

# LEARNING SUPPORT WORKSHEETS THAT REQUIRE KNOWLEDGE OF THE STORY

## ANSWERS FOR TEACHERS

### ANIMAL ANTICS

If a worksheet does not appear in the list below, it is 'generic' in its requirements, calling on children's general basic skills, without specific reference to the story. In other words, a teacher will know what the correct answer is without having read the story at all.

### **BORIS, BONNIE AND GREEDY**

Boris and Bonnie were great friends; they lived together at 22 Rosebud Street. They went for walks, watched television; they had a nice, quiet life, just the two of them. One day Bonnie was out weeding the roses, and Bonnie watched the gate, when a black car turned into Rosebud Street, slowed down at number 26, opened its front door. Something fell out. The door slammed shut and the car sped away. It was a little brown pup. He was too dizzy to stand up. He tried to chase the car, but stumbled and whimpered against the gate of number 22. He saw Boris and said, "My name's Greedy, I just fell out of the car. What should I do?" "Sit by the road and wait, your people will come back for you sooner or later," Boris growled. A big tear spilled down his cheek. Bonnie scooped Greedy into her arms. "Oh, you poor little thing. Where did you come from sweet puppy?" Boris said he was just a drop-in, a drifter, a stray. Bonnie asked if he was lost and told Greedy that they would look after him until his owner came. Bonnie got him a bowl of milk. Greedy lapped up the milk eagerly. He wagged his tail and looked happily into Bonnie's face. Bonnie went back to weeding. Boris sat sulkily under the mango tree. He didn't want to look after the little visitor, or have him sharing his yard, milk, water, food. Or Bonnie. Things had been fine just the way they were. Bonnie wrote FOUND: ONE BROWN PUP on a piece of brown cardboard. Greedy was very happy. He barked at the birds in the birdbath. He growled at Bonnie's wheelbarrow. He chased lizards in the long grass. He chased a helicopter as it whirred overhead. He tried to catch the wind, rustling in the trees. He was a hungry pup who ate up his own dinner, Boris's leftovers and he dug up Boris's best bones when Boris wasn't looking. Bonnie was happy. Boris found it very hard to smile. "Grrrrmmmm!" Suddenly while Boris and Bonnie were watching TV, the picture faded. Bonnie turned it off. The old television was playing up. She went off to bed and sent the boys to their kennel. Boris checked the yard for burglars and curled up in his kennel. Greedy wanted Boris to tell him a bedtime story, but Boris said he didn't know any. Greedy sighed, put his head on his paws and said goodnight. Just before moonrise, Boris dreamed he was chasing the world's fastest cat, he made one last lunge for the cat before opening his eyes. Greedy was staring at curls of smoke drifting out Bonnie's front door. "What's this Boris? It prickles my nose and makes my eyes water." "It's smoke, and where there's smoke there's FIRE," barked Boris. He rushed to the lounge room window. Flames were coming from the television. He and barked and scratched wildly at the door. "Wake up Bonnie!" Smoke was getting

thicker and puffed out the crack around the windows. Boris put his head back and howled. He saw Bonnie sit up in her bed. Lights started to come on in the houses around. There were people everywhere, in pyjamas. Shouting. Sirens. Two big red fire trucks. Flashing lights. Men in big coats and helmets. Huge squirting hoses. It was all over quickly. Boris put his nose in Bonnie's shaking hand. "Oh Boris, if you hadn't woken me. You're so brave." She said. I told her it was Greedy. Bonnie stayed the night with neighbours. Boris dug a hole by the back fence, and dropped the sign in and covered it up. He decided that Bonnie needed the two of them to look after her. They curled up beside each other in the kennel. Boris told Greedy the story of how he almost caught the postman.

2. 2,6,1,4,5,3

5. yes, no, no, yes, yes

6. Boris buried the sign in the backyard because he didn't want Greedy to leave them.

### **MULTIPLYING MICE**

1. (c) (b) (c) (a) (b)

3. Mum decided to clean up Multi's cage.

She sucked up Multi by mistake.

She thought Multi was dead so she bought another mouse.

Dad picked up Multi and hid him in his pocket.

Mum washed the overalls in the washing machine.

Dad was horrified so he rushed to the pet shop.

4. I put his glass mouse house and put it in my bedroom. I made sure I put the lid on because we have a strange cat called Cleo. She doesn't even know she's a cat. She loves to cuddle up with my soft toys, and bring strange things into her basket.

