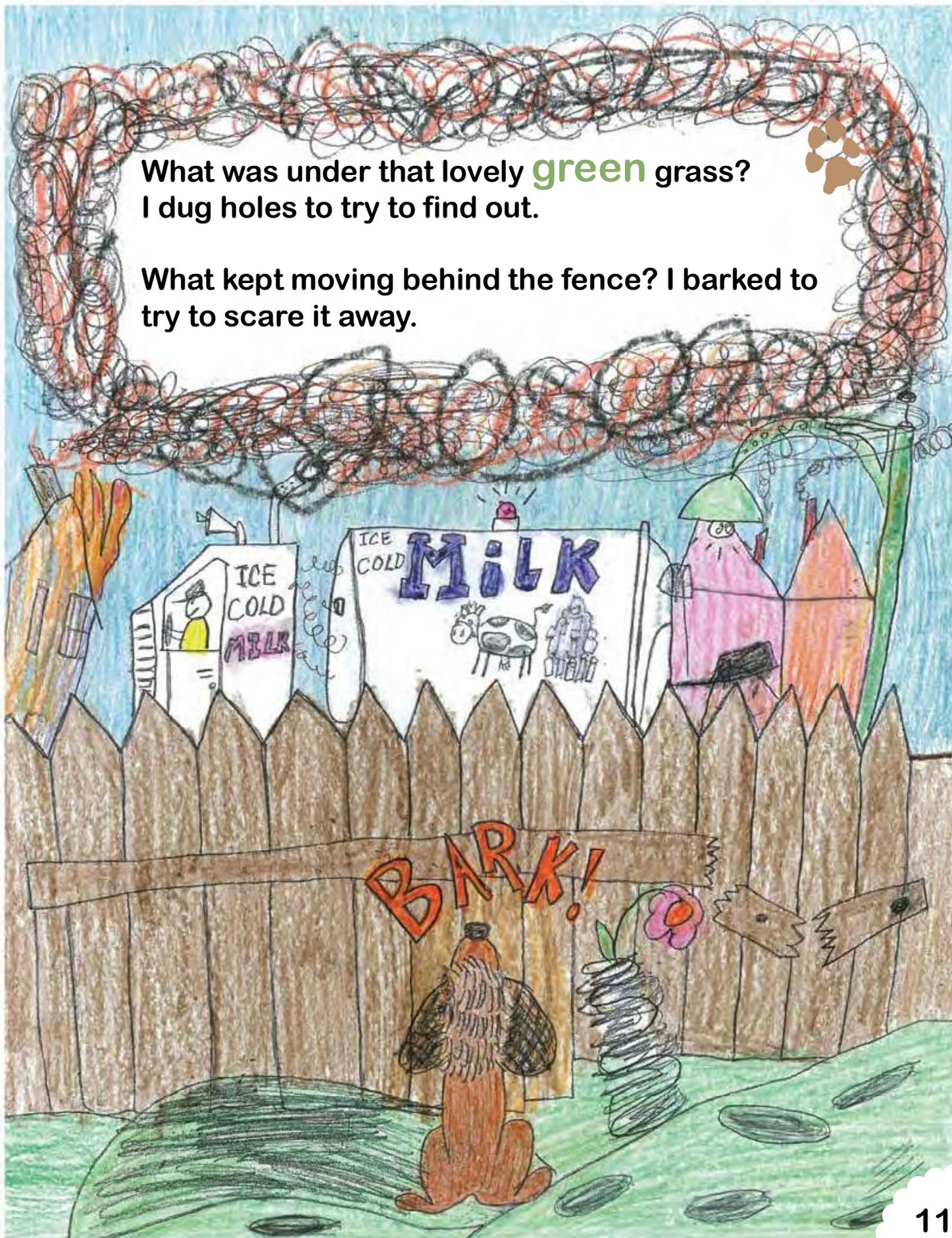




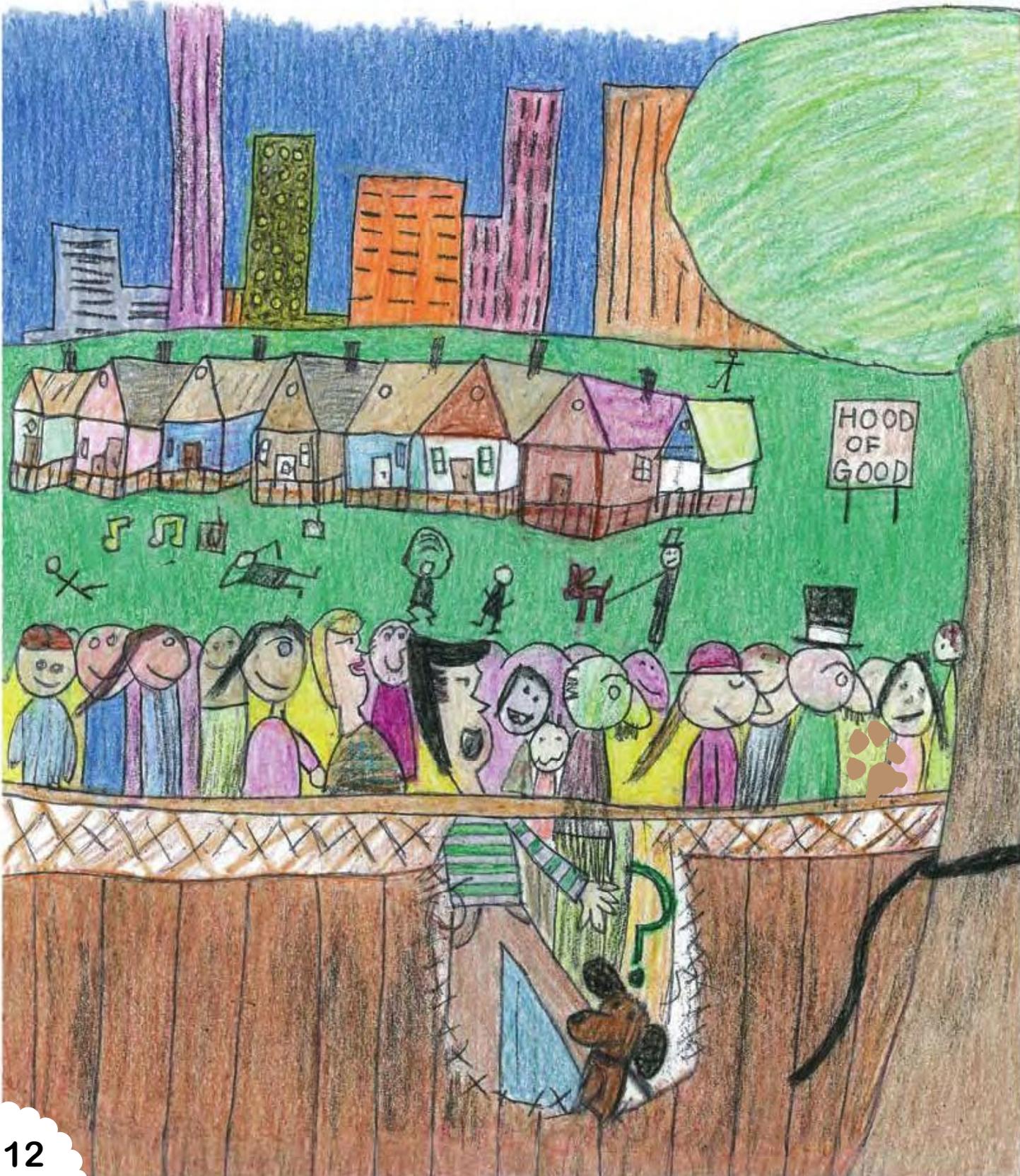
When spring came, my family  
tied me up in the yard.

What was under that lovely **green** grass?  
I dug holes to try to find out.

