

W. BRUCE CAMERON

LILY
TO THE rescue

Illustrations by

JENNIFER L. MEYER



A TOM DOHERTY ASSOCIATES BOOK

NEW YORK

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations,
and events portrayed in this novel are either products of
the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

LILY TO THE RESCUE

Copyright © 2020 by W. Bruce Cameron
Illustrations © 2020 by Jennifer L. Meyer

All rights reserved.

Designed by April M. Ward

A Starscape Book
Published by Tom Doherty Associates
120 Broadway
New York, NY 10271

www.tor-forge.com

The Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
is available upon request.

ISBN 978-1-250-23435-3 (trade paperback)
ISBN 978-1-250-23434-6 (hardcover)
ISBN 978-1-250-23430-8 (ebook)

Our books may be purchased in bulk for promotional, educational,
or business use. Please contact your local bookseller or the
Macmillan Corporate and Premium Sales Department at 1-800-221-7945,
extension 5442, or by email at MacmillanSpecialMarkets@macmillan.com.

First Edition: March 2020

Printed in the United States of America

0 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

*Dedicated to my dog Tucker,
who loves his tiny piece of cheese.*

1



My name is Lily,
and I have a lot
of friends.

My best friend of all, of course, is Maggie Rose.

In the nighttime, I sleep on Maggie Rose's bed, pressed up against her warm legs. I get to lie there until Mom or Dad pokes a head in the doorway and says the word *school*.

Maggie Rose will groan a little, and then she climbs slowly out of bed and puts on her



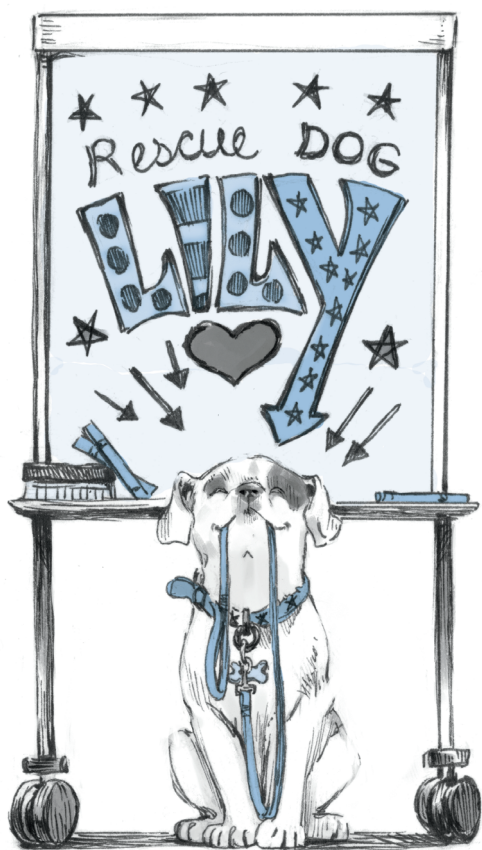
clothes and goes into the kitchen for breakfast with her brothers. While she's changing clothes, I lie on the bed, missing her legs and trying to show her that we would all be happier if she just climbed back under the covers.

But she never does that on days people say *school*. I don't know why.

I think school must be a place, because one day when Mom said *school*, Maggie Rose

let me ride in the back seat of the car with her. We went to a room with many children her age sitting in chairs. I sat next to Maggie Rose at the front of the room so that everyone could admire what a good dog I could be. I am very good at sitting.

Maggie Rose said, "Hello. My name is Maggie Rose Murphy. I live in Golden,



Colorado. I am in the third grade. My father is a game warden for the state of Colorado, and my mother works in animal rescue. She's a veterinarian. My dog's name is Lily."

When she said my name, I looked up at Maggie Rose and wagged. I did not know what we were doing, but all the children were looking at us, and it made me feel very important.

