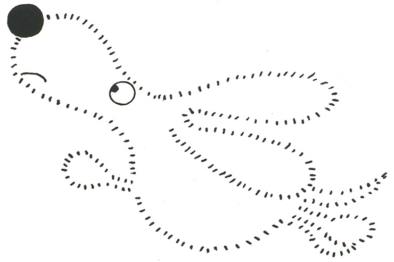


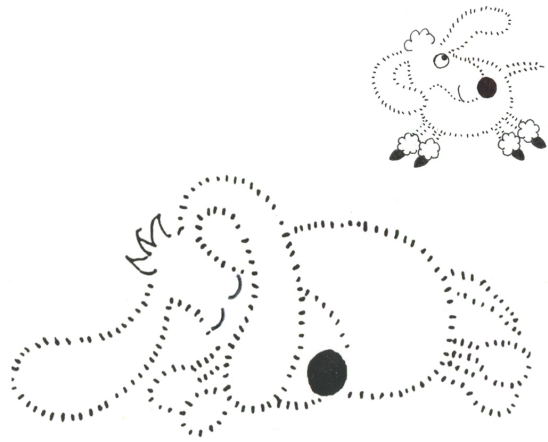
Spot

and the Dancing Star



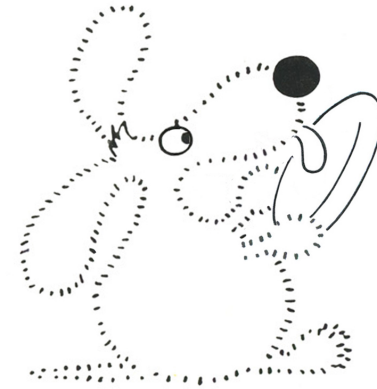
by Callie Raab

1



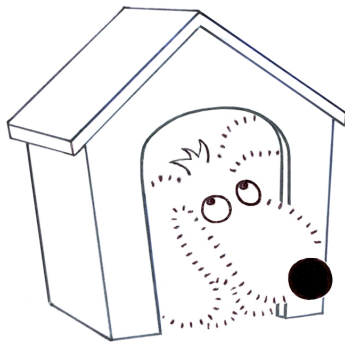
When Spot woke up dreaming of Coquette, he knew he wanted to give her a very special gift.

2



He dug up his favorite stick and chew toy and licked the dust off his Frisbee—but no, none of those would do. This had to be a gift like no other—something beautiful and rare.

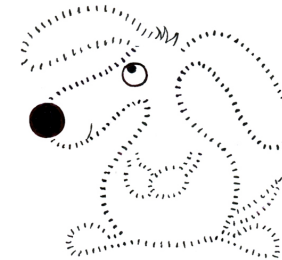
3



He thought and thought while the sun rose and shone, then disappeared behind a black cloud, which dropped rain all over and didn't blow past till evening.

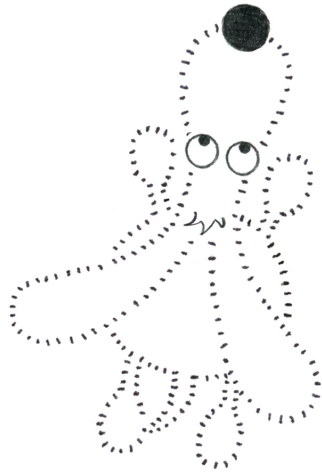
4

And when the stars winked in, twinkling above him like he'd never seen them twinkle before, he knew what his gift must be.



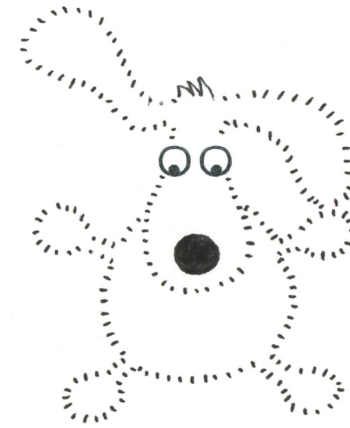
It was hard to choose, there were so many of them, but he finally did. He fixed on one that looked especially bright, crouched beneath it . . .

5



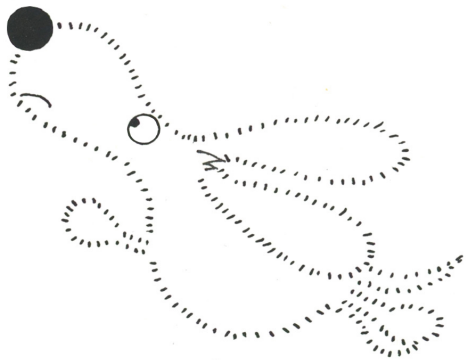
... and, with all his might, sprang into the sky.

6



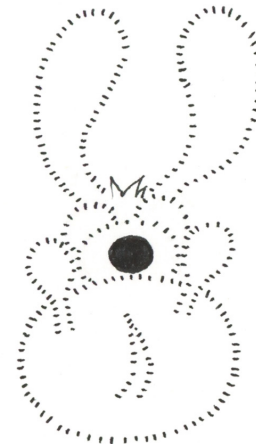
He missed it though, nipping nothing but air, and plopped to the ground with empty jaws.