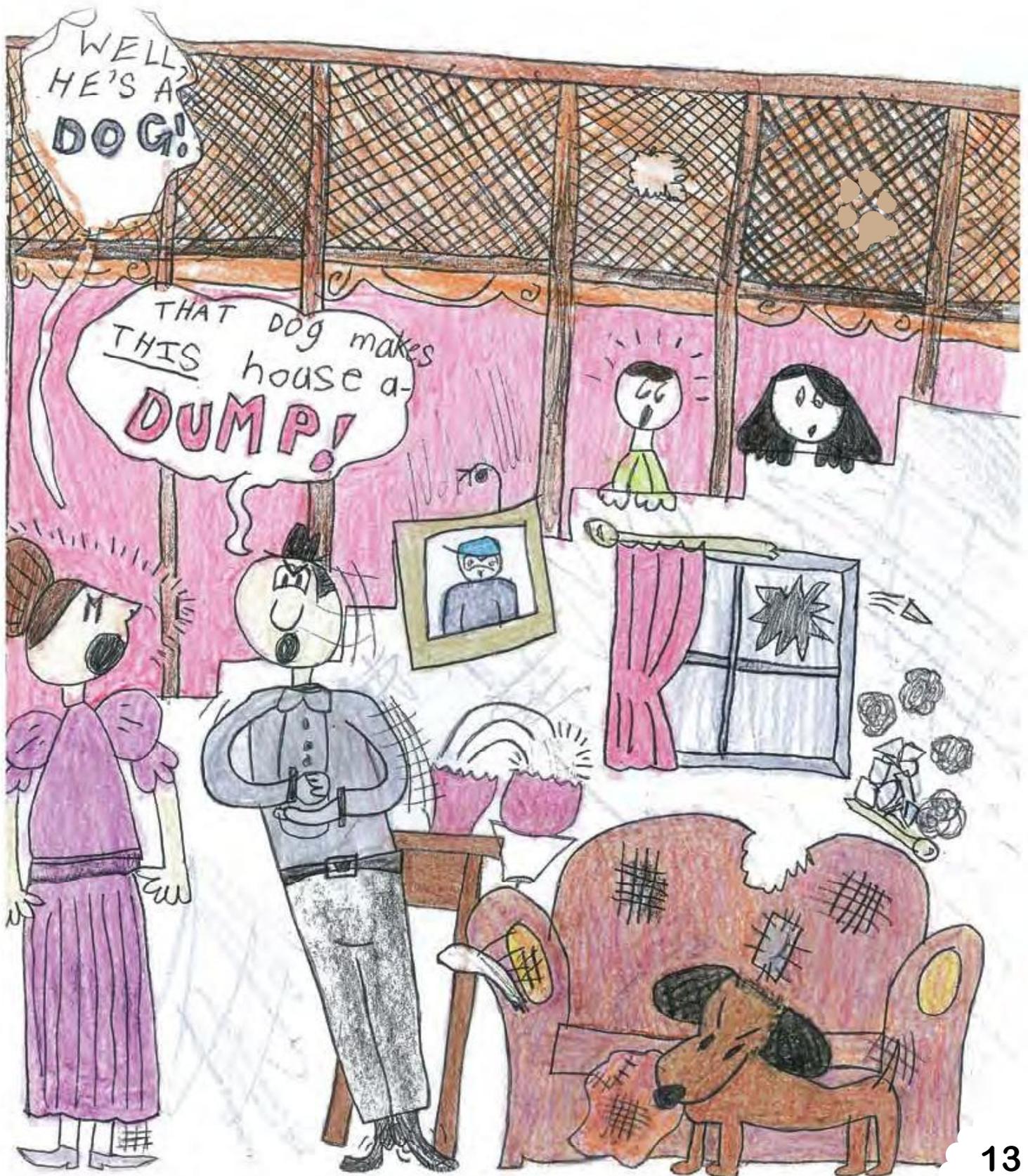
What kept moving behind the fence? I barked to  
try to scare it away.

