



BOBBY AND THE PUPPY

by childbook.ai

Bobby was walking home from school when he heard tiny footsteps behind him. He turned around to see a small white and brown puppy trotting after him. The puppy wagged its tail and looked up at Bobby with hopeful eyes. Bobby knelt down and the puppy immediately licked his hand.



"You can't follow me home," Bobby said, but the puppy just tilted its head. Bobby looked around, but there was no one searching for a lost dog. The puppy whimpered softly and Bobby felt his heart melt. "Okay, just until we find your owner," he sighed.



Bobby's little brother Julian was thrilled when Bobby arrived with the puppy. "Can we keep him?" Julian asked, already hugging the basenji pup. Bobby shook his head firmly. "Someone must be missing him," Bobby explained, though he secretly wished they could.



Bobby and Julian made posters with a picture of the puppy. "Found: White and brown basenji puppy," Bobby wrote carefully. Julian added colorful stars around the edges. "We should check if he has a microchip," Bobby suggested.



The next day, Bobby and Julian hung posters all around the neighborhood. The puppy followed them happily, sniffing everything along the way. Bobby was starting to feel attached to the energetic little dog. Julian named the puppy "Scout" despite Bobby's warnings not to get too attached.



While hanging posters in the park, they met Bailee, a girl from Bobby's class. "What a cute puppy!" she exclaimed, petting Scout gently. Bailee offered to help them find the owner. "My mom works at the animal shelter," she explained proudly.



Bailee's mom checked Scout for a microchip at the shelter. "No chip," she announced after scanning him. She helped them file a found pet report. "If no one claims him in two weeks, you could adopt him," she suggested.



Days passed, and Bobby grew more attached to Scout. The puppy slept at the foot of his bed each night. Bobby taught Scout to sit and stay. Julian and Bobby took turns walking Scout around the neighborhood, secretly hoping no one would claim him.



A week later, Bobby's mom received a phone call. Someone had seen their poster and claimed to be Scout's owner. Bobby's heart sank as he heard the news. Julian burst into tears and hugged Scout tightly.



The owner was scheduled to come that afternoon. Bobby spent the morning playing with Scout, trying not to cry. Bailee came over to offer moral support. "You did the right thing," she reminded Bobby, though it didn't make him feel better.



When the doorbell rang, Bobby answered it with Scout in his arms. An elderly woman stood there, looking at Scout with tears in her eyes. "That's not my Pepper," she said sadly. "My dog has different markings." Bobby couldn't help feeling relieved.



Two weeks passed with no more calls about Scout. Bailee's mom helped Bobby's family officially adopt the puppy. "He chose you," she told Bobby with a smile. Bobby, Julian, and their new friend Scout couldn't have been happier.



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