On Monday I picked up Multi and his mouse house to go back to school. I said goodbye to my cat Cleo, who was curled up asleep in her cat basket. I could not believe it, curled up next to her were three other mice just like Multi, sleeping.

### **BILL AND THE KITTEN**

1. Bill was seven when he was given a kitten for his birthday. As far as the kitten was concerned she was given a Bill for her birthday, and it was her birthday most days of the week. They were both very pleased with their gifts. Bill made a lovely warm bed in the corner of his room for her out of a thick woolen jumper that was too small for him, and an old cane basket. That night she only stayed in the basket for a few minutes, then curled herself up in the middle of Bills back. She thought he made a wonderful warm cushion. She helped him get ready for school. Ambushed him on his way too and from the toilet. Climbed the shower curtain when he was in the shower. Chewed his laces

when he tried to tie up his shoes. Bill thought it was funny. The kitten thought she was being helpful. She tried to clean, more like rearrange his room while he was at school. She thought that his books would be easier to reach on the floor, rather than being stacked neatly in his bookcase. They played in the backyard together. The kitten liked to climb trees, she liked to climb to the top of the tallest tree and look rather worried. Bill didn't like climbing trees much, but she thought she had trained him to climb trees well after by the time he had rescued her four or five times. She also liked to hunt chickens and hens. From a very long distance, usually from deep inside a thick bush, she hunted Bill's five big healthy free-range hens every afternoon in the backyard. If they came too close, she remembered how she liked to climb trees! She helped Bill with his homework and reading. When she thought that he had done enough she would curl up right in the center of the book, or page he was writing on and go to sleep. One day Bill wasn't feeling too well. He didn't take much notice of his kitten. He came home from school early and went to sleep, so did the kitten, right in the centre of his back. Mum came in and took the kitten and her basket to the laundry. Bill didn't stir but the kitten was shocked and outraged. At her first opportunity she went back to Bill's room, well she thought it was her room, and found that the door was shut. She demanded and scratched at the door. Nobody came so she curled up and went to sleep. Early that evening mum came in to check on him and bring him his dinner, she didn't even notice the kitten slip into his room and disappear under the bed. She was surprised the next morning the kitten curled up sleeping in the middle of Bill's back again. They were so fast asleep; she decided not to disturb them. When he woke up he was feeling much better, and things returned to how they were. The kitten was pleased. They were both happy with their present!

2. 4, 3, 5, 2, 6, 1

5. yes, no, yes, yes, yes

6. The kitten liked to climb trees, she liked to climb to the top of the tallest tree and look rather worried. Bill didn't like climbing trees much, but she thought she had trained him to climb trees well after by the time he had rescued her four or five times.

### **KAFOOPS ZOO**

1. Mrs. Kafoops loved animals. She had a fish tank in the lounge room that she liked to watch instead of television. An elephant in the bathroom, which sucked up water in its trunk and sprayed it all over her when she wanted a shower; he also scrubbed her back with a scrubbing brush. A kangaroo in the laundry kept its pouch full of pegs, and hung the washing outside on the line whenever it was washed. A pig lived under the sink in the kitchen and ate all the scraps Mrs. Kafoops left on her plates. She didn't need a compost heap or rubbish bin. The pig ate everything. She had a snake which liked to curl up on her bed. It kept her warm in winter, and was much better than an electric blanket. The animals cost a lot of money to feed so Mrs. Kafoops had to go out to work. She found a job at the local zoo. She cleaned up after the zoo animals, scrubbed their cages and put in clean straw and food. She cleaned up after people that visited the zoo, picked up their rubbish, and calmed down the animals if people were mean to them. She

also had the very special job of polishing the “Don’t feed the animals” sign at the front of the zoo. It was very important that everyone could see it, and that they didn’t feed the animal peanuts or lollies. The zoo workers fed them every morning, and too much food would make them get sick or fat. When Mrs. Kafoops got home, she would have to clean up after her own animal. She was getting tired. Then she had the great idea of making her house into a private zoo, and then she would only have one zoo to clean up. She would make it free, and let people bring as much food as they wanted to feed her animals. She painted a big “Feed the animals” sign, and polished it everyday. Lots of people visited, and brought food for the animals. They loved handling and feeding the animals, and not having to pay, it meant they could come to the Kafoops Zoo as often as they liked. Children loved the snake on the bed. Mothers loved the kangaroo hanging out washing. Grandparents sat and watched the fish for hours. Little boys delighted in the pig in the kitchen. Dads wondered how they could get an elephant in their bathroom. Mrs. Kafoops didn’t have to go out and work anymore. The animals had plenty to eat. Everyone was happy.

