
The Dog who Ate Everything!



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CHAPTER 1

The Dog Who Ate Everything

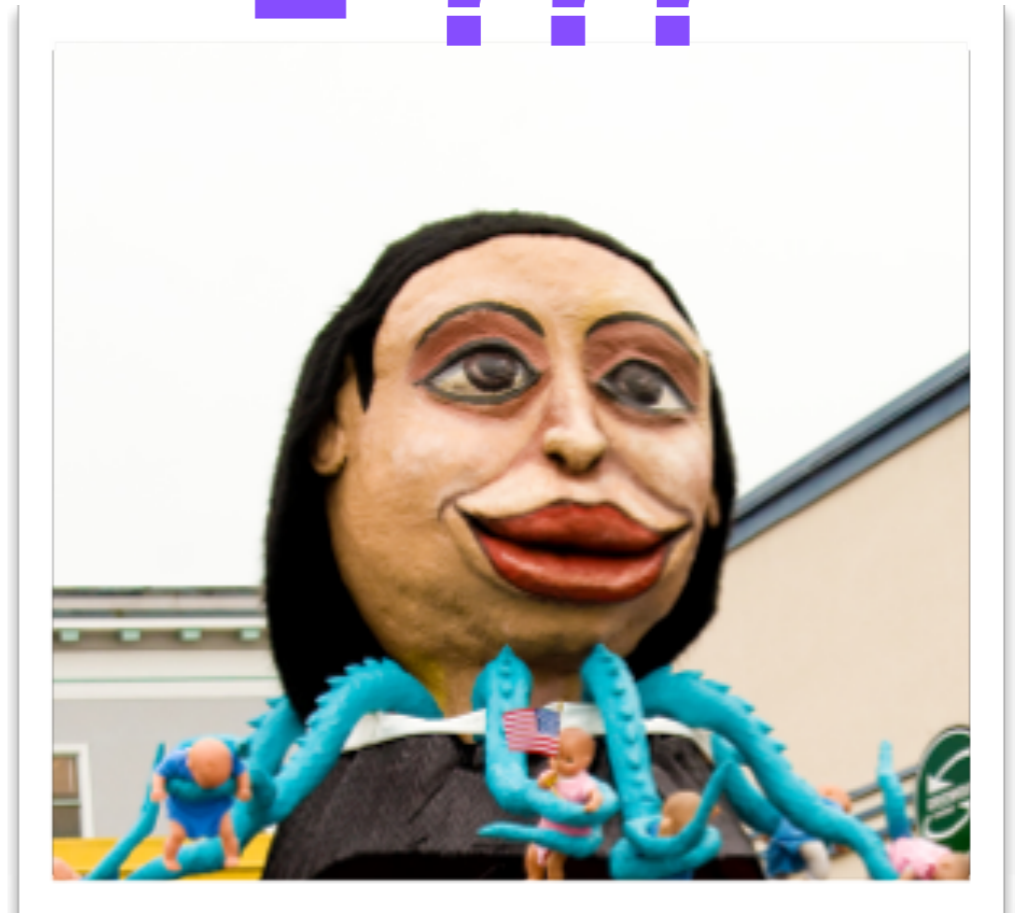
AUDIO 1.1



It all started when we went on vacation. My cousin's dog had 10 puppies. Can you believe that? I've mostly heard of people bringing home one or two babies. On the news one day, they even said a lady had eight babies. They called her an octopus or something, which kinda made sense because she'd have an arm to hold each baby, I guess.



= ????





Momma said, "She's not an octopus."

Daddy said, "She ought to be."

Big sister said, "That's gross."

AUDIO 1.2



So my cousins brought three of their new pups on the trip. Big sister and I fell right flat splat in love with a little chocolate one they called Spot. He fit perfect in my arms, licked me up one side and down the other, and fell asleep in my lap.

My uncle said he wouldn't stay little for long. "Labs," he claimed, "Get to be pretty big dogs." seemed awful strange to me.



AUDIO 1.3



Momma said, "we already have two cats at home."

Daddy said, "you don't take care of the pets we have."

Big sister said, "we promise we'd take care of him."



AUDIO 1.4



The last night of the trip, I tried to sneak the little chocolate one into my bed at night, but...

For three whole days we splashed in the big pool and zipped down the water slides. When we weren't wet, we were either eating or playing with the pups.





