

SHARON CREECH

WINNER OF THE NEWBERY MEDAL FOR WALK TWO MOONS

LOVE  
THAT  
DOG

a novel

Reread  
October 4<sup>th</sup> - October 24<sup>th</sup>



INCLUDES AN EXCERPT FROM THE SEQUEL HATE THAT CAT

## OCTOBER 4

Do you promise  
not to read it  
out loud?

Do you promise  
not to put it  
on the board?

Okay, here it is,  
but I don't like it.

*So much depends  
upon  
a blue car  
splattered with mud  
speeding down the road.*

## OCTOBER 10

What do you mean—  
*Why does so much depend  
upon  
a blue car?*

You didn't say before  
that I had to tell *why*.

The wheelbarrow guy  
didn't tell *why*.

I don't want to  
write about that blue car  
that had miles to go  
before it slept,  
so many miles to go  
in such a hurry.

## OCTOBER 17

What was up with  
the snowy woods poem  
you read today?

Why doesn't the person just  
keep going if he's got  
so many miles to go  
before he sleeps?

And why do I have to tell more  
about the blue car  
splattered with mud  
speeding down the road?

## OCTOBER 24

I am sorry to say  
I did not really understand  
the tiger tiger burning bright poem  
but at least it sounded good  
in my ears.

Here is the blue car  
with tiger sounds:

*Blue car, blue car, shining bright  
in the darkness of the night:  
who could see you speeding by  
like a comet in the sky?*

*I could see you in the night,  
blue car, blue car, shining bright.  
I could see you speeding by  
like a comet in the sky.*

Some of the tiger sounds  
are still in my ears  
like drums  
beat-beat-beating.