2. yes, no, yes, no, no

5. zoo, cleaned, cages, feed, great, house, fed, work, happy

### **EXTRA LUCKY**

1. My dog died. He wasn’t sick or old. He just died. Mum gave me Lucky’s dinner. I went outside and called him but he didn’t come. He was around the back of the house. I thought he was having a nap, but he didn’t move. My sister Shari had followed me and asked what was wrong, “he’s dead,” I said. Mum didn’t believe us so she came out to have a look. Her eyes went wide. “He’s dead. Don’t worry Todd we’ll get another dog,” she said. I didn’t want another dog. Dad came home and we told him about Lucky, I asked him what killed him. It wasn’t fair, Lucky was my dog and he liked me best of all. Dad put his hand on my shoulder “I don’t know. Looks like he went to sleep and didn’t wake up. Don’t worry, we’ll get another dog.” “I don’t want another dog.” Mum said we’d have to bury him. “I’ll bury him, Lucky was my dog.” We chose a spot where Lucky liked to nap under the cherry tree. It was hard digging. With each shovel load, I thought about my dog. Dad put Lucky into the hole, Shari put flowers on top of him, I put his bowl in with him. I looked into the hole, it wasn’t Lucky, it was only his body. Shari sniffed “we’ve had lucky since Todd was little,” she was crying. Dad shoveled dirt back in. “Lucky always barked when someone came to the front door, he made me feel safe,” said mum. She hugged Shari. She was crying. Dad was crying. We all cried as dad patted the mound down. Grandma phoned; we all went inside. Mum told her about Lucky. Grandma wanted to talk to me. She asked me if I wanted a dog for my Birthday. I said no! Shari opened photo albums and we looked at photos of when lucky was a baby. I couldn’t remember him being a baby. We remembered how we saved Lucky from the pound, that’s how he got his name. It was good looking at albums. Mum said that Lucky was a lucky dog to have a family that loved him. When I went to bed, I took a photo of Lucky and I with me. I felt happy, but also sad looking at the photo. The next morning I woke up feeling sad, remembering that Lucky was dead. Shari came in

and said I didn't have to get another dog, and that the grown ups were just trying to cheer me up. Lucky wasn't there to bring the paper in for dad. Mum said she'd feel safer if she had dog around. I suggested that we should go to the pound and find a puppy that needed a home. Shari said that we should call him Extra because that's what he'd be, Extra Lucky if he came to live with us. So that's what we did. Little Extra came to live with us, and I couldn't help but love him, he made me laugh, but that didn't mean I forgot Lucky.

2. no, yes, no, yes, no, yes

5. safe, paper, opened, pound, laugh

6. Shari opened photo albums and we looked at photos of when lucky was a baby. I couldn't remember him being a baby. We remembered how we saved Lucky from the pound, that's how he got his name. It was good looking at albums.

Little Extra came to live with us, and I couldn't help but love him, he made me laugh, but that didn't mean I forgot Lucky.

### **PRINCESS NIGHTMARE**

1. Todd was a friend but he was asking too much of our friendship when he asked me to look after Princess, his snake whilst he went on holidays. I promised I wouldn't let anything happen to her, whilst I crossed my fingers and toes, just in case. I didn't know what would happen if mum found her. I somehow had to keep it a secret. Next week was my Birthday. I couldn't wait, mum and dad said they'd buy me something special, and if I stayed out of trouble, I could have a party. I hadn't had a party since I turned five. I don't even know why I promised Todd, he was my best friend. I only pretended to like his huge slimy snake so he wouldn't make fun of me and call me a wuss. Princess gave me goose bumps and the thought of feeding, touching and taking care of the slithering snake made my stomach turn. I had never had a pet, as dad was allergic to anything with fur or feathers; they made him sneeze and cough. I didn't mind, pets seemed more like responsibility and hard work than fun. Mum joked that my little sister was the next best thing. Princess was long, slimy and unfriendly. If I had a pet, I'd want one that I could at least play with like a dog. Day 1. I found somewhere safe and cool for Princess, the washing machine. Perfect. Almost, until I saw mum heading to the laundry with a basket of washing. I offered to do it for her; she looked at me strangely then agreed. Day 2. I hid Princess in our bathroom. I didn't need to use it. Mum and dad had their own ensuite. I gave my sister \$5 not to take a bath. She looked at me strangely before agreeing. Day 3. The bathroom was out; I couldn't afford to bribe my sister. I almost forgot to feed princess. I watched her swallow some innocent little mice whole that Todd had left for her. I would never pretend to like her again. I decided the garden shed was a good place to hide Princess, until dad decided he wanted to mow for my party. "No! I'll do it." I yelled. He looked at me strangely before agreeing. A postcard from Todd saved my life. "PS. I need some spending money. Sell Princess and send me the cheque." I wasted no time putting an ad at the pet shop. "Surprise!" my

