Paddy Waits Alone



John Parsons

Pat Reynolds

Nelson Literacy Directions

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CENGAGE Learning

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Reading Age: 8.1–8.3
Text Type: Narrative

Paddy Waits Alone

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Paddy Waits Alone

Written by John Parsons
Illustrated by Pat Reynolds

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Meet the Characters



Paddy

A loyal dog who lives on the wharf.



Jack Mountford

A night watchman who guards the wharf.



Mr Snell

Jack's boss on the wharf.



A Dog Ranger

A man who catches stray dogs.



The Workers

The men who work on and around the wharf.

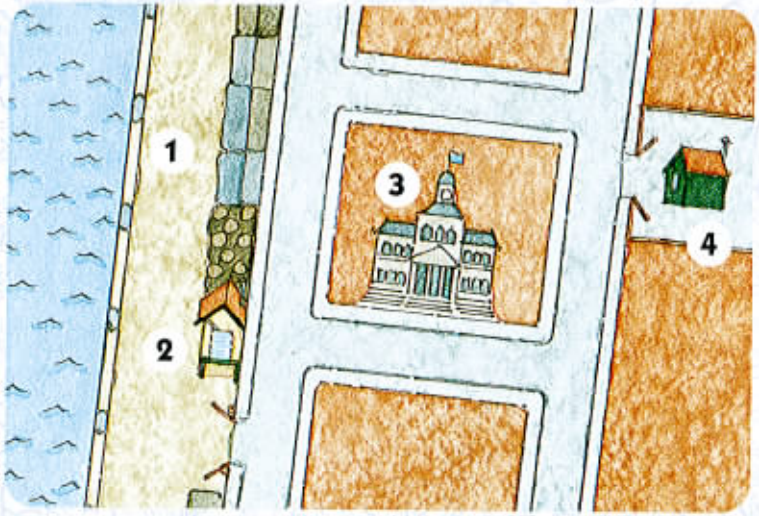
Dear Reader

The story of Paddy is a true story. Back in the 1930s, there really was a dog called Paddy who lived on the wharves in Wellington, New Zealand. Today, if you visit Wellington, you can still find a memorial for Paddy above a stone water bowl for dogs!

John Parsons
Author

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The Town



1. The wharf
2. The night watchman's shed
3. The town hall
4. The dog pound

1 On the Wharf

It was a dark night, with the moon hidden behind thick cloud. A cold wind shivered around the wharf. Rain hissed on roofs, and dark waves slapped against each other. Ships creaked and groaned as they rose and fell with the sea.

Yellow light spilled from the doorway of a shed at one end of the wharf. Inside, Jack Mountford huddled over a tiny coal stove to keep warm. A coffee pot steamed beside him. It was Jack's first night as night watchman, guarding the wharf. Even though it was lonely and cold, he was glad to have work. Jobs were not easy to find during the Great Depression of the 1930s.

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Suddenly, a gust of wind shook Jack's room, and the coal fire flickered. Outside, shadows danced on the wharf, and Jack stood up, instantly alert.

From the corner of his eye, he had seen something silently moving along the wharf! Who was there?

Jack's strong fingers wrapped around a heavy stick that he'd kept for this moment, just the thing to frighten off thieves or smugglers. Jack was tough, and he wasn't scared of a fight. That's why he had got this job.

Jack pulled his coat around his shoulders, and crept out into the rainy night. After his eyes adjusted to the

darkness, he peered along the line of ships tied to the wharf.

At first, he couldn't see anything. Then his heart skipped a beat. There, right at the end of the wharf, looking out to sea, sat a lone figure!

"Who's there?" Jack called out sternly. His fingers tightened around the stick he had hidden beneath his coat.

There was no answer.

"Who's there?" he called a second time. "No one is allowed on this wharf!"



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