

Peter's Poofect Pet



With love to my poofect husband, Randy—Tina Powell

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Peter's Poofect Pet

by Tina Powell

Illustrated by Jenny Campbell



Peter wanted a pet more than anything in the world.

His friend Andrew had a pet parakeet.

His friend Samantha had a pet pony.

His teacher Mr. Parker had a pet porcupine.

Everyone had a pet—everyone except Peter.

Peter didn't have a pet because Peter's parents had a list—a list of reasons why they didn't want a pet in the house. Peter knew it backwards and forwards. But that didn't stop him from wanting a pet.



One night at dinner, Peter was thinking about how much fun it would be to have a pet.

Peter's parents noticed Peter wasn't eating his dinner.

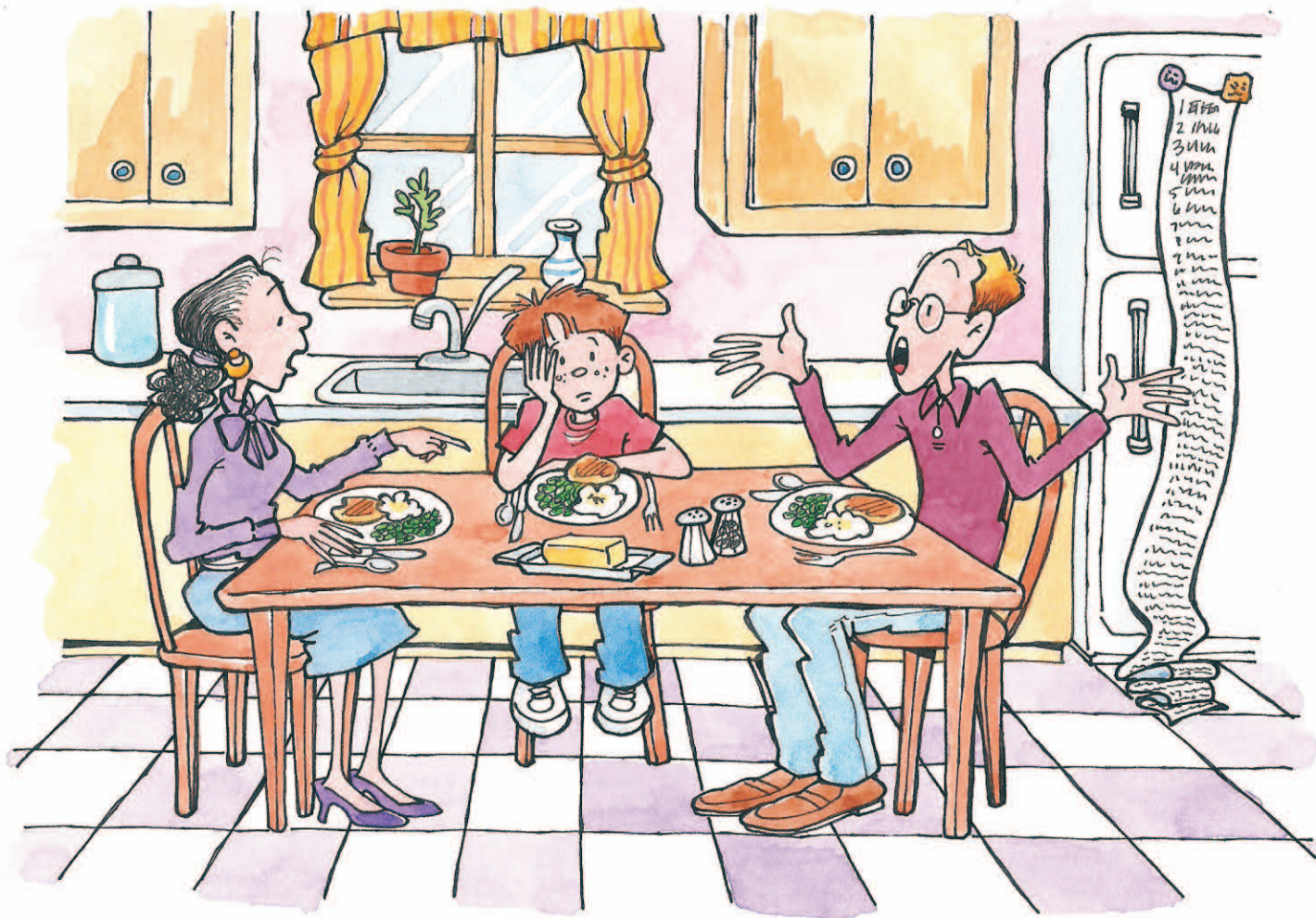
"Peter, why aren't you eating your pork chops?" asked Peter's mother.