parents couldn't wait to wake me up on the morning of my Birthday. They said they wanted to get me something special, as I'd been eager to help around the house so much; and dad was allergic to nearly everything. Out of the box popped a flickering tongue, and two black beady eyes. "Princess!" I choked. They had been waiting for months to get the perfect pet for me, and the pet store had only phoned yesterday. She wrapped herself around me, smiling. Was she begging for another chance? She might not be the puppy I always wanted, but maybe I could train her to chase a ball. Just as long as she didn't swallow it – whole.

2. 4, 2, 5, 3, 1

5. (b) (b) (c)

### **WHO WILL SAVE FLUFFY?**

1. Fluffy the pussy cat had climbed up the tree and couldn't get down. She held on tight to the tree branch and looked at the ground below. Her owner Mrs. Parker was very worried. Along came a young boy called Tom who said he'd help save her. He leaped as high as he could again and again with his arms stretched high but he could not reach her. Along came Susan the postwoman. She put down her post bag and stood directly under the branch. "Jump Fluffy. I'll catch you," she said. Fluffy was too frightened to jump. Along came Brian the big strong garbage man. "I'll get Fluffy down," he said in his big man's voice. He put his hands on the big tree trunk, shook and shook it. It only made things worse, Fluffy held on tighter than ever. Everyone stood under the tree wondering what to do. Along came Mr. Lodge, and old man with a walking stick. No one thought that he would be able to help. He smiled and pulled a small can from his pocket. He pulled the top off and put it on the ground right under Fluffy. The sight and smell of sardines caught Fluffy's attention. Suddenly, she turned and scrambled down the tree. Soon she was safe on the ground happily eating all the sardines in the can. "Oh thank you," said Mrs. Parker "Such a nice man, and very clever as well."

2. 5, 4, 3, 1, 2

6. Along came Susan the postwoman. She put down her post bag and stood directly under the branch. "Jump Fluffy. I'll catch you," she said. Fluffy was too frightened to jump.

Along came Mr. Lodge, and old man with a walking stick. No one thought that he would be able to help. He smiled and pulled a small can from his pocket. He pulled the top off and put it on the ground right under Fluffy. The sight and smell of sardines caught Fluffy's attention.

## **TOFFEE IN TROUBLE**

1. On a cold Friday night in winter, someone left a puppy in Cliff Street. He sat on the footpath and waited. His soft, floppy ears flew backwards in the wind. His little body shivered in the cold. A long time passed. Nothing happened, except the puppy began to feel colder, frightened, hungry and very tired. Just as he yawned WHOOOSSHH!! A big and noisy truck thundered past. He gave a frightened yelp; he didn't know what it was. To him it looked like a big monster with flashing eyes. He scooted under a nearby gate. There was soft green grass under his paws instead of the hard footpath. He climbed up two steps onto a wooden verandah. There was a large mat at the front door. He felt safe there. He curled up on the mat and went to sleep. In the morning, Mrs. Marr opened the front door to let her big ginger cat out. The puppy jumped. The cat leapt over him. The puppy pounced. The cat scratched his nose. "Yip!" said the puppy. "Hiss!" said the cat. "No!" said Mrs. Marr. Emily came out with her little brother Jason to see what was wrong. "You bought a puppy!" she shrieked. Her mother told her that he had just turned up. Emily picked him up. He had a gold coat and brown eyes. He felt warm and soft in her hands. "You're very pretty, what's your name?" she said. He licked her hand. I'll call you Toffee. Mum makes toffee that's the same colour as your coat, and it's sweet like you. He seemed to like his name, he licked her hand again. Her mums said that he'd be too much trouble and that he'd bark too much and annoy her father. Her father worked at night and slept during the day. He saw the cat, and wriggled out of Emily's hands. He barked and chased it. "Come back! Toffee!" shouted Emily. The cat went over the fence like a yellow streak, Toffee squeezed under the gate. Toffee couldn't see the cat. He trotted along the footpath, and started to cross the road.

