

Madeline Finn and the Shelter Dog



Lisa Papp



I ask Mom every single day.



In the morning.



In the evening.



Even when we're out.

And finally, she says yes!



“Hello, Madeline Finn,” Mrs. Dimple says when we arrive. “Your mom says you’re ready to pick out one of Bonnie’s puppies.”

“Yes, please,” I say. But first, I give Bonnie a big hug. “Hi, Bonnie!”

I’m so excited, I can’t decide which puppy to choose. “I love them all,” I tell Mom.

“Why don’t you see if someone picks you?” Mrs. Dimple asks. So I close my eyes and think of the name I picked for my puppy.

“Star,” I whisper, and the littlest one crawls right into my lap! *woof*, he says, real soft.

“It worked!” I say. “Is this how you chose Bonnie?”





“Not quite,” Mrs. Dimple says. “There are lots of ways to find animals. Do you know what a shelter is?”

I look at Mom.

“A shelter is a place where animals wait for good homes,” she says.

“Like a hotel?” I ask.

“Sort of,” Mrs. Dimple says. “Except the animals want homes where they can stay forever. They need forever homes.”

“How many animals are there?” I ask. “Do they have snakes?”

“It’s not a zoo,” Mrs. Dimple explains. “But there are lots of dogs and cats. I volunteer at the shelter. Bonnie comes too. Why don’t you join us sometime?”

“Can we, Mom?” I ask.

“We’d love to,” Mom says.

