

# The Adventures of Extraordinary K9s



By Sherry Bennett Warshauer

Illustrated by India Boeckh



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Permission Department, Trimark Mark Press, Inc. 1525 NW 3rd Street, Suite 10, Deerfield Beach, Florida 33442

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publications Data is available  
Sherry Bennett Warshauer  
The Adventures of Extraordinary K9s

ISBN: 978-1-943401-96-3  
Library of Congress Control Number: 2022906738

E-22  
First Edition  
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

For further information, please contact the publisher:



1525 NW 3rd Street, Suite 10,  
Deerfield Beach, FL 33442  
800-889-0693  
[www.TriMarkPress.com](http://www.TriMarkPress.com)



THE ADVENTURES OF EXTRAORDINARY K9s –  
WHAT WILL THEIR JOBS BE?

By Sherry Bennett Warshauer

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# Chapter 1

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# The Adventures of **K9 Charlee**







Hi! My name is Lizzie. I am in second grade.

Today my teacher, Ms. Rosebud, brought Charlee to school. Charlee is a yellow Labrador retriever puppy.

Charlee passed her tests at the guide dog school with flying colors. Ms. Rosebud will teach Charlee good manners, so that she can become a guide dog, and everyone in our class will help. She will live with Ms. Rosebud and come to school everyday.

There are lots of rules to follow like never feeding Charlee human food. We have to ask permission to pet her when she is wearing her blue puppy-in-training cape.

This was just the beginning of our exciting adventure together.





When Ms. Rosebud announced a surprise math test we let out one big groan. Charlee was asleep under her desk when Ms. Rosebud took a bright yellow envelope from her briefcase. Inside the envelope was our math test. Suddenly Charlee jumped up, and in one leap grabbed the envelope out of her hand.

Just then the principal opened the door. Charlee, with the slobbered envelope hanging from her mouth, ran between his legs and out into the hall. She followed a class on their way outside for recess. Soon there was a parade of children running across the playground trying to catch Charlee. By the time we caught her it was too late to take the test.

Since then, whenever Ms. Rosebud announces a surprise test, we all chant “WHERE’S CHARLEE?”





Charlee and the principal enjoyed a daily game of catch. The principal knew how much Charlee loved tennis balls so he kept a good supply of them in his bookcase.

He greeted her with a “Good morning, Charlee. How is your day going?” Charlee gave him a doggy hug, leaning her entire body against his leg. The principal tossed the ball to Charlee and she brought it back to him. When the game was over he gave her a doggy treat.





PRINCIPAL

WEBER COLLEGE

One day I dropped Charlee off at the principal's office and went back to Ms. Rosebud's classroom. Someone left a tennis ball on the chair. Charlee grabbed it and ran toward the gym.

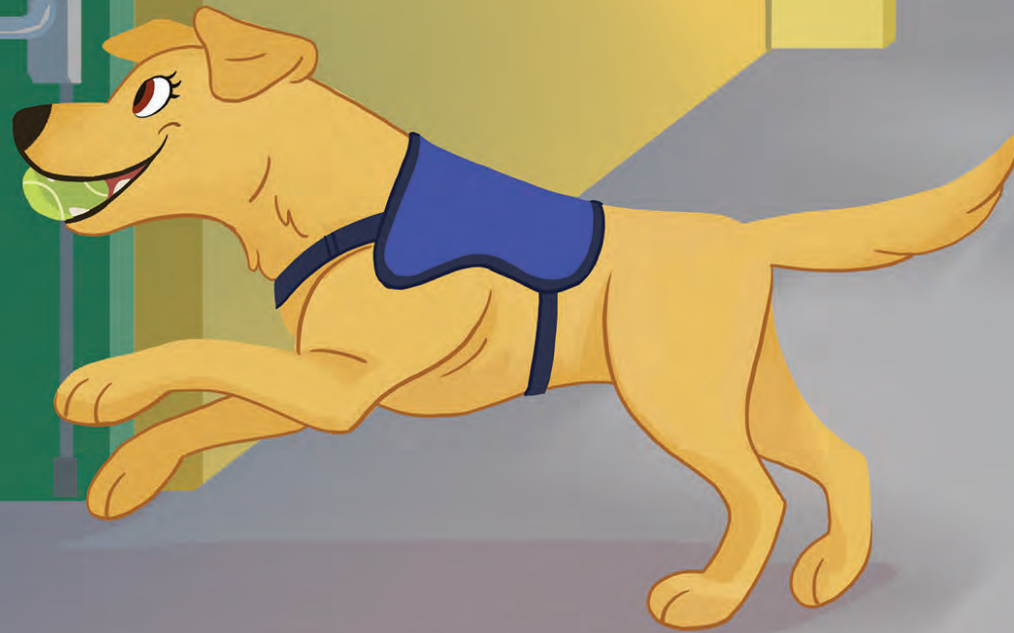
Ms. Rosebud checked her watch. Charlee should have been back by now. "Should I look for Charlee?" I asked Ms. Rosebud.

