

Erika and the Necklace

Erika and her little sister sneaked into their mommy's room. "I'm just going to try on some jewelry," said Erika. She took a necklace and tried to put it on her neck.

"Oh, no," said Beth. "Mommy doesn't like us playing with her stuff."

"Okay, you be the lookout," instructed Erika. "Stand by the door and let me know if Mommy comes up the stairs."

Before Beth got to the door, Bouncer, the family's Bernadoodle, bounded into the room and almost knocked Erika down. The necklace went flying. It had barely hit the floor when Bouncer chomped down on it and raced off.

"Bouncer! Bouncer!" yelled Erika. "Beth, help me get the necklace back."

The girls were hot on Bouncer's tail. "Stop!" they yelled.

Bouncer jetted down the stairs and into the living room. He stopped just long enough for the girls to get close to him. Then off he went.

"Stop!" yelled Erika. "Beth, you go the other way. We'll corner him in the dining room."

Erika met Beth in the dining room. Sure enough, Bouncer was there waiting for them. He was down low on his front legs with his tail in the air, ready to play. "Grab him!" screamed Erika.

Just as Beth was about to grab him, Bouncer took off. He whizzed by Beth and Erika. "Stop, you silly dog!" yelled Erika as she raced after him.

The girls were getting close again, but Bouncer zoomed down the basement stairs. The girls raced after him.

"I don't see him," said Beth.

Erika scratched her head. "He's got to be down here. He's hiding."

Just then Mom called to the girls. "Erika what's all the ruckus. What's wrong? I heard you from the yard."

"Uh, oh," whispered Erika. "Uh . . . nothing's wrong," she shouted.

Beth dashed up the stairs. Erika heard her telling Mom everything. "That blabber mouth," said Erika under her breath.

“ERIKA!” said Mom. “Up here right now.”

Erika looked back and saw Bouncer peeking out from behind the couch. “You troublemaker,” she growled at him. She went to her mother.

“Where is he now?” asked Mom.

“He’s in the basement somewhere. He won’t come to us.” Erika shook her head. “Wait! I know what to do.” She went to the canister on the kitchen counter and took out a treat. Mom and Beth followed her into the basement.

“Bouncer,” called Erika. “Come here, boy. I’ve got a treat for you.”

Lickety-split, Bouncer was at Erika’s feet. “What do you have, boy?” She grabbed his collar and pulled the necklace from his mouth. “Good boy. Here you go.” Erika gave Bouncer the treat and handed the necklace to Mom.

“You should know better,” said Mom. “My necklace could have been broken. Now it’s got dog drool all over it. You’re punished. No iPad or TV for three days. And don’t get Beth involved in your mischief again.”

“Sorry, Mom.” Erika dragged herself up the stairs and into the yard. Bouncer followed. He nudged her arm to pet him. “You’re a troublemaker. Go away.”

Bouncer got his ball and brought it to Erika. He sat in front of her and dropped the ball.

“Oh, okay,” said Erika. “It’s not really your fault. I shouldn’t have touched Mom’s stuff.” She took the ball and threw it. Bouncer galloped after it.

Questions

1. Was it okay for Erika to take her mother's necklace?
2. Why do you think Bouncer was waiting for the girls in the dining room?
3. What does *lickety-split* mean?
4. Was Erika right to blame Bouncer? Why or why not?