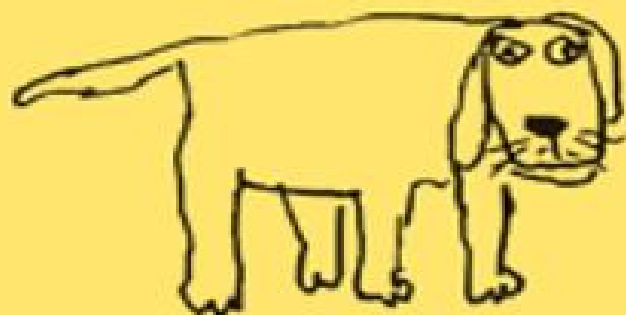


SHARON CREECH

WINNER OF THE NEWBERY MEDAL FOR *WALK TWO MOONS*

LOVE  
THAT  
DOG

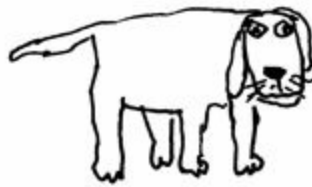
a novel



INCLUDES AN EXCERPT FROM THE SEQUEL *HATE THAT CAT*

SHARON CREECH

LOVE  
THAT  
DOG



JOANNA COTLER BOOKS

**HARPER**

*An Imprint of HarperCollinsPublishers*

## Dedication

*For*

*Sandy and Jack Floyd*

*Mark and Karin Leuthy Benjamin*

*Louise England*

*Rob Leuthy*

*all of whom*

*love love love their dogs*



*With special thanks to*

*Walter Dean Myers*

*and to all the poets*

*and Mr.-and-Ms. Stretchberrys*

*who inspire students every day*

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# JACK

ROOM 105—MISS STRETCHBERRY

SEPTEMBER 13

I don't want to  
because boys  
don't write poetry.

Girls do.

SEPTEMBER 21

I tried.

Can't do it.

Brain's empty.



## SEPTEMBER 27

I don't understand  
the poem about  
the red wheelbarrow  
and the white chickens  
and why so much  
depends upon  
them.

If that is a poem  
about the red wheelbarrow  
and the white chickens  
then any words  
can be a poem.  
You've just got to  
make  
short  
lines.

## OCTOBER 4

Do you promise  
not to read it  
out loud?

Do you promise  
not to put it  
on the board?

Okay, here it is,  
but I don't like it.

*So much depends  
upon  
a blue car  
splattered with mud  
speeding down the road.*

## OCTOBER 10

What do you mean—  
*Why does so much depend  
upon  
a blue car?*

You didn't say before  
that I had to tell *why*.

The wheelbarrow guy  
didn't tell *why*.

## OCTOBER 17

What was up with  
the snowy woods poem  
you read today?

Why doesn't the person just  
keep going if he's got  
so many miles to go  
before he sleeps?

And why do I have to tell more  
about the blue car  
splattered with mud  
speeding down the road?

I don't want to  
write about that blue car  
that had miles to go  
before it slept,  
so many miles to go  
in such a hurry.

## OCTOBER 24

I am sorry to say  
I did not really understand  
the tiger tiger burning bright poem  
but at least it sounded good  
in my ears.

Here is the blue car  
with tiger sounds:

*Blue car, blue car, shining bright  
in the darkness of the night:  
who could see you speeding by  
like a comet in the sky?*

*I could see you in the night,  
blue car, blue car, shining bright.  
I could see you speeding by  
like a comet in the sky.*

Some of the tiger sounds  
are still in my ears  
like drums  
beat-beat-beating.

## OCTOBER 31

Yes  
you can put  
the two blue-car poems  
on the board  
but only if  
you don't put  
my name  
on them.

## NOVEMBER 6

They look nice  
typed up like that  
on blue paper  
on a yellow board.

(But still don't tell anyone  
who wrote them, okay?)

(And what does *anonymous* mean?  
Is it good?)



## NOVEMBER 9

I don't have any pets  
so I can't write about one  
and especially  
I can't write  
a POEM  
about one.

