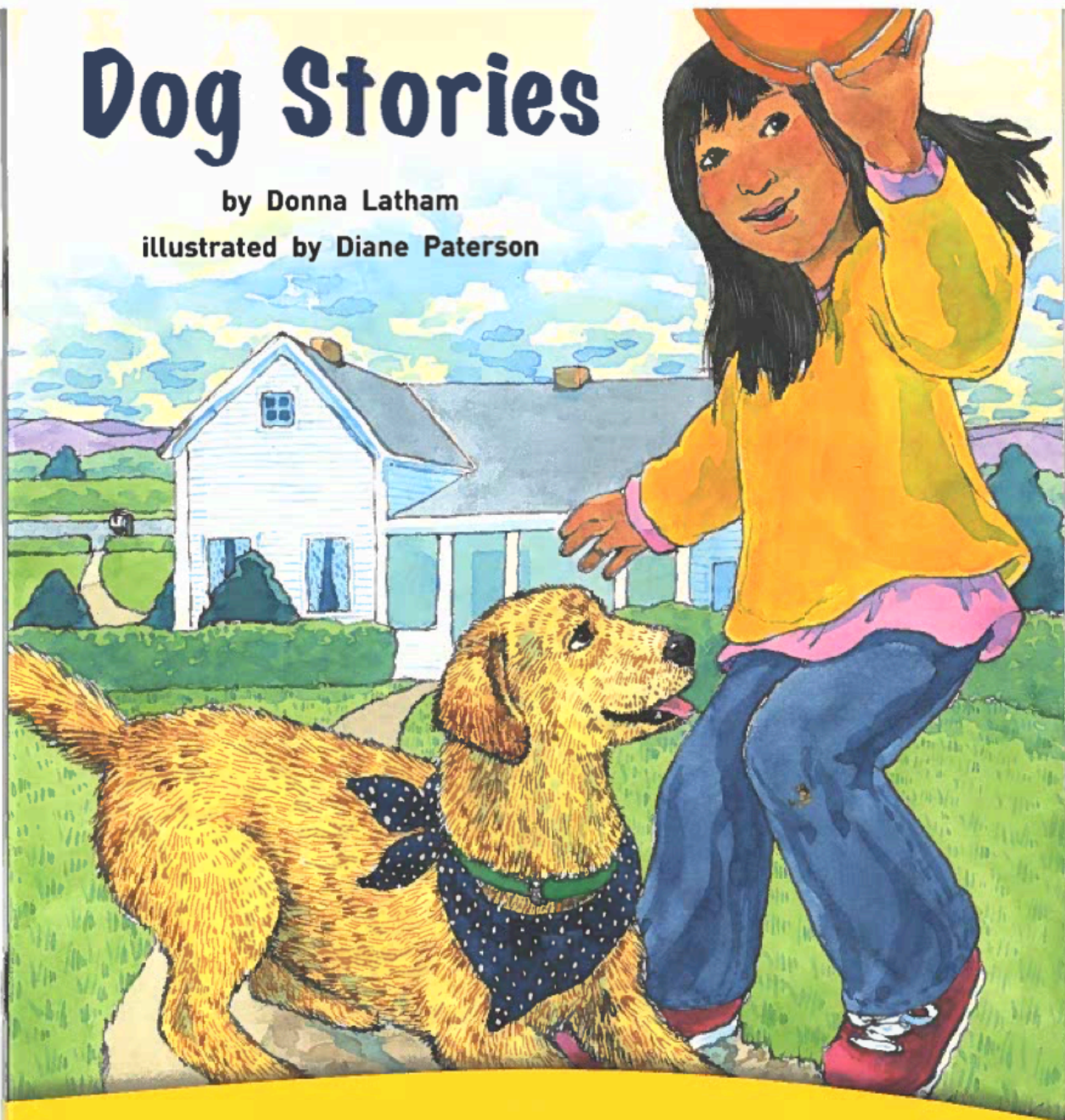


Dog Stories

by Donna Latham

illustrated by Diane Paterson



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RW 267

E 15

April was reading a book about a dog who rescued a man. She decided to write a letter to her favorite author, Julia Reed. She wanted the author to write a book about her dog, Golden Boy. Read to find out what happened.

Fountas and Pinnell Benchmark Assessment System 1

April Bailey was reading to her dog,
Golden Boy. Her voice got more excited as
she read the last few lines.





A hand popped out from under the snow. Jack was alive! And he was rescued—thanks to Roxy, his wonderful dog.

“Roxy to the Rescue is the best book ever!”

April told Golden Boy.

April was always having Big Ideas, and she had one right then and there.



"I'm going to write a letter to Julia Reed to tell her how much I love this book," April said.

