

CHAPTER 8

A Boy Of His Own

Scottie-Robbie liked just about everyone he met, but he was especially fond of children. He loved to walk by the schoolyard and watch the children playing. He sat at the fence around the school grounds as long as the Macphees would wait for him.

One day, as he was looking wistfully into the schoolyard full of children running every which way on the big soccer field, Mrs. MacPhee said to him,

“You really would like to have a boy of your own, wouldn’t you, Scottie-Robbie?”

Scottie-Robbie looked back over his shoulder at his people as if to say, yes, he surely would.

“Well, I’ll tell you a big secret now,” she went on. “You’re going to get a boy of your own soon. Our grandson and his folks are moving to our city, and are going to live close to us. You’ll be seeing Casey often, and I know you’ll be great friends. You’ll be playing soccer in your own backyard soon.”

Scottie-Robbie wagged his tail at the sound of excitement in Mrs. Macphee’s voice, and then