

The lost pet

Megan ran into the garden and stopped. She turned her head away from the wind. "Wait, Ben, what was that?" she asked.

Ben said, "I think it's a dog. It must be under the shed." Then a small red paw came up. "Oh, no," Megan said. "He's hurt. His paw is cut and it's getting dirty. We have to help him."

They lifted him up and went into the kitchen. Ben had to open it up with his key. "Mum's not home yet, what shall we do?" he said. "Take him to the vet?" "Let's get him cleaned up first," his older sister said.

The dog was a mess. He had dirt and sweat all over him. As Ben and Megan gently put him in the bath, he trembled. "I think he must be afraid," said Megan. They wet his head first. He let them do that. They spread a little soap on a soft cloth for his legs. But he was not ready for them to clean his paw. "That's okay boy, we'll let that go, then," Ben said.

Slowly, Megan wet his neck. She brushed back his fur and saw a gold tag, hanging by a thin thread. "That's it!" she said. "He's a pet. I'll bet this broke and he's lost." Ben rubbed the dog with an old shirt until he was soft and dry. Megan rang the owner. "She will be here in 10 minutes," she said.

"We don't have dog food. Shall we give him bread? Or eggs?" Ben asked. "No, they may make him sick. We had better just wait," Megan said.

The owner was so happy to see her pet. It had been a long day with him away. "We came to see my Dad yesterday. He lives in the next street over," she said.

"I left the gate open. I think he got lost. He didn't mean to run away. He's getting old and he is a little bit deaf. Thanks for helping him Megan and Ben."



She lifted him up and turned to go home.

Megan and Ben waved to their new friends.