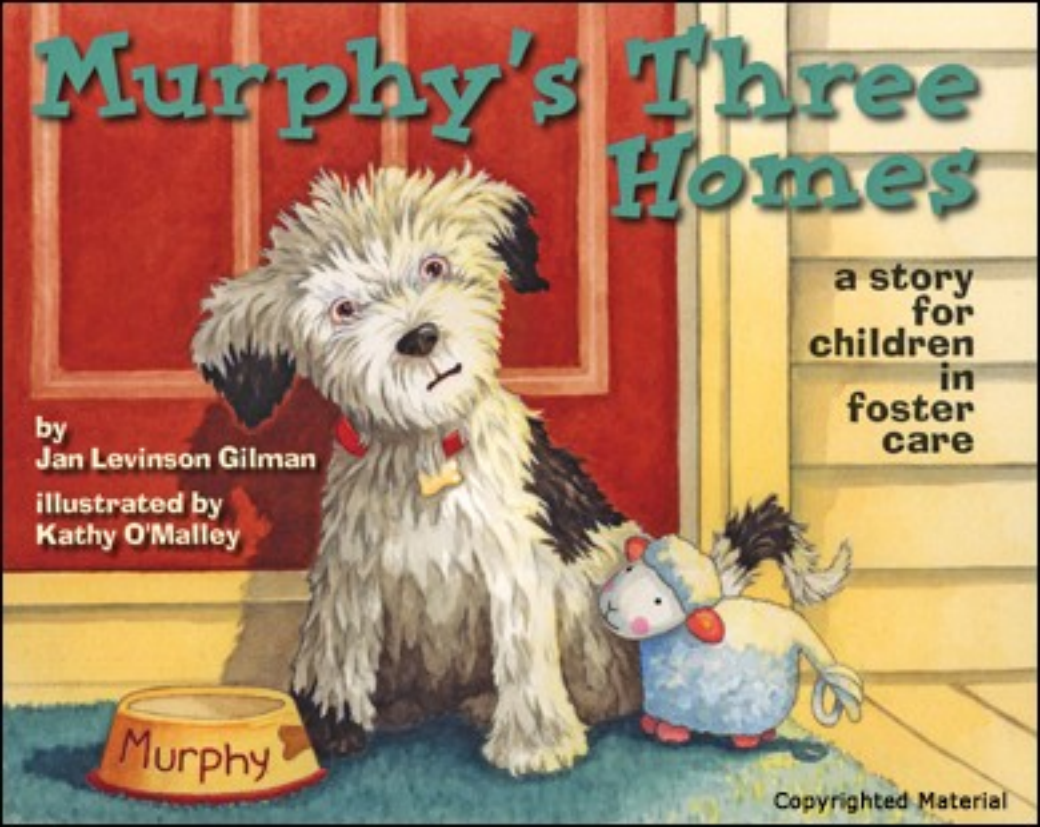
Murphy's Three Homes

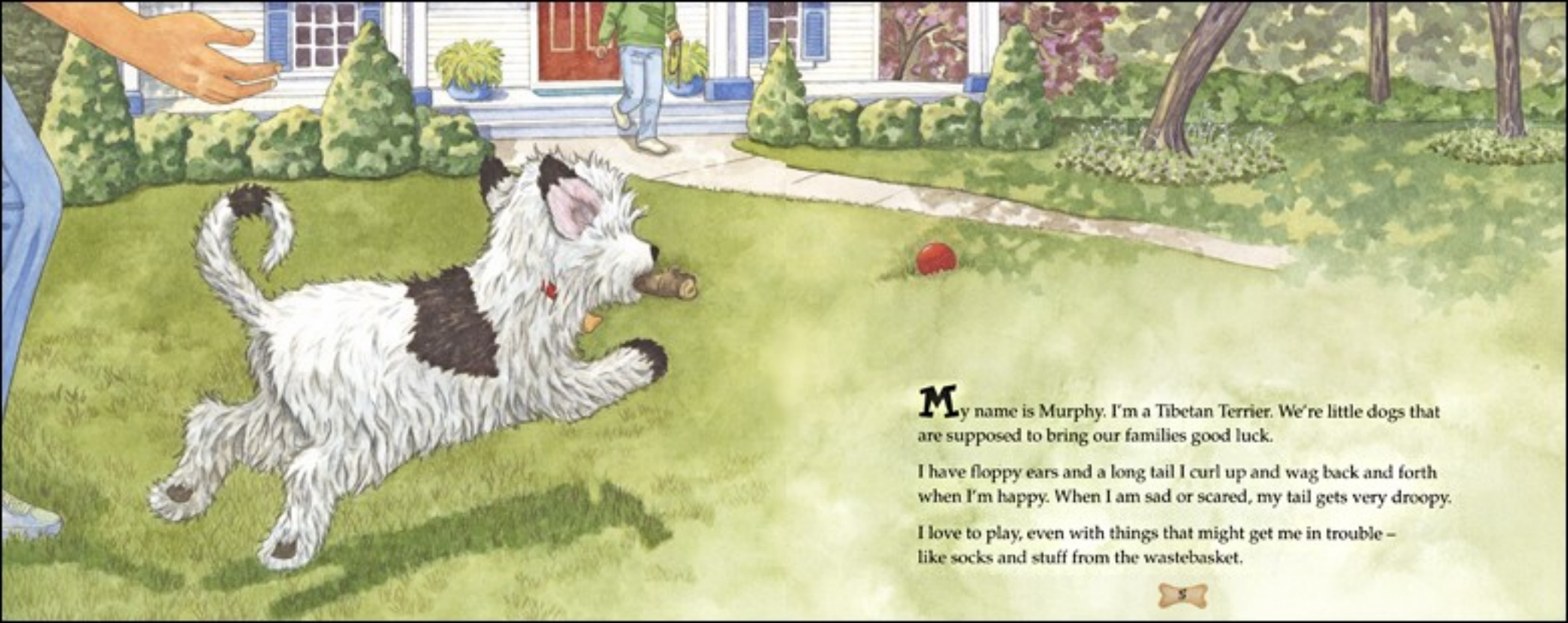
a story for children in foster care

by
Jan Levinson Gilman

illustrated by
Kathy O'Malley



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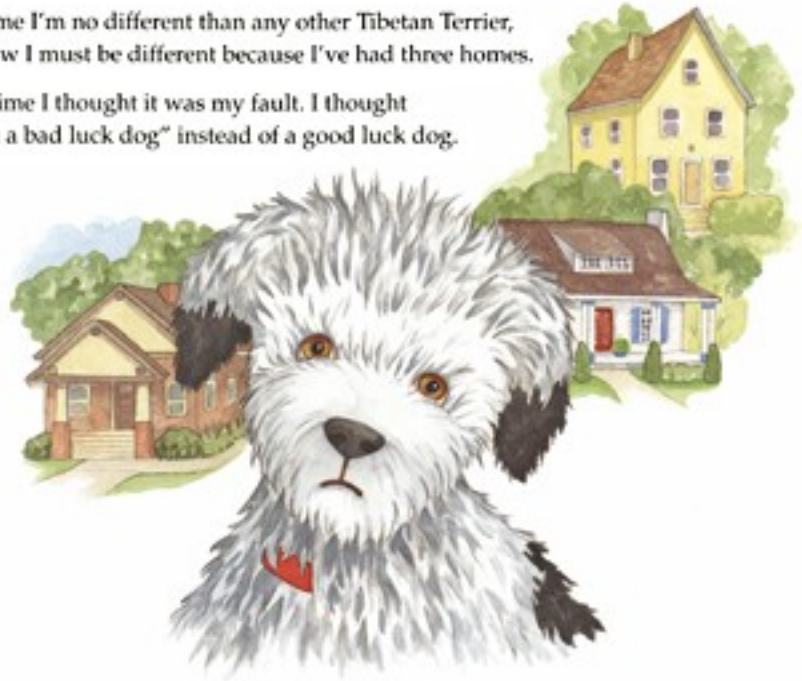
My name is Murphy. I'm a Tibetan Terrier. We're little dogs that are supposed to bring our families good luck.

I have floppy ears and a long tail I curl up and wag back and forth when I'm happy. When I am sad or scared, my tail gets very droopy.

I love to play, even with things that might get me in trouble – like socks and stuff from the wastebasket.

People tell me I'm no different than any other Tibetan Terrier, but somehow I must be different because I've had three homes.

For a long time I thought it was my fault. I thought "maybe I'm a bad luck dog" instead of a good luck dog.



