



## ***CHAPTER ONE WHO SAID I'M A DOG?***

My name is Bogart, so please don't refer to me as a dog or canine or Golden Retriever. The Clark family adopted me eight years ago, so I am officially a 'Clark'. There are six of us in the Clark family, including myself.

Papa Greg Clark is our pack master. He is the leader, and everyone in our family tends to listen closely to what he says. Although he is a kind master, Papa Greg is the rule-enforcer in our home.

Mama Wendy Clark is the hunter in our household. She takes long trips to a place called the market and returns with

food she has hunted. She provides the tastiest meals, has the kindest touch, and smells like the lovely flower garden outside that I often tinkle in when no one is looking.

There are three sisters in our family who Mama and Papa Clark refer to as 'the triplets'. Their names are Cassandra, Savannah, and Lilly. They were not adopted like I was; they came out of Mama Wendy's tummy nine years ago. She had a small litter, having only three children all at once. My birth mom had a litter of eight puppies when I was born. Maybe next time Mama Wendy will have more than three children come out of her tummy.

Cassandra was the first to come out of Mama Wendy's tummy, and I love her so much. She allows me to sneak up on her bed at night and snuggle when I'm supposed to be in my doggie bed on the floor. She whispers soothing and loving words in my ears. It is so much nicer to have warm and loving arms around me when I am sleeping. Cuddling with Cassandra is divine.

Savannah was the second baby to make her appearance, and Mama and Papa Clark insist she arrived into the world screaming and has been vocal ever since. She is surely the loudest of the triplets. She has this box and when the high-

volume sounds come out of it, she wiggles around in a strange fashion while this screeching noise escapes from her mouth. My ears want to bleed and beg for mercy. I believe it's a radio and she is dancing and singing. Mama and Papa Clark are always warning her to turn the annoying box down, but she rarely obeys. Sometimes we dance together. I am not fond of this activity but, when we are finished, Savannah feeds me candy treats she has hidden under her bed, so all is forgiven. She tells me her secrets, gives me hugs, and sometimes dresses me in hideous outfits. Of the three triplets, Savannah is the most generous with her hugs, and I love her so much.

Lilly is the baby of our family because she arrived half an hour after the first two sisters. I love her so much because she reads stories to me. Lilly is the bookworm of our family, and she is ever so smart. She never goes anywhere without a book and a tablet in her possession. Papa Greg says our little Lilly will someday become a famous author. I'm not sure what an author is, but I do know that Lilly is destined for great things, and I love her so much.

The day I was adopted by my family was the best day ever, and I am so lucky to be a 'Clark'.