

Scout and Count

by Tawana Ross

illustrated by Philomena O'Neill



Scout sat on the couch when Dad came into the house. In his arms was a sweet brown and white pup.



"Miss Crown gave us this pup.
Will we keep him, Scout?"

"Wow!" said Scout. "Yes! Please,
let's keep him. He's so cute. He's a
sweet pup."



"What will we name him?" asked Dad. "How about Sprout?"

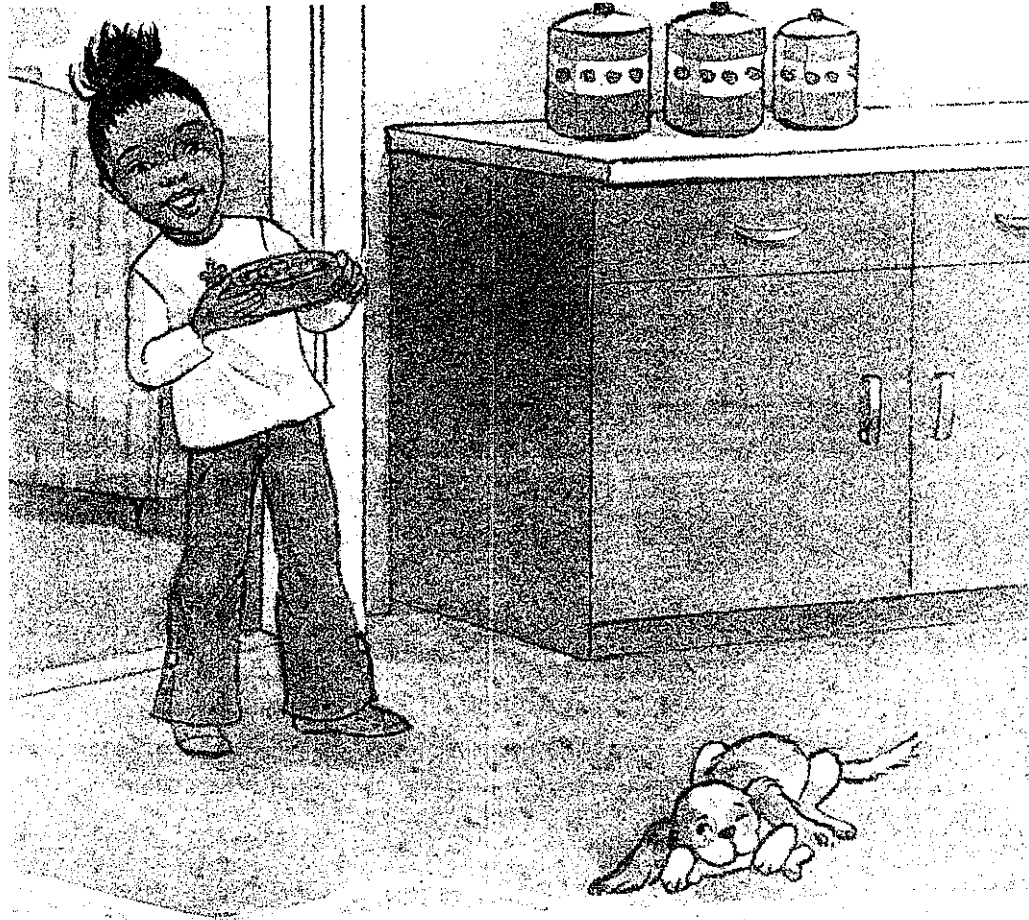
Scout frowned. Then she asked, "Can we name him Count?"

"Count is a good name," said Dad.



"Here, Count," Scout shouted as Count sniffed around his new house. Count did not come.

"I will teach Count myself," vowed Scout. "It will be like dog school!"



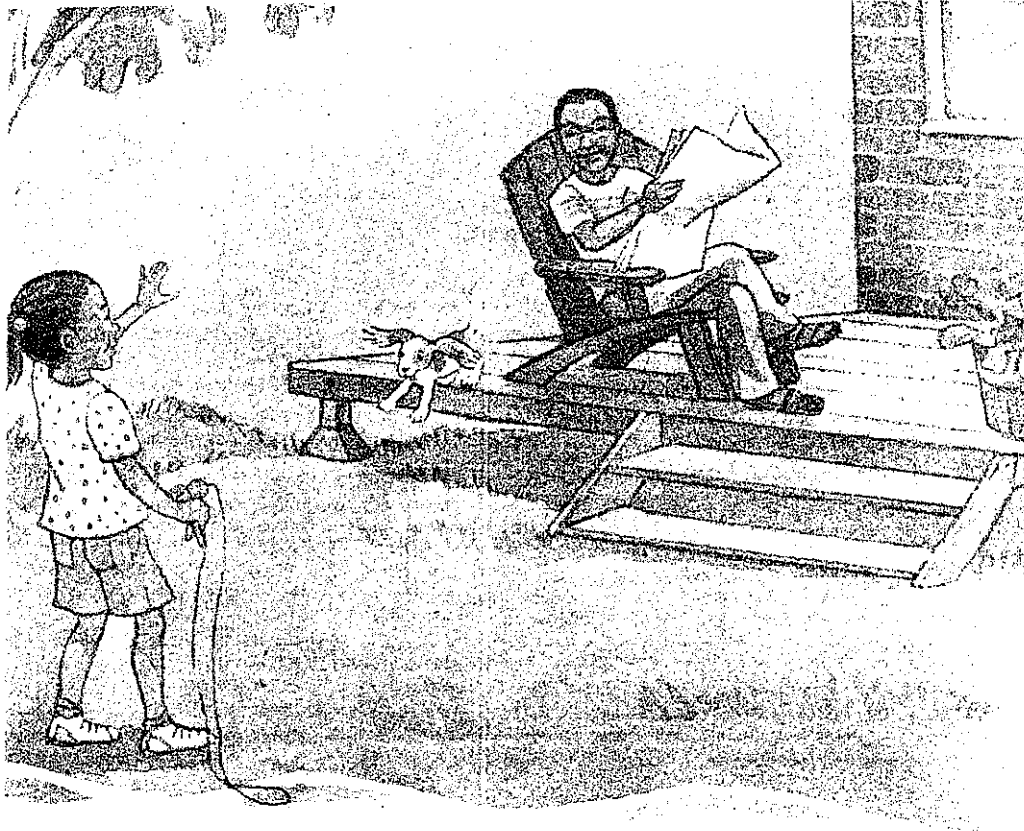
Scout found a bowl for food.
"Here, Count," shouted Scout.
Count did not come. So Scout
took that bowl to Count and fed him.
Count ate and ate.



Scout found a brush for Count's coat. Scout did not see Count.

"Here, Count," shouted Scout.

Count did not come to her. So Scout found Count, sat down, and brushed his coat.



One day, Scout played out in the yard. Count sat with Dad. Count and Dad sat on the deck.

"Here, Count," shouted Scout. Count jumped down off the deck and ran to Scout.



"Wow! Count knows his name now!" shouted Scout.

"Bow wow," barked Count.