

Molly Finds A Home

Written and Illustrated

by

Lori Chown



Molly, The Firehouse Dog

Book One

Utopian Dreams Gifts



Molly Finds A Home



Book One

Molly, The Firehouse Dog

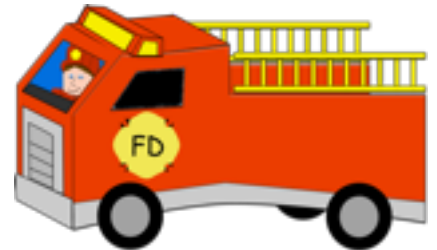


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Utopianism - Hope, Compassion, Friendship, Sharing

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Molly Finds A Home

Part One of

Molly, The Firehouse Dog

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Molly shivered as she laid down under a tree. She was scared and alone. It had been a week since she ran away from the animal shelter and she still hadn't found a place to live.



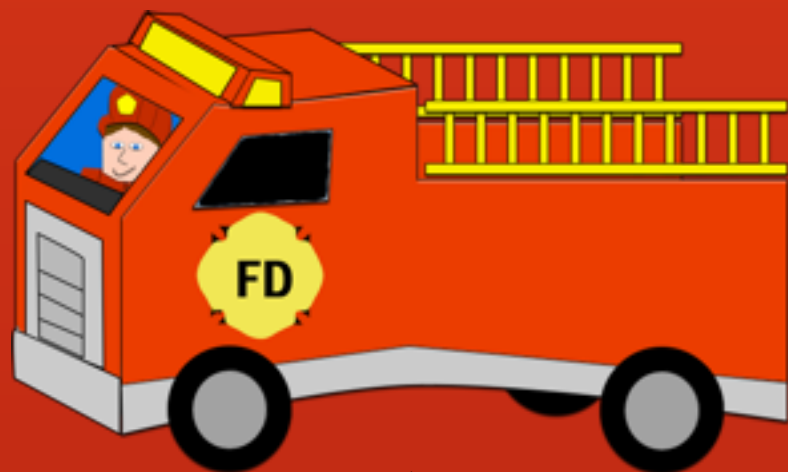


The next morning, Molly woke up to her stomach grumbling. She


stumbled along, heading for town.

Molly didn't even realize she was in the road until she heard tires squeal.


A big red truck stopped just before hitting her. She rushed across the street, almost getting hit again.







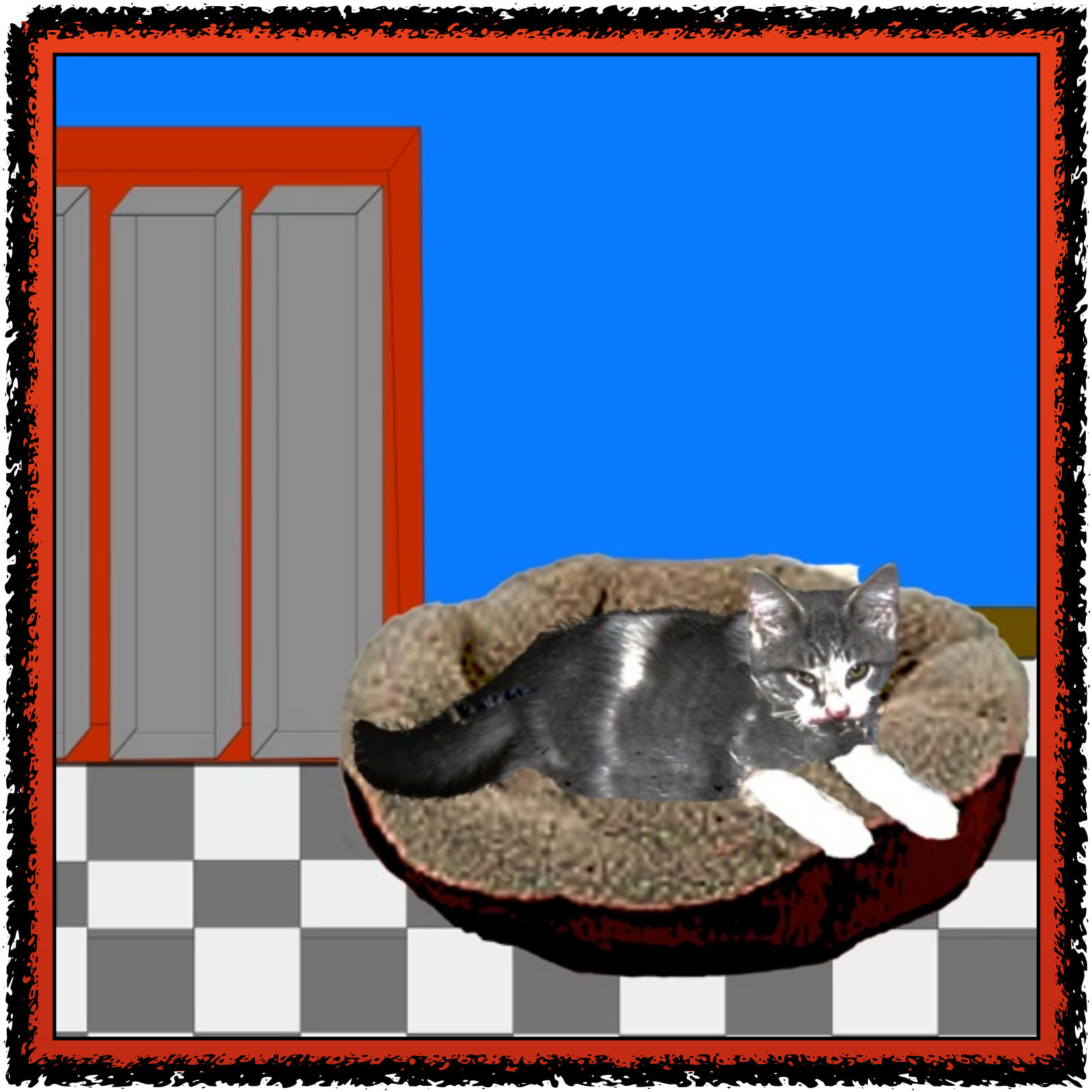
A man in a red uniform
jumped out of the truck and
followed Molly. "Come here
girl, it's okay. Don't be scared."
Molly kept walking.