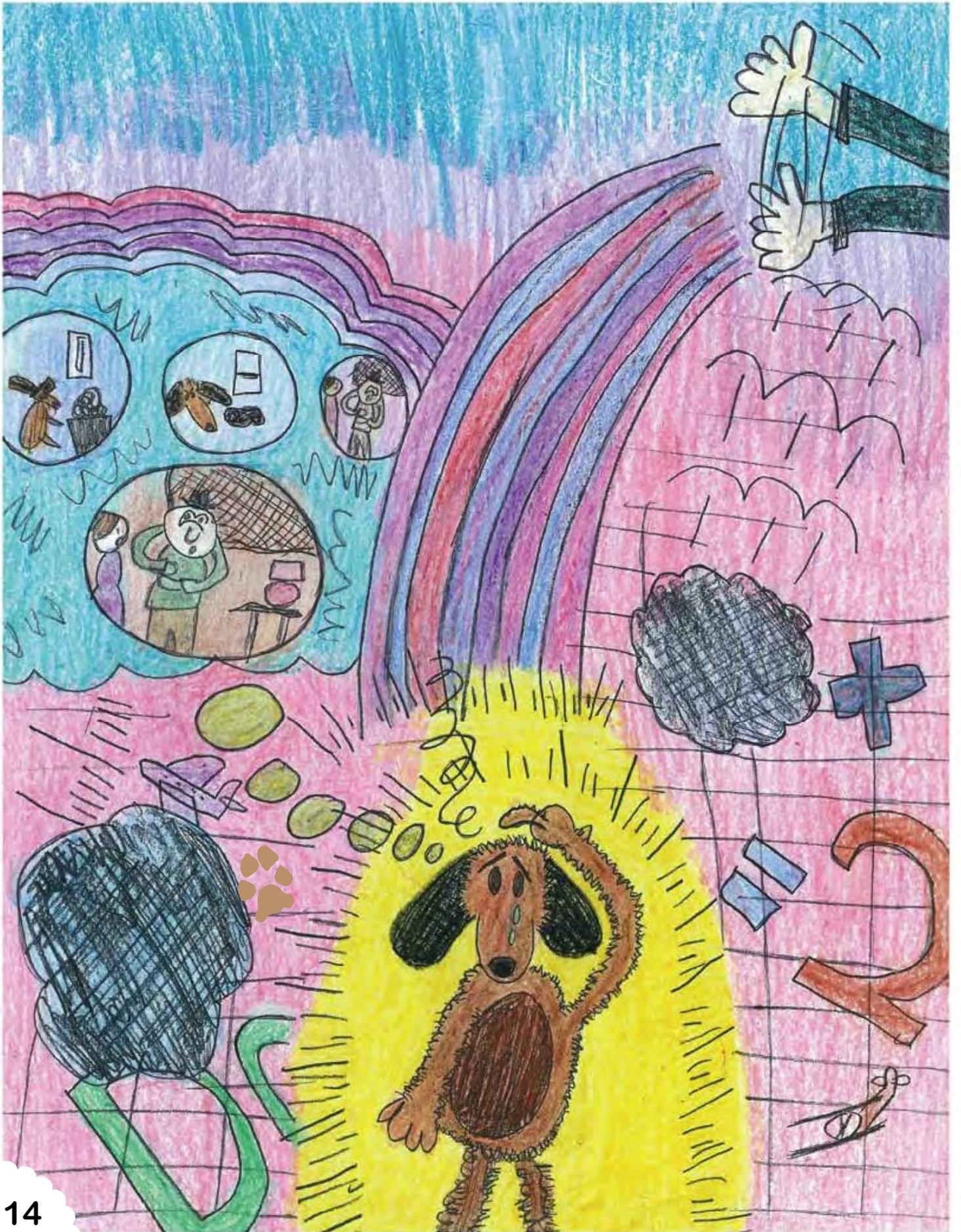


Where was everybody out there going? I chewed through my rope to get away and follow them.



One day, I heard the dad say, "This dog is too much trouble. We don't have time to take care of him and clean up his messes. We'll have to get rid of him!"

