

up in the back window of the cab, even though it was a tight squeeze after he was full grown. Besides going on all kinds of short shopping trips, they sometimes went to the mountains, or to a lake, and had a basket lunch. Scottie enjoyed exploring new territory, eating out, and meeting other people who seemed to enjoy meeting him. Boots gave Scottie the sniff-over when he got home because he had strange scents on him. The cat usually sneezed, and sauntered off, switching his tail as if to say, "I don't really care where you've been, dog!"

When Scottie was about 4-years-old, Mr. Stewart got sick. Scottie expected his daily walks and rides in the truck, but Mr. Stewart often stayed in bed, and Scottie tried to understand what his master said when he asked as nicely as a dog knew how for the usual routine to begin.

"I'm sorry, fella, not today. You'll have to play by yourself, or maybe Bessie will take you out later. You're such a good boy, Scottie." Mr. Stewart's voice kept getting fainter as the days went by. Scottie spent much of the time lying beside the bed with his head on his paws. He knew something was seriously wrong with his dear master. This situation went on for several weeks.

One day the ambulance came and some people put Mr. Stewart on a cart with wheels and took him away to the hospital. Just before they lifted him onto the gurney, Mr. Stewart gave Scottie a pat on his head, and told him