"Who's Julia Reed?" her brother Scott asked.



“She’s my favorite author,” April said.
“All of her books are about dogs, right,
Golden Boy?”



April finished her letter and read it out loud. Golden Boy turned his head. He seemed to be listening.



November 8

Dear Ms. Reed,

Roxy to the Rescue is your best book yet!

I have a Lab named Golden Boy. He's super smart, and he is a super-sniffer!

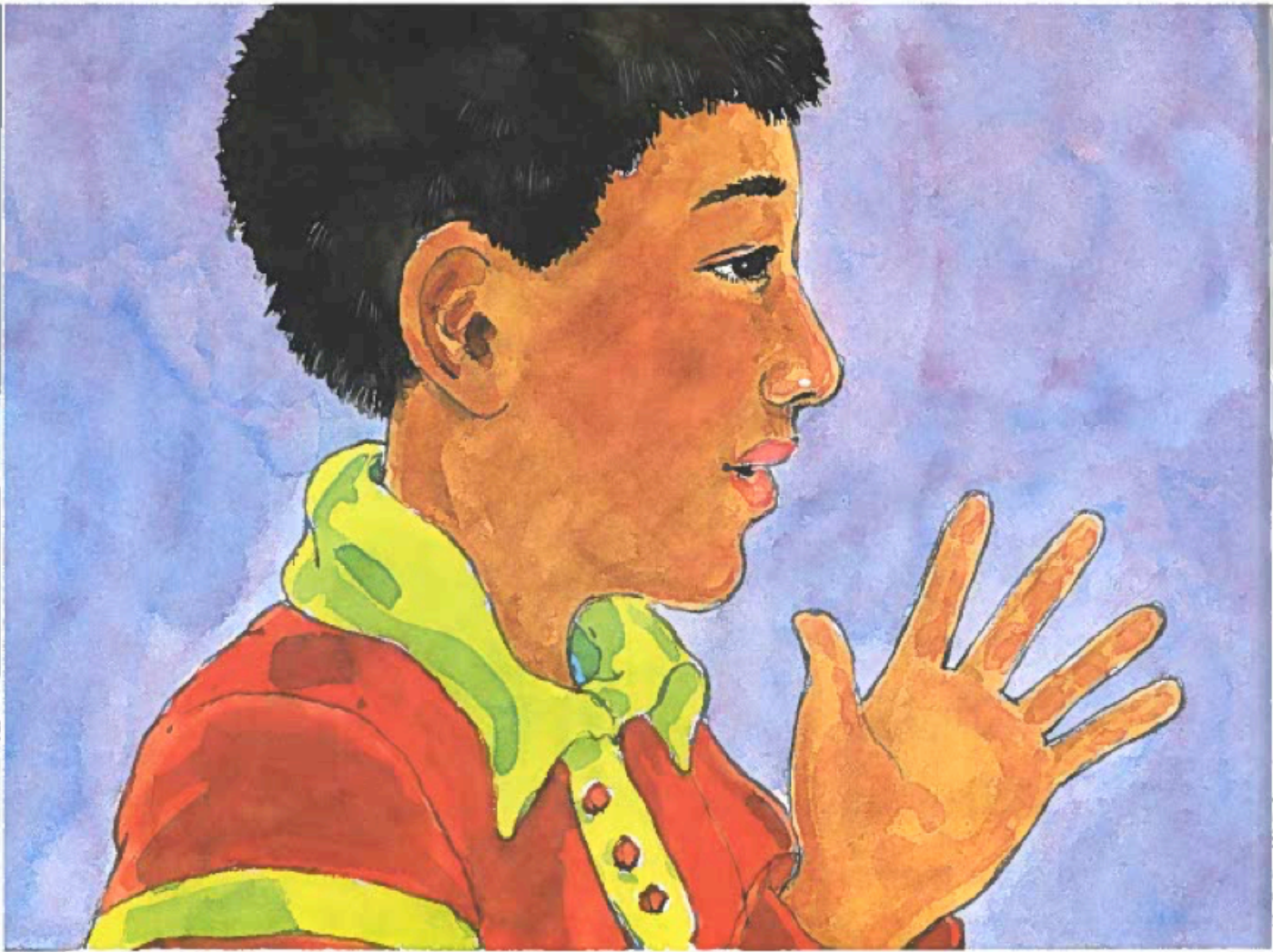
Please would you write about Golden Boy next? He would be a wonderful dog hero.



Your biggest fan,

April Bailey





April put a photograph of Golden Boy in the envelope, along with her letter.

“Hey, don’t get your hopes up,” warned Scott. “She may get a zillion letters a day.”

