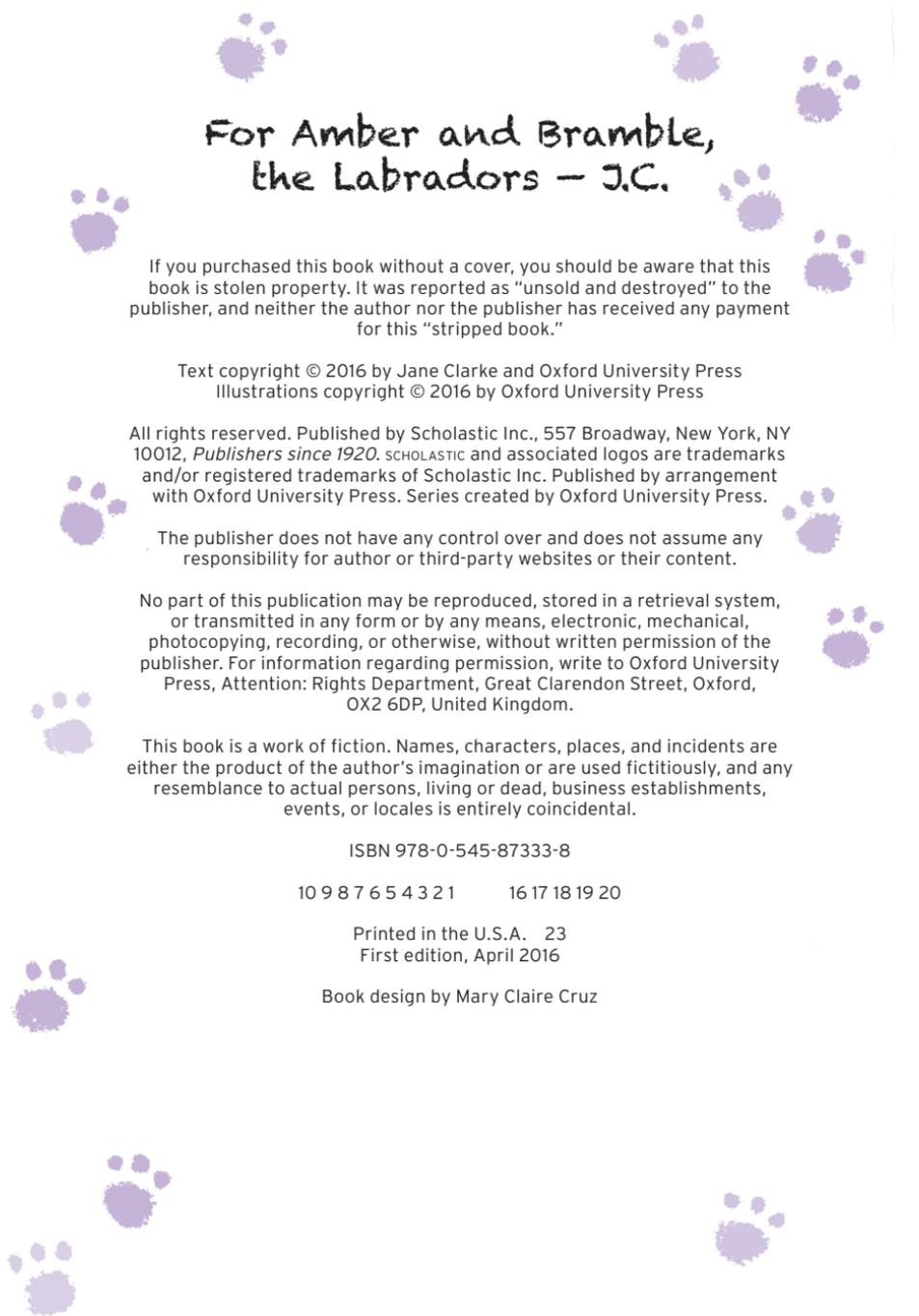




# Posy the Puppy

by *Christina Johnson*

2011



## For Amber and Bramble, the Labradors – J.C.

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ISBN 978-0-545-87333-8

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1      16 17 18 19 20

Printed in the U.S.A. 23  
First edition, April 2016

Book design by Mary Claire Cruz



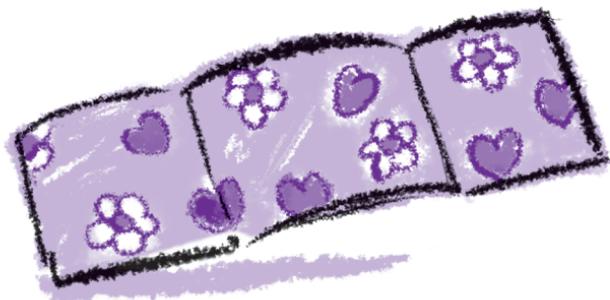
# Posy the Puppy

Jane Clarke

Scholastic Inc.



# Chapter One



“Eek!” Peanut squeaked. “I can’t reach the bandages—and Clover’s ear is bleeding!”

“Don’t panic, Peanut,” Dr. KittyCat meowed calmly. She stretched out a paw and handed him a box of bandages from the supply closet.