## NOVEMBER 15

Yes, I used to have a pet.  
I don't want to write about it.

You're going to ask me  
*Why not?*  
Right?

## NOVEMBER 22

*Pretend I still have that pet?*

Can't I make up a pet—  
a different one?

Like a tiger?

Or a hamster?

A goldfish?

Turtle?

Snail?

Worm?

Flea?

## NOVEMBER 29

I liked those  
small poems  
we read today.

When they're small  
like that  
you can read  
a whole bunch  
in a short time  
and then in your head  
are all the pictures  
of all the small things  
from all the small poems.

I liked how the kitten leaped  
in the cat poem  
and how you could see  
the long head of the horse  
in the horse poem  
and especially I liked the dog  
in the dog poem  
because that's just how  
my yellow dog  
used to lie down,  
with his tongue all limp  
and his chin  
between  
his paws  
and how he'd sometimes  
chomp at a fly  
and then sleep  
in his loose skin,  
just like that poet,  
Miss Valerie Worth,

says,  
in her small  
dog poem.

## DECEMBER 4

Why do you want  
to type up what I wrote  
about reading  
the small poems?

It's not a poem.  
Is it?

I guess you can  
put it on the board  
if you want to  
but don't put  
my name  
on it  
in case  
other people  
think  
it's not a poem.

## DECEMBER 13

I guess it does  
look like a poem  
when you see it  
typed up  
like that.

But I think maybe  
it would look better  
if there was more space  
between the lines.  
Like how I wrote it  
the first time.

And I liked the picture  
of the yellow dog  
you put beside it.

But that's not how  
my yellow dog  
looked.

## JANUARY 10

I really really really  
did NOT get  
the pasture poem  
you read today.

I mean:  
somebody's going out  
to the pasture  
to clean the spring  
and to get  
the little tottery calf  
while he's out there  
and he isn't going  
to be gone long  
and he wants YOU  
(who is YOU?)  
to come too.

I mean REALLY.

And you said that  
Mr. Robert Frost  
who wrote  
about the pasture  
was also the one  
who wrote about  
those snowy woods  
and the miles to go  
before he sleeps—  
well!

I think Mr. Robert Frost  
has a little  
too



much  
time  
on his  
hands.

## JANUARY 17

Remember the wheelbarrow poem  
you read  
the first week  
of school?

Maybe the wheelbarrow poet  
was just  
making a picture  
with words  
and  
someone else—  
like maybe his teacher—  
typed it up  
and then people thought  
it was a poem  
because  
it looked like one  
typed up like that.

And maybe  
that's the same thing  
that happened with  
Mr. Robert Frost.  
Maybe he was just  
making pictures with words  
about the snowy woods  
and the pasture—  
and his teacher  
typed them up  
and they *looked* like poems  
so people thought  
they were poems.

Like how you did

with the blue-car things  
and reading-the-small-poems thing.  
On the board  
typed up  
they look like  
poems  
and the other kids  
are looking at them  
and they think  
they really are  
poems  
and they  
are all saying  
*Who wrote that?*

## JANUARY 24

We were going for a drive  
and my father said  
*We won't be gone long—*  
*You come too*  
and so I went  
and we drove and drove  
until we stopped at a  
red brick building  
with a sign  
in blue letters  
ANIMAL PROTECTION SHELTER.

And inside we walked  
down a long cement path  
past cages  
with all kinds of  
dogs  
big and small  
fat and skinny  
some of them  
hiding in the corner  
but most of them  
bark-bark-barking and  
jumping up  
against the wire cage  
as we walked past  
as if they were saying  
*Me! Me! Choose me!*  
*I'm the best one!*

And that's where we saw  
the yellow dog  
standing against the cage  
with his paws curled

around the wire  
and his long red tongue  
hanging out  
and his big black eyes  
looking a little sad  
and his long tail  
wag-wag-wagging  
as if he were saying  
*Me me me! Choose me!*

And we did.  
We chose him.