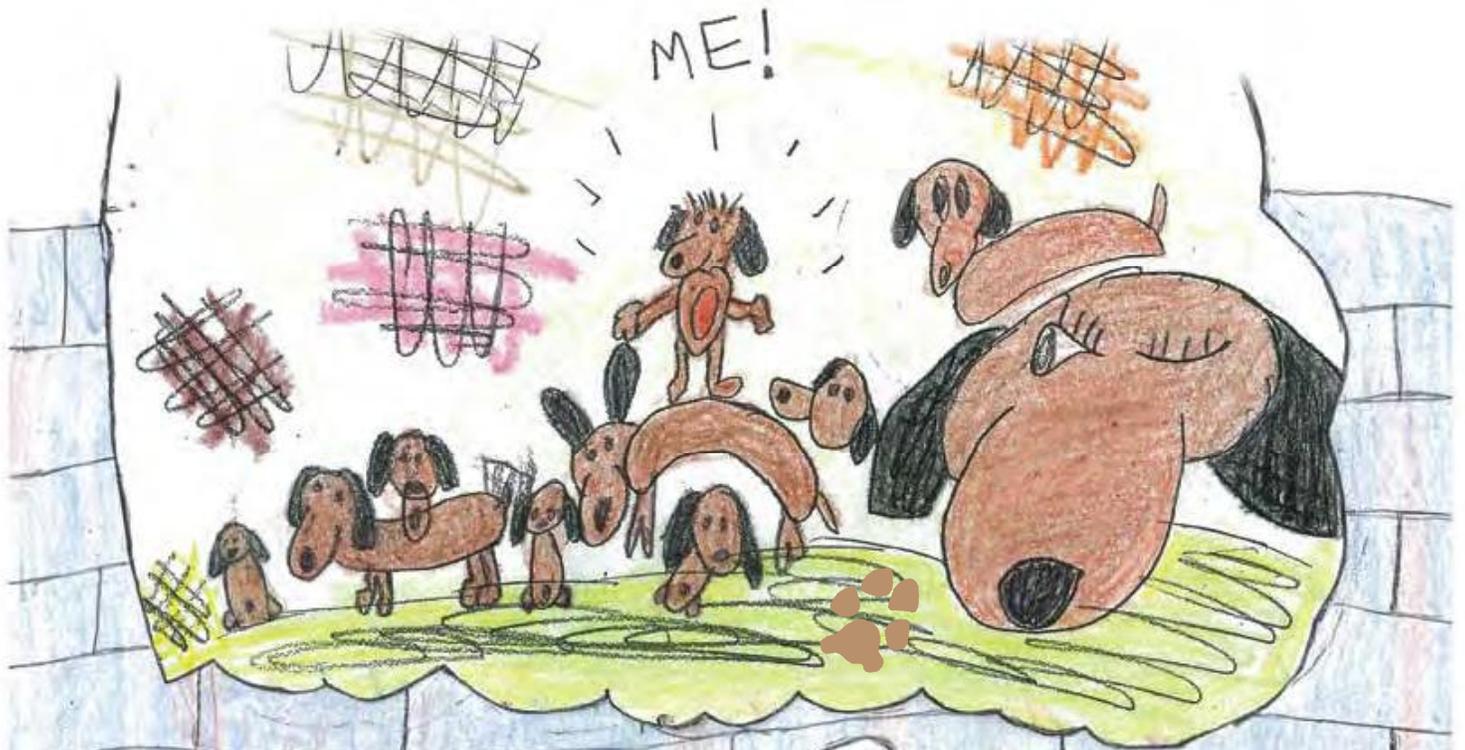




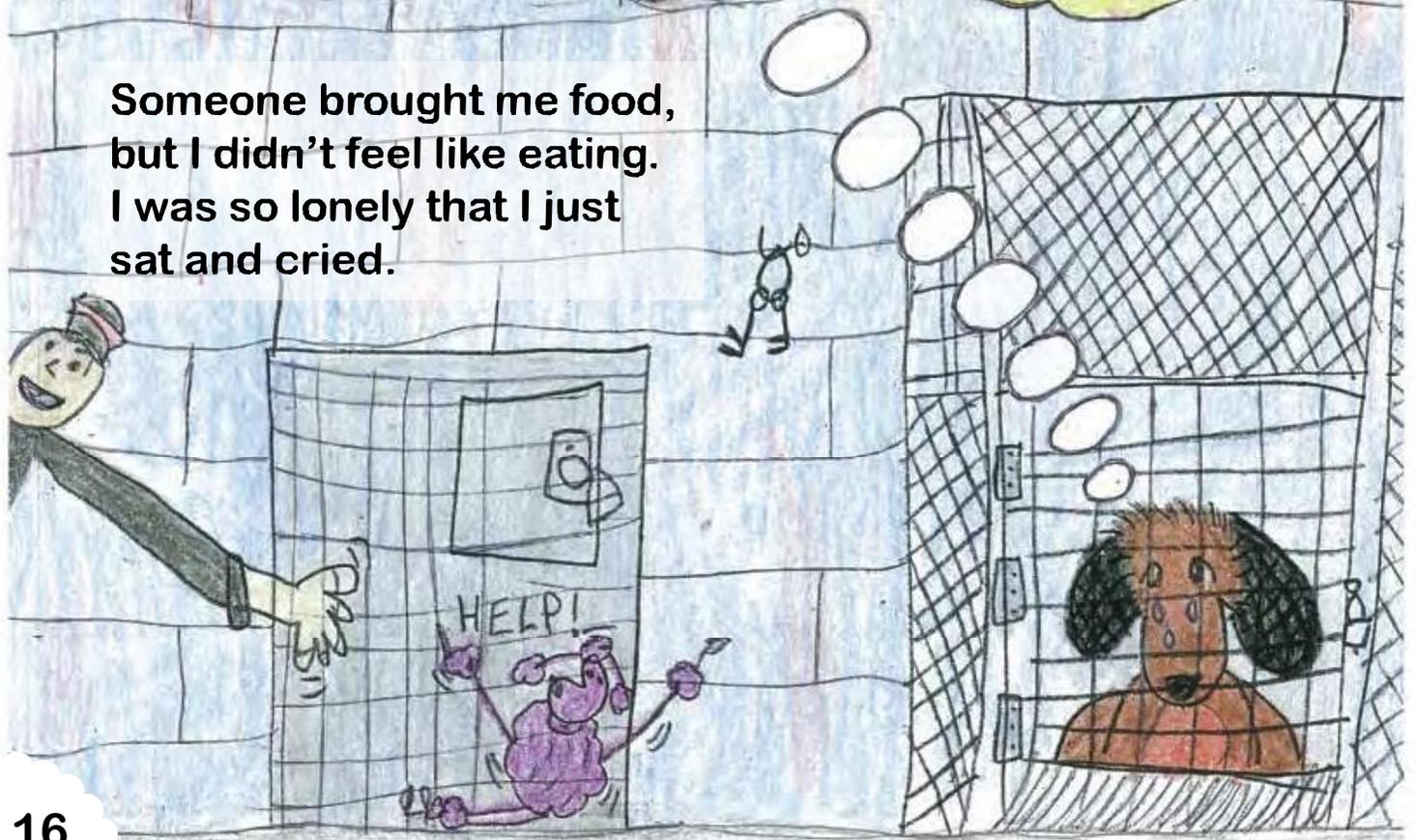
Was **I** really that much trouble?  
Who would ever want **me**?



My family took me to a **strange** place. I ended up in a cage all by myself. There were lots of other dogs around me and so much barking that my ears hurt!