"You haven't touched your peas or your potatoes," said Peter's father.

Peter frowned. "I'm sorry. I was just wishing I had a pet to play with."

Peter's mother cried, "Oh, no! Not the pet thing again!"

Peter's father moaned, "How many times do we have to explain this to you?"



Peter's mother and father took out the official No Pet for Peter list.

"Number one," read Peter's mother, "pets cost money."

"I have money in my piggy bank," offered Peter.

"Number two," read Peter's father, "pets are a lot of work."

"I'll do all the work," pledged Peter. "I'll feed it and walk it and bathe it."

"Number three," continued Peter's mother, "pets make noise."

"I'll get you earplugs," suggested Peter.

"Number four," stated Peter's father, "pets break things."

"I'll fix anything my pet breaks," promised Peter.



1. \$\$
2. WORK!
3. NOISE!
4. BREAK

“Number five to five hundred,” cried Peter’s mother and father together,
“pets poo!”

“Poo is stinky,” declared Peter’s mother.

“Poo is messy,” added Peter’s father.

“Poo will just not do,” sang his mother and father together.

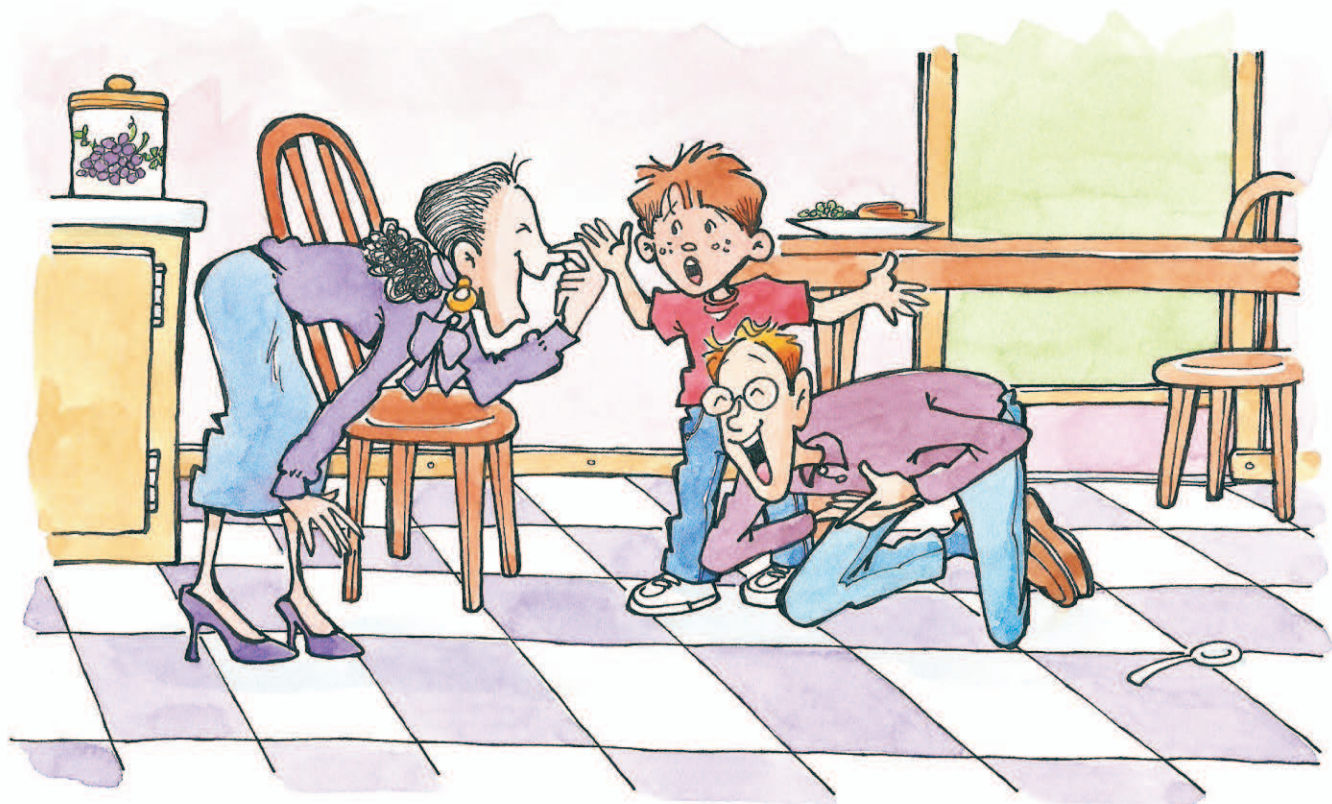
“What if I found a pet that didn’t poo?” proposed Peter. “Then could I have a pet?”

