

SECOND  
CHANCE  
*A Tale of Two Puppies*

*More praise for....*

**SECOND CHANCE**  
*A Tale of Two Puppies*

**“Judy Masrud gives good insight into two different adoptions with a surprisingly happy ending!”**

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**—DANETTE PHELPS, OBEDIENCE TRAINER,  
ON BEHALF OF MIDWEST BORDER COLLIE RESCUE**

# SECOND CHANCE

*A Tale of Two Puppies*

*By Judy Masrud  
Illustrated by Cathy Pool*



BIRDSEED BOOKS  
DALLAS, WI

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*To every kid who wants a dog and promises to take care of it.*





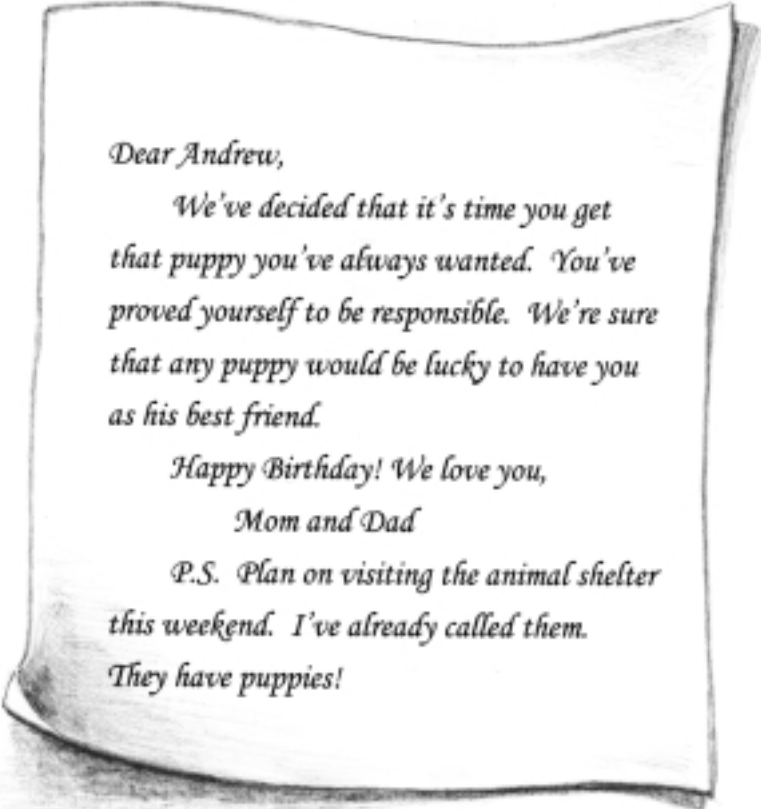
**A**ndrew Wilson had spent most of his life trying to talk his parents into getting a dog. He'd read every book he could find on the subject, and after school, he could often be found walking Caesar or Cleo, the beagles who lived next door.

Every dog in the neighborhood loved Andrew and was always excited to see him. That, of course, was why he was the first to be called for dog sitting if one of the neighbors went on vacation. But still, Andrew knew, dog sitting just wasn't the same as having your own dog.

On his tenth birthday, Andrew awoke from the warm sunshine streaming in through his bedroom window. He rolled over, opened one eye, and saw light glinting off a big, shiny blue package on the floor in the middle of his room.

Throwing back the covers, Andrew jumped out of bed and grabbed the package, pulled off the curly red ribbons, and tore it open. He turned the box over and shook it, causing a sudden flurry of styrofoam peanuts. Andrew hardly noticed, for there in front of him lay a bright red collar, a leather leash, and a small yellow envelope. He grabbed the envelope and immediately ripped it open.





*Dear Andrew,*

*We've decided that it's time you get that puppy you've always wanted. You've proved yourself to be responsible. We're sure that any puppy would be lucky to have you as his best friend.*

*Happy Birthday! We love you,  
Mom and Dad*

*P.S. Plan on visiting the animal shelter this weekend. I've already called them. They have puppies!*

**“Yes!” Andrew yelled, hugging the note. Grabbing the leash and the collar, he jumped up and ran from his bedroom, nearly tripping over the rug in the hallway in his hurry to get down the stairs to the kitchen.**

**His parents, setting breakfast on the table, laughed as Andrew, still in his pajamas, raced into the room. His sandy brown hair fell across his eyes as he rushed over to his mom and dad and threw his arms around them.**

**“Thank you, thank you, THANK YOU!” he cried.**



**W**elcome to the Franklin County Humane Society read the cheery white and blue sign in front of the animal shelter. As soon as Mrs. Wilson turned off the car, Andrew could hear the yips and squeals of excited puppies. He quickly opened the car door and ran toward the chain-link fence.

*My very own puppy!* he thought. *I can hardly believe it!*

Three months earlier, the puppies' mother, who was part Border collie, had been brought to the shelter as a stray. Her black fur was matted and crusted with dirt. Her paws were bleeding from cuts and sores. And, her belly was big. She was going to have puppies, very soon. Apparently, someone had dropped her off in the

countryside, foolishly thinking that she could find her way to a good home.

The staff at the animal shelter had tenderly cared for her. They fed her, treated her wounds, bathed her, and brushed her. They also had made a bed of soft blankets in the corner room, where she would later deliver her litter of seven puppies. No one could be sure what would happen with her. She was a sweet and beautiful dog, but it was always easier to find homes for puppies than for adult dogs. So far, five of those puppies had been adopted.

“Oh, Mom, look at him,” said Andrew, as he pointed at one of the puppies jumping up and down near the fence. “Look at his little white paws. I want to take him home!” He lifted the metal latch to open the gate and walked into the pen slowly, so he wouldn’t frighten the puppies.

“We call that one Boomer,” said one of the volunteers. “There’s nothing shy about that little fella.”



Andrew looked back at his mom, who had followed him into the pen, then slowly approached the puppy.

“Hi, Boomer,” he said at last. He knelt down on the grass and waited until Boomer was ready to come to him. Soon the puppy was sniffing and licking Andrew’s hand. Andrew then picked up the fluffy little pup and buried his face in its soft, thick fur. He looked up. “Isn’t he cute, Mom?” he whispered.

Mrs. Wilson smiled. “He’s *adorable*,” she said, reaching out to pet the squealing, squirming puppy. Andrew set Boomer on the ground and watched him run and play.

“You can fill out an application for adoption if you’d like to take Boomer home,” said the volunteer.

“Thanks,” said Andrew. “That’s *exactly* what I want to do!”



**L**ater that day, another family, the Smiths, arrived at the animal shelter. Matt had been pestering his mom and dad nearly every day since he'd seen the TV series about the great hero dogs.

“Please, can I get a puppy?” he had begged. “Please, *please?*” Matt had been determined to have his own hero dog. When Mr. and Mrs. Smith had finally become tired of Matt’s whining and begging, they gave in and promised him a puppy.

Matt saw the last of the litter, Chance, peeking out from behind the doghouse.

“Hi, Chance,” he said. “You’re gonna make a great hero dog!” Matt picked up the shy puppy

**while Mrs. Smith went into the office of the animal shelter to finish filling out the paperwork.**