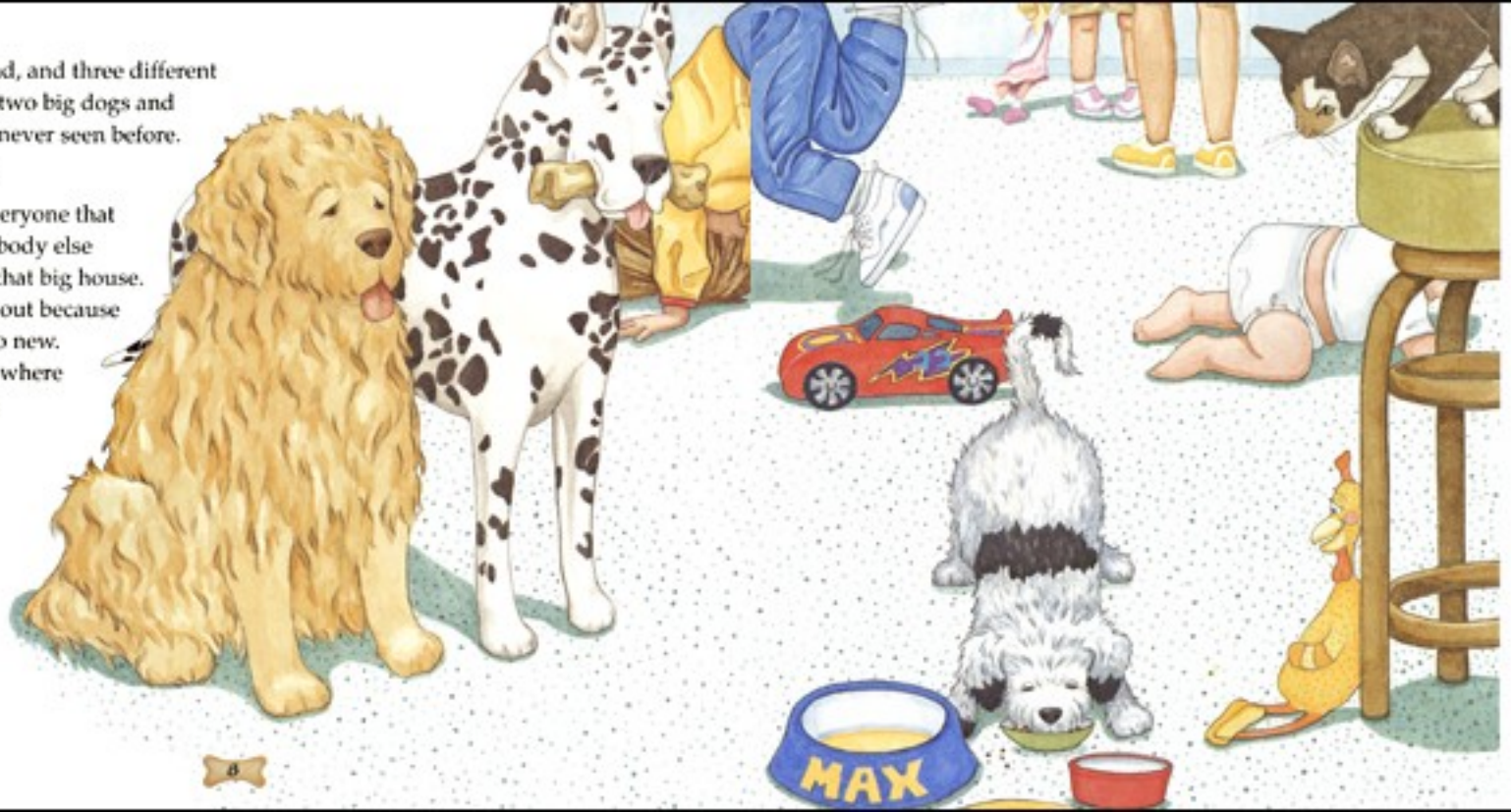


You see, my mom was pretty old when I was born. My two brothers and three sisters were too much for her to care for. My owners decided it would help my mom get strong again by finding us a new home.

That's how I wound up in my first home. It was a huge house filled with people and animals.

There was a Mom, Dad, and three different size kids. There were two big dogs and another animal I had never seen before. I learned it was a cat.

I tried to play with everyone that lived there, but everybody else seemed very busy in that big house. I couldn't figure it all out because everything was still so new. The other dogs knew where to eat, where to sleep, and where to go to the bathroom.



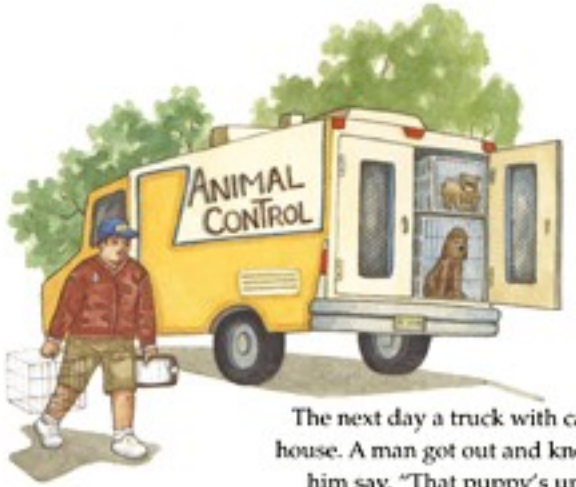
I'd always be the last to the food bowl, and there would only be a little left. I was so hungry that I ate the cat food. The cat hissed at me, and the humans said, "No Murphy! That's not your food." (Anyway, it tasted pretty bad. Yuck!)



The family got mad at me whenever I had an accident in the house.
I was supposed to sit by the door and wait for them to take me outside.
Once, I got lost in that big house and I couldn't even find the door.
Everyone looked at me like I should have known my way around the house.
Sometimes I would play so hard that I would forget I had to go until it was too late.

One day I was sitting by the fence when the mailman came by. I was so happy to see him I thought I'd wag my tail right off! But he didn't pet me like the neighbors did. He just looked at me with a sad face and said, "Poor puppy."





The next day a truck with cages on the back stopped by my house. A man got out and knocked on our front door. I heard him say, "That puppy's undernourished. I'm taking him."