Peanut turned to the little bunny next in line to see Dr. KittyCat. Clover



was sobbing loudly and holding a paw over one of his soft, furry ears.

“What happened to you, Clover?” Peanut asked.

A big fat tear rolled down the bunny’s fluffy cheek.

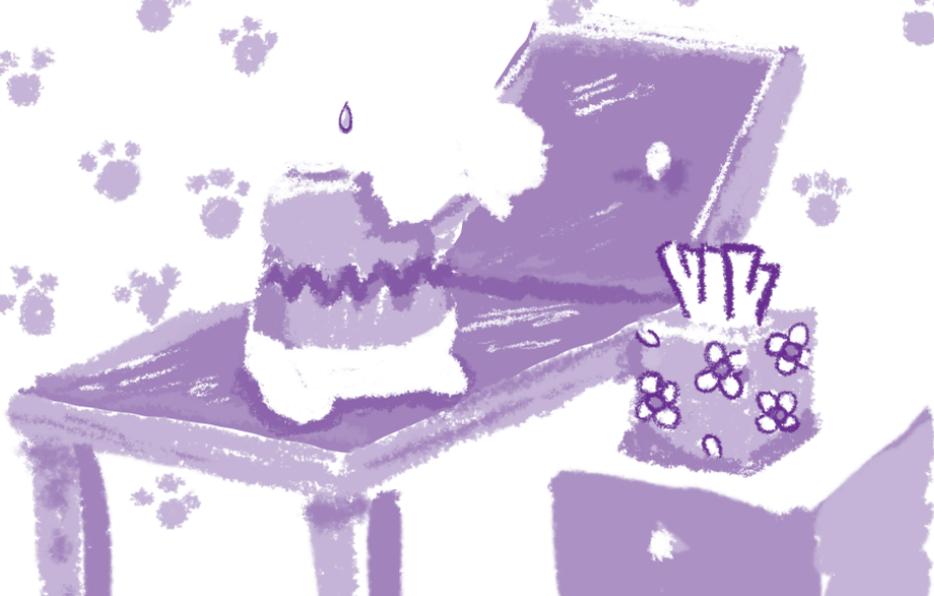
“I caught my ear on a bramble,” Clover wailed. Peanut opened Dr. KittyCat’s *Furry First-aid Book* and made a quick note. The *Furry First-aid Book* was where they kept track of all the things they needed to remember about their patients.

“There, there, Clover,” Dr. KittyCat meowed comfortingly as she washed and dried her paws. “Now, let me see.”

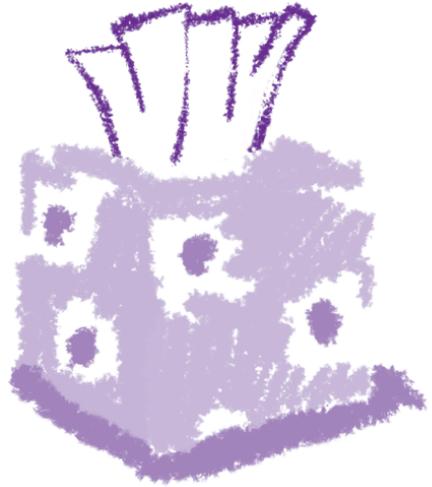
Clover clamped both paws over his ear and cried even more.

