

Lisa Ann Over
1651 Hillsdale Ave.
Pittsburgh, PA 15216
412-654-8247
over.lisa@verizon.net

PAISLEY

By Lisa Ann Over

Paisley tugged at the fuzzy balls on Molly's socks. She nuzzled Molly's hand—the one holding the brown paper bag with the peanut butter sandwich. Molly giggled and rubbed Paisley's ears.

“We'll go for your walk later,” Molly said. “I have somewhere to go.” Molly latched the gate behind her. CLICK!

Paisley jumped on the gate. THUMPITY-BUMPITY! THUMP-BUMP!

She sniffed up and down the fence. PITTER-PATTER! PIT-PAT!

She found a loose slat. SQUEAKUT-SQUAWKUT! RAP-TAP!

Paisley poked her head through—SQUEAKUT—and stepped outside. SQUAWKUT! PLUNK!

She checked her rump and looked for Molly. She zigzagged up the sidewalk and circled girls playing hopscotch. No Molly.

But Paisley smelled Molly on dandelions and along a stone wall. She smelled peanut butter.

She poked her nose into a trash can. SNIFF! SNIFF! No peanut butter sandwich. No Molly. But smudges of peanut butter clung to the sides. Paisley stepped inside and stretched and licked. The trash can wobbled. BUMP. BUMP. BUMP!

The trash can bounced and bumped downhill. BUMP-THUMP! BUMP-THUMP!

Paisley scratched and pawed. SCRITCH-SCRITCH-SCRATCH!

She twirled and tumbled. THUMP-THWACK! BUMP!

The trash can spun and spilled her onto the ground. THUMPITY-BUMPITY-THUD!

She stumbled and shook the wobbles out. She looked for Molly on the playground. She darted in and out and around the swings and sniffed ankles dangling from monkey bars. No Molly.

But Paisley smelled Molly up the steps and down the slide and along the edge of the sandbox. She saw something fuzzy in the sand.

She dug and dug. SWISH! WHISH! No fuzzy socks. No Molly. But a fuzzy bear sticky with ice cream poked out of the hole Paisley dug. Paisley nipped and nuzzled and licked the bear. Ants crawled up and tickled her face. YOWL! ROWL!

They bit her tongue and nose. YIP! YAWP!

She pawed and rubbed her snout. RUSTLE! ROMP!

KACHOO! KACHOO! KACHOO!

She scurried away and looked everywhere for Molly. She wandered past girls selling lemonade and licked sticky fingers. No Molly.

Paisley scampered up to a fence that looked like her fence.

She jumped on the gate. THUMPITY-BUMPITY! THUMP-BUMP!

She sniffed up and down the fence. PITTER-PATTER! PIT-PAT!

She whimpered and whined. YIP! YOWL!

She couldn't see Molly, and this fence didn't smell like home. Paisley was lost. She tucked her tail between her legs and padded away.

She heard a raucous. WHOOPEE! RAAAH!

She heard splashing. SPLISH-SPLASH!

She scrambled through the brush. RUSTLE-RUSTLE!

She splashed into the stream and looked for Molly. She pranced around boys and girls and snapped up water droplets. No Molly.

But Paisley knew this stream. She wasn't lost anymore. She dashed over rocks and around trees. She followed the stream all the way home and pushed through her loose slat.

SQUEAKUT-SQUAWKUT! RAP-TAP!

"Paisley," Molly squealed.

Paisley threw her head back and howled. YAAAWOOO! YOWL!

She licked Molly's hand. SLURP! SLURP! It tasted just like Molly with a bit of leftover peanut butter.

She snuffled the balls on Molly's socks. SNIFF! SNIFF! They smelled just like Molly.

Molly giggled. "Paisley!" She sounded just like Molly.

Molly sat down and rubbed Paisley's ears. "Do you want to go for a walk?" Molly asked. But Paisley curled up on Molly's lap and fell asleep.