

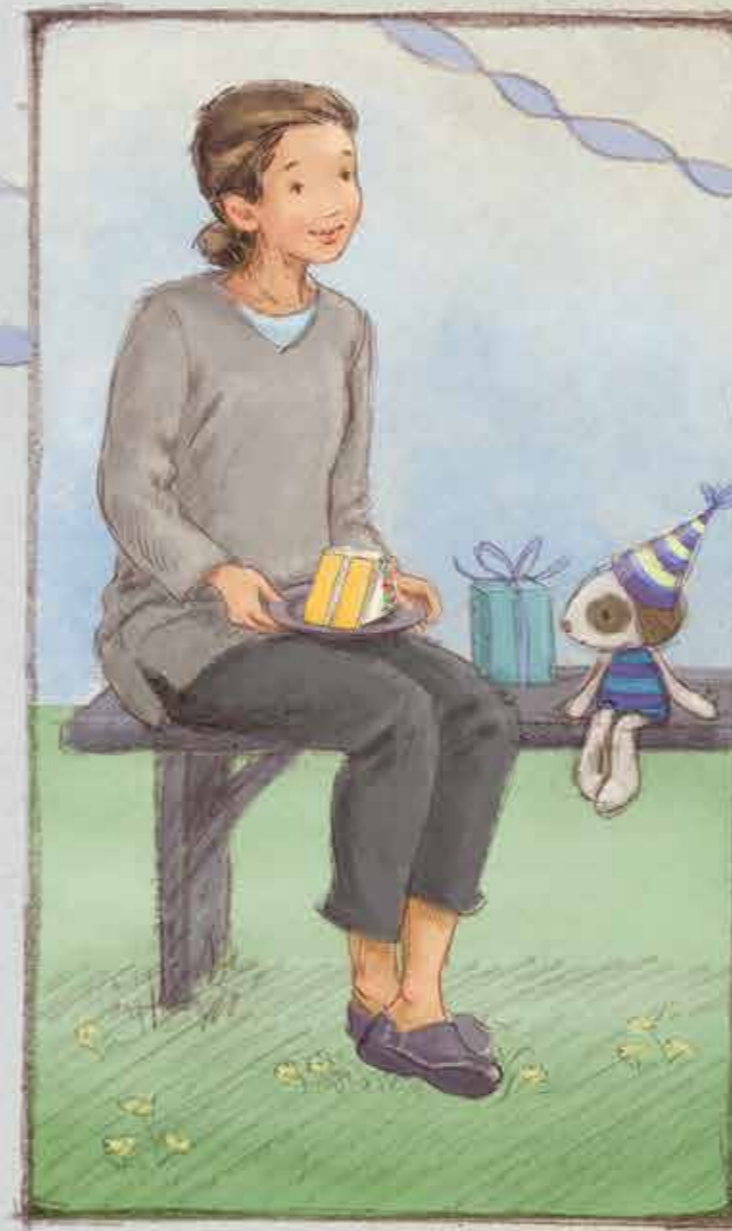
Madeline Finn and the Therapy Dog



Lisa Papp



“Happy Birthday, Star!”



“Is Star ready for his test tomorrow?” Mom asks.



“He sure is,” I say.
“We’ve been practicing.”

We practice meeting people.

“Hello, Madeline Finn,” the postman says.



We practice sitting still when a bike goes by.



We even practice meeting other dogs.



“You’re going to do great,” I tell Star.
“You’re going to make the best therapy dog ever.”





Star doesn't go to a school for his test. Instead, we drive to a place called Walker Oaks.

"Star will have three visits here," Mom says.

"You can do it, Star," I say. "Remember, it's your job to make people smile."

Mrs. Dimple and Bonnie are waiting for us.

"Is this where Bonnie passed her therapy dog test?" I ask Mrs. Dimple.

"It sure is," she says. "Lots of therapy dogs visit the people who live here. If Star passes his test, he can join them."

