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LILY  
to the rescue

TWO LITTLE  
PIGGIES

Illustrations by

JENNIFER L. MEYER

STARSCAPE



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  
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LILY TO THE RESCUE: TWO LITTLE PIGGIES

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

[www.tor-forge.com](http://www.tor-forge.com)

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

ISBN 978-1-250-23445-2 (trade paperback)  
ISBN 978-1-250-23444-5 (hardcover)  
ISBN 978-1-250-23443-8 (ebook)

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First Edition: March 2020

Printed in the United States of America

0 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

*For my friends who are working to save them all  
at Best Friends Animal Society.*

# 1



**S**now had melted, the birds were in the trees, and I was in the backyard playing ball with my girl, Maggie Rose, her older brother Bryan, and her even older brother Craig.

What a great day! Craig would throw the ball at Bryan, who would try to hit it with a big wooden stick. If he missed, I would run after the ball and grab it and then carry it to

Maggie Rose because I am a good dog who makes sure that everyone gets to play.

When it was Craig's turn to hit the ball, it sometimes went over the fence and into the trees beyond. If that happened, Maggie Rose would open the gate, and I would sniff out where the ball had gone.

The grasses were long and fragrant, full of their own odors, which made it difficult to find the scent of the ball. I had help, though, because there was a crow who was playing with us. His name was Casey, and he was my friend.



I first met Casey at a dog park. He had a wing that did not work well. Then he lived at Work for a little while. (More about Work later.) Now both of his wings are very strong, and he can fly wherever he wants. Some of the time, he wants to fly to where I am for a visit, which I like very much.

Whenever I dashed out of the gate, I looked up into the trees to see where Casey had flown. Usually, Casey chose a branch very close to where the ball lay in the tangle of weeds and shrubs. If I followed Casey, I would get close enough to the ball to catch the scent trail it made as it bounced into the woods. Then, of course, finding it was easy.

I always jumped on the ball and played with it a bit, throwing it up in the air and catching it for myself, because I am a dog who knows how to add extra fun to a game. Then I trotted back to the gate where Maggie

Rose was waiting. I would give her the ball because, as I mentioned, I am a good dog.

Maggie Rose would carry the ball over and hand it to one of her brothers. That disappointed me. When Maggie Rose threw the ball, I could usually catch it on the bounce and then we could really have fun, playing Chase-Me. When Craig or Bryan threw, it was a lot more work to chase the ball down.

“Hey,” Craig called to Maggie Rose. “Want a turn at bat?”

I glanced at Maggie Rose curiously. She suddenly seemed a little shy and scared. What had Craig said to her?

“No,” she said in a small voice.

“Why not? Come on, give it a try,” Craig told her.

Maggie Rose shrugged. “I can’t hit it hard. I’m just a runt,” she said. Her voice was very quiet.

Craig went up to her with a frown on

his face. He looked at Bryan. "Good going, Bryan," Craig said.

"How is this *my* fault?" Bryan replied.

"You're the one who always calls her a runt," Craig accused.

I went over to Craig, who had the ball. I did Sit so that he would know I was ready to play the game some more. Maybe they had stopped playing because they believed I might not be prepared.

"Well," Bryan replied, "*she is* a runt. She's the shortest girl in the third grade."

Craig frowned at Bryan and then turned back to his sister. "Don't listen to him, Maggie Rose," he said. "You're not a runt." I nosed Maggie Rose's leg because she still seemed a little sad. "Besides, Bryan's the shortest boy in the fifth grade."

"Am not!" Bryan cried.

"Are, too. Come on," Craig said to Maggie Rose. "Take a turn at bat." Craig walked



a few steps away from my girl and turned. I sat right next to Maggie Rose. Bryan held out the stick, and Maggie Rose took it from him. She bit her lip and stood with the stick on her shoulder, facing Craig.

Bryan went behind Maggie Rose. “Here,” he said. “Choke up on the bat a little.” He reached out and moved my girl’s hands so that they were higher up on the stick. “That’s it.”

I wagged because it seemed that something fun was about to happen. I noticed that Casey had soared out of the trees and was watching from his perch on the fence.

“Okay,” Craig said to Maggie Rose, “keep your eye on the ball!” Craig gently tossed the ball in our direction. I was about to jump up for it, and it’s a good thing I didn’t, because Maggie Rose chopped at the air with her stick. The ball bounced into the heavy glove Bryan wore on his hand.

“Strike one!” Bryan called.

“We’re not doing strikes right now, Bryan,” Craig said.

“No,” Maggie Rose said. “He can do strikes.” She looked and sounded stubborn. “I want to play with the real rules.”

