



SHERLOCK

A Police Dog Story



by Meish Goldish

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illustrated by Thomas Andrae

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CHAPTER 1

“Good Job, Sherlock!”

“Get him!” the police officer shouted.

Sherlock the police dog raced up a ladder, jumped over a brick wall, and then landed on the grass below. In the distance, a man was running. The large German Shepherd charged after him at full speed. Then the dog leaped and knocked the man down. Barking loudly, the **canine** stood over him so he couldn’t escape.

The police officer ran over and petted the dog. “Good job, Sherlock!” she cried out and gave Sherlock a treat.

Ten-year-old Jason Park had watched the training exercise in amazement. It was a sunny Saturday morning at the Hound Town Police Academy, where Jason was visiting his aunt Meg, a police officer, her canine partner, Sherlock, and Stuart the dog trainer.

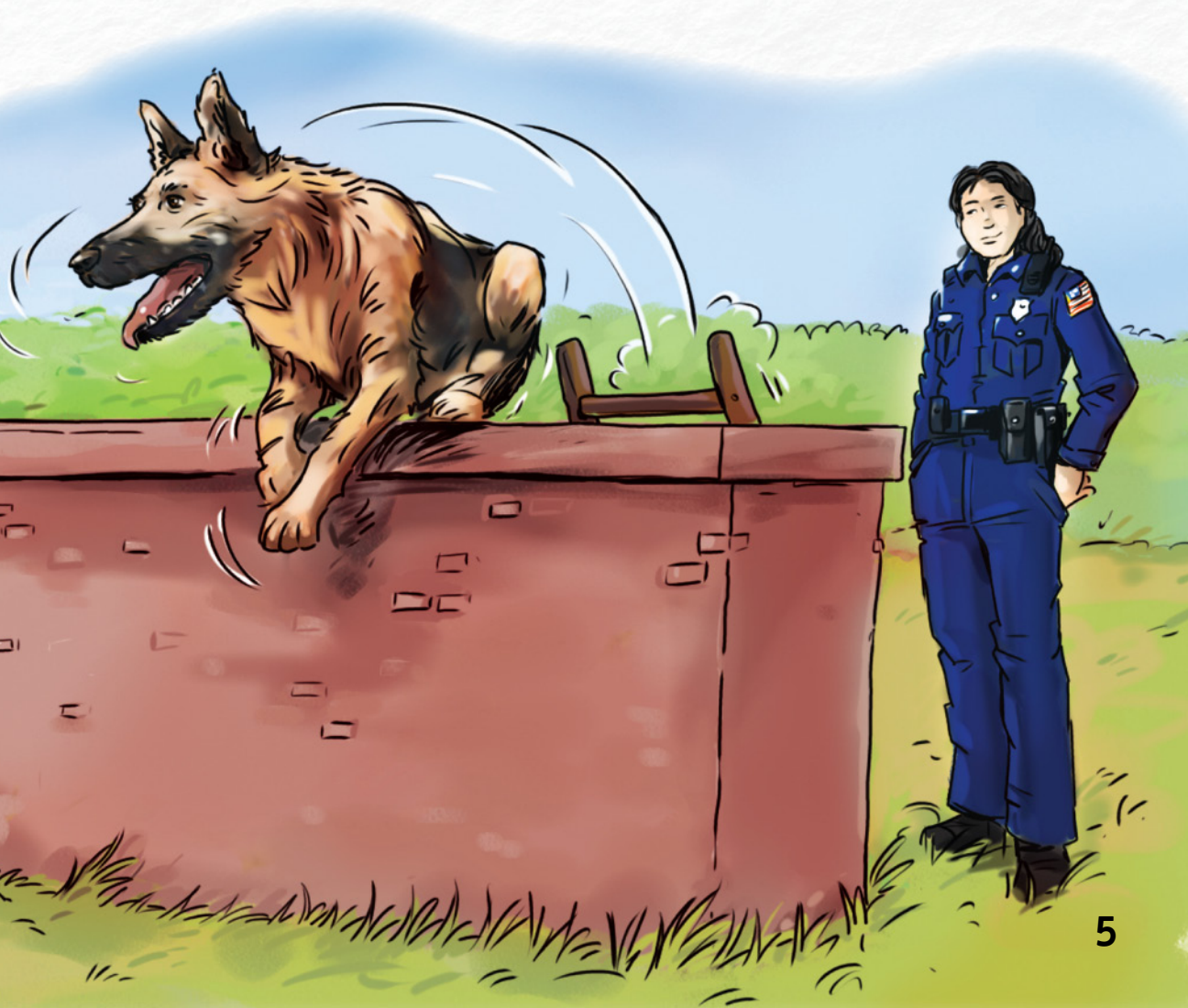
“That’s awesome! I can’t believe how Sherlock jumped over the wall!” Jason said, turning to his aunt and Stuart.

