



P e r d u

Richard Jones

The sky was dark, the wind howled, and so did Perdu.

Poor Perdu. A little lost dog, all alone,
with no place to call home and nothing
to call his own but an old red scarf.

Rain fell on his night-black coat, and the
grass was cold beneath his paws.

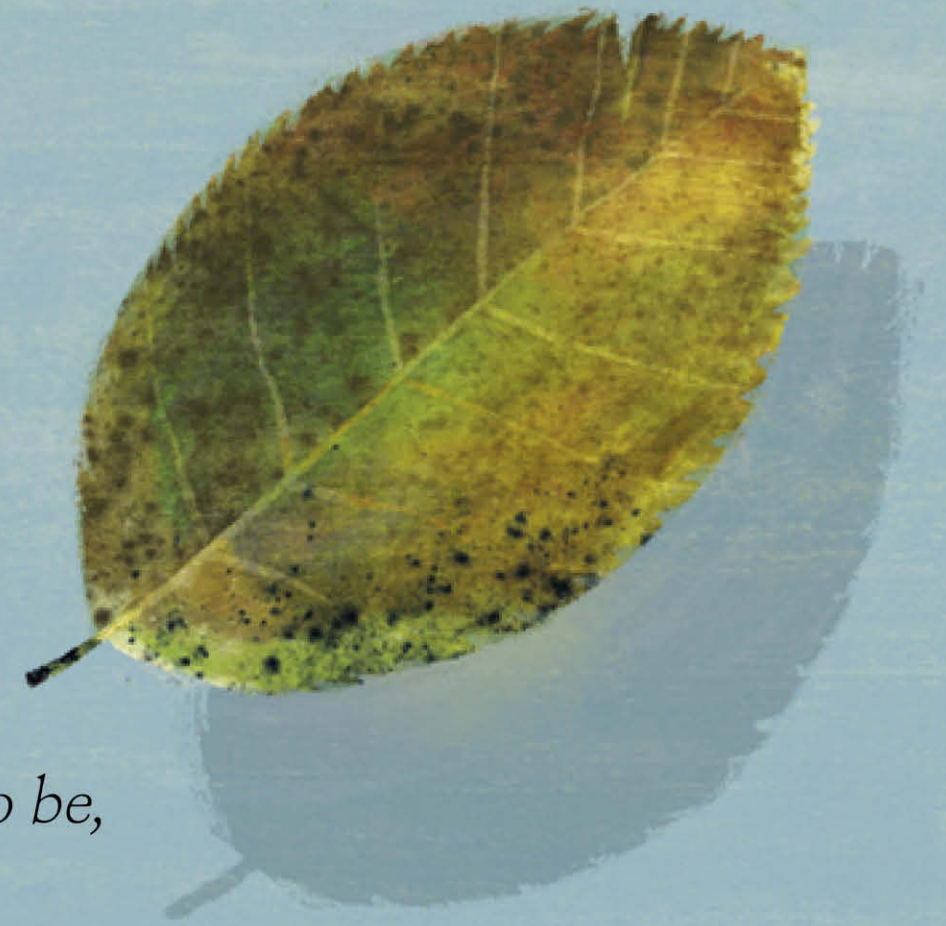


He watched a leaf tumble through the air



and land with a whispery tap on the water.

It danced in the current, spinning and turning as it floated away.



*That leaf has a place to be,
he thought.*

But what about me?



Perdu decided to follow the leaf as it sailed on
through the night—through fields and through
woods, through grass short and tall.

The night faded away, black became blue,
and the sun began to rise.