

Chapter 4

The Magic Pup



When Dan finishes his story, the family stops for lunch. They go into a cool lunch shop with lots of stuff. They are glad to do something else. “Lunch and shop, not bad,” says Mom.

When they get back into the RV, Dan asks,

“Now, who has a story to tell?”

“Well,” says Dad. “I do.”

“This should be good,” says Mom. “I’m all set for it, Dad. You tell good stories.”

“Is it fact or fantasy?” asks Sam.

“Well,” says Dad, “This story is fact with a bit of fantasy. When we were visiting the Magic Kingdom, I got to thinking about a dog I had. When I was ten, my mom and dad let me have a pup. I was ecstatic. This pup was magic.”

“Oh, Dad, I can tell this is fantasy,” says Dan.

“Just let me tell the story,” says Dad. It may be like Dan’s story - a riddle!

Dad Tells His Story

When I was I was a kid, I had to help my dad cut grass. I would clip the tall grass next to the house. One day as we cut the grass, this small pup trots up to me and begins to yap, yap, yap.

“Hi, pup, are you lost?” I say to the pup.

The Magic Pup

Quick as a wink, the pup runs to Dad and yaps at him. Dad bends down and pats the pup. When the pup trots back to me, I pat him, too. Then he trots back to Dad. He sticks with us, as we do our jobs. As we go into the house, the pup trots in with us.

“Where did you get that dog?” asks my mom.

“He is like a magic rabbit in a hat,” I say. “He just pops up out of nowhere.”

“He must be lost,” says Mom. “We must find his home.”

We call the vet and the cops and ask a lot of people. No one has lost a dog.

When I go to bed, that pup hops up on the bed with me. Mom sees that the dog is content. She pats him, and the pup licks her hand. She likes him. She and Dad say I can have the dog.

Dad says, “Since the pup pops up like a magic rabbit, we could call him *Tricks*.”

“OK,” I say to my Dad, “I like that. We will