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by Lois Duncan

In this passage Liz must find a home for a stray dog and her new puppies. She has a plan. But her plan is beginning to make someone feel uneasy.

"Thank goodness, it's Friday," Liz said. "This way I can spend all tomorrow over here getting them settled. Oh, Bruce, this is the most wonderful idea! Sadie and her puppies will think they're staying in a hotel!"

"Well, they had better not get too used to it," Bruce said. "As soon as the pups are old enough, we're going to find homes for every one of them and for Sadie too."

He spoke decisively to cover the fact that he was beginning to feel a little nervous. The idea had seemed so reasonable when it had first occurred to him: a vacant house with no one to tend it, four little dogs that needed a place to stay, so why not put them together for a few weeks?

The thing that was not reasonable was the way Liz was acting. In the day she had spent at home having her stomachache, she had formed a deep attachment for the group in the sewing closet. She had given them all names—Sadie for the mother and Tom, Dick, and Harry for the puppies—and she was acting as though she expected to be their mistress for the rest of her life.

"This is just an emergency thing, Liz," Bruce kept saying, as he followed her about. "This is somebody's else's property, even if they're not living here. We really shouldn't be using it at all."

"I know, I know." Liz's eyes were shining with excitement. "I think Sadie would like the pink bedroom at the front of the hotel, don't you? We can fix her a bed in one corner, and when the puppies start walking they can go exploring down the hall to the living room."

"By the time they can do that, they'll be ready to leave," Bruce said. "We should start right now trying to line up homes for them. Does your school have a bulletin board? You can pin up a sort of announcement—"

But Liz was gone again, hurrying through the kitchen to see if the faucets were working.

Liz was up at dawn the next morning and out of the house before anyone else was awake. Mrs. Walker discovered her room empty when she went to call her to breakfast.

"I can't understand it," she said in bewilderment, as she joined the rest of the family in the dining room. "Liz never gets up early if she can help it. Where in the world could she have disappeared to?"

"Perhaps she's gone to someone's house," Mr. Walker suggested. "She talks as though she had plenty of school friends she likes to play with."

"This early?" Mrs. Walker shook her head. "Nobody goes visiting before breakfast." She turned to Bruce. "Did