7



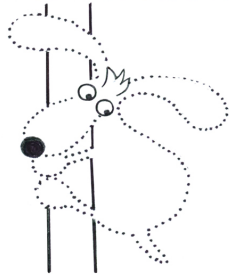
So he leapt off the porch ... the fence ... the shed ... higher and higher. But each time he did, the star seemed to fall farther away.

8

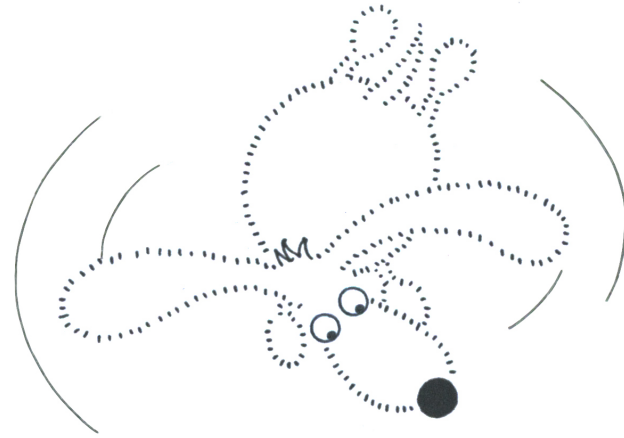


He just couldn't seem to sink his teeth into it.

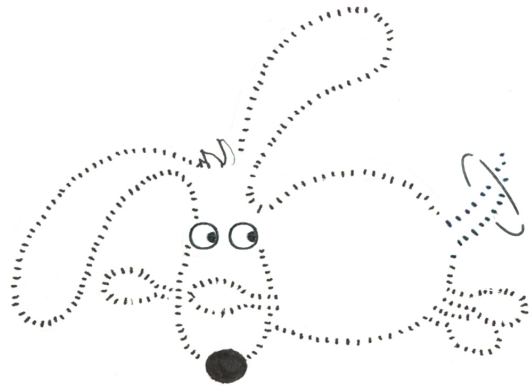
Maybe he shouldn't be so choosy, he thought—
one star was as pretty as another. He'd just open
his mouth wide and catch as many as he could—
and let Coquette take her pick.



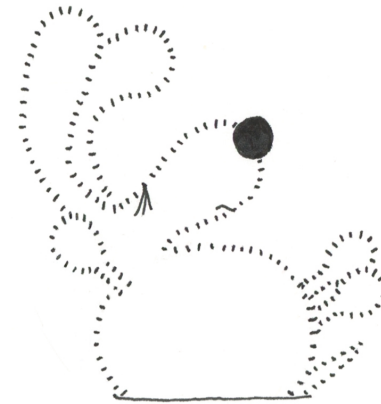
So he shinnied up a tree—and leaped again.



He tried to dash though the air . . . flap his
ears like wings . . .

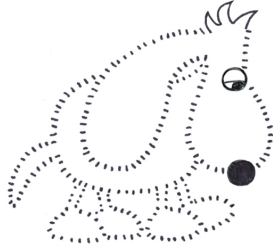


. . . twirl his tail like a propeller. . .

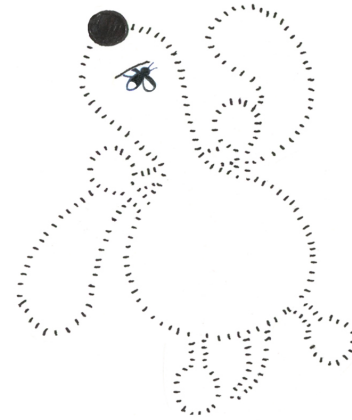


. . . but only crashed back to earth, without
the taste of one single star on his tongue.

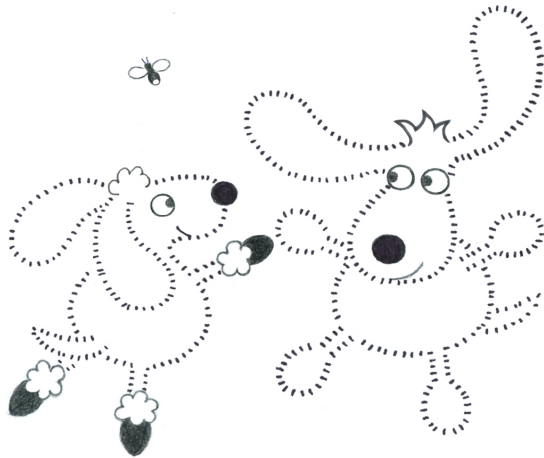
Tired and sad, he stumbled back to his dog-house.



Then what should he see but a star like no other—one that flitted and streaked and danced! This was the star to fetch for Coquette! So he leaped into the night sky one last time . . .



. . . with such a great hope that it filled his chest to bursting and caught that star gently by a delicate wing.



Then he took it to Coquette, and it danced just for them—all night long.

The (almost) End

(Dear Reader,
Have you guessed the truth? The dancing star was really a firefly!)