

THE PUPPY PLACE

BITSY



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For all my music-loving friends

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“You can choose some biscuits for Buddy, too,” Mom said. She tousled his hair and smiled at him. “Just make sure they’re healthy ones. He shouldn’t be eating junk, either.”

Charles grinned. “He loves those salami sticks,” he said. “They’re his favorite.”

Now Mom rolled her eyes. “Junk,” she said. “Look for plain biscuits made with sweet potatoes or rice flour. He likes them just as much.”

It was true. Buddy didn’t seem to care very much what flavor or shape his treats were, as long as you kept them coming.

Buddy was Charles’s adorable brown puppy. Actually he belonged to the whole family, but Charles liked to think Buddy was mainly his. They definitely had a special bond. Buddy loved to cuddle with Charles on the couch or in bed. He loved it when Charles threw his ball for him in the backyard. And he was crazy about the way

Charles stroked the heart-shaped white spot on his chest.

Buddy had first arrived in Charles's life as a foster puppy, along with his doggy sisters and doggy mom. All four dogs needed new homes. As a foster family, the Petersons had taken in many puppies, caring for them just until they found the right forever home for each dog. Buddy was tiny, the runt of the litter, and Charles had fallen in love with him right away. So had the rest of the family. It didn't take the Petersons long to realize that they were the best forever family for Buddy. He had been with them ever since.

Charles headed for Aisle 5: pet food, treats, and toys. It was one of his favorite places in the store—much more interesting than, say, the canned goods. Another of his favorite places to browse was the ice-cream freezer, but Mom obviously wasn't in the mood to buy goodies today.