And in the car  
he put his head  
against my chest  
and wrapped his paws  
around my arm  
as if he were saying  
*Thank you thank you thank you.*

And the other dogs  
in the cages  
get killed dead  
if nobody chooses them.

## JANUARY 31

Yes  
you can type up  
what I wrote  
about my yellow dog  
but leave off the part  
about the other dogs  
getting killed dead  
because that's too sad.

And don't put  
my name  
on it  
please.

And maybe  
it would look good  
on yellow paper.

And maybe  
the title  
should be  
YOU COME TOO.

## FEBRUARY 7

Yes  
it looks good  
on yellow paper  
but you forgot  
(again)  
to leave more  
space  
between the lines  
like I did  
when I wrote it.

That's okay though.

## FEBRUARY 15

I like that poem  
we read today  
about street music  
in the city.

My street is not  
in the middle  
of the city  
so it doesn't have  
that LOUD music  
of horns and trucks  
clash  
flash  
screech.

My street is  
on the edge  
of a city

and it has  
quiet music  
most of the time  
whisp  
meow  
swish.

My street is a **THIN** one  
with houses on both sides  
and my house is  
the white one  
with the red door.

There is not too much traffic



on my street—  
not like in the  
middle  
of a city.

We play in the yards  
and sometimes  
in the street  
but only if  
a grown-up  
or the big kids  
are out there, too,  
and they will shout  
*Car!*  
if they see a car  
coming down our street.

At both ends  
of our street  
are yellow signs  
that say  
*Caution! Children at Play!*  
but sometimes  
the cars  
pay no attention  
and speed down  
the road  
as if  
they are in a BIG hurry  
with many miles to go  
before they sleep.

## FEBRUARY 21

That was so great  
those poems you showed us  
where the words  
make the shape  
of the thing  
that the poem  
is about—  
like the one about an apple  
that was shaped like an apple  
and the one about the house  
that was shaped like a house.

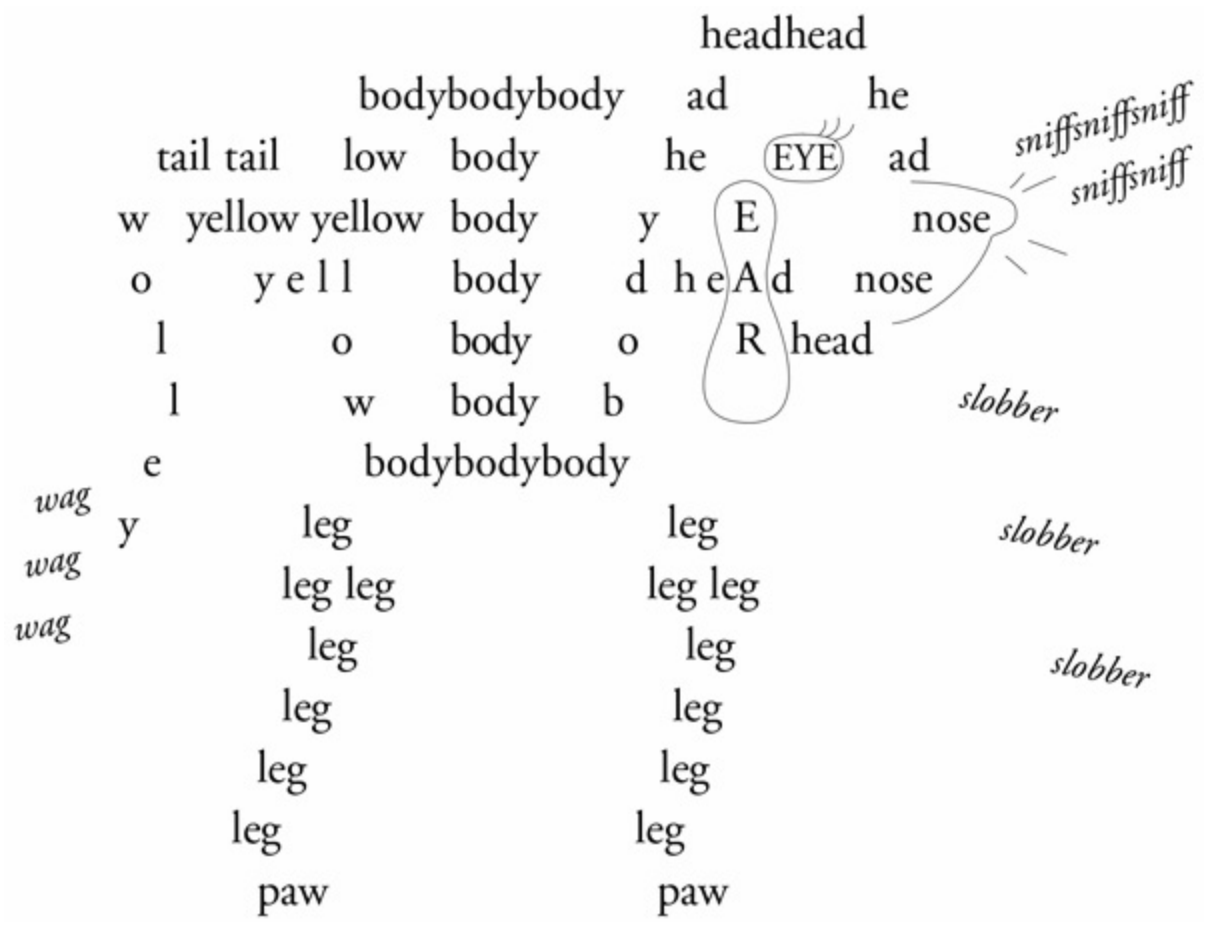
My brain was pop-pop-popping  
when I was looking at those poems.  
I never knew a poet person  
could do that funny  
kind of thing.