"Let's go together, Lizzie. I may need your help," she replied.

Ms. Rosebud asked the teacher's assistant to take over.



**GYM**



We heard laughter coming from the gym, and followed the voices.

We could not believe our eyes.

Charlee had wandered into the girls' locker room where the soccer team was taking a shower after practice. Being one of the girls, Charlee decided to join them in the shower!





Charlee gave a mighty shake, spraying water everywhere, soaking me and Ms. Rosebud.

“Thanks loads, Charlee girl,” Ms. Rosebud said with a huge grin. We laughed so hard our stomachs hurt.

We were very relieved that Charlee was safe, and didn’t care that we were just as wet as Charlee.





The students in our class wished that Charlee could be with us forever, especially Ms. Rosebud, who had grown attached to her. But it was time for Charlee to begin her professional guide dog training.

The guide dog school would work hard to match Charlee with a blind person who liked the same things that Charlee liked, like playing with tennis balls.

“Together, we helped train her, socialize her and love her,” Ms. Rosebud explained. “Everything Charlee will need to be a confident guide dog.”

The students, now Charlee’s friends, waited patiently to wish Charlee luck. I wrapped my arms around her fluffy neck. “I will miss you, Charlee,” I whispered.





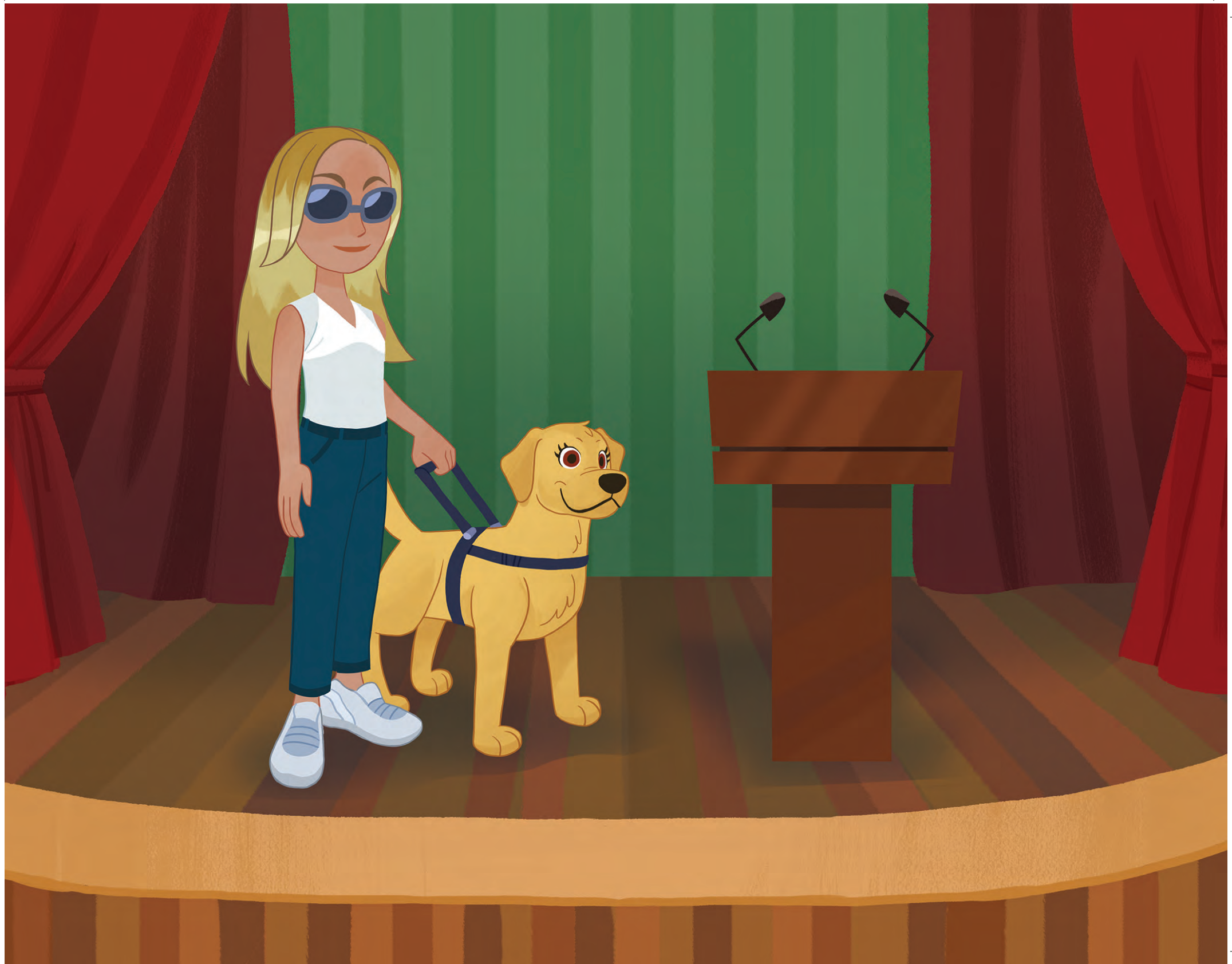
Our class buzzed like a swarm of bees toward the auditorium for one of Ms. Rosebud's special assemblies. From behind the curtain came Charlee, now fully-grown, proudly guiding a young woman.

