



PUPPIES on BOARD

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What was that noise?

Mollie listened closely to the familiar sounds of morning on the wharf. Water lapped against the hull of the boat, halyards slapped against masts, rubber bumpers squeaked, seagulls squawked and boat engines roared, but the strange snuffly sound was still there.

It could only be one thing!

Mollie tiptoed past her sleeping mother and peeked into the wheelhouse. Sheba was in her pen, where they had left her the night before. But the night before she hadn't been licking and nuzzling a heap of damp, squirming puppies! At first Mollie could count only four or five, but as Sheba cleaned each one, Mollie counted six, then seven, then eight, nine and finally TEN wriggling, noisy, hungry puppies.





Then Mollie noticed something else—a tiny scrap of scraggly black fur tucked into the far corner of the pen. Ever so carefully, Mollie reached in and scooped up puppy number eleven. He was too small and weak to compete with his brothers and sisters, but he fit snugly into Mollie’s cupped hands.

“I think I’ll call you Wilbur,” she whispered as she moved one of his greedy little brothers aside. “Eat your breakfast now, and don’t worry—I’ll look after you.”

