

born to the Pet Shop. That was scary, too. He wanted his mother. He was so scared, he “stayed put.”

After a long bumpy ride, the pick-up truck turned into a drive-way and stopped. The name on the mail-box said, “R. J. Stewart.”

“I have to tell you, Scottie, you’re the smallest big surprise I ever got for Bessie, and she’s had a lot of birthdays! Come on. Let’s go meet your new ‘mom’ now.”

The gray-haired man scooped up the scrawny puppy in one of his big hands, and brought him out of the truck. He put the Scottie down in a grassy spot under an elm tree.

“We don’t want to start off with an accident on the rug, do we? Be a good boy now.”

The nervous puppy made a puddle right away, and ran back to the man’s feet.

“Good job! Now we can go into the house. Bessie! Where are you? I have something for your birthday!” Mr. Stewart called out. “Come and see!” He cradled the puppy close to his chest in one arm while he waited for his wife.

A kindly-faced woman wearing a faded apron appeared from the kitchen. Her husband grinned from ear to ear as his wife spied the tiny furry creature nestled comfortably in the crook of his arm.

“R. J.! Is that a puppy? You didn’t really buy a *puppy*! Robert! We’re too old to have a new pet!”