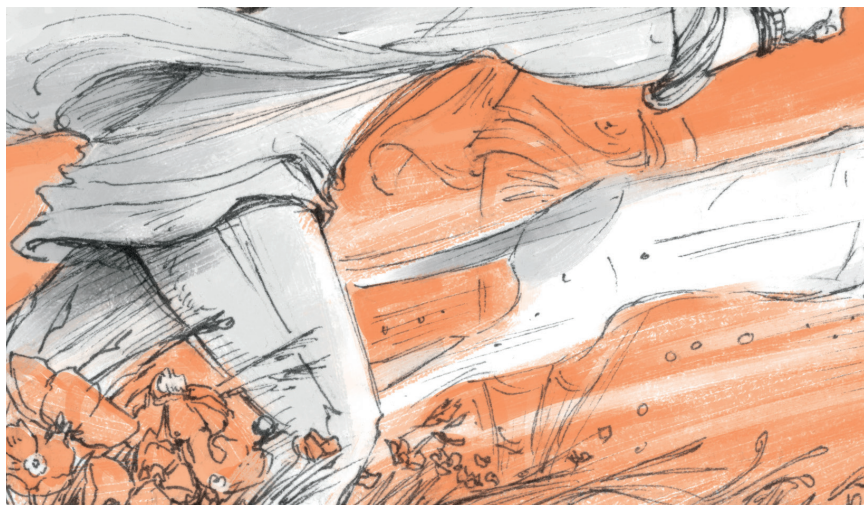
Bryan threw the ball back to Craig. I hoped Craig would drop it and I could chase it. Wasn’t that the point of all of this, me chasing the ball?

“Here it comes, Maggie Rose!” Craig called. Maggie Rose tensed. I tensed, too. Craig threw the ball, and it landed on the ground past my girl, and Bryan grabbed it before I could.

This wasn’t how we were supposed to be playing the game!

“Strike two!” Maggie Rose called.

“Three strikes and you’re out, Maggie Rose,” Bryan said as he threw the ball back to Craig.

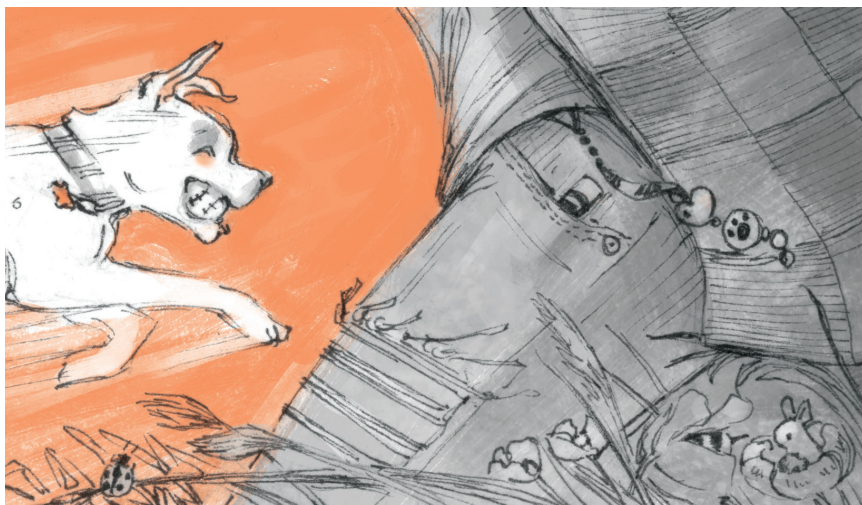


“Okay,” Craig said encouragingly, “third one’s a charm!”

Craig carefully moved his hand and the ball sailed through the air and my girl swung her stick and there was a loud thud. She hit it! The ball bounced into the dirt, moving very slowly.

“Run to first base!” Craig called. “Hurry, Maggie Rose!”

Maggie Rose dropped the stick and started to run toward a tree, and I had to make a decision. Bryan was chasing the ball, which



had not gone very far and was already slowing to a stop. On the other hand, my girl was running, and I loved to run with her.

But I felt that we were still playing ball! So I dashed past Bryan and leaped on it.

“No!” Bryan bellowed.

No? No what? How did *no* apply to a wonderful situation like this?

“Run to second base!” Craig yelled.

My girl slapped the tree. She switched direction and started running toward a spot on the fence behind Craig. Bryan made to

grab the ball from me, and I took off. We were playing Chase-Me! I love this game!

“No, Lily!” Bryan called. “Come here!”

Maggie Rose touched the fence.

“Keep running, Maggie Rose!” Craig cheered. “Go to third, go to third!”

Bryan was still chasing me. Craig can catch me, but Bryan could run all day and all night and he would never be able to get the ball from me. I darted happily around, with Bryan lunging and grabbing and missing.

Maggie Rose jumped on a flat rock with both feet.

“Go home!” Craig shouted happily. He was laughing. “You’re going to make it, Maggie Rose!”

Part of what is fun about Chase-Me is letting another dog or a person have the ball sometimes so that the game can reverse and become Chase in the other direction. I bowed

with my front legs flat on the ground and my rump high in the air. The ball dropped out of my mouth and bounced between my front paws.



Bryan rushed up and threw himself forward, landing and sliding in the dirt. He picked up the ball!

Bryan ran at Maggie Rose, and I bounded joyfully after him. As he ran, the ball in his hand swung back and forth, and I wanted him to know that I knew we were playing the game of Chase-Bryan-with-the-Ball, so I jumped up to try to grab it from him. Bryan tripped over me and sprawled in the dirt.

“Hurry, Maggie Rose!” Craig called.

Maggie Rose was running as fast as she could, heading back to where she had dropped the stick.

Panting, Bryan stumbled to his feet, his shoes digging into the dirt as he ran at my girl.

“Safe!” Craig yelled. He bounded over and picked up Maggie Rose and swung her around and around, laughing.

Bryan turned and threw the ball with all

his might at the fence. It bounced a few times on the way there, hit the fence, and I caught it in midair!

This game was the best!

The back door of the house slid open, and Mom leaned out. “Maggie Rose? Boys? Would you like to go with me to save some baby pigs?” she called.