## FEBRUARY 26

I tried one of those  
poems that looks like  
what it's about.

MY YELLOW DOG

by Jack



## MARCH 1

Yes

you can type up  
the yellow dog poem  
that looks like a dog  
but this time  
keep the spaces  
exactly  
the same  
and maybe  
it would look  
really really good  
on yellow paper.

Maybe you could  
put my name on it.  
But only if you want to.  
Only if you think it  
looks  
good enough.

## MARCH 7

I was  
a little embarrassed  
when people said  
things to me like  
*Neat poem, Jack*  
and  
*How'd you think of that, Jack?*

And I really really like  
the one you put up  
about the tree  
that is shaped like  
a tree  
not a fake-looking tree  
but like a real tree  
with straggly branches.

But I want to know  
who is the  
*anonymous poet*  
in our class  
who wrote that  
and why didn't  
he  
or  
she  
want to put  
his or her name  
on it?  
Was it like me  
when I didn't think  
my words  
were  
poems?

Maybe you will tell  
the anonymous tree poet  
that his or her tree poem

is really  
a poem  
really really  
and a good poem, too.

## MARCH 14

That was the best best BEST  
poem  
you read yesterday  
by Mr. Walter Dean Myers  
the best best BEST  
poem  
ever.

I am sorry  
I took the book home  
without asking.  
I only got  
one spot  
on it.  
That's why  
the page is torn.  
I tried to get  
the spot  
out.

I copied that BEST poem  
and hung it on my  
bedroom wall  
right over my bed  
where I can  
see it when I'm  
lying  
down.

Maybe you could  
copy it too  
and hang it  
on the wall  
in our class



where we can see it  
when we are sitting  
at our desks  
doing our stuff.

I sure liked that poem  
by Mr. Walter Dean Myers  
called  
“Love That Boy.”

Because of two reasons  
I liked it:  
One is because  
my dad calls me  
in the morning  
just like that.  
He calls  
*Hey there, son!*

And also because  
when I had my  
yellow dog  
I loved that dog  
and I would call him

like this—  
I’d say—  
*Hey there, Sky!*

(His name was Sky.)