"Thank you for raising Charlee to be my guide dog," she said.

"You were patient, kind and showed her lots of love, as I will always do." Charlee's companion's name was Kim. Using only hand signals, Kim showed the students how Charlee followed basic commands: sit, down, stay and come.

With Charlee guiding her, Kim could return to college. Charlee gave Kim the courage to safely cross busy streets and find her classrooms. Seeing the love between Kim and Charlee turned our sadness to gladness. We stood and waved as they left the auditorium.







What an amazing, wonderful, beautiful surprise Ms. Rosebud had for us. She walked a precious, shiny, black Labrador retriever puppy out to greet us.

“I would like you to meet Anni.” Before she could even finish her speech, everyone jumped up and cheered. We had joyful memories of raising Charlee, and now we would be making new memories with Anni.

“WOW, it’s going to be a great year. I can’t wait!” I looked into Anni’s sweet, innocent face and imagined the fun we were going to have.



## Chapter 2

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# The Adventures of K9 Anni







Hi, It's Lizzie, again!

Right from the start, Anni was a challenge! When she wanted something, she usually got it.

We planned a surprise birthday party for Ms. Rosebud. With the help of some of the teachers, we decorated the gazebo for the party. The finishing touch was a party hat for Anni.

Our class mother baked a beautiful yellow frosted cake with pink roses on it. We put it on the picnic table where we thought it would be safe.

When it was time to surprise Ms. Rosebud, all of us stood and sang HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

**YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT WE SAW!**







“Oh, no,” we gasped.

There was a gaping hole in the cake, and the frosting was all smooshed!

We followed Ms. Rosebud’s gaze to sweet, innocent-looking Anni. The proof of the crime was all over her face. Yellow and pink icing covered her nose and hung from her eyelashes!

We looked to Ms. Rosebud in shock. What began with her smile, turned into laughter. Anni had used the picnic bench to reach the cake. It was her smarts, her mighty sense of smell, and boldness that got her the tasty treat she wanted.



Anni visited the principal every day, just like Charlee did last year. When he tossed the tennis ball to Charlee, she brought it back to him. But when he tossed the ball to Anni, she kept it and did not bring it back.

“Okay, Anni girl,” he said, “we will have to find a different game for us to play.” Before Anni’s next visit, the principal took a raw carrot from his lunchbox and hid it in his office. He told Anni, “find the carrot.” She sat, nose in the air, and ran directly to the carrot.

“Anni found the carrot!” exclaimed the principal. Thinking she had done a great thing, Anni sat proudly showing off the carrot she held in her mouth.





Raising Anni was a blast, but the time came for her to leave us and begin her professional training. It felt like forever waiting to hear about how she was doing.

Can you imagine our surprise when we spotted a police officer standing in our playground with Anni? What had she done? Was she in trouble? We couldn't wait to find out.

"I'm Officer Cruz," the officer said, speaking from the stage in our auditorium. "This exceptional dog who you helped to raise, has become a narcotics detection dog. Anni has an unbelievable sense of smell and a drive to hunt and find what we are looking for. She is my partner in the war against illegal drugs.





“Does anyone have any questions they would like to ask me?”

I raised my hand. “How does Anni tell you when she has found drugs?”

“Good question,” replied Officer Cruz.

“When she finds the odor she is looking for, she wags her tail and shakes her head. Sometimes her nose twitches, which makes the other police officers laugh. She will look at me, and I will reward her with a dog treat.”



**K9 UNIT**

“Can you tell us about a search Anni helped you with?” my friend, Orson asked.

“We were ordered to look for drugs in a garage,” explained Officer Cruz. “The garage had a very high ceiling with boxes stacked halfway to the top. Anni’s nose picked up the odor of drugs. Using all of her strength, she worked her way up the boxes and stuck her nose straight up in the air.

I found a ladder and climbed up to inspect the ceiling, where I discovered drugs that were hidden in the attic. Without Anni’s help, I would not have found the illegal drugs.”





**“We have time for one more question,” said Officer Cruz.**

**My friend, Hannah, raised her hand. “Where does Anni live when she is not working?” Officer Cruz smiled. “Anni comes home with me every night. She sleeps on her own dog bed with a pillow and two stuffed animals.**

**She goes to the beach and camping with us. She’s very gentle with my little girl who thinks it is funny when Anni wants to share her blanket. She is a loving member of our family when we are at home, and is a serious detection dog when we go to work.**

**“LET’S GO TO WORK” is the command that Anni lives for!**





## Chapter 3

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# The Adventures of

# K9s

# Samantha &

# Hope





Hi, Lizzie here. I am back to share the story about not just one dog, but about two! Although we did not raise them, they became a very important part of our school year. Samantha is a golden retriever who loves to be hugged. The guide dog school decided that she would be the perfect dog to comfort children. She was adopted by Ms. Mitchell, who trained her to be a therapy dog. They became a team.

