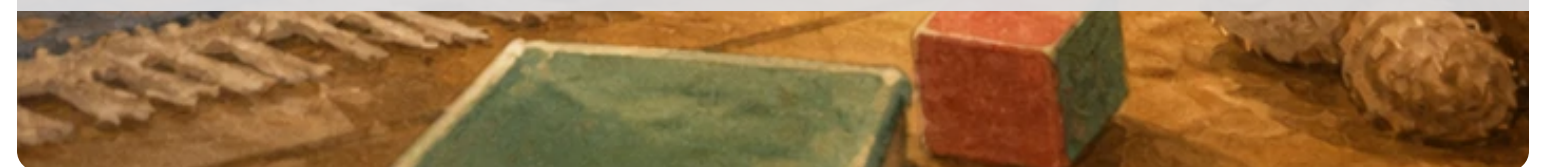




Barnaby's Great Toy Hunt

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Barnaby woke up with a happy stretch, ready for his morning playtime. He reached into his cozy bed for his beloved blue dinosaur toy, Mr. Squeaks, but the bed was completely empty. Barnaby tilted his head and gave a tiny, puzzled woof.



First, Barnaby tiptoed into the living room and poked his wet snout under the big green sofa. He gently pushed aside dusty cushions and an old tennis ball, but Mr. Squeaks was nowhere in sight. With a determined wiggle of his tail, Barnaby decided to expand his search.



Next, he trotted out through the doggy door into the bright, sunny garden. Barnaby carefully sniffed through the tall blades of grass and peeked beneath the blossoming yellow flowerbeds. Golden butterflies fluttered above him, but his colorful toy remained hidden.



Curious and eager, Barnaby padded back inside toward the bustling kitchen. He checked around his stainless-steel food bowl and even peered behind the open pantry door. All he found was a forgotten biscuit crumb, which he happily gobbled up before continuing his quest.



Barnaby then trotted down the hallway toward the laundry room, where a basket of fresh clothes sat on the floor. He buried his face in the pile of warm, soft towels, inhaling the lavender scent. Though comfortable, the cozy laundry basket held no sign of Mr. Squeaks.



Just as his ears began to droop, Barnaby heard a tiny, faint squeaking sound coming from the playroom. He perkily raised his ears and tiptoed across the smooth wooden floor toward a tall tower of colorful building blocks.



Beneath the low wooden bed frame in the room, two bright green eyes glowed softly in the shadows. It was Whiskers the cat, curled up comfortably on a soft rug with Mr. Squeaks tucked safely between her front paws.



Barnaby lowered his head gently and gave a soft, friendly tail wag to show he wanted to play. He rolled a shiny blue rubber ball across the rug as a polite gesture of trade.



Whiskers purred warmly, accepting the shiny ball and nudging Mr. Squeaks back toward the eager puppy. Barnaby gently nudged the dinosaur with his nose, delighted that his toy was safe and sound.



With his favorite toy back in his paws, Barnaby snuggled next to Whiskers in a warm beam of afternoon sunlight. Both friends closed their eyes together, contented after a grand indoor adventure.