



Cornwall is a county in southwestern England. Liverpool is a large city in northern England.

“Oh, no, I think he’s *beautiful*,” said Sandy truly. She picked up a bit of driftwood and threw it. Lob, whisking easily out of his master’s grip, was after it like a sand-colored bullet. He came back with the stick, beaming,  
 40 and gave it to Sandy. At the same time he gave himself, though no one else was aware of this at the time. But with Sandy, too, it was love at first sight, and when, after a lot more stick-throwing, she and the twins joined Father and Don to go home for tea, they cast many a backward glance at Lob being led firmly away by his master.

“I wish we could play with him every day,” Tess sighed.

“Why can’t we?” said Tim.

Sandy explained. “Because Mr. Dodsworth, who owns him, is from Liverpool, and he is only staying at the Fisherman’s Arms till Saturday.”

“Is Liverpool a long way off?”

50 “Right at the other end of England from Cornwall, I’m afraid.”

It was a Cornish<sup>4</sup> fishing village where the Pengelly family lived, with rocks and cliffs and a strip of beach and a little round harbor, and palm trees growing in the gardens of the little whitewashed stone houses. The village was approached by a narrow, steep, twisting hillroad and guarded by a notice that said **LOW GEAR FOR 1½ MILES, DANGEROUS TO CYCLISTS.** **B**

**T**he Pengelly children went home to scones with Cornish cream and jam, thinking they had seen the last of Lob. But they were much mistaken. The whole family was playing cards by the fire in the front room after supper  
 60 when there was a loud thump and a crash of china in the kitchen.

“My Christmas puddings!” exclaimed Jean, and ran out.

“Did you put TNT in them, then?” her husband said.

But it was Lob, who, finding the front door shut, had gone around to the back and bounced in through the open kitchen window, where the puddings were cooling on the sill. Luckily only the smallest was knocked down and broken.

Lob stood on his hind legs and plastered Sandy’s face with licks. Then he did the same for the twins, who shrieked with joy.

“Where does this friend of yours come from?” inquired Mr. Pengelly.

70 “He’s staying at the Fisherman’s Arms—I mean his owner is.”

“Then he must go back there. Find a bit of string, Sandy, to tie to his collar.” **C**

**B FORESHADOWING**

Reread line 56. How might this be an example of foreshadowing?

**C SEQUENCE**

What happens after Lob’s owner takes him back to Fisherman’s Arms? As you read, record the events on your timeline.

4. **Cornish:** in or from the English county Cornwall.