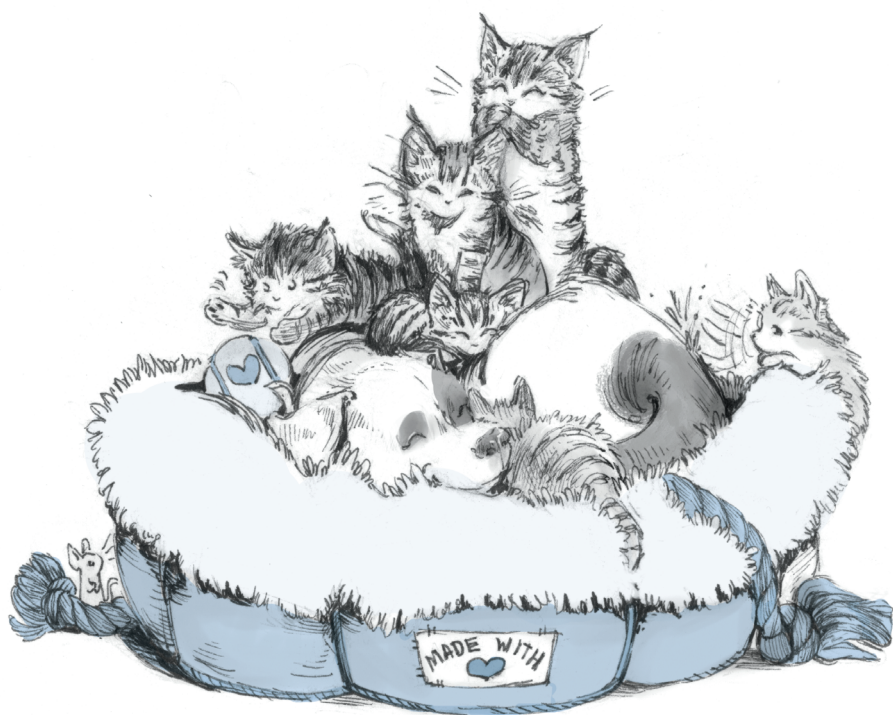
"Lily is a rescue dog for two reasons," Maggie Rose continued. I wagged again. "The first reason is that she was taken in by the shelter where my mom works, so she was rescued. And the second reason is that most days she goes back to the shelter to take care of all the animals there."

Maggie Rose started smiling and speaking a little more quickly. "Lily plays with the other dogs and helps them relax and not feel scared. She plays with the cats, too. She loves cats! Sometimes she curls up with

the kittens and they sleep together. It helps because then the kittens don't grow up to be scared of dogs, and they can get adopted into families with dogs."

She paused and took a deep breath.

"So Lily has a job—a job in animal rescue. On weekends, I sometimes help at the



shelter, too. It's good for the puppies or kittens to get used to kids. Then they're not nervous around us."

"Lucky!" one of the children moaned.

I wagged some more. It just seemed like a good idea.

"I have two brothers," Maggie Rose went on. "One is named Bryan, and he is in fifth grade. One is named Craig, and he is in eighth grade. When I grow up, I want to be a veterinarian. When Craig grows up, he wants to be a baseball player. And I don't think Bryan will ever grow up."

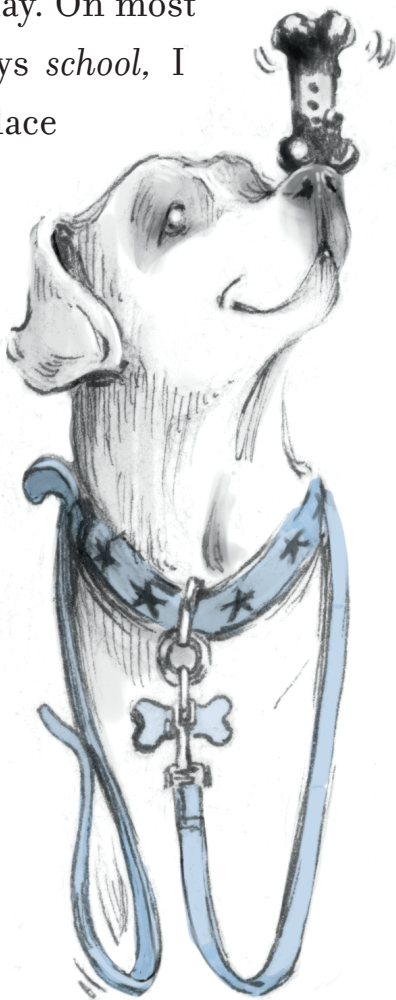
For some reason, all the children laughed when Maggie Rose said this even though I had not done anything special. Sometimes people laugh just because they are happy there is a dog in the room.

"My name is Maggie Rose Murphy, and that is my report," Maggie Rose said. Everyone clapped because I was doing such a good

job doing Sit. Then all the children lined up and took turns petting me, which was very nice. Maggie Rose gave me a treat, and that was even nicer.

That was an unusual day. On most days when somebody says *school*, I don't get to go to that place with all the children and the treats. Instead, Maggie Rose leaves after breakfast, and I go to Work.

Work is a place just like school is a place. I go there with Mom. There are good treats at Work, and there are also friends: dogs, cats, and other animals in cages. The dogs and cats and the rest of the



animals stay at Work for a while and then leave with happy people. I am the only dog who goes to Work and then goes home and goes back again the next day. That makes me special.

I like Work days, even though Maggie Rose gets out of bed before I am ready for her to do that. But the days when nobody says *school* and when I don't go to Work are even better.

Then I can spend the whole day with my girl, Maggie Rose. And sometimes we go to the dog park!

The dog park is the most wonderful place I have ever been. Even better than bed with Maggie Rose's warm legs. Even better than Work, where there are friends and treats.

At the dog park, there are dogs, squirrels, birds, and children. I do not know if all the dogs are there all the time or if they just make sure to be there when I arrive.

I am friends with everyone at the dog park, except the squirrels. It really isn't possible to make friends with squirrels, because they always run away. I have tried, and it just doesn't work.

One day at the dog park, I made a new friend.

