



# Love Puppies

WE'RE HERE  
TO HELP!

Recipe for Success

JaNay Brown-Wood

SCHOLASTIC INC.

*To my Aunt Netty, whose superb baking skills  
inspired me to keep baking new things,  
even when it was tough!*

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***Fall in love with each  
paw-fectly sweet adventure!***

***#1 Best Friends Furever***

***#2 Lost Pet Blues***

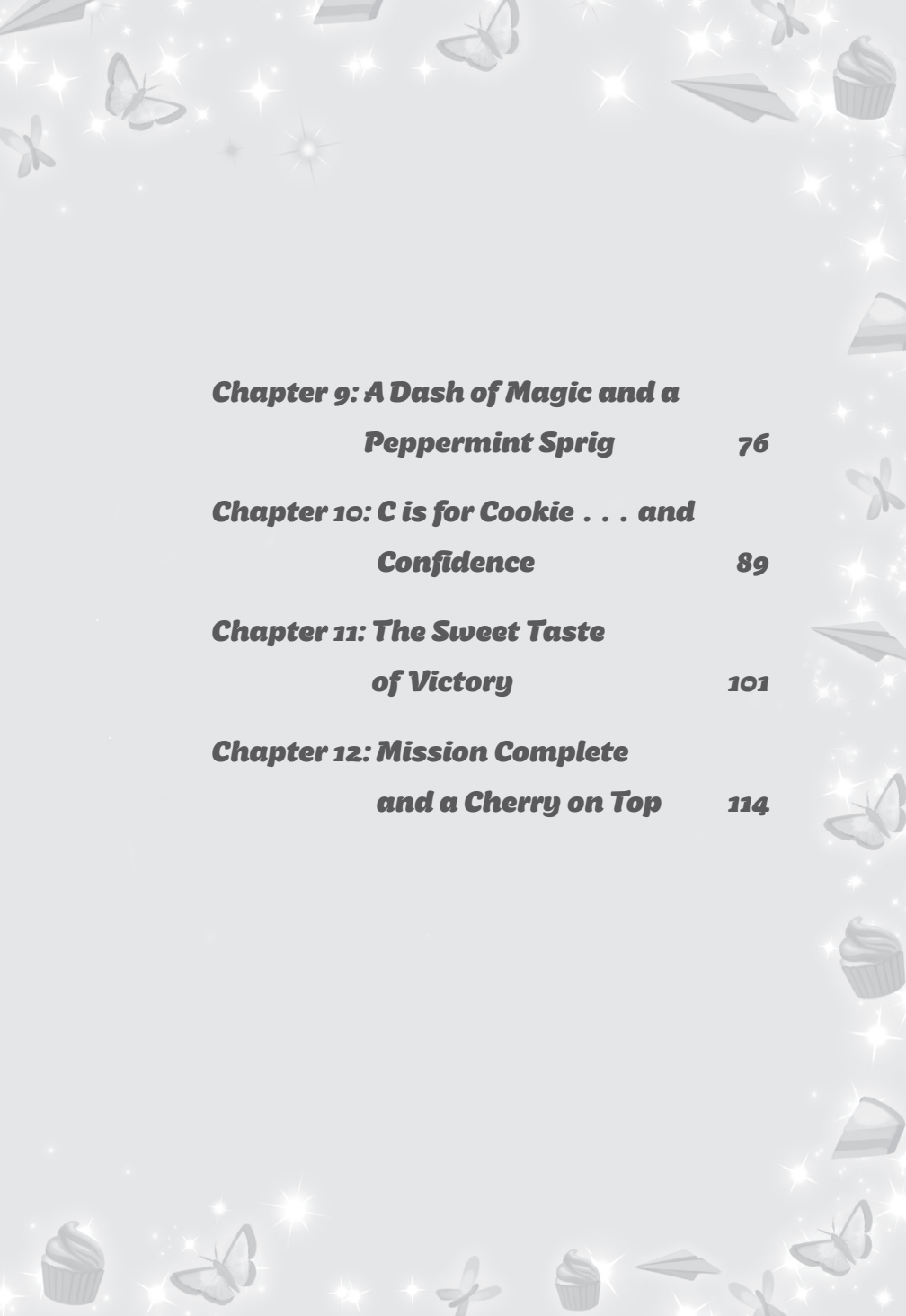
***#3 Dream Team***

***#4 Recipe for Success***



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## **Chapter 1**

### ***A Dinner Unserved***

“Nachos, nachos, yeaaaaah,” sang Clyde as he flew through the air with a pair of tongs in paw. “I’m gonna eat some nachos, yeah.”