Ms. Mitchell is the director of a therapy dog program called K9sPLUSKIDS. She brought Samantha to visit our class every week. We talked about things that affect kids, like how important it is to pick good friends, and about feeling good about ourselves. Having Samantha in the classroom helped the students to feel happy and relaxed. Especially Leo, who was a new student in our class.





Leo wasn't good at making friends, but he was super good at math. Leo was his mom's best helper. He cleaned the table after dinner and put things away in their proper place. When the family went for a walk, sometimes Leo ran away and was in danger of getting hurt.

The students in our class didn't know any of this about him. What they did know was that he hardly ever talked, and that he was different. When he flapped his hands and made strange sounds, they avoided him. But Samantha became Leo's BFF (best furry friend).







When Ms. Mitchell brought Samantha to visit, Samantha always sat with Leo first. Leo hugged her and it made him feel calm. He reached out his hand to touch her golden fur, and giggled when he felt its softness. Leo's hand movements and noises didn't bother Samantha, and she didn't care that Leo repeated his words. The other students were surprised that Samantha liked Leo so much. Maybe they should give him another chance?

When Samantha visited Ms. Rosebud's class, Leo began to talk more. He said things like, "Please come, Sam." "Walk with me, Sam." "Are you hungry, Sam?" "I love you, Sam." Samantha brought out the best in him.



Ms. Rosebud realized that Samantha was helping Leo, so she suggested to Leo's parents that they get him a dog that had special training. They contacted BluePath Service Dogs, and when her training was finished, Hope became a member of Leo's family.

Hope, is a fox-red Labrador retriever, who is not bothered by noises or distractions. She became a kid magnet at the park. Leo was excited to meet new children. He wanted them to like him. They asked Leo if they could touch Hope's silky fur. The children laughed as they watched Hope run through the sprinklers. They could not believe their eyes when Hope climbed up the ladder and slid down the slide, just like they did.

"Hope is my dog. She is my best friend," Leo told them.





The children have stopped thinking of Leo as the strange boy, but the boy with the beautiful Labrador retriever. Hope is making it easier for Leo to be with other children and to make friends at school and at the park.

Now when Leo goes for a walk through the neighborhood with his family, he wears a belt that is connected to Hope's vest. His dad holds Hope's leash while Leo holds his mom or dad's hand. Leo loves to walk with Hope. No more running away for Leo!

Both Samantha and Hope continue to teach children to accept what makes them different from each other, and to honor what makes them the same.







“Place,” is a command that tells Hope to sit on her own dog bed, right next to Leo’s bed. When Leo was home sick with the flu, Hope never left his side. Leo’s mom and dad let Hope up on Leo’s bed just that once, and told her to “visit.” Sensing that Leo was upset, Hope snuggled up to him. Leo stroked Hope’s head, ears and neck, which made both of them feel good.

Hope is Leo’s service dog. Unlike Samantha, who is a therapy dog, Hope can go everywhere a guide dog can go. She stays by Leo’s side when he needs her. She brings Leo and his family love by the bucketful.



## Chapter 4

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# The Adventures of K9 Jake







Hi, It's Lizzie. This time we are raising a German Shepherd named Jake. His endless energy challenged all of us. As Jake got older, he got bigger and stronger.

One beautiful day Ms. Rosebud opened the window in our classroom. Before she could stop him, Jake jumped out onto the ground, just a few feet below, and headed for our school playground. Ms. Rosebud grabbed his leash and ran out the door after him.

We watched from the window as Jake launched himself onto the see-saw; up one side, balancing at the top for a few seconds, then down on the other side. He hurled himself through the tire swing, then worked his way through the tunnel. He repeated his gymnastic routine over and over again, until Ms. Rosebud was able to snap on his leash and bring him inside.







We taught Jake the basic commands: sit, down, stay and heel, which means to walk close to our left side. He completed these tasks perfectly, then ran ahead pulling on the leash. He was so strong that most of us could not control him. Only Ms. Rosebud or one of the stronger students, like me, could take him outside when he needed to get busy.

When Jake left our school to begin his professional training, we wondered what kind of helper dog he would become.



We waited nervously for Ms. Rosebud's special assembly. A police officer stood next to our now fully-grown German Shepherd. Officer Candy introduced himself and Jake. Our playful puppy, with uncontrollable energy, had become a controlled police patrol dog.

Officer Candy told us that most police dogs are male German Shepherds.

"Why do you think that is?" he asked the students.

"Because they look scary?" asked my friend, Sophie.