WHOOOSSSHH! The big noisy monster thundered past. Toffee yelped and scrambled back onto the footpath. Emily ran to him, followed by Mrs. Marr carrying Jason. "I told you, nothing but trouble. We'll take him to the RSPCA this afternoon and they'll find him a good home." Said Mrs. Marr. Emily felt like crying. As they passed a tree, they looked up and saw the cat lying on a branch sneering at him "Meow." Emily gave Toffee a big warm bowl of milk with cereal, which he slurped up without lifting his head. He had a milky moustache. She laughed and took him to the backyard to show him the new swimming pool. Mum said to be careful, it wouldn't be safe until dad finished putting the fence up. Emily picked up one of her father's practice golf balls and threw it across the lawn "Fetch." She said, and to her surprise, Toffee raced after it, picked it up in his mouth and brought it back. They did this a few more times, Emily threw again just her mother came out with a basket of washing. Toffee chased the ball; mum stumbled over him, and dropped all of the washing in the pool. Toffee thought it was a good game. He took a flying leap into the pool and snapped at a pair of undies floating past. Emily worried that he'd drown but mum's told her that dogs could swim. He knew what to do. Mum tried to help him out of the pool, but overbalanced, shrieked and fell in. "Go away," she spluttered as Toffee swam through the washing and licked her face. Mr. Marr woke to the noise, and came and helped them out. Mrs. Marr had had enough, and went to get changed to take Toffee to the RSPCA. Emily went upstairs and cried. From her window, she saw Jason toddle out to Toffee, who was lying beside the pool with his head in his paws. "Pup-pup," he said, and suddenly tripped and fell into the pool. "Mum," shouted Emily. "Toffee! Fetch!" she screamed and flew downstairs.

He understood. He jumped in and swam strongly to the boy. By the time Emily got there, Toffee held the back of Jason's t-shirt in his tiny teeth. He kept his head high, and kept Jason's face above water. Emily grabbed him. He was crying and shivering, but was alive. She plonked Jason on the grass. "Good boy Toffee," she whispered. Mr. Marr put the fence up that day. Mrs. Marr said nothing more about the RSPCA; instead, she dried Toffee with a big towel and hugged him many times.

2. 3, 6, 1, 5, 2, 4

### **PERCY AND CLAUDE**

1. Percy was sleeping peacefully in his kennel, when he awoke to see Claude the ginger cat walking by. Claude was trying to get into the house. He strolled up to the door and cried out "Rowrr. Let me in. LET ME IN." At first, nothing happened so he got louder. Finally, Mr. Topolov, who was half-asleep, opened the door in his wrinkled dressing gown and let Claude in. Percy watched from his kennel and thought how unfair it was that he was never allowed in the house. Mr. Topolov growled at Percy "Don't you even think about it, that cat is enough trouble as it is." Percy crawled back into his kennel. Meanwhile Claude strutted past with his tail in the air "See, I can get away with anything." Percy tried to ignore him and went back to sleep. The next morning Mr. Topolov brought out breakfast. He held dry chewy pet food in one hand, and a juicy bone with plenty of tender fat and meat still left on it. Both Percy and Claude eyed the bone off but Percy thought it was no use because Claude always got what he wanted. Percy got back to his kennel just in time to hear Mr. Topolov put the juicy bone into his plate. "You're a good dog, you deserve this," he said. Claude watched in horror as Mr. Topolov poured the dry chewy food into his bowl. "That's more than you're worth, you troublesome cat," said Mr. Topolov. Claude's tail was no longer in the air, and he didn't understand, he was used to always getting what he wanted. Percy had trouble talking with his mouth too full of delicious meat and fat "Not always, not always" he said finally.

2. dog, kennel  
cried  
few  
mumbled, fair  
bone  
Percy

6. Percy got back to his kennel just in time to hear Mr. Topolov put the juicy bone into his plate. "You're a good dog, you deserve this," he said. Claude watched in horror as Mr. Topolov poured the dry chewy food into his bowl. "That's more than you're worth, you troublesome cat," said Mr. Topolov. Claude's tail was no longer in the air, and he didn't understand, he was used to always getting what he wanted. Percy had trouble talking with his mouth too full of delicious meat and fat "Not always, not always" he said finally.