Momma said, "He'll pee on you in the middle of the night."

Daddy said, "Take him back outside."

Big sister said, "I wish I'd thought of that."

AUDIO 1.5



The day we were set to leave, my sister and I begged mom and dad to keep the pup. We came up with a long list of reasons why we needed to keep the little guy. We thought that he would make a really good guard dog. We told them that he would take us for walks, and keep us from being lonely.

list of reasons to keep the puppy

1. He could keep us safe
2. The puppy is CUTE
3. we would walk him
4. we would feed him
5. we won't be lonely with a puppy around
6. kids need a puppy growing up



AUDIO 1.6



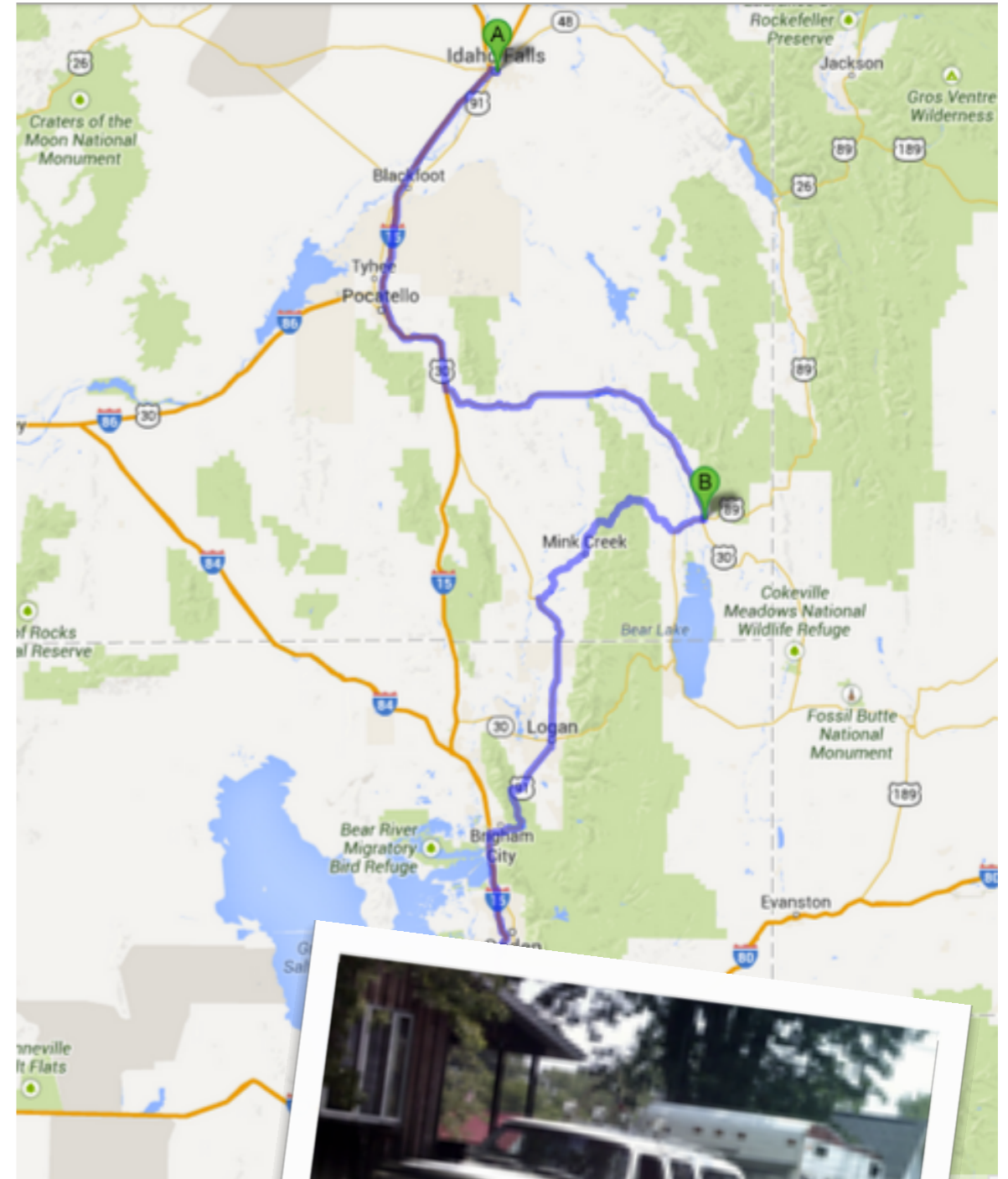
Momma said, "It's better than guinea pigs."