“Dr. KittyCat does need to look at your sore ear,” Peanut told him gently, “so she can make it better.”

Very slowly, Clover took his paws away from his ear. Peanut handed him a tissue and helped him wipe away his tears.



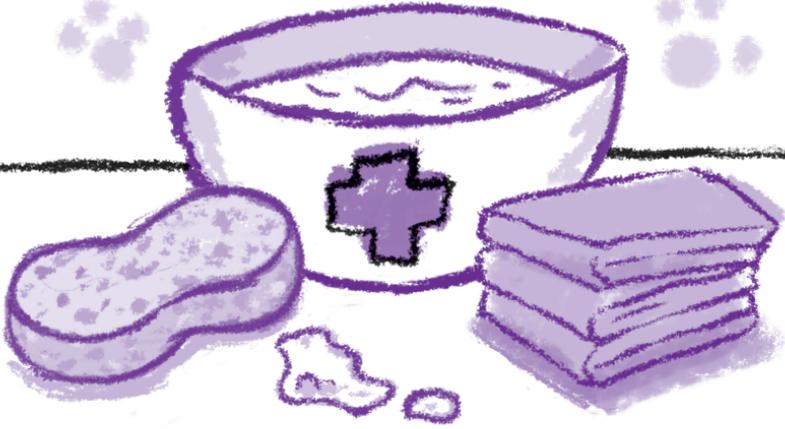
Dr. KittyCat gently examined the small scrape on the bunny's ear. "The cut's not very deep," she murmured. "It will heal quickly. But first, we need to clean it up."



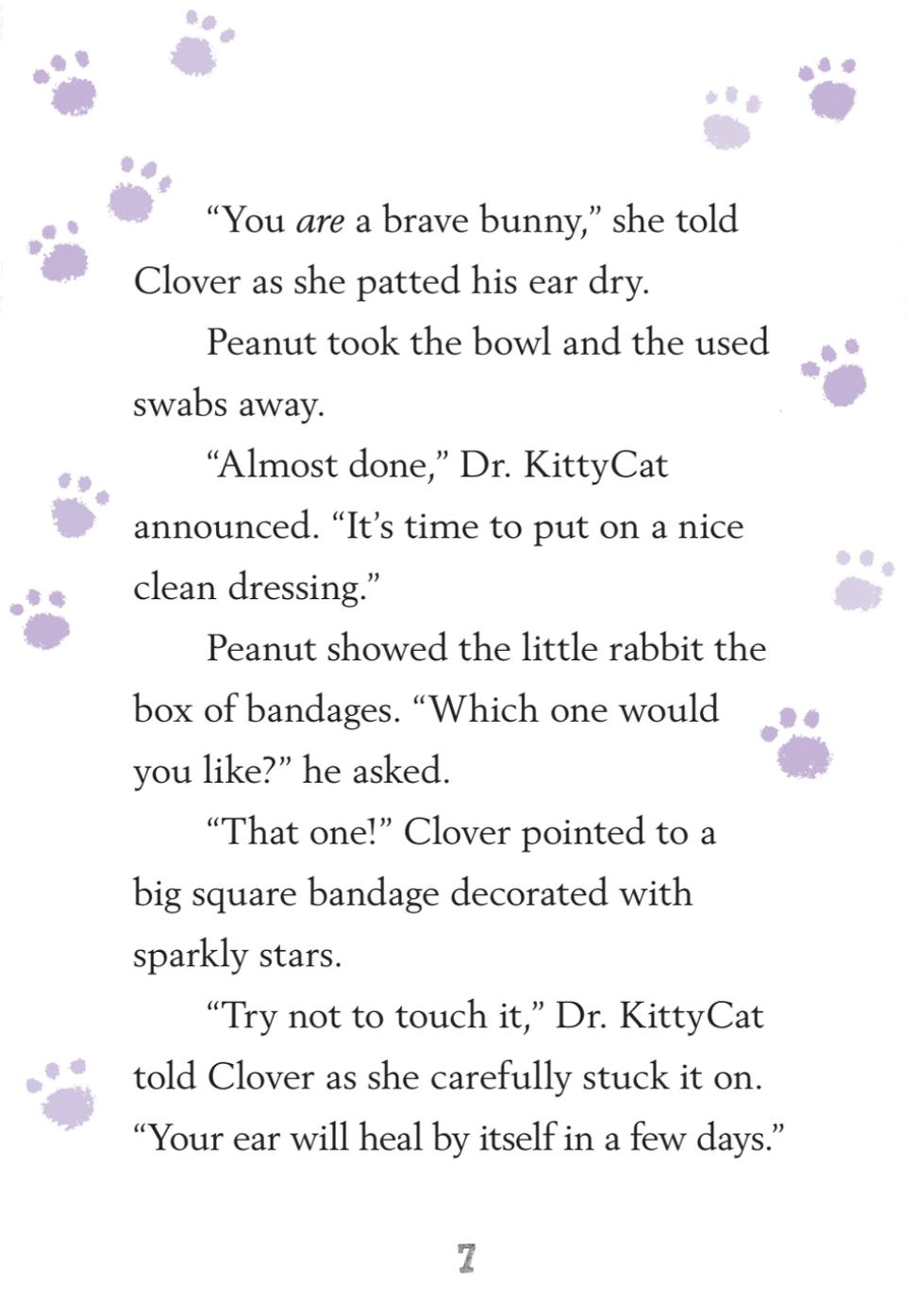
"I know exactly what we need: a bowl of warm water, soap, and clean cotton-gauze swabs." Peanut raced around the clinic collecting things.