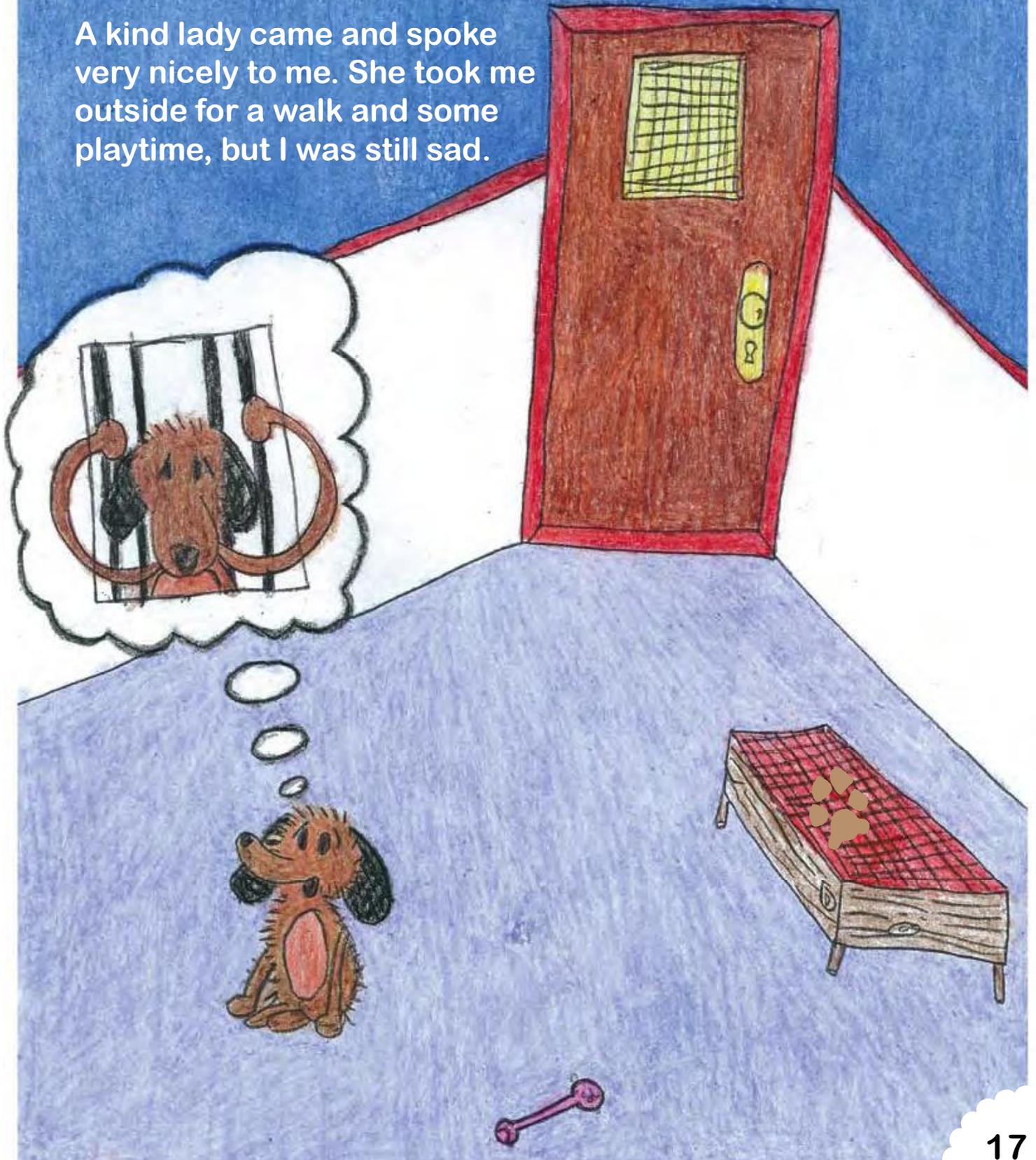


Someone brought me food, but I didn't feel like eating. I was so lonely that I just sat and cried.



After a while, I was given my own room. There was a big window, a comfortable bed, and a toy bone for me to chew on . . . but I still wasn't happy. It wasn't like a real home.

A kind lady came and spoke very nicely to me. She took me outside for a walk and some playtime, but I was still sad.



The next morning, I noticed a family peeking through the glass. Were they looking for a puppy to take home? I hoped so! I scampered over to the window and put my paws up on the ledge. The boy in the family looked right at me and smiled. I started to feel better and my tail began to wag.