## MARCH 22

My yellow dog  
followed me everywhere  
every which way I turned  
he was there  
wagging his tail  
and slobber  
coming out  
of his mouth  
when he was smiling  
at me  
all the time  
as if he was  
saying  
*thank you thank you thank you*  
*for choosing me*  
and jumping up on me  
his shaggy straggly paws  
on my chest  
like he was trying  
to hug the insides  
right out of me.

And when us kids  
were playing outside  
kicking the ball  
he'd chase after it  
and push it with his nose  
push push push  
and getting slobber  
all over the ball  
but no one cared  
because he was such  
a funny dog  
that dog Sky

that straggly furry  
smiling  
dog  
Sky.

And I'd call him  
every morning  
every evening  
*Hey there, Sky!*

## MARCH 27

Yes, you can type up  
what I wrote about  
my dog Sky  
but don't type up  
that other secret one  
I wrote—  
the one all folded up  
in the envelope  
with tape on it.  
That one uses too many of  
Mr. Walter Dean Myers's  
words  
and maybe  
Mr. Walter Dean Myers  
would get mad  
about that.

## APRIL 4

I was very glad  
to hear that  
Mr. Walter Dean Myers  
is not the sort of person  
who would get mad  
at a boy  
for using some of his words.

And thank you  
for typing up  
my secret poem  
the one that uses  
so many of  
Mr. Walter Dean Myers's  
words  
and I like what  
you put  
at the top:  
*Inspired by Walter Dean Myers.*

That sounds good  
to my ears.  
Now no one  
will think  
I just copied  
because I  
couldn't think  
of my own words.  
They will know  
I was  
*inspired by*  
Mr. Walter Dean Myers.

But don't put it

on the board  
yet, okay?

Is Mr. Walter Dean Myers  
a live person?  
And if he is  
do you think  
he could ever come  
to our city  
to our school  
to our class?

And if he did  
we should hide  
my poem  
with his words—  
hide it real good—  
just in case  
he *would* get mad  
about that.

## APRIL 9

No.

No, no, no, no, no.

I can't do it.

You should do it.

You're a teacher.

## APRIL 12

I don't agree  
that Mr. Walter Dean Myers  
might like to hear  
from a boy  
who likes his poems.

I think Mr. Walter Dean Myers  
would like to hear  
from a teacher  
who uses big words  
and knows how  
to spell  
and  
to type.



APRIL 17

Dear Mr. Walter Dean Myers,

You probably don't want to hear from me  
because I am only a boy  
and not a teacher  
and I don't use  
big words  
and you probably won't read this  
or even if you do read it  
you probably are way too busy  
to answer it  
let alone do the thing  
I am going to ask you  
and I want you to know  
that's okay  
because our teacher says  
writers are very very very very  
busy  
trying to write their words  
and the phone is ringing  
and the fax is going  
and the bills need paying  
and sometimes they get sick  
(I hope you are not sick,  
Mr. Walter Dean Myers)  
or their family gets sick  
or their electricity goes off  
or the car needs fixing  
or they have to go  
to the grocery store  
or do the laundry  
or clean up messes.  
I don't know how  
you find the time

to write your words  
if you have to do all that stuff  
and maybe you should get  
a helper.

So what I am asking you  
is this:

If you ever get time  
to leave your house  
and if you ever feel  
like visiting a school  
where there might be some kids  
who like your poems  
would you ever maybe  
think about maybe  
coming  
maybe  
to our school  
which is a clean place  
with mostly nice  
people in it  
and I think our teacher  
Miss Stretchberry  
would maybe even  
make brownies for you  
because she sometimes  
makes them for us.

I hope I haven't too much  
stopped you from doing your  
writing of words  
and fixing your car  
and getting groceries  
and all that stuff—  
just to read this letter  
which probably is taking you  
maybe fifteen minutes

and in that time  
you could've maybe  
written  
a whole new poem  
or at least the start  
of one  
and so I am sorry  
for taking up your  
time  
and I understand  
if you can't come  
to our clean school  
and read some of your poems  
to us  
and let us see your face  
which I bet  
is a friendly face.

