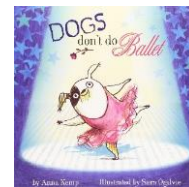


## Dogs don't do ballet



My dog is not like other dogs. He doesn't do dog stuff like weeing on lampposts or scratching his fleas or drinking out of the toilet.

If I throw him a stick, he looks at me like I'm crazy. So I have to fetch it myself.

No my dog likes music and moonlight and walking on his tiptoes. You see my dog doesn't think he's a dog... My dog thinks he's a ballerina. When I get ready for ballet class, he looks longingly at my tutu and ballet shoes and I just know he is dreaming of his name in lights.

"Dad," I say. "Can Biff come too? He loves ballet." "Not a chance," says Dad. "Dogs don't do ballet!"

1. **What** three things does the dog like?
2. **What** does the dog think he is?
3. Can you **draw** what you think a tutu is?

Then one Saturday on my way to class, I get a funny feeling. A funny feeling that I am being watched. A funny feeling that I am being followed.

When Miss Polly is teaching us a new routine, I think I see something peeking in at the window. Something with a wet nose. Something with a tail.

"Right girls," says Miss Polly. "Who's going to demonstrate first position?" But before anyone can step forwards there is a loud bark from the back of the hall and something furry rushes to the front.

"What is this?" asks Miss Polly, peering over her glasses. "This," I say, "is my dog."

"Well take it away at once," says Miss Polly, wrinkling up her nose. "Dogs don't do ballet!" My poor dog stops wagging his tail and his ears droop down at the ends.

I take my dog home and give him a bowl of Doggie-Donuts. But he won't touch them.

He just stays in his kennel for days and days and at night he howls at the moon.

5. **When** does the girl go to ballet class?
6. **Who** was peeking in at the window?
7. **Why** is the dog upset?
8. **How do you know** the dog is upset?