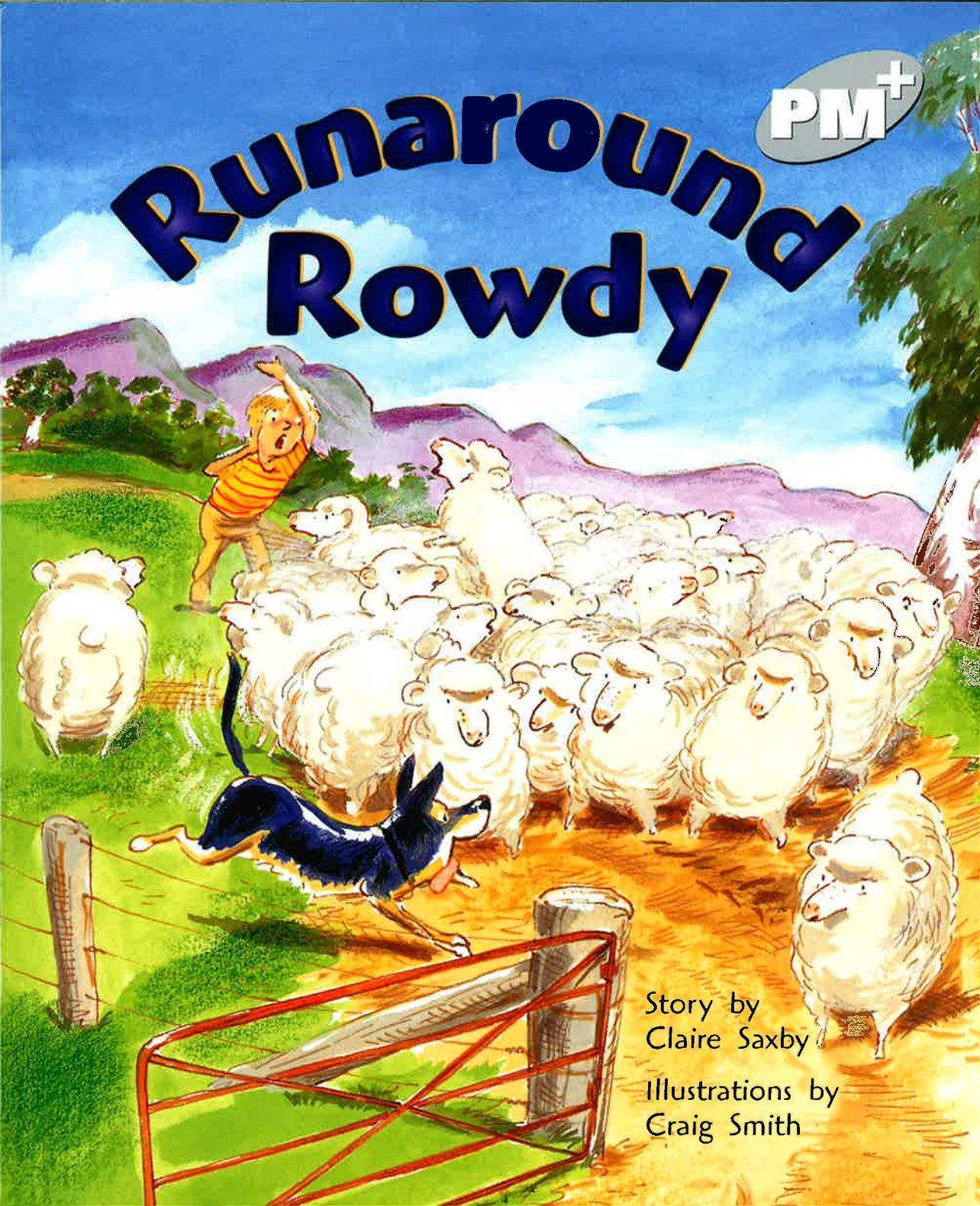
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Runaround Rowdy



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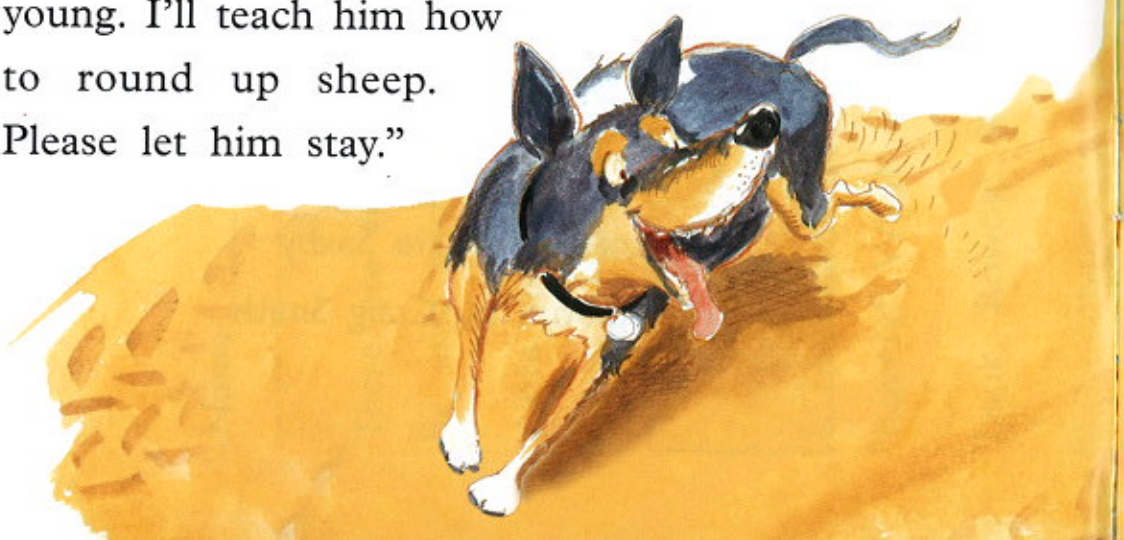
Dad slammed the tailgate of the truck shut. "That's it!" he said. "Rowdy has to go!"