My name is Jack.  
Bye, Mr. Walter Dean Myers.

APRIL 20

Did you mail it?

Did he answer yet?

## APRIL 24

*Months???*

It might  
take *months*  
for Mr. Walter Dean Myers  
to answer my letter?  
*If* he answers it?

I didn't know—  
until you explained—  
that the letter has to go  
to Mr. Walter Dean Myers's  
publisher company  
and then someone  
at the publisher company  
has to sort all the mail  
not just my letter  
but hundreds and hundreds  
of letters  
to hundreds of authors  
all that big mess of mail  
piled up  
and someone sorting sorting sorting  
all that mail  
and then the letters for  
Mr. Walter Dean Myers  
go to him  
and maybe he's away  
maybe he's on vacation  
maybe he's sick  
maybe he's hiding in a room  
writing poems  
maybe he's baby-sitting  
his children or his grandchildren  
(if he's married and stuff)

or maybe he has to go  
to the dentist  
or get that car fixed  
or maybe someone died  
(I really really really hope  
someone did not die)  
so  
if you ask me  
it could take him  
*years*  
to get around  
to answering  
that letter  
so I guess  
we'd better  
just forget about it  
not count on it  
get it out of our minds  
do something else  
forget it.

## APRIL 26

Sometimes  
when you are trying  
not to think about something  
it keeps popping back  
into your head  
you can't help it  
you think about it  
and  
think about it  
and  
think about it  
until your brain  
feels like  
a squashed pea.

## MAY 2

Yes

you can type up  
the thing about  
trying not to think about  
something  
but  
you'd better  
leave my name off it  
because it was  
just words  
coming out of my head  
and I wasn't paying  
too much attention  
to which words  
came out  
when.



MAY 7

Maybe you could  
show me  
how to use  
the computer  
and then  
I could type up  
my own words?

## MAY 8

I didn't know about  
the spell-checking thing  
inside the computer.  
It is like a miracle  
little brain  
in there  
a little helper brain.

But I am a slow typer person.  
Did you say there is  
a teaching-typing thing  
in that computer, too?  
Will it help me type  
better  
and  
faster  
*taptaptaptaptap*  
so my fingers  
can go as fast  
as my brain?

MAY 14

*(I typed this up myself.)*

## MY SKY

We were outside  
in the street  
me and some other kids  
kicking the ball  
before dinner  
and Sky was  
chasing chasing chasing  
with his feet going  
every which way  
and his tail  
wag-wag-wagging  
and his mouth  
slob-slob-slobbering  
and he was  
all over the place

smiling and wagging  
and slobbering  
and making  
us laugh  
and my dad  
came walking up the street  
he was way down there  
near the end  
I could see him  
after he got off the bus  
and he was walk-walk-walking  
and I saw him wave  
and he called out  
“Hey there, son!”  
and so I didn’t see  
the car  
coming from the other way  
until someone else—

one of the big kids—  
called out  
“Car!”  
and I turned around  
and saw a  
*blue car blue car*  
*splattered with mud*  
*speeding down the road*

And I saw Sky  
going after the ball  
wag-wag-wagging  
his tail  
and I called him  
“Sky! Sky!”  
and he turned his  
head  
but it was too late  
because the  
*blue car blue car*  
*splattered with mud*  
hit Sky  
*thud thud thud*  
and kept on going  
in such a hurry  
so fast  
so many miles to go  
it couldn’t even stop  
and  
Sky  
was just there  
in the road  
lying on his side  
with his legs bent funny  
and his side heaving  
and he looked up at me  
and I said

“Sky! Sky! Sky!”  
and then my dad  
was there  
and he lifted Sky  
out of the road  
and laid him on the grass  
and  
Sky  
closed his eyes  
and  
he  
never  
opened  
them  
again  
ever.

MAY 15

I don't know.

If you put it on the board  
and people read it  
it might make them  
sad.

MAY 17

Okay.

I guess.