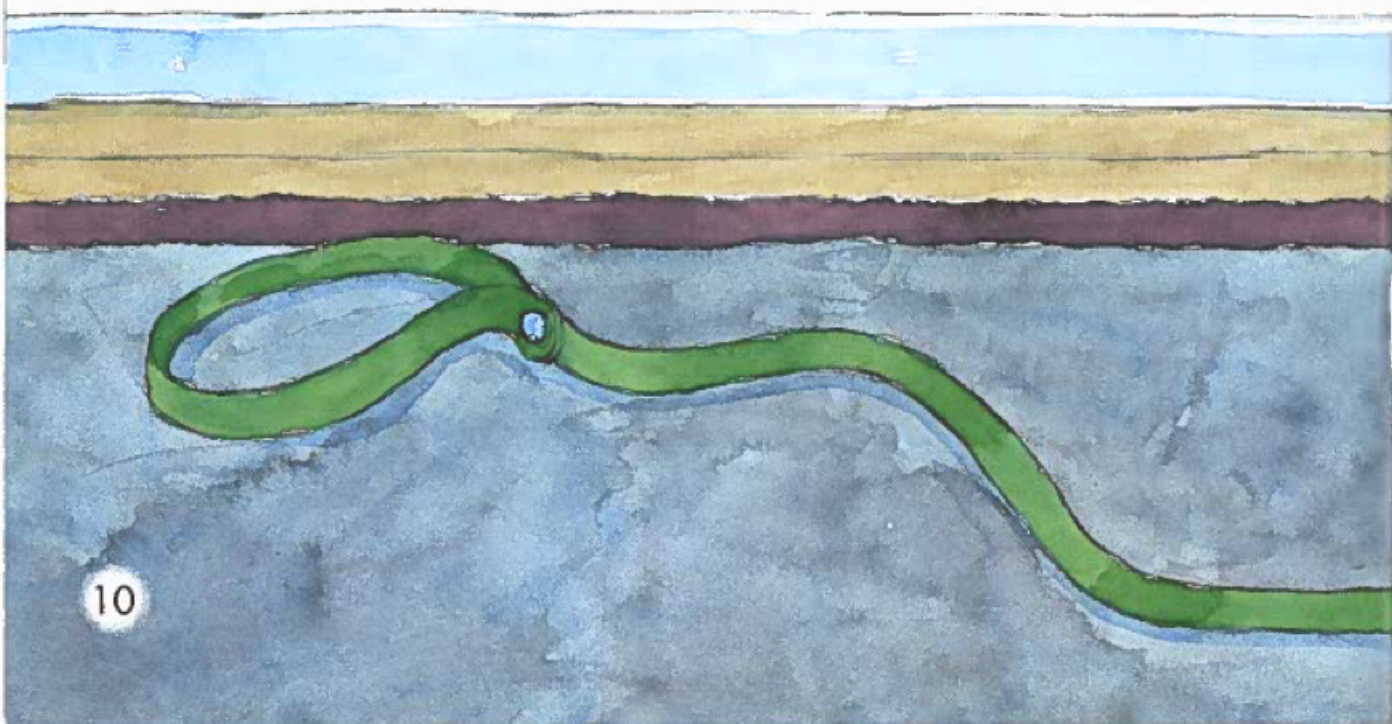


“I just know Julia Reed will answer me,”
April said. “She’s a dog lover, just like me.”

She stuck a stamp on the envelope. It
was a dog stamp, of course!

“Find your leash, Boy,” April told her dog. “Let’s go mail this letter.” Golden Boy put his nose to the floor, sniffing. Then he dove behind a chair. When he came back out, the missing leash was dangling from his mouth.

“That’s my super-sniffer!” April said. ■





Every day, April checked the mailbox. .
Every day, it was packed with magazines, bills,
and junk mail. But there was no letter from
Julia Reed.

Five weeks went by. No letter came.

“Don’t feel too bad,” said Scott.

“I suppose she’s busy,” April said. “But I still believe she’ll write to me.”



And the very next day, there was an envelope addressed to April in the mailbox. She tore it open.

Hi, April!

I'm in Alaska working on a new book, "Super Sled Dogs."

I am so glad you like my stories! Golden Boy looks like a very special dog. But my stories only work when I write about dogs that I know. Wish I knew Golden Boy!

Keep reading,

Julia Reed

P.S. Here's a picture of me with three sled dogs.





April was disappointed that Golden Boy would not be in a book after all. She watched as her dog sniffed and sniffed at Julia Reed's letter.

Then April had another Big Idea.

“Writing another letter?” Scott asked.

“No,” said April. “Julia Reed doesn’t know Golden Boy, so she can’t write about him. But I **do** know him. Look!”

