

What defines the true nature of family and friends? A canine's tumble into the circus family leads to excitement and adventure, compassion and humor. But something's missing. Introduce this charming, readable, and -most of all - evergreen, first-in-a-series book to your middle readers.

Sherlock the Circus Dog

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Sherlock the Circus Dog

**First installment in the popular new
“Sherlock” series**

Sherlock Finds Home Sweet Home
Sherlock’s Summer Camp Adventures
Sherlock’s Day at the Spa
Sherlock: K-9 Rescue Hero

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HARDCOVER

ISBN-13 978-1-60145-133-0

ISBN-10 1-60145-133-4

PAPERBACK

ISBN-13 978-1-60145-137-8

ISBN-10 1-60145-137-7

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Printed in the United States of America.

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Booklocker.com, Inc.

2007

Published by CommuniCreations, Inc.

First printing

Cover illustration by Elizabeth Aziza Parsch

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A portion of the proceeds from the net profit of this book will benefit canine rescue organizations and the volunteers who put their hearts and souls into saving lives.

Chapter 3

Tim dangled the puppy from the loose skin on the back of his neck. “Just how my mom used to carry me around,” the pup thought with sadness. Tim cupped his free hand under the stray dog – still at arm’s length - as they walked outside. The bright sun hurt the puppy’s eyes for a minute, and he closed them tightly.

Not for long, though. He heard so many new sounds and sniffed the odd smells around him! Although he didn’t know the names of the scents, he was enchanted with the smells of sawdust, sweat and other animals. He heard, but couldn’t place, the crazed cries of the chimpanzees, the trumpet calls of elephants, and a mixture of voices in many different languages. It was a lot to absorb.

The puppy popped open one eye, then the other, as his eyes adjusted to the bright light. He

wiggled and wiggled his nose to sniff the air. His long droopy ears lifted back as far as possible so he could hear better, too.

“What a cool place!” the puppy decided.

“So, what’s your story? You run away from home to join the circus, eh?” Tim joked. “Got a name?” Tim looked closely at Little Black Puppy’s neck. No collar or tags. “HMMMM...no name,” Tim pondered.

Their stroll ended next to a shiny metal building on wheels. Tim set the puppy on the building’s steps and sat down next to him. The man stretched out his long legs. On instinct, the puppy nuzzled closer and put his head on Tim’s lap.

“You’re a mighty cute fella, and you’ve got the longest ears I’ve ever seen on such a small dog!” he observed. To tell the truth, his ears *were* bigger than his head!

“I think I’ll call you Sherlock, after the great

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detective. He wore a hat with long ‘ears,’” Tim declared. “How do you like that name?”

Hearing no objections from the puppy, “Then Sherlock it is!”

All that Sherlock knew was that he liked the sound of Tim’s voice as he spoke, so he wagged his tail. He tilted his head to one side. His ears covered Tim’s lap like a hot paper plate of funnel cakes.

Sherlock’s thick wagging tail banged against the metal building. Thrum, thrum, thrum, like a drum! The noise made them both jump!

Tim rubbed Sherlock’s head. “Well, I reckon you agree. Now let’s get in the trailer here,” Tim jerked his head toward the silver metal door, “and clean you up.”

The steps were too high for Sherlock, but he pulled himself up, one leg at a time. Tim rummaged around under a sink and finally found what he was looking for.

“Ah, here ya go! This should do the trick!” he

said, unscrewing the cap on the bottle.

“Trick?” Sherlock wondered what he meant by that as Tim lifted the pup into a metal sink and poured water on him.

“Ooooh! It’s cold!” Sherlock thought as he shrank away from the faucet. He wiggled and squirmed, but he was way too high off the floor to risk jumping.

As the water warmed, he felt better. “This is a big difference from last night’s cold rain,” Sherlock considered.

Tim gently began to wash the dirt – and fear - away.

A flowery smell surrounded Sherlock as Tim squirted a thick liquid onto his fur.

“Like those bubbles?” Tim asked. Round, clear, pearly balls drifted up. Some floated through the air next to Sherlock’s head, and he tried to bite them. Snap! Snap! He caught one or two in his

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mouth, but they disappeared.

Sherlock rapidly shook his head. “Where did that shiny, floaty thing go, anyway? It didn’t taste too good,” he decided.

Tim laughed out loud and declared, “You’re a funny guy, clowning around. Maybe you’d like to be a circus clown.”

The man scrubbed away the bad smells and even worse memories. He sponged a final warm, soothing rinse over the dog.

He set Sherlock on the floor, and he immediately ran from Tim and his towel. Sherlock shook from head to tip of tail, and that was a looooong distance. His twisting and turning sent water and black fur flying all around. His ears noisily flapped against the sides of his face. It sure looked like it hurt!

“Well, you’re a handsome thing when you get right down to it,” Tim said. The bath had revealed Sherlock’s fat white puppy paws, matched by a

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white powder puff at the end of his tail. His chest and belly were white, too.

“You look sorta like you’re wearing a tuxedo. Are you sure you’re not a penguin?” Tim joked.

Sherlock was stumped. “I have no idea what you’re talking about. What’s a penguin?” He tried his best to impress Tim with a thrust of his chest. After all, his future did seem to be in the man’s hands.

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