

“I wonder how he found his way here,” Mrs. Pengelly said, when the **reluctant** Lob had been led whining away and Sandy had explained about their afternoon’s game on the beach. “Fisherman’s Arms is right round the other side of the harbor.”

**reluctant** (rĭ-lŭk’tent)  
*adj.* unwilling

Lob’s owner scolded him and thanked Mr. Pengelly for bringing him back. Jean Pengelly warned the children that they had better not encourage Lob any more if they met him on the beach, or it would only lead to more trouble. So they dutifully took no notice of him the next day until he spoiled  
80 their good resolutions by dashing up to them with joyful barks, wagging his tail so hard that he winded Tess and knocked Tim’s legs from under him.

They had a happy day, playing on the sand.

The next day was Saturday. Sandy had found out that Mr. Dodsworth was to catch the half-past-nine train. She went out secretly, down to the station, nodded to Mr. Hoskins, the stationmaster, who wouldn’t dream of charging any local for a platform ticket, and climbed up on the footbridge that led over the tracks. She didn’t want to be seen, but she did want to see. She saw Mr. Dodsworth get on the train, accompanied by an  
90 unhappy-looking Lob with drooping ears and tail. Then she saw the train slide away out of sight around the next headland, with a **melancholy** wail that sounded like Lob’s last good-bye.

**melancholy**  
(mĕl’ən-kŏl’ĕ) *adj.* sad;  
gloomy

Sandy wished she hadn’t had the idea of coming to the station. She walked home miserably, with her shoulders hunched and her hands in her pockets. For the rest of the day, she was so cross and unlike herself that Tess and Tim were quite surprised, and her mother gave her a dose of senna.<sup>5</sup>

**A** week passed. Then, one evening, Mrs. Pengelly and the younger children were in the front room playing snakes and ladders.<sup>6</sup> Mr. Pengelly and Don had gone fishing on the evening tide. If your father is  
100 a fisherman, he will never be home at the same time from one week to the next.

Suddenly, history repeating itself, there was a crash from the kitchen. Jean Pengelly leaped up, crying, “My blackberry jelly!” She and the children had spent the morning picking and the afternoon boiling fruit.

But Sandy was ahead of her mother. With flushed cheeks and eyes like stars she had darted into the kitchen, where she and Lob were hugging one another in a frenzy of joy. About a yard of his tongue was out, and he was licking every part of her that he could reach.

“Good heavens!” exclaimed Jean. “How in the world did *he* get here?”  
110 “He must have walked,” said Sandy. “Look at his feet.”

5. **senna** (sĕn’ə): medicine made from the leaves of senna, a tree or shrub that grows in warm regions.

6. **snakes and ladders**: a board game in which game pieces climb ladders and slide down.