"Come on now. You look hungry. I know where we can get you some food." That stopped Molly in her tracks. She followed him back to the truck and jumped into the back seat.







Smokey the cat was laying on his bed when Chief Andy entered. Molly trotted in right behind him, wagging her tail. This was so much nicer than the last place she was at. She had been locked in a 3x3 kennel, next to 20 other dogs. Someone was always barking or whining.



When Smokey saw Molly he jumped up on the desk and hissed. It didn't even phase Molly. With all the animals at the shelter, one little cat didn't startle her.



"Oh come on now, Smokey. This is our new friend Molly. She was homeless like you," Chief said. Smokey rolled his eyes and jumped off the desk.

Molly smirked and laid down in Smokey's bed as Smokey snuck out the door.





Chief Andy went in to the fire hall and grabbed two dishes. He filled one with water, the other with cat food. "This will have to do until I can get you some dog food," Chief Andy said as he patted Molly on the head.



Molly looked up at Chief Andy. She was really liking this guy. He understood the key to Molly's heart was food. "You seem like a pretty smart dog. Let's try some tricks. Sit girl." Molly sat. "Good dog, we will try some more later."








Smokey shook her head and went out to the truck bay as Molly finished eating the cat food in the dish.

Just as Chief went to sit down the pager went off and he was on his feet and racing for the truck bay.

Molly chased behind him, almost tripping him.









When Molly got in the bay she saw
Smokey's tail hanging down the
side of the front truck tire. Chief
Andy loaded into the truck and
started the engine.



Woof woof!!





As the garage door opened, Molly ran out the door and stopped in front of the fire truck. She started barking loudly, nearly growling.

"I don't know," Chief said as he shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe you are not a fire dog after all." He got out of the cab, and slowly headed towards Molly. "What's wrong girl?"









Molly went over and started barking at the front tire. Chief Andy followed. He could see Smokey's tail inside the wheel well. Chief Andy reached down and freed Smokey from the wheel well. Smokey jumped out, landing on the concrete. He shook violently as if still trying to break free.








"It looks like you were meant to be a firehouse dog! You just saved your first life! Now you two get back in the office so we can make this call," Chief Andy said as he opened the door, shooing Molly and Smokey into the office.





When Chief Andy returned from the fire call Smokey and Molly were snuggled up together, in Smokey's bed. "Looks like we have two fire hall mascots now," Chief Andy said smiling.

This book is dedicated to my husband, Brad, whose love of helping others taught me the value of volunteerism. Brad served as a firefighter and EMT for 20 years, serving as EMS Division Chief and Assistant Fire Chief.

Thank you for being my inspiration.

I Love You!

SHADOWS

I stand in the shadows, and watch you work
As you rush to others, when they are hurt
It is not for money that you strive
But the glory and hope to keep another alive
And while every call may not bring joy
Remember that child, the little girl or boy
Who without the help, you are so willing to give
May not have been given, the chance to live
The pride you must feel in saving a life
Is only shadowed by the pride I feel in being your wife
Lori Chown

About Utopian Dreams
We hope you enjoyed *Utopian Dreams*
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Part One of
The Firehouse Dog

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