

# **HARRY** **the Dirty Dog**



**by Gene Zion**

**Pictures by Margaret Bloy Graham**



Harry was a white dog with black spots  
who liked everything,  
except. . . getting a bath.  
So one day when he heard the water  
running in the tub,  
he took the scrubbing brush. . .



and buried it in the backyard.



Then he ran away from home.



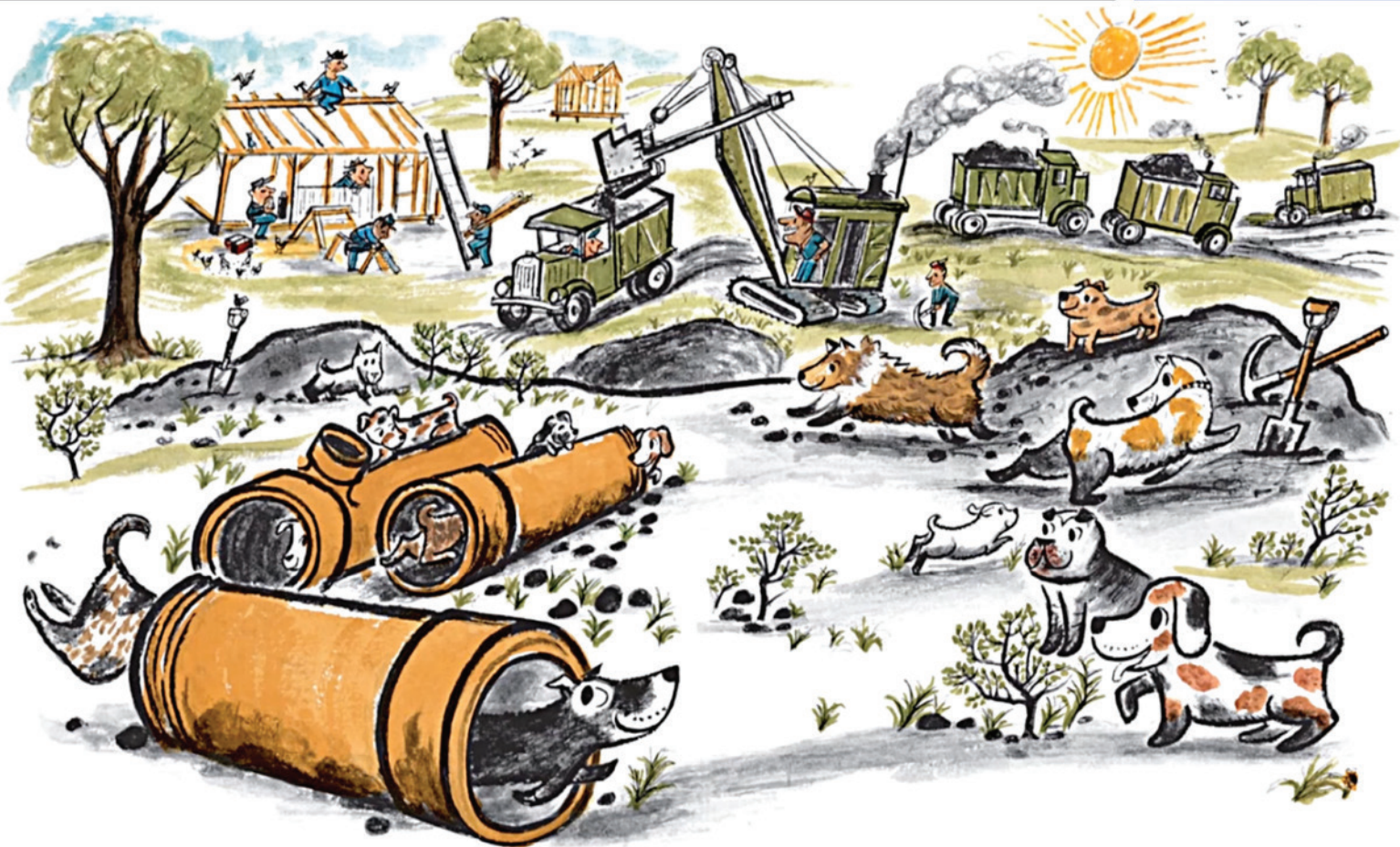
He played where they were fixing the street

and got very dirty.



He played at the railroad

and got even dirtier.



He played tag with other dogs

and became dirtier still.



He slid down a coal chute  
and got the dirtiest of all.  
In fact, he changed

from a white dog with black spots  
to a black dog with white spots.



Although there were many other things to do, Harry began to wonder if his family thought that he had really run away.



He felt tired and hungry too, so without stopping on the way he ran back home.



When Harry got to his house,  
he crawled through the fence  
and sat looking at the back door.

One of the family looked out and said,  
"There's a strange dog in the backyard. . .  
by the way, has anyone seen Harry?"



When Harry heard this, he tried very hard to show them *he* was Harry. He started to do all his old, clever tricks. He flip-flopped



and he flop-flipped.  
He rolled over and played dead.



He danced and he sang.



He did these tricks over and over again,  
but everyone shook their heads and said,  
"Oh no, it couldn't be Harry."



Harry gave up  
and walked slowly toward the gate,  
but suddenly he stopped.



He ran to a corner of the garden  
and started to dig furiously.  
Soon he jumped away from the hole  
barking short, happy barks.



He'd found the scrubbing brush!  
And carrying it in his mouth,  
he ran into the house.



Up the stairs he dashed,  
with the family  
following close behind.



He jumped into the bathtub and sat up begging,  
with the scrubbing brush in his mouth,  
a trick he certainly had never done before.

"This little doggie wants a bath!"  
cried the little girl, and her father said,  
"Why don't you and your brother give him one?"



Harry's bath was the soapiest one he'd ever had. It worked like magic. As soon as the children started to scrub, they began shouting, "Mummy! Daddy! Look, look! Come quick!"



"It's Harry! It's Harry! It's Harry!" they cried. Harry wagged his tail and was very, very happy. His family combed and brushed him lovingly, and he became once again a white dog with black spots.



It was wonderful to be home.  
After dinner, Harry fell asleep  
in his favorite place, happily dreaming  
of how much fun it had been getting dirty.  
He slept so soundly,  
he didn't even feel the scrubbing brush  
he'd hidden under his pillow.