"That is one good reason," responded Officer Candy.

"They are perfect for police work because they have a mighty sense of smell.

They are large, strong, and can run very fast. We trained Jake to use all of his energy to catch the bad guys."

"Has Jake caught any criminals?" I asked.

"Let me tell you what happened last week," Officer Candy replied.





“I received a call from police headquarters. A store had been robbed. Jake and I jumped into our patrol car, with our siren blaring, and rushed to the scene of the crime. The storeowner told me that three men had smashed his store window. He watched as the men ran down the street. Jake began by sniffing around the store to pick up the scent of the suspects. His ears and tail went up which told me he had the scent. I gave Jake the command, FIND HIM. Jake took me through a park and stopped on the next street in front of a pizza parlor. Jake paced back and forth in front of the store.”

With a smile on his face, Officer Candy asked, “Was he being serious? Or was he more interested in eating a slice of pizza than in tracking?” He waited for us to stop laughing.





“When I looked through the windows of the pizza parlor I saw two of the three men who fit the description of the suspects. They sat with their heads down and kept looking over their shoulders. I told the men to step outside. While I questioned them, Jake stood at attention, nose pointed toward the men, growling his scariest growl. They didn’t dare move. The men were arrested by two other policemen who had followed us to the scene.



“We have had some funny situations too,” Officer Candy continued.

“A man tried to rob a local bank. It was dark when we got to the bank. I brought Jake inside to get the scent, then I took him tracking through the neighborhood. Jake brought me right back to the front of the bank where a group of police officers were standing under a tree, trying to figure out where the man could have gone. They had checked the bank and the neighborhood and found nothing.

“Jake looked up at the tree, growled, and would not budge. The officers turned their flashlights up and found the suspect sitting in the tree. Were they ever embarrassed!





“Jake is my K9 partner. Together we work to keep you safe. He is also my best friend and a member of my family. When he comes running toward me with his large Shepherd face, body and thundering paws, I hold my breath, wondering, waiting—————

“How could you guess that Jake will come to a screeching halt, roll over on his back, and wait for a belly rub? WHEW!”







## Chapter 5

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# The Adventures of **K9 Doc**





Hi, It's me, Lizzie. I was the first one to meet Doc when the Southeastern Guide Dog van pulled up in front of our school. It was very exciting to see the new puppy we were going to help Ms. Rosebud raise. I lifted a happy, chubby, black Labrador retriever from his crate, and instantly fell in love with his pudgy face. When I put him down he ran to Ms. Rosebud, who was coming out of the school. That was when I noticed that Doc's right front leg was bent and did not touch the ground. I was amazed to see how fast he could run to Ms. Rosebud using only three legs.





**“BOOM, BOOM, CRASH, BOOM, BOOM!”** Band practice was in session when Ms. Rosebud brought Doc into the music room. The noise of the drums and cymbals was deafening. Part of Doc’s training was to see if loud noise frightened him. Ms. Rosebud picked the noisiest room in the school to put Doc to the test.

**OOPS!** Ms. Rosebud tripped over someone’s trumpet case. What surprised her even more was Doc’s instinct to protect her. He sat on her back until one of the teachers came over to help her up. Ms. Rosebud was not hurt, but she sure felt silly!







Parent-teacher night was always a busy time. Ms. Rosebud did not want Doc to be a bother while she met with the parents, so she tied his leash to a desk in the back of the room and told him to “stay.” Her first meeting was with my friend Emma’s parents who asked about Doc. Ms. Rosebud told them they could visit with him later.

“I don’t think so,” said Emma’s dad, with a grin on his face. A very surprised Ms. Rosebud looked down to see Doc under her chair looking up at her. He had chewed through his leash. What was left of it, hung from his collar. Doc would do anything to stay close to Ms. Rosebud.



When his puppy raising was done, Ms. Rosebud returned Doc to Southeastern Guide Dogs.

The school year was almost over when she told us that we were going to meet a very special young man.

“Danny is a wounded Army veteran,” Ms. Rosebud explained. “Being in crowded places reminds him of how he was hurt. The hurt he has inside cannot be seen, but makes him sad. He stays home most of the time. Many days he can’t go to work or even to the supermarket.”





Danny learned about a program at Southeastern Guide Dogs that helps wounded veterans. The very next day he visited their campus. He met Jasmine, a dog trainer. She told him that he could adopt one of their specially-trained dogs. Jasmine invited him on a tour of their kennel.

“Let’s go,” Danny responded to Jasmine, with great hope.

The first thing Danny noticed when he met Doc was how bouncy and energetic he was. He saw that his right front leg did not touch the ground. He also saw the love and tenderness in Doc’s eyes. Danny bent down to pet Doc and got a face full of sloppy kisses. Somehow he knew they would take care of each other.





“Class, I would like you to meet Danny,” Ms. Rosebud announced. Danny sat on a chair in the middle of the room, with Doc between his legs. Doc’s crazy wagging tail gave away how happy he was to see us, but he stayed close to Danny.