Peter’s mother laughed her HA! HA! HA! laugh.

Peter’s father giggled his HEE! HEE! HEE! giggle.

“If you can find a pooless pet...,” laughed Peter’s mother.

“You,” giggled Peter’s father, “can keep it.”



The next day, Peter went to the pet store with Andrew and Samantha. Somehow, Peter was going to find a pooless pet!

“How about a rabbit?” asked Samantha, tickling a bunny’s nose with her finger.

Andrew looked at all the little brown balls covering the bottom of the rabbit’s cage. “Look at all that poo!” he said.

Peter sighed. “Poo will just not do.”





Peter, Andrew, and Samantha checked every single pet in the pet store.

“How about a dog?” asked Andrew.

“Big poo,” said Peter.

“What about a kitten?” suggested Samantha.

“Little poo,” said Peter.

“How about a budgie bird?” asked Andrew.

“Sticky poo,” said Peter.

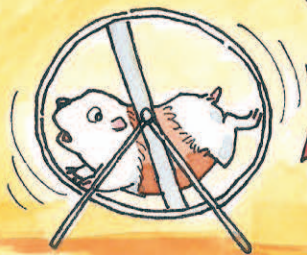
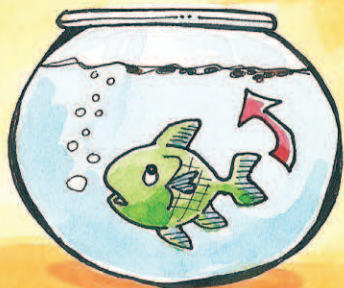
“What about a goldfish?” suggested Samantha.

“Floating poo,” said Peter.

“How about a hamster?” asked Andrew.

“Tiny poo,” said Peter.

“This is impossible!” cried Peter. “I’m never going to find a pooless pet!”



“I once saw a man on TV with a pet monkey,” said Samantha.

“It was wearing a diaper.”

“That’s it!” Andrew exclaimed. “Maybe your parents will let you have a pet monkey!”

“That will never work,” said Peter. “Diaper poo is the worst poo of all. Parents especially don’t like diaper poo!”

Just then, Peter felt a tug at the bottom of his pants. He looked down. There looking up at him was the cutest dog Peter had ever seen. “Where did you come from?” asked Peter, scooping the dog up in his arms.

“It’s a poodle!” exclaimed Samantha.