I'll put my name on it.

But I hope it doesn't make  
people feel too sad  
and if it does  
maybe you could  
think of something  
to cheer everybody up  
like maybe with  
some of those brownies  
you make  
the chocolate ones  
that are so good?



MAY 21

Wow!

Wow wow wow wow wow!

That was the best best BEST  
news

ever

I can't believe it.

Mr. Walter Dean Myers

is really really really

coming

to our school?

He was coming

to our city

anyway

to see his old buddy?

And he would be

*honored*

to visit

our clean school

and meet the mostly nice kids

who like his poems?

We sure are lucky

that his old buddy

lives in our town.

WOW!!!

MAY 28

The bulletin board  
looks like it's  
blooming words  
with everybody's poems  
up there  
on all those  
colored sheets of paper  
yellow blue pink red green.

And the bookcase  
looks like it's  
sprouting books  
all of them by  
Mr. Walter Dean Myers  
lined up  
looking back at us  
waiting for  
Mr. Walter Dean Myers  
himself  
to come  
to our school  
right into our classroom.

Wow!

MAY 29

I can't wait.  
I can't sleep.

Are you sure  
you hid my poem  
that was inspired  
by Mr. Walter Dean Myers?

I don't want to do  
any any anything  
to upset him.

JUNE 1

MR.

WALTER

DEAN

MYERS

DAY

I NEVER

in my whole life

EVER

heard anybody

who could talk

like that

Mr. Walter Dean Myers.

All of my blood  
in my veins  
was bubbling  
and all of the thoughts  
in my head  
were buzzing  
and  
I wanted to keep  
Mr. Walter Dean Myers  
at our school  
forever.

JUNE 6

Dear Mr. Walter Dean Myers,

Thank you  
a hundred million times  
for  
leaving your work  
and your family  
and your things-people-have-to-do  
to come and visit us  
in our school  
in our class.

We hope you liked your visit.  
We think maybe you did  
because  
you were  
smile-smile-smiling  
all over the place.

And when you read  
your poems  
you had the  
best best BEST  
voice  
low and deep and friendly and warm  
like it was reaching out and  
wrapping us all up  
in a big squeeze  
and when you laughed  
you had the  
best best BEST  
laugh I've ever heard in my life  
like it was coming from way down deep  
and bubbling up and

rolling and tumbling  
out into the air.

We hope we didn't ask you  
too many questions  
but we thank you  
for answering every which one  
and especially for saying  
that you would be  
*flattered*  
if someone used  
some of your words  
and especially if they  
added a note that  
they were  
*inspired by*  
Walter Dean Myers.

And it was nice of you  
to read all of our poems  
on the bulletin board  
and I hope it didn't  
make you  
too sad  
when you read the one  
about my dog Sky  
getting smooshed in the road.  
And I think you liked  
the brownies, too,  
right?

Thank you for  
coming to see us  
Mr. Walter Dean Myers.

Inside this envelope  
is a poem  
using some of your words.

I wrote it.

It was

*inspired by*

you

*Mr. Walter Dean Myers.*

From your number one fan,

*Jack*



LOVE THAT DOG  
(INSPIRED BY WALTER DEAN MYERS)  
BY JACK

*Love that dog,  
like a bird loves to fly  
I said I love that dog  
like a bird loves to fly  
Love to call him in the morning  
love to call him  
“Hey there, Sky!”*



[Excerpt from \*Hate That Cat\*](#)

Read an excerpt  
from Sharon Creech's  
new novel

HATE  
THAT  
CAT

# JACK

ROOM 204—MISS STRETCHBERRY

SEPTEMBER 12

I hate that cat  
like a dog hates a rat  
I said I hate that cat  
like a dog hates a rat

Hate to see it in the morning  
hate to see that  
F A T black cat.

SEPTEMBER 13

Sorry  
I didn't know  
you liked cats.  
Didn't know  
you have one.

## SEPTEMBER 14

More poetry?  
You probably think  
we will remember  
what we learned  
last year, right?

