

“I guess they get along,” Dad shouted over the barking.

The Bean put his fingers in his ears. “Too loud, too loud,” he wailed.

Lizzie had to agree. Like many small dogs, Teddy had a loud, piercing bark. And it just didn’t stop. He yipped and yapped and barked, on and on, long after Buddy had stopped barking. Lizzie almost felt like putting her fingers in her ears, too.

“Where’s his ‘off’ switch?” Dad yelled.

“Be quiet, you,” yelled Charles.

“Don’t yell at him,” Lizzie yelled. “It just makes him think you’re barking along with him.” She remembered reading that somewhere.

Mom came out the back door and stood gaping at the scene.

Lizzie swooped down and picked up the small orange fluff ball. “Shhh, shhh.” She held him

close. Teddy's barks died down until he was quiet again.

"We're going to have to do something about that," Dad said. "I mean, if we're going to foster this puppy."

Mom looked doubtful. "I'm not sure there's much we *can* do," she said. "That barking is exactly why Teddy is here right now." She pulled Dad aside and spoke to him in a low voice, waving a hand at Teddy.

"What?" Lizzie asked. "What are you telling him? If it's about Teddy, I need to know." She put Teddy down and walked over to tug on Mom's sleeve. Teddy began to bark again, but Lizzie hardly noticed. She looked at Dad. "Dad?" she asked.

Dad's face had turned very solemn. He glanced at Mom, then back at Lizzie. "Come inside," he said.