“What was it like raising Doc?” Danny asked the class.

“Doc was easy to raise,” I said. The students loved to take Doc for a walk, and he didn’t get into mischief like Charlee, Anni or Jake. His favorite time was when he was with Ms. Rosebud.

H.W.  
Read 10 PGS. &  
Write a summary



“Having Doc with me makes me feel safe in crowded places,” explained Danny. “When Doc leans against my chest, I can feel his heartbeat. He lets me know when someone is coming close to me by stopping and sitting right in front of me. He will not budge until he knows I am safe and calm. Since getting Doc, I am able to go back to work. Doc sits at my feet to comfort me. We go shopping, hiking and fishing together.

“Doc has given me the courage to visit with you. Thank you for the kind and loving way you raised him. Ms. Rosebud has taught you an important lesson, and that is to help others. You have given Doc and me a wonderful life together.”





## Chapter 6

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# The Adventures of **K9 Reese**









**Hi! Guess who?**

**How many dogs have we helped Ms. Rosebud raise?**

**More than I can count on one hand.**

**This year we will raise Reese, a female German Shepherd puppy.**

**It was hopeless teaching Reese good manners, like we did with Charlee. She was too fearless and wild. That did not mean that Reese did not have greatness. It meant we needed to be more patient and work harder to learn what job she would be good at.**



The sun was shining with enough of a breeze to tickle your face. Ms. Rosebud decided to give our class extra recess time, so we headed to the playground just outside of our classroom. We played a game of hide and seek. Some of us hid in the playhouse, while others hid in the tunnel. When we returned to the classroom, Ms. Rosebud noticed that Theo's seat was empty.

“Has anyone seen Theo?” Ms. Rosebud asked our class. Everyone shook their head, “No.” Ms. Rosebud became very concerned. She asked the teacher's assistant to take over, clipped Reese's leash to her collar, and took her outside to search for Theo.





Reese sniffed around the tunnel where Theo had been playing. Suddenly Reese took off like a shot, ripping the leash out of Ms. Rosebud's hand. Reese ran out the gate to where the school buses were parked.

The door to one of the buses was open. Reese darted up the steps with Ms. Rosebud running close behind.

**THERE WAS THEO, sound asleep in the back of the bus!**

Reese was all over Theo with kisses, a wagging tail and a wiggling butt. But no one was happier and more relieved than Ms. Rosebud.

“Reese, you are a hero,” Ms. Rosebud exclaimed.

“Thanks to you we found Theo.”





Reese refused to wear a harness or obey the rules at the guide dog school, which meant she could not be a guide dog.

She was pushy and sure of herself, with super, over-the-top energy. She loved to stick her nose into things, and was very smart.

“These are qualities that make a great search and rescue dog,” according to Jen, a member of the Ramapo Rescue Dog Association. Reese was released to Jen, to begin a job that fit her personality.

When Jen and Reese visited our classroom, Jen described how she trained Reese using an obstacle course with fences, slides, and ladders. Reese moved like lightening around these objects. Jen also taught Reese to play hide and seek, with Jen hiding and Reese finding her.



“Have you and Reese rescued anyone, “ asked Ava, one of the students.

“Yes,” Jen said. “Ned and his family love to go camping. They live in a cabin in the woods and go fishing in the river that flows near the house. One day, Ned spotted a rabbit and chased it into the woods. Before he knew it, Ned was lost. It was cold, and beginning to snow.

“When Ned’s mom and dad discovered he was missing, they ran around the cabin and into the woods calling him. NO NED!

“They called 911 for help.”





The police arrived quickly. After they spoke to Ned's mom and dad, they called the Ramapo Rescue Dog Association.

“Several K9 and handler teams, including Reese and me, arrived on the scene, and made a plan to search for Ned,” explained Jen.

“Each team searches a different part of the woods. By working together we can cover a large area quickly. We carry radios to speak to each other. There is no time to waste.”

The K9s sniffed one of Ned's shirts. They needed his scent to find him. Jen explained that Reese and her buddies are “air scenting” dogs.

With their amazing sense of smell, they can follow the odor of the skin cells we shed in the air. They are K9 detectives!

**THE SEARCH WAS ON!**







“I unclipped Reese’s leash, allowing her to run free,” Jen continued. “Reese ran through the woods jumping over fallen trees. It wasn’t long before she stopped, sat, raised her nose in the air and barked. REESE FOUND NED! I radioed to tell the other teams.

“Ned was shivering and huddled against a fallen tree. I checked to see if he was hurt. When I was sure he could be moved safely, I wrapped him in my jacket. With Reese leading the way, I carried Ned through the woods back to his family.”

Reese was greeted like a hero by everyone. She jumped up and down when she got her reward, a dog treat and a game of catch with a tennis ball. Ned’s family took turns giving her tons of hugs.