“He’s one of the most talented members of our police **force**,” said Aunt Meg.



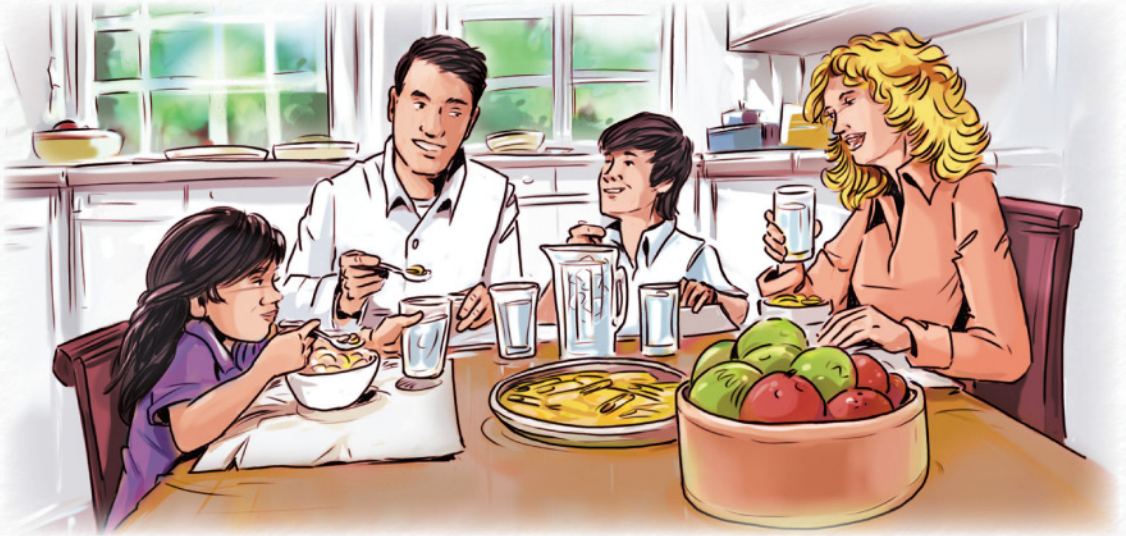
“Does Sherlock do this every day?” Jason asked.

“Sherlock has to train regularly, just like an athlete. And, every week, we practice different skills,” Aunt Meg said. Then she checked the time on her cell phone. “Well, Sherlock and I have to go to work now,” she said. She leaned over and gave Jason a hug. Jason rubbed Sherlock’s head. Then he hopped on his bike and pedaled home, enjoying the late morning sun on his face.



Jason arrived home just as his father was making lunch. The smell of baked macaroni and cheese **wafted** through the house.

"The macaroni will be ready in a minute," Mr. Park said.



At the kitchen table, Jason dug his fork into the cheesy noodles as he told his family all that Sherlock had done at the Academy.

"You should see how high and far he can leap," he cried. "Sherlock climbed a ladder and flew right over a wall!"

Jason's eight-year-old sister, Katie, smiled. "Too bad Hot Dog can't do that," she joked.

Hot Dog was the family's pet **dachshund**. Her favorite thing to do was curl up in her plushy dog bed.

"Maybe Hot Dog could do those things . . . with the right training," Jason declared.

"Come on, you two," Dad said. "Hot Dog is much too small to climb a ladder."

Jason looked at his mother, a **veterinarian**. "Mom, what do you think?"

"Well," she said smiling. "Who knows? Anything is *paw*-sible."

Mom had a habit of making corny animal jokes.

After lunch, Jason led Hot Dog to the living room. He placed a small stepladder in front of her.

"Climb the steps!" Jason **commanded**.

Hot Dog stood still, staring at the ladder.

"I told you, Einstein," Katie teased. "There's no way a dachshund can climb a ladder. Hot Dog's legs are too short."

Jason lifted Hot Dog and placed her front right leg on the first step of the ladder.

"Now climb, girl," Jason said.

Again, the dog stayed perfectly still.

Then she began to lick her paw.

"I said *climb*, not *lick*!"

Jason could hear his parents giggling in the kitchen.

