

My Best Pet

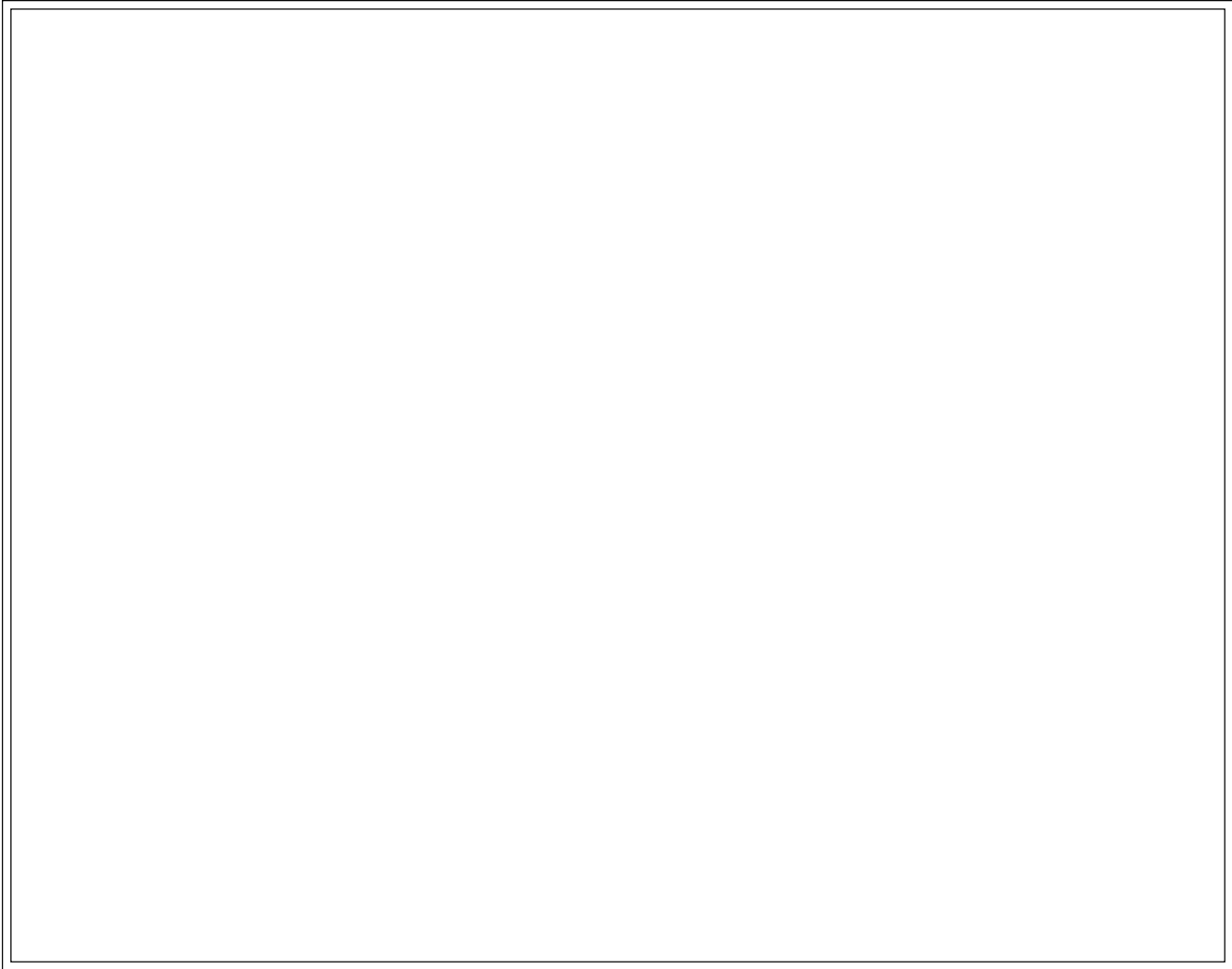


Dad let me have a pet dog.

His name is Buster.