What if we *don't* remember?  
What if our brains shrunk?  
What if it's too hard?

But I am glad  
you are my teacher  
again.  
I hope you will  
keep moving up  
a grade  
every year  
along with me.

You understand  
my  
brain.

## SEPTEMBER 19

No, I can't write any more  
about my dog Sky.  
Maybe all of the words  
about Sky  
flew out of my head  
last year.

I *think* about him  
all the time  
and I *see* him  
in my mind  
and some of his yellow fur  
is still on my yellow chair  
and sometimes I think  
I hear him  
*uh-rum, uh-rum*  
that sound he made  
when he was happy.

But no, I can't write about Sky  
a-n-y-m-o-r-e.  
Maybe I could write about  
a cat  
a mean cat  
a crazy mean fat black cat.

Although . . . my uncle Bill  
who is a teacher  
in a college  
said those words I wrote  
about Sky  
were NOT poems.  
He said they were just  
words

coming  
out  
of  
my  
head  
and that a poem has to rhyme  
and have regular meter  
and SYMBOLS and METAPHORS  
and onomoto-something and  
alliter-something.

And I wanted  
to  
punch  
him.



## SEPTEMBER 21

Another thing Uncle Bill said  
was that my lines should be  
l - o - n - g - e - r  
like in *real writing*

But here is what happens when I try to make them longer the page is too wide and the words get all mumble jumbled and it makes my eyes hurt all that white space the edge of the page so far away and in order to get all the words down that are coming out of my head I have to forget the commas and periods or I have to go back and stick, them in, all over, the place, like this, which looks, if you ask me, stupid, but if you write short lines, a person knows where to breathe, short or long, and I hate to read, those long lines, and I don't want, to write them, either.

## SEPTEMBER 26

I wish you would tell  
my uncle Bill  
all those things you said today  
about our own rhythms  
and our own IMAGES  
bouncing around in our words  
and making them POEMS.

And yes I understand  
that if I am ever the  
President of the United States  
I might be expected to write  
very very long lines  
but in the meantime  
I can make my lines  
short  
short  
short  
if I want to.  
But even if you told  
my uncle Bill  
all that stuff  
he wouldn't believe you.  
He likes to argue.

My mother likes my  
short  
lines.  
She runs her fingers  
down them  
and then  
taps  
her lips  
once, twice.

And I think I understood  
what you said about  
onomoto-something  
and alliter-something  
not HAVING to be  
in a poem  
and how sometimes  
they ENRICH a poem  
but sometimes  
they can also make a poem  
sound *purple*.

Purple!  
Ha ha ha.

## OCTOBER 3

Okay, okay, okay  
I will learn how to spell  
ALLITERATION  
and  
ONOMATOPOEIA  
(right?)  
and I will practice them  
just in case I ever  
need them  
to ENRICH  
something.

Ready?

Um.

Um.

I can't do it.  
Brain frozen.

First you need to have  
something to write about.  
You can't just  
*alliterate*  
and  
*onomatopoeiate*  
all over the place  
can you?

## [About the Author](#)



Photo credit Lyle Rigg

**SHARON CREECH** is the author of the Newbery Medal winner *WALK TWO MOONS* and the Newbery Honor Book *THE WANDERER*. Her other work includes the novels *THE GREAT UNEXPECTED*, *THE UNFINISHED ANGEL*, *HATE THAT CAT*, *THE CASTLE CORONA*, *REPLAY*, *HEARTBEAT*, *GRANNY TORRELLI MAKES SOUP*, *RUBY HOLLER*, *LOVE THAT DOG*, *BLOOMABILITY*, *ABSOLUTELY NORMAL CHAOS*, *CHASING REDBIRD*, and *PLEASING THE GHOST*, as well as three picture books: *A FINE, FINE SCHOOL*; *FISHING IN THE AIR*; and *WHO'S THAT BABY?* Ms. Creech and her husband live in Maine. You can visit her online at [www.sharoncreech.com](http://www.sharoncreech.com).

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Love That Dog

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