

people there thought their pets were very special, even the little creatures she chased and frightened on her walks.

Piper was at the end of her leash, and Mr. Duncan kept telling her to “settle down.” Piper sat down and tried to understand what was going on, but her head kept turning every which way, and her shiny black nose, pointed high in the air, twitched and twitched at the mixture of smells in the courtyard.

Somehow, Piper managed to wait her turn to be blessed. The minister laid his hands on her little black head, and said some words she didn’t understand, but the tone of his voice was gentle and kind, so she wasn’t afraid.

