

1. THE LITTLE TRAMP



A little dog walked along the road.

A white dog with brown ears and a brown spot on his head.

It was a puppy.

But he was not happy.

He was hungry and there was nobody to take care of him.



The people with whom he had lived before had moved.

They now lived in a big town in an apartment building , some three stories high! The little dog had not been allowed to come along and was given to a neighbour.

But that neighbour had not been kind to him. He had often hit and kicked him. The poor little dog had run away and become a little tramp. Oh, how hungry he was!

He sniffed in garbage bags for food.

Sometimes big dogs bit him and chased him away.

And the worst was that some big, bad boys had even thrown rocks at him.



He still had a small spot which hurt where a rock had hit him on his soft fur.

For several weeks he had wandered around like this. His mouth was dirty and his legs were dirty too. He had become very skinny from hunger.

Now he was walking along a busy road at the edge of a town.

It was afternoon and the sun was shining.

No, he was not happy. His tummy was empty and growling for food.

He sniffed beside the rocks to hunt for food.

Oh, look! A bone lay at the corner of the street! It had fallen from the rag-and-bone man's wagon.

Quickly he ran toward it. What a delicious big bone. He sat down in the middle of the road and chewed on it.

There was no more meat left on it but it smelled so good.

The little dog did not think of danger.

He was just as foolish as some children who don't watch out on the road.

He just chewed on the bone.

Delicious.

All of a sudden a car came screeching around the corner.

The driver saw the little dog on the road, but it was too late.

He could not stop anymore.

The little tramp sprang quickly to the side, but the car still hit him.

The puppy rolled over three times and then lay still.

The car rode on.

Was the little dog dead? No, he was still alive.

Look, he moved.

Slowly he got up but fell down again.

His left ear was ripped open.



Blood was dripping from it.

His left hind leg was also broken.

Listen! Another car was coming.

The poor animal became scared.

Would he be hit again? He hopped to the side
of the road and crawled into the bushes.

There he lay.

His ear was bleeding and his leg was broken.

Poor animal!

Would he die?