## Chapter 7

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# The Adventures of **K9 Shayne**







here was a nip in the air that made you want to run home and drink a cup of hot chocolate, topped with so much whipped cream, it oozed over the side of the cup.

The sky was a sea of blue, like the bluest crayon you could find in the Crayola box. The grass was still green, but the leaves on the trees were just beginning to change color. The world was wrapped in gold, rust, and green, as only nature could invent.





My brother Levi and I were playing a game of Go-Fish at the kitchen table when I decided it was too beautiful a day to be inside.

I asked Levi, “would you like to go for a hike?”

“Can Shayne come too?” Levi asked our mom, hopefully. He was talking about our pet Labrador retriever, who was his best friend. They spent lots of time together, playing tug-of-war with a dog toy that had two ends to pull. Shayne always won the game, and that was okay with Levi.

“Yes, Shayne can use the exercise,” mom replied. Levi and I followed the path that took us into the woods behind our house.



Levi dug for juicy worms, while Shayne stood close by and watched. He turned over the leaves and worms of all shapes and sizes came slithering out. The leaves made a nice, wet home for them.

“Levi,” I said, “I think we have enough worms for now, let’s keep walking.”

Levi, holding his pail of worms, walked ahead with Shayne.





“What do you see?” I shouted, when Levi stopped. He got closer to whatever was in the grass. Levi looked back at me, and said, “It’s a turtle, Lizzie. Come look.”

As I got closer, I heard a hissing sound. This was not just a sweet box turtle, it was a nasty snapping turtle! I knew that Levi was in danger. So did Shayne. In a split second, Shayne, barking wildly, was between Levi and the charging turtle.





The turtle lunged for Shayne, its open mouth biting his nose. Shayne lifted the turtle off the ground, shaking his head to free himself from the turtle's hold.

I picked up my little brother and held him close to me. His red pail dropped to the ground sending all the worms he had collected scurrying back into the earth.



I ran along the trail that led back to our house, bouncing a frightened Levi in my arms. Shayne followed behind.

When we reached home, I called for my mom. Shayne sat perfectly still while she wrapped a bandage around his nose. He knew that mom was helping him. I waited while mom strapped Levi into his car seat, and put Shayne in the passenger seat next to her. We were on our way to the veterinarian's office.

Shayne's nose was a mess for a while, but it healed with only a small scar. It became his badge of courage. We are thankful for the fearless way Shayne protected Levi. He is our family hero.





“You know, Levi,” mom began.

“This isn’t the first time Shayne used his “smarts” to protect you. Do you remember when we lived in a house on a busy street? Shayne blocked you from going into the road. If you came too close to the street, he would hop around and push you back gently.”

Levi took Shayne’s yellow face in his hands. He looked lovingly into his gentle, brown eyes and said, “Shayne is the handsomest, and smartest dog in the whole wide world.”