"Thanks, Peanut." Dr. KittyCat smiled. "You're a purr-fect assistant!"

Peanut stroked his whiskers happily as he watched Dr. KittyCat treat the cut on Clover's ear. Dr. KittyCat worked



calmly and steadily. She trickled clean water over the cut, then gently sponged away the dirt around it, carefully wiping away from the wound and using a clean piece of cotton-gauze swabs each time.



“You *are* a brave bunny,” she told Clover as she patted his ear dry.

Peanut took the bowl and the used swabs away.

“Almost done,” Dr. KittyCat announced. “It’s time to put on a nice clean dressing.”

Peanut showed the little rabbit the box of bandages. “Which one would you like?” he asked.

“That one!” Clover pointed to a big square bandage decorated with sparkly stars.

“Try not to touch it,” Dr. KittyCat told Clover as she carefully stuck it on. “Your ear will heal by itself in a few days.”

“It feels fine now!” Clover announced, giving a tiny bunny hop.

“Well done,” Peanut squeaked. “You can have a special reward sticker!”



He handed Clover a round sticker that said: “I was a purr-fect patient for Dr. KittyCat!”



The young rabbit stuck it on his sweater and beamed with pride.

“Take care,” Peanut and Dr. KittyCat called after Clover as he skipped out of the clinic with his cotton tail bouncing behind him.

Peanut poked his head around the door.

“There’s still a long line of little animals waiting to see us,” he told Dr. KittyCat. “They all have bumps, scrapes, and bruises.”



Dr. KittyCat looked puzzled. “Why are there are so many injuries today?” she asked.

“It’s the Paws and Prizes Field Day tomorrow,” Peanut reminded her, “and some of the little ones have been practicing too hard.”







“Of course!” Dr. KittyCat exclaimed.  
“Posy told us all about it when she came in for her well-puppy checkup yesterday. She’s hoping to win a prize.”  
Dr. KittyCat giggled. “She was so excited, she raced around and around the clinic.”



“Posy’s the bounciest puppy I’ve ever seen,” Peanut agreed. “I was amazed you managed to do her exam. I couldn’t even get her to stand still.”

He opened the door to Dr. KittyCat’s clinic. “Come in, Nutmeg,” he told a small guinea pig. “You’re next . . .”

The guinea pig limped inside.

“What happened to you?” Peanut asked.



“I hurt my ankle!” the guinea pig squealed.

“There, there, Nutmeg . . .” Dr. KittyCat meowed kindly.