"But Dad..." said Paul, as he and the two dogs, Buddy and Rowdy, followed Dad across the yard.

"No buts, Paul. Rowdy's just no good at rounding up sheep, and we can't afford to feed animals that don't work."

Dad sat on the woodbox outside the back door, and pulled off his boots. Rowdy jumped up at him and barked.

Paul looked anxiously at his father. "Dad, I know he'll get the idea soon. Rowdy's only young. I'll teach him how to round up sheep. Please let him stay."





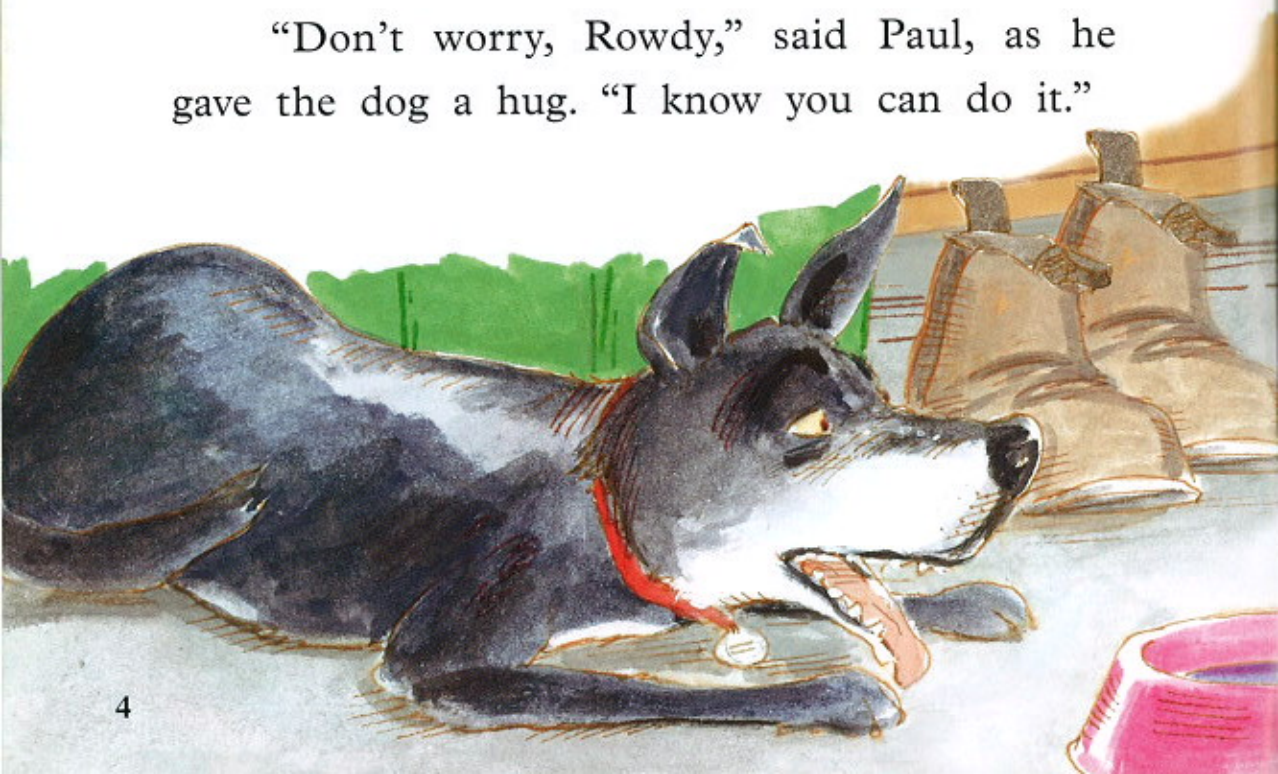
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Dad sighed. "Okay, you can work with him for the rest of this month. But if Rowdy isn't any better — and I mean lots better — he'll have to go. I paid enough money for him. He should be a champion!"

He frowned and added, "We'll just have to get another pup. What a waste of money and time, having to start all over again! Buddy was never this much trouble."

Dad stomped into the house.

"Don't worry, Rowdy," said Paul, as he gave the dog a hug. "I know you can do it."



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The next day after school, Paul took Rowdy out to the field where the sheep were. "Bring them in!" he called to Rowdy.

Paul pulled his arm back behind him, using the words and signals his father had taught him, but Rowdy wasn't interested. He just leaped all over Paul, barking and running around in circles.

"Look, Rowdy! Sheep!" shouted Paul. "You're supposed to push them to the end of the field and through the gate. Watch me!"

Paul ran around behind the sheep, waving his arms, and they trotted away from him and towards the open gate.