## **SOME DOGS PLAY THE PIANO**

**Some dogs play the piano  
They are few and far between**

**Some may even dance around  
And make you laugh and scream**

**Some dogs play the piano  
When they are home alone**

**Others wait so patiently  
For you to toss their bone**

**Some dogs play the piano  
While some must work you know**

**They are known as service dogs  
And are always on the go**

Dogs in harness guide the blind.  
Helping people who can't see

They cross the street and board the bus  
With folks like you and me



Detection dogs are sniffer dogs.  
Who use their nose for good

They look for drugs and when they're found  
They sit and wait for food



Police dogs work to keep us safe.  
Each and every day

They ride in cars or walk the streets  
Then after get to play



Veteran's dogs help them talk.  
When things are on their mind

They snuggle close and hug them tight  
No better friend they'll find





Some dogs help special kids.  
To keep them safe and sound



And others look for us  
When we are lost, then found



Not all dogs have jobs, you know.  
Some just live with us

These are pets we love so much  
Who never make a fuss



***Some dogs play the piano  
Do you think this could be true?***

***Anything is possible  
I believe it, do you?***

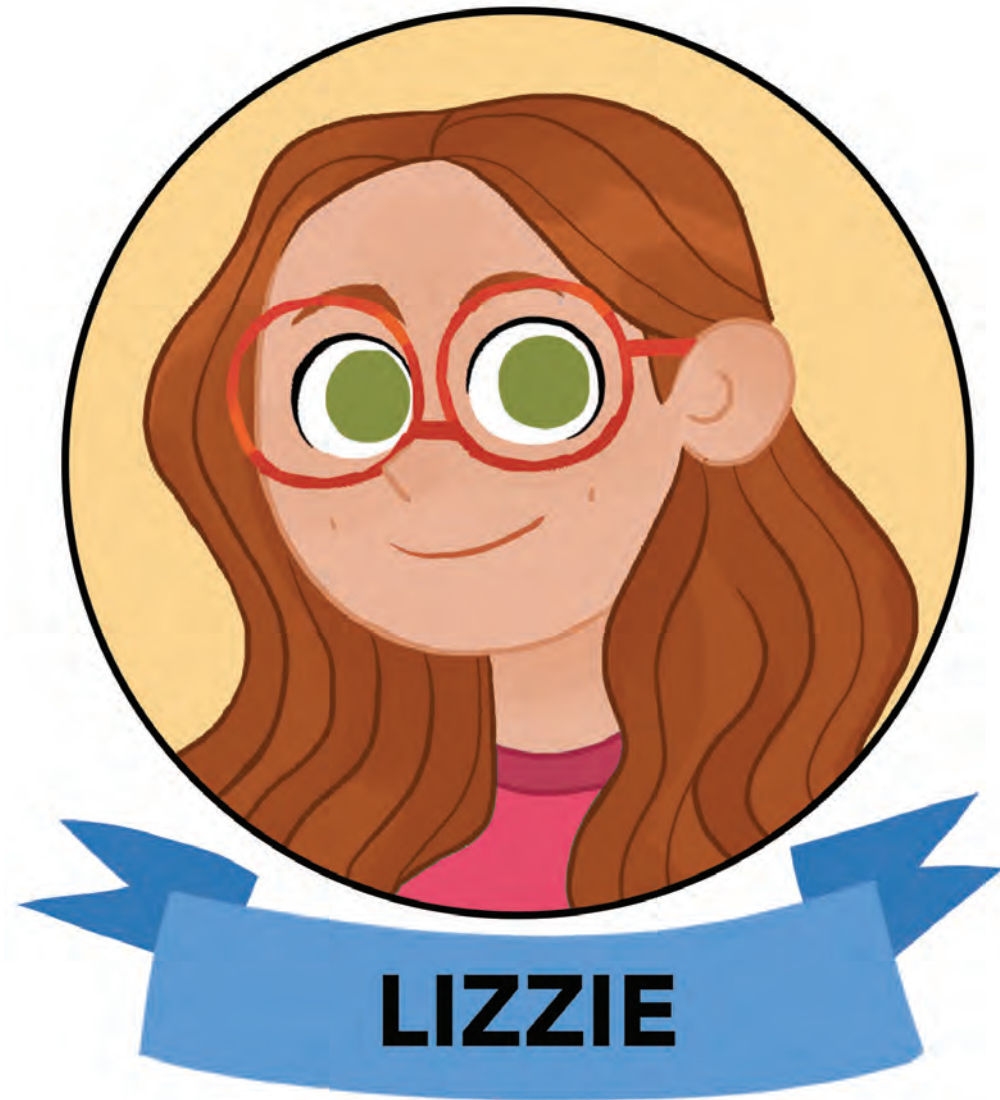


I hope you had fun learning about service dogs.

Which story was your favorite?

I enjoyed sharing the adventures Ms. Rosebud and the students at Greenacres had raising dogs who work to help others. Just imagine if all of us did a simple act of kindness everyday.

**WHAT ACTS OF KINDNESS  
CAN YOU DO?**



**LIZZIE**

### About the Author

Sherry Bennett Warshauer is an award winning author, and member of the Dog Writer's Association of America and the Society of Children's Book Writers & Illustrators. She is the Executive Director of K9sPLUSKIDS, a volunteer therapy dog program at public and private schools, enhancing the lives of children, especially those with learning disabilities.

Sherry has raised many service dogs over the past twenty years, and would never be without a Labrador retriever, or two, in the family.

### Books by Sherry Bennett Warshauer:

Everyday Heroes (Maxwell Award Winner)

Tails Of The Heart

For The Love Of Kinsey

The Adventures of Extraordinary K9s

Time-out for Matty

“Grandpa, Is The Tide In Yet?”

KYLE WENDELL, And The Running Away Day





The author and her Lab, Fiona



### About the Artist

India Boeckh is an Illustrator based in LA, she has a BFA in Illustration from Ringling College of Art + Design. She's previously worked at Disney Creative Group as a character design intern, freelanced for various advertisement agencies and is pursuing a career in the animation industry.



### About the Designer

Donni Richman is the principle in DR-DesignGraphics, a boutique graphic design firm that specializes in marketing services for small to medium sized companies who are looking for personalized services from a master designer. Website: [drdesigngraphics.com](http://drdesigngraphics.com)



## Acknowledgements



For being a continuous source of information, and inspiration for many of my books, I give special thanks to:

K9s CHARLEE & SAMANTHA – Guiding Eyes for the Blind, Yorktown Heights and Patterson, New York

K9 ANNI – The Westchester County Police Department

K9 HOPE – BluePath Service Dogs, Hopewell Junction, New York

K9 JAKE – The Connecticut State Police Department

K9 DOC – Southeastern Guide Dogs, Palmetto, Florida

K9 REESE – Ramapo Rescue Dog Association, New York and New Jersey

K9 SHAYNE – Heather McCarren and Jeremy Guski, 5th grade teachers at the real Greenacres School, for welcoming my K9 therapy dog program into their classrooms