MAX

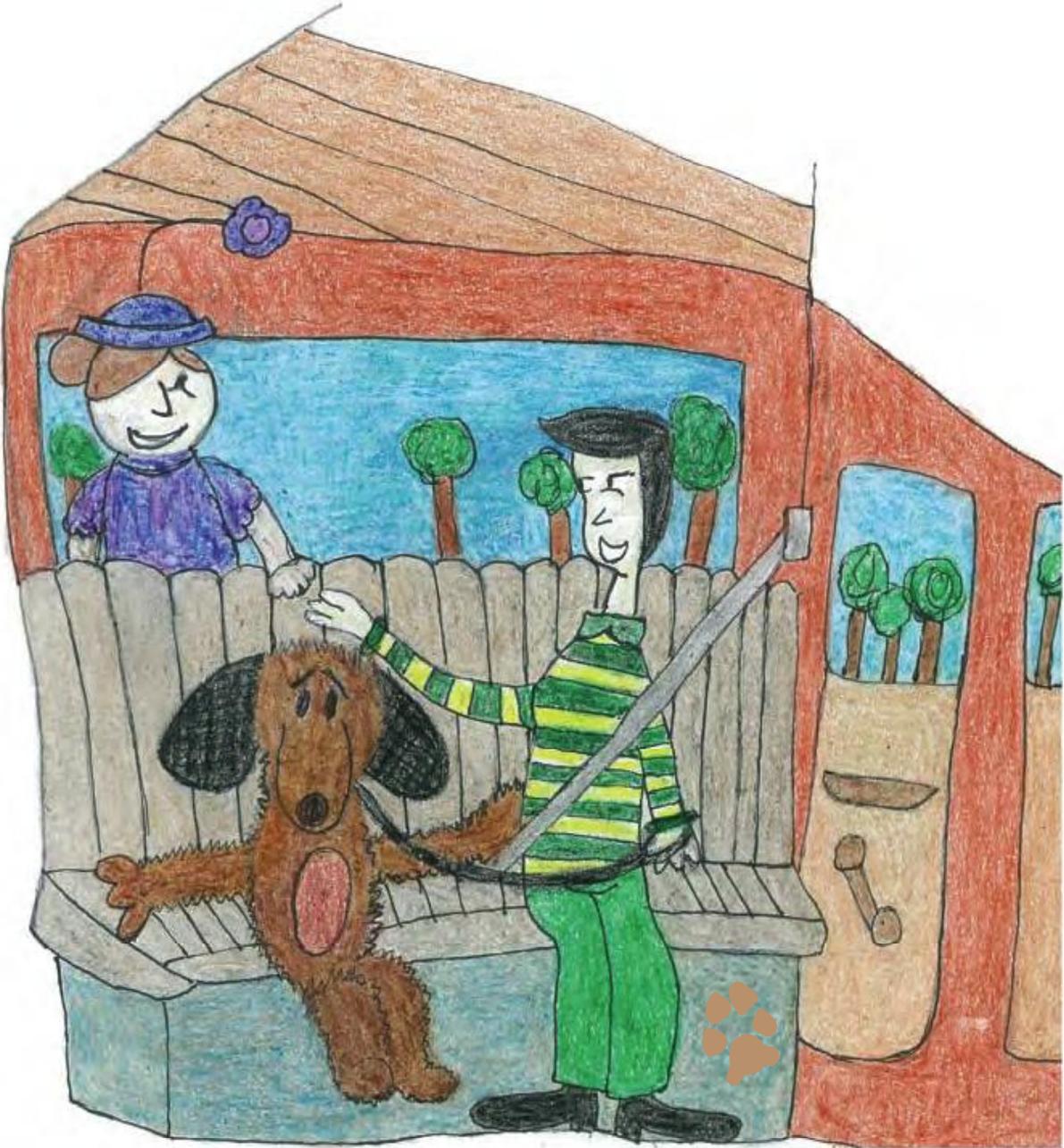
“Hey, Mom and Dad, why don’t we get **this** little puppy?” the boy asked hopefully. “The sign says his name is Max. He looks really smart. I think Haley would like him too.”

“Yes, Noah,” the mother agreed. “I think he might be a good dog for our family. He isn’t too big, and he seems to like us.”

The father added, “Let’s talk to one of the workers and find out more about this little fellow and whether he would be the right pet for us.”



Noah's family gave me a collar and a leash and took me home in their car that very day! When I got in the car, I cried because I was so nervous. Noah brought me closer to him and made sure I felt more comfortable.





On the first night at my new home, I was so excited that I made a **big** wet spot on the floor. I hid under the table. Would my family be mad at me?