### **LITTLE DUCK WANTS TO PLAY**



1. Little duck was so bored “I wish I had someone to play with me on the pond,” He said. “I’ll play with you,” came a voice from behind. It was a big brown ugly baby otter. “No thanks,” said the little duck with his bill in the air. He walked away leaving the otter standing alone and sad. He decided to jump into the pond by himself, he thought that someone would come and join him when they saw how much fun he was having. Along came a peacock. He didn’t want to play with him, he said that he was too beautiful to look at and that he couldn’t afford to get his feathers wet. Along came a handsome white swan. He didn’t want to play either. He didn’t want to be seen with a mere duck. He went to find a pond somewhere else. The duck stopped splashing around. He sat silently with a sad look on his face. He was just about to cry when he heard a familiar voice, “I’d still like to play if I could.” It was the otter. Little duck’s heart leapt for joy. They splashed and splashed and had so much fun. “It’s all thanks to you,” the little duck said to the otter.

2. c, a, c, c

6. They splashed and splashed and had so much fun. “It’s all thanks to you,” the little duck said to the otter.

### **COOKIE, THE SHOE CHEWING DOG**

“Oh no! Not my new shoes.” Said mum as she hurried outside. I looked out, there were bits of leather scattered all over the lawn. Cookie, our one year old puppy was sneaking away to hide under the trampoline, as she always did after she’d chewed someone’s shoes. She was big, and big trouble. Mum didn’t like her, she had been trouble since they brought her home. She’d dug holes in mum’s beautiful palm gardens, chewed plastic hose nozzles on the taps, chased the lizards up the trees and barked at the neighbour’s dogs along the wire fence. The one thing that really got mum cranky was when cookie chewed shoes. The first shoes she chewed on were dad’s old rubber thongs. He said that she must just be teething, and needed something new to chew on. We got her some big bones from the butcher, which she loved to munch and crunch on. The second pair of shoes that we found in pieces was dad’s good leather sandals. He thought she just must be bored, and needed some new things to play with. We bought her lots of dog toys, and left plenty of empty plastic drink bottles around the yard. The next pair of shoes was my school shoes. Mum was VERY angry! “She just needs exercise, we need to take her for walks,” I said. So we took her for long walks. She was very hard to control; dad had to hold the leash very tight. Now mum was VERY, VERY mad! She chained cookie to the pole. Cookie looked sad. I wanted to sit with her, but I knew mum would be mad, so I picked up the pieces of her new leather shoes instead. I noticed that on each shoe one strap was still attached. I told mum that she could still wear them. She said that she couldn’t as they’d been chewed. Mum told Cookie off and went inside to phone the pound. “Mum, no!” I shouted. “Shush Ben.” Said mum and she continued to talk. I ran outside, took Cookie off the chain, jumped on my bike, and ran fast to the creek that ran along the back of our property. Cookie ran along beside me, with her long tongue flopping out. She loved going to the creek. I couldn’t bear the thought of her all lonely and frightened in the pound. I began to cry. We played there until it was nearly

dark, I thought it would be safe to take her home, and that dad would have talked her out of her horrible idea. On the way back Cookie played constantly. She ran through bushes, and jumped in and out of high grass and chased small lizards. She leapt and pranced like a gazelle to snap at the flying bugs that whizzed about. She had no idea that mum wanted to give her to the pound. My spirits lifted when I saw dad's car, then I saw another car that had a cage on the back of it, and a sign that said "MORRIS MUTT MANAGEMENT." My heart sank. To my horror, Cookie bounded straight up to the man, sat at his feet and wagged her tail madly. Mum and dad laughed. The man patted her, she thought it was all so much fun. "No Cookie! Come here." I yelled. "Ben what are you doing?" my father called. "Dad please don't let him take her to the pound, I'll do anything." I dropped my bike on the ground, threw myself down and wrapped my arms around her neck. She thought I was playing and got all boisterous and began to leap around in circles. She accidentally knocked me backwards. Just as she was about to pounce on me, the man shouted, "SIT." She stopped and looked at the man who was holding his hand out, and pointing his index finger. He said "Sit" again in a normal voice. I watched in amazement as she sat. The man walked over and patted her head, "good girl," he said. "Ben, this is Mr. Morris. He is going to help us train Cookie. He runs dog obedience classes." Within six weeks, Cookie was a different dog. She learnt to sit, stay, lie down and roll over all on command. And even better still, never again did she chew shoes.

2. yes, yes, no, no, yes, yes

5. She accidentally knocked me backwards. Just as she was about to pounce on me, the man shouted, "SIT." She stopped and looked at the man who was holding his hand out, and pointing his index finger. He said "Sit" again in a normal voice. I watched in amazement as she sat.