

volunteered to jaunt toward home, as though a surprise already awaited him.

The first day 10-year-old Casey came to visit with his folks, Scottie-Robbie was so happy to have a boy right in his very own house, he rolled over and did what Mrs. Macphee always called his “silly thing,” which was to lie on his back with all four feet in the air and a big smile on his face.

“He’s overjoyed to have a boy of his own, Casey,” Mrs. Macphee explained. “At least he’s going to think you’re his boy. You’ll have to come often to visit and play with Scottie-Robbie. He’s rather lonesome because not all of our visitors care about talking with him, and he’s a very sociable fellow. Other people’s dogs we meet are always on leashes and in a hurry to get on with their walks. There aren’t many children in our particular block either, so Scottie-Robbie will enjoy your special company very much.”

“He’s a cool dog, Grandma,” Casey replied. “It’s going to be fun to play with him when I come over here to visit.”

Scottie-Robbie beamed up his best white-toothed smile, and waited for the next words from Casey, which were, “Want to play toys, Scottie-Robbie?”

“I should tell you about a trick Scottie-Robbie already knew when he came to live with us, Casey,” Mrs. Macphee explained right away, “so you’ll be careful and not let him perform it. He will open doors,