Clyde hovered over a small grill where thin slices of steak sizzled and steamed. He took a sniff. The



aroma of spices and meat made his tummy growl and his tail dance. “I said nachos, nachos, yeah,” he continued, flipping the steaks with his tongs.

This new recipe was one he had worked on for quite some time but never got right.

Seasonings too bland or too spicy.

Meat overcooked or not done enough.

Too much cheese.

Not enough veggies.

Zero bone bits.

But Clyde was *sure* this time would be just right.

Or at least, he hoped.

“Dinnertiiiiiiiiime,” Clyde called to his Love Puppy pals after placing the steak slices onto each



plate of nachos. He topped the dishes off with a sprinkle of bone bits.


“Smells pup-tastic,” said Noodles the labradoodle. Her glowing nose led the way into the kitchen, and the smile on her puppy face shone as bright as a glistening rainbow.

Noodles was magical—all the pups were. Noodles could control the elements of weather to help the Love Puppies when they needed. Also, her nose could tell when others were feeling strong emotions, like the excitement Clyde was feeling right at that moment.

“Can’t wait to dig in!” said Noodles. She climbed onto a chair at the dinner table.







“Neither can I,” said Barkley, a tiny dachshund who magically appeared in the chair beside Noodles.

“Oh!” yipped Clyde and Noodles, startled by Barkley’s sudden appearance.

“That never gets old,” giggled Barkley. He had always had the ability to morph into *anything*, but a recent mission had taught Barkley that he could disappear and even camouflage, too! Barkley’s powers definitely came in handy when the pups were out on one of their missions.

Noodles sent a warm wind Barkley’s way, ruffling his ears as the three pups laughed.

Just then, Rosie bounded into the room with a bouquet of roses between her teeth. She hurried


over to an empty vase that sat on the countertop and gently placed the flowers into it. Next, she carefully carried the vase to the dining room table. With a swish of her nose, the flowers shimmered and grew two sizes bigger.

“There,” she said. The bouquet made the dinner table look excellent. That was Rosie’s power: flower magic. As the leader of the puppy team, her ability to control plants and flowers never ceased to amaze. “Roses are the perfect touch for a fancy dinner table.”

“You mean the *parw*-fect touch,” said Barkley.

“Of course,” said Rosie, tickling Barkley’s chin as she passed him and made her way to her own seat.





“Welcome to your dinner,” said Clyde, flying belly-up while balancing all four plates on his upturned paws. Clyde’s power was flight. He could soar through the air with ease anytime he pleased!

As Clyde stopped at the table, Noodles helped by sending airstreams that lifted the plates and set them down in front of each puppy.

Clyde took his place next to Noodles and Rosie. “Okay, Pups,” he called, “dinner is served. I call this ‘Na-cho Grandpup’s Nachos,’” he said with a chuckle. “*Bone* appétit.”

Just as each pup opened their mouths to take giant bites, flashing lights stopped them cold. Noodles’s nose lit up like a birthday cake, as did the bright

heart on Rosie's chest. Barkley's body flashed in and out of view, and a buzz filled the dining room as the Crystal Bone made its appearance, levitating through the kitchen toward the table. It vibrated and flashed—pink, purple, orange, and blue.


“Uh-oh,” said Rosie with worry on her puppy face.

But all the pups knew what this meant: A new mission was waiting for them.

“But . . . but—” began Clyde.

“I know, Clydie,” said Rosie in a gentle tone. “You worked so hard on this. But dinner will have to wait. Somebody, somewhere, needs our help. Let's go, Pups.”





Off dashed Rosie, Noodles, and Barkley, following the Crystal Bone. It led the way toward the living room of the Love Puppy Headquarters, also known as the Doghouse.

Clyde stayed back. He hurried over to the kitchen cabinets and pulled out four large bowls. He placed each bowl down over the plates of nachos. “Hopefully, this will keep them warm enough,” he said to himself, “for when we eat them in just a minute.”

But he knew. With a new mission, it would keep the pups busy for hours.

*My Na-cho Grandpup's Nachos would be nach-so good if they were cold and soggy,* he thought to himself.

That would be okay, though, if it meant the team would help someone in need.

When a mission called, hungry tummies had to wait.

And with how quickly the Bone alerted the pups, Clyde could tell this mission was going to be a doozy.