**He is so big that I have to stand up to look
him in the face.**

**He sits by the door and waits for me to come
home.**

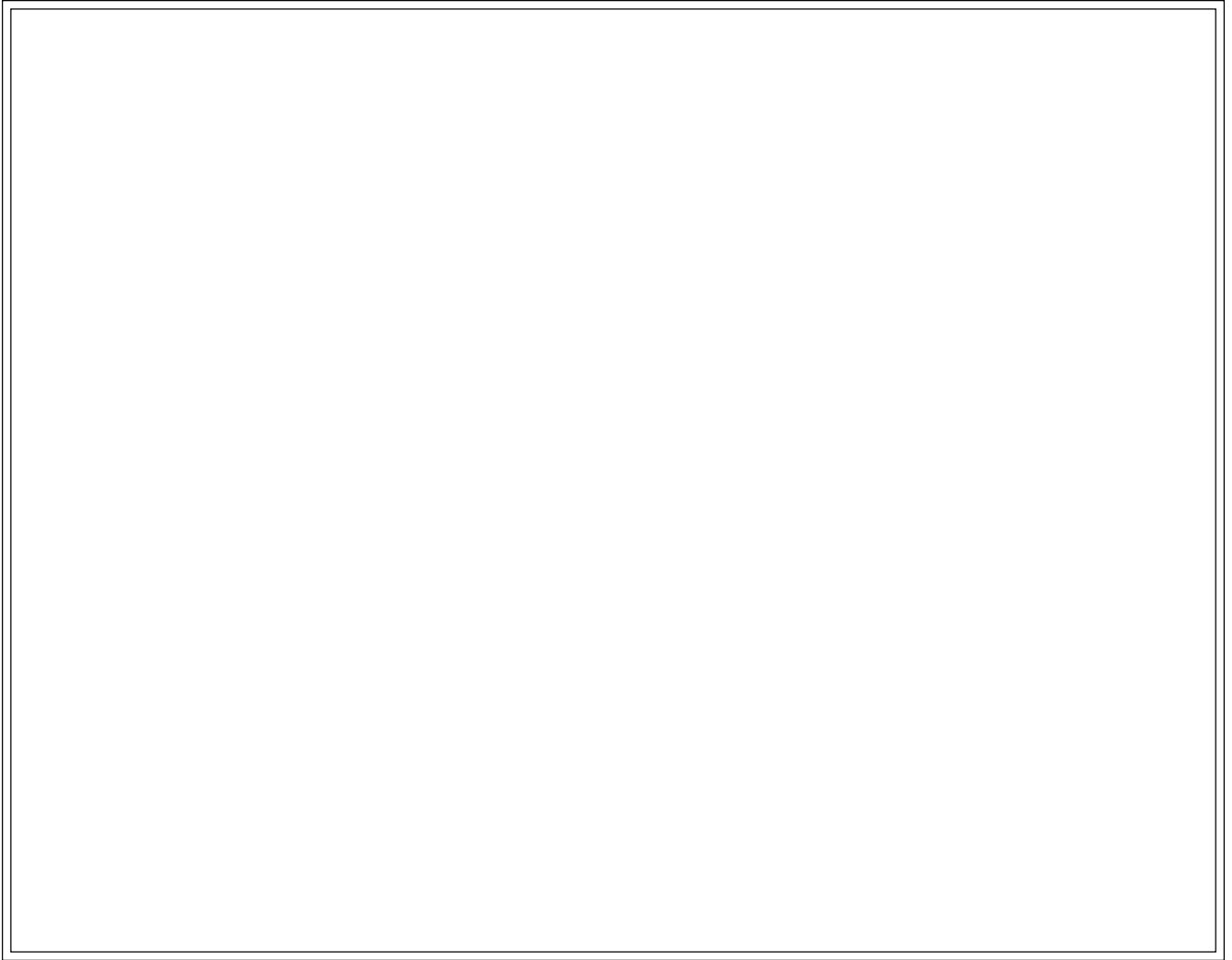


We romp and play on the grass.

I toss a stick for him to bring back to me.

Dad and I like to teach him tricks.

Buster's best trick is to sit up and beg.



He begs for food from my mom.

He begs for treats from my dad.

He even begs for me to let him out to run.

He likes to run after the cat in the next yard.



We must teach Buster to sit still and not jump.

This takes a lot of time.

But each day he gets better.

**Soon we can trust Buster to not jump on my
baby sister.**