



CHAPTER THREE

“He weighs nothing!” Kat exclaimed. “I feel like I’m holding a little bird!”

Grace hurried over. She gently stroked the puppy with the tips of her fingers. “Oh, he’s so tiny! And so soft!”

Maya held her hand alongside Cricket. “He’s not much longer than my whole hand,” she said.

Cricket loved all the attention. He sat quietly in Kat’s arms as the girls patted him. He almost

looked like he was outlined in black. His back and neck, and the top of his head and between his eyes, were black. The rest of him was a beautiful warm brown.

In a moment, Cricket began to squirm.

“Okay. Down you go,” said Kat.

When Cricket’s feet touched the floor, he raced over to investigate the shelves. Suddenly he noticed his leash on the first shelf. Curious, he poked his nose at it. The leash fell to the floor. Cricket backed away at once, his paws scrabbling on the floor. He yipped, once, twice, without taking his eyes off it.

Then, slowly, bravely, he approached the leash, yipping again.

“He’s very feisty,” said Maya, impressed.

Kat nodded. “That’s common with Yorkshire terriers. Actually, the breed comes from an area called Yorkshire, which is in northern England. There used to be a lot of coal mines there and



Yorkshire terriers were really good at chasing rats out of the mines and mills. Even though the Yorkies were small, they would stand up to the fiercest, biggest rats.”

Maya grinned at Kat. “Thank you, *Dog Breeds of the World*.”

That was Kat’s favourite book of all time. She had probably read *Dog Breeds of the World* at least one hundred times, and she also spent hours reading about dogs on the Internet. She was trying to learn as much about dogs as she could.

Grace shivered. “Ugh. Rats.”

Cricket yipped again at the leash. Then he dashed toward it, pounced and grabbed it between his teeth. He began to shake it from side to side.

“Hey, you brave puppy!” cried Kat.

“You got it! You got that nasty old leash. But now you have to let go or you’ll ruin it.”

She crouched down beside Cricket and tried to pry the leash away. It was impossible.