Daddy said, "Dogs are a BIG responsibility."

Big sister said, "we can handle it."

So the little dog went on a road trip and come home with us. During the drive, we decided that spot was not a great name for the chocolate Lab puppy. The whole family began shouting out new names like Sparky, Buddy, Charlie, or Max.

Nothing seemed to fit. The small pup kept squirming and whining.



AUDIO 1.7

AUDIO 1.8



Momma thought he was afraid.

Daddy thought he wasn't used to riding in a car.

Big sister thought he missed his brothers.

But as hard as we tried, none of those silly names seemed to fit the warm, wiggly pile of pup in my lap, who I secretly hoped would NOT pee on me. Then

we whizzed

around a corner and came to a

screeching stop right by a funny lookin' sign and Momma gasped and nearly choked on her soda.



Momma cried, "Montpelier,"
Daddy blurted, "Montecristo."
Big sister mouthed, "Monty Burns."
we all yelled, "Monty!"



AUDIO 1.9



And guess what?

That's what we named that little pup!

CHAPTER 2

AUDIO 2.1



course, that's not the end of the story. Why when we got home, we fixed up a nice spot for that boy to sleep, got something called "puppy pads" for him to do his business, and even bought some fine food and toys. But that little thing didn't just eat his food. Oh, no! He ate...
EVERYTHING!





Momma saw him eat the puppy pads.
Daddy saw him eat his earplugs.
sister saw him eat her headphones,
and she was MAD.

AUDIO 2.2



That brown boy ate anything. He ate wrappers from the garbage, plastic cups left round the house, the handles



on Momma's purse, and much, much, more.

He chewed the covers off my books and toilet paper off the roll. He ate sister's chocolate bar and threw up by my door.

Momma said, "What an icky mess."

Daddy said, "Clean it up, girls."

Sister looked a little sick herself.

AUDIO 2.3



That darn dog
ate the toes
off my baby
doll and two



rubber sprinklers from our back
yard. He ate shoes, of course, candy
wrappers, cotton balls, and grass. But,
worst of all, one night... when he
escaped his sleeping pen, Momma
found baseball size bald carpet spots
in the middle of her floor!

"He ate my carpet!"

screamed Momma.

"He did what?" yelled Daddy.

"He's in trouble," whispered big sister.

AUDIO 2.4



It was a double spot of bare carpet back, where there was supposed to be string and stuff. It seemed he picked a piece, and like spaghetti just lapped it up. He musta really liked it, cause he kept eating more and more and more. Then that silly playful pup licked the empty spots he made in that darn floor.



AUDIO 2.5



Momma had a yelling fit.

Then Daddy did too.

Sister looked at him and said,

"You're a bad dog, through and

through."

That poor brown boy was in trouble,
yeah, in trouble way too deep. He
was sent outside to dog time out and
locked up in his pen. He whined and
whined behind the fence, and jumped
against the gate. If he could cry



some doggie

tears, I'm sure he

would of cried

them then.

Momma said, "He'll have to learn not to chew on everything."

Daddy agreed, "I think it's time to train that pup."

AUDIO 2.6



Sister said, "He looks so sad."



So daddy found some training stuff, and said he was in charge.

That silly dog learned to sit, to stay, to come, and only chew on toys.



Then sis and I taught him to shake and even give high fives! He learned to lay down, jump up, and fetch. Momma taught him to kiss, but I thought he was already pretty good at that.



AUDIO 2.7



"What a good boy," Momma said.

"What a dog," beamed Dad.

"Monty, shake." said sister as she grabbed his grubby paw.



Monty's part of our family now,
whether he's eating' carpet or not.
He sleeps in Momma's room on Daddy's
side of the bed. But when Daddy
goes to sleep, poor Monty gets the
floor instead.

we take him everywhere, on camping
trips and to the store. He's so fun to
play and run with, and you know he
loves us a lot!

AUDIO 2.8



Momma said, "He's the best dog
ever!"

Daddy smiled and laughed, "Good boy."

Sister sang, "He's my

Monty!"

AUDIO 2.9



And I said, "Ewww!
Monty don't eat that!"