At last, everyone had been seen.

“What a busy day!” Peanut squeaked. “There are lots of notes to write up before we leave.” He took the *Furry First-aid Book* to his desk.

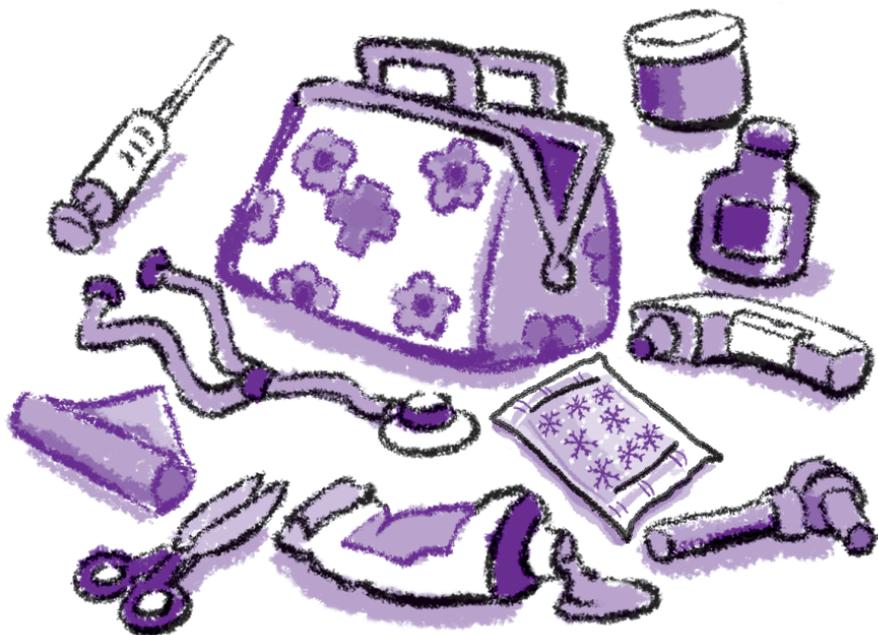
“I’m going to start on my knitting,” Dr. KittyCat said. “I found a pattern for a purr-fectly lovely hat.”

*Oh no!* Peanut thought. *Please don’t let it be for me.* He already had lots of things that Dr. KittyCat had knitted for him, and he wasn’t sure he liked any of them very much.

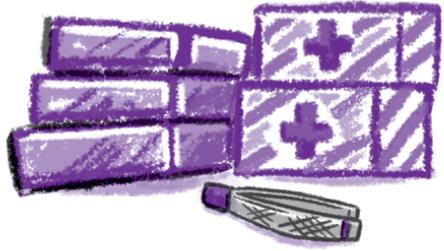
Dr. KittyCat reached into her flowery doctor’s bag. “That’s odd,” she meowed. “My bag wasn’t closed all

the way—and I can't find the yarn. I know I put it in here.”

“Maybe it rolled out and got lost,” Peanut said hopefully as Dr. KittyCat carefully checked the contents of her bag. “Scissors, syringe, medicines, ointments, instant cold packs, paw-cleansing gel, and wipes,” she murmured.



“Stethoscope,  
thermometer,  
tweezers, bandages, gauze,  
and reward stickers. Everything is  
where it should be, except for my ball  
of yarn . . .”



The telephone on Peanut’s  
desk began to ring. Peanut picked  
up the handset.

“Dr. KittyCat’s clinic.  
How can we help you?”  
Peanut asked, twirling  
the telephone cord  
so it curled tightly  
around his paw.

“Just a moment . . .”



Peanut shook his paw out of the cord, and placed it over the mouthpiece.

“There’s been an accident on the playing field,” Peanut squeaked. “Posy’s stuck in a tunnel on the agility course, and they think she’s hurt!”

“Is the vanbulance ready?” Dr. KittyCat jumped to her feet.

Peanut nodded and held out the phone for her to take.

“It’s such a shame,” Peanut murmured. “Posy was really looking forward to the field day.”

Dr. KittyCat took the phone. “Keep Posy still and calm,” she meowed. “We’ll be there in a whisker!”

