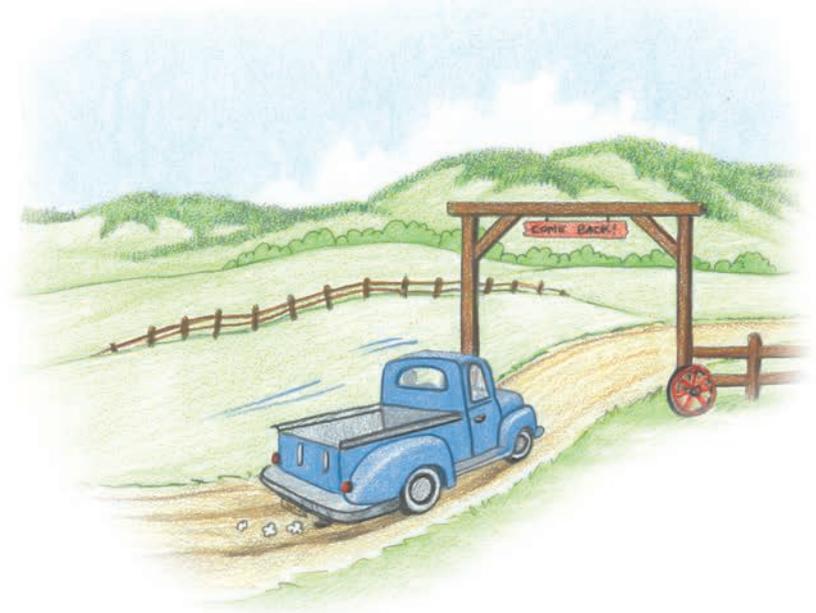


Rawhide



My name is Rawhide. I'm a ranch dog. I'm the boss of this place. I protect the kids and keep things in order.

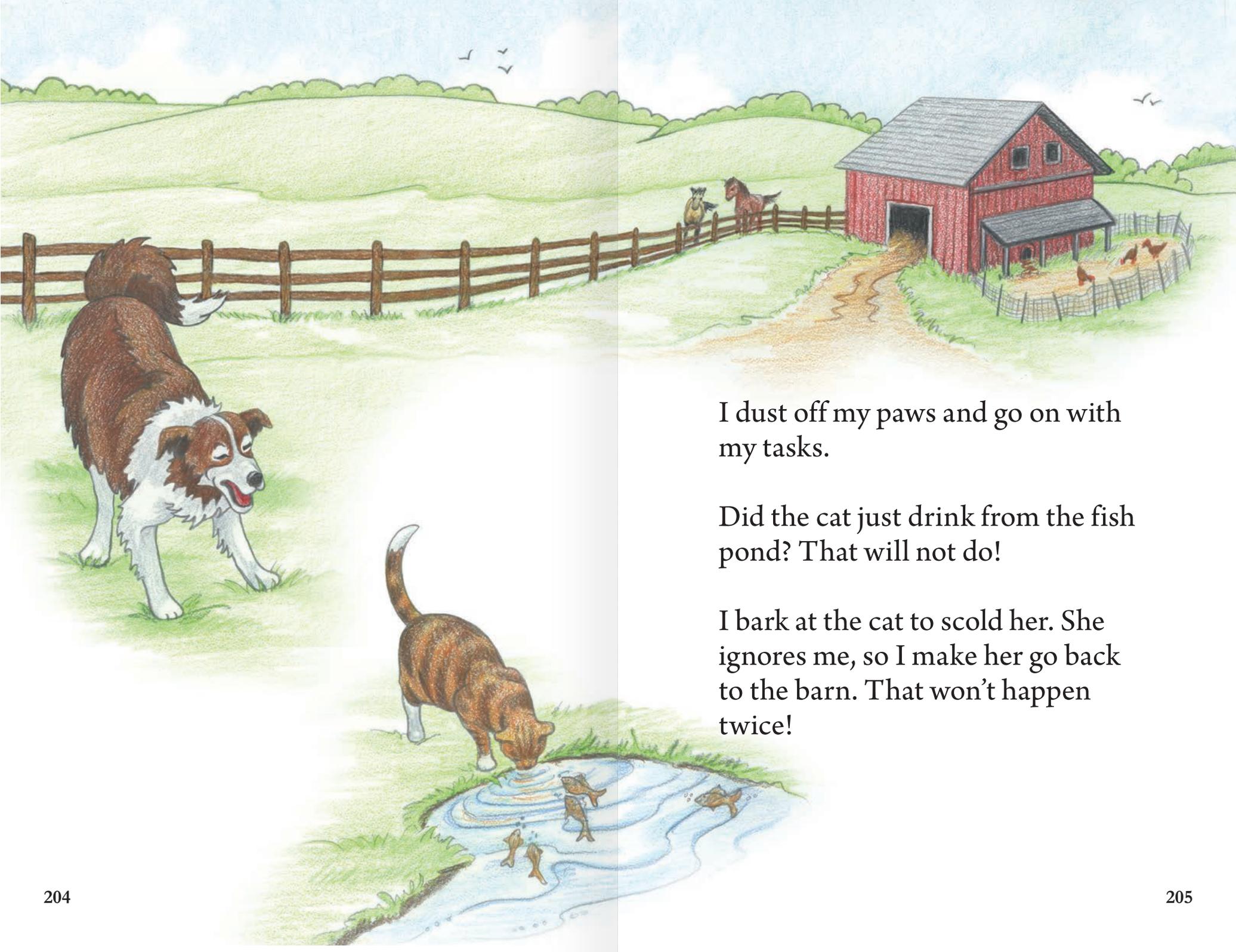


Mr. and Mrs. August drove off in the truck. They left me in charge of the kids. There is a ranch hand, but he's not much help.

While the kids have pancakes, I go for a short stroll.

I spot a large rat by the sawmill. I chase it over a pile of sawdust. He won't be back while I'm on the job.





I dust off my paws and go on with my tasks.

Did the cat just drink from the fish pond? That will not do!

I bark at the cat to scold her. She ignores me, so I make her go back to the barn. That won't happen twice!



The ranch hand enters the chicken pen. I crawl over to spy on him. Did he just nab an egg? I'll put a stop to that!

I creep over the straw and jump at him. He drops his basket and flees.

The kids are on the lawn in bare feet. I see a huge green snake coiled up by the seesaw.



I pause ... then I jump onto the wild snake and haul it off. I have saved the kids!



Just then, the truck chugs up the lane. Mr. and Mrs. August step out—but who is with them?

They call her Aunt Sue, and she has a blue shawl. Her arms are filled with boxes and bags. This upsets me!



I have never seen her before, but the kids seem to like her. I don't understand why!

The kids take the boxes from her. Stop! I have not checked the boxes yet to see if they are safe!



Aunt Sue sets a box in front of me and opens it. It smells like bacon. I love bacon!

Perhaps she isn't as bad as she seems. In fact, I love Aunt Sue!



We all go inside to wash up for supper. I sprawl on my bed while Mrs. August makes the sauce.

I am tired. Yawn!

I must rest up so I can start over in the morning.

