

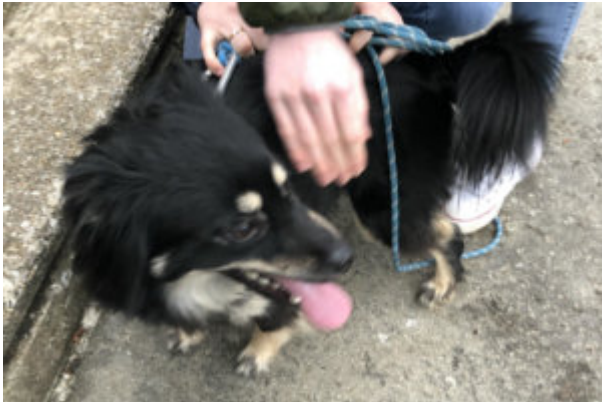
The dog who could read (but didn't know how to find her way home)

Once upon a time there was a dog. She broke free from her yard and went exploring.

She ran and ran, stopping to sniff here and there, and suddenly realized she didn't know her way home.

Then she saw a group of children playing in a yard that happened to be ours. So, she ran up to them—tail wagging and bouncing up and down—to say hello. They were excited to see the dog, but they didn't know what to do for her. The grownups with them petted the wriggling bundle of fur and saw that she had a collar but no tags.

They didn't know where she belonged. And she couldn't tell them.



So, they played and played together in the yard. Then, because dusk would be approaching, the group decided to take her on a walk through the neighborhood. It seemed like a fruitless search. What were the chances they would head in the right direction and find this little dog's home?

As they walked down the road, however, the dog ran up onto a porch and sat by the door, waiting for it to open. And it did. Her owners were surprised to see she had left.

And the house number was the same as the house she had run to—but on a completely different road.

So maybe the dog could read house numbers but not road signs?

Or maybe it was just a fun coincidence?

We will never know. But the dog found her way home.