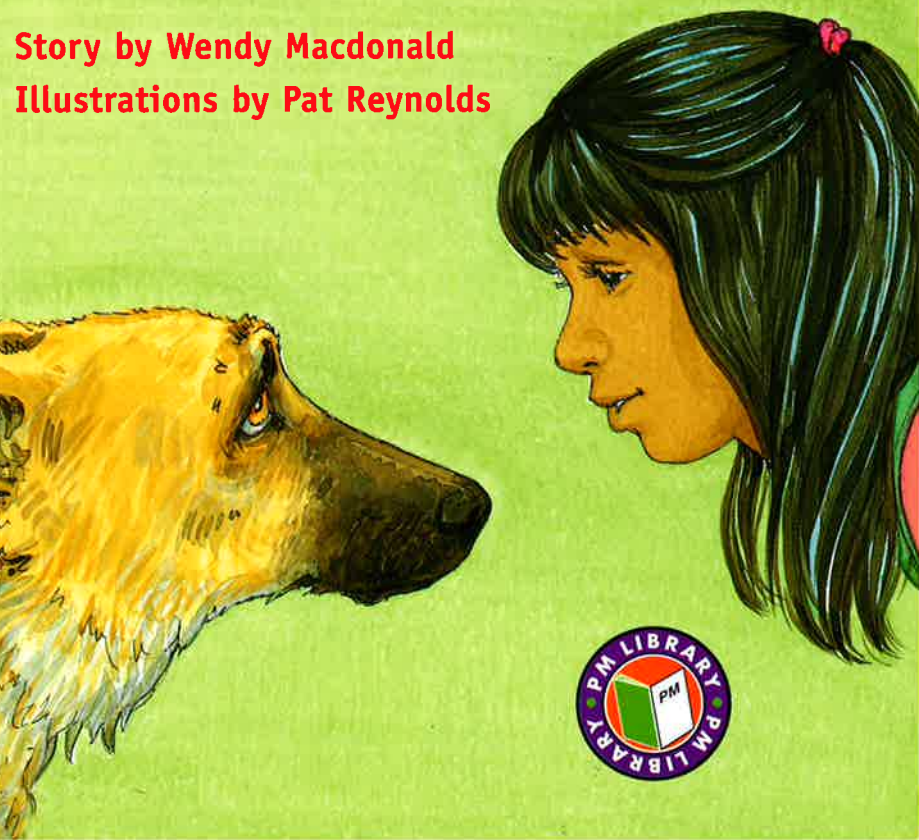
The Junkyard Dog

Story by Wendy Macdonald
Illustrations by Pat Reynolds



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Chapter 1

Prince



The first time I saw Prince, I was walking home from swimming.

I was taking a short cut across a strip of waste ground. At one end of this strip was an open concrete drain that I had to cross. At the other end was a junkyard full of old cars and rusty machinery with a wire fence all around it. From inside this fence came a growl: a low rumble that said, "Back off!" Then I saw the dog. His lips were drawn back in a snarl.

"Hello," I said timidly. "I'm Rachel. What's your name?"

I moved towards him but he barked so savagely that I stopped dead. He was thin and his coat looked rough and dull.

"They don't give you much to eat, do they?" I asked him. He growled again. "No," I said. "I thought not."



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That night we had T-bone steak for dinner, and after I'd cleared away my plate, I smuggled my bone out of the kitchen.

The next day, on my way to swimming, I pushed it through the fence. The dog snapped it in two with one bite.

"Poor thing," I said. "You must be so hungry."



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After that I took him our leftovers every time I went swimming. At first he growled at me, but soon he became quieter and even seemed pleased to see me. He wagged his tail when he saw me coming, and one day I felt brave enough to pat him through a hole in the fence.

"I'm going to call you Prince," I told him, and he licked my hand.



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Chapter 2

Stewart Rider



I took up swimming because I have asthma and the doctor said it might help. Every day when school was over, I went to the pool because we were training hard for the inter-club swimming sports. Our coach, Mr Shaw, thought we could win the girls' relay and I really wanted to make the team.

One day as I approached the junkyard, I heard barking and shouting and rattling.