

DÄMINIC the Dog



Written by:

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Dominic The Dog
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**Thanks to Mom for never saying no, Dad for never saying
yes, and Ang for buying the computer.**



Dominic entered the world on a farm, the youngest of four puppies.



Dominic wasn't like his brothers and sister.

A vibrant, painterly illustration of a farm scene. In the background, a group of white sheep with long wool stands behind a rustic wooden fence under a clear blue sky. In the middle ground, two black and white dogs are playing in a lush green field. One dog, wearing an orange collar, stands on the left, while the other, wearing a blue collar, is jumping in the air holding a large brown stick. In the foreground, a third black and white dog, wearing a pink collar, sits calmly on the grass, looking towards the viewer. The overall style is soft and artistic, with visible brushstrokes and a warm, sunny atmosphere.

The oldest brother led the sheep.

The second brother was best at fetch.

His sister was the greatest guard dog.

She kept the farmhouse safe.

Dominic was different. He couldn't herd sheep, couldn't fetch like his brother, or guard the farm like his sister.



They teased Dominic, saying he was not a real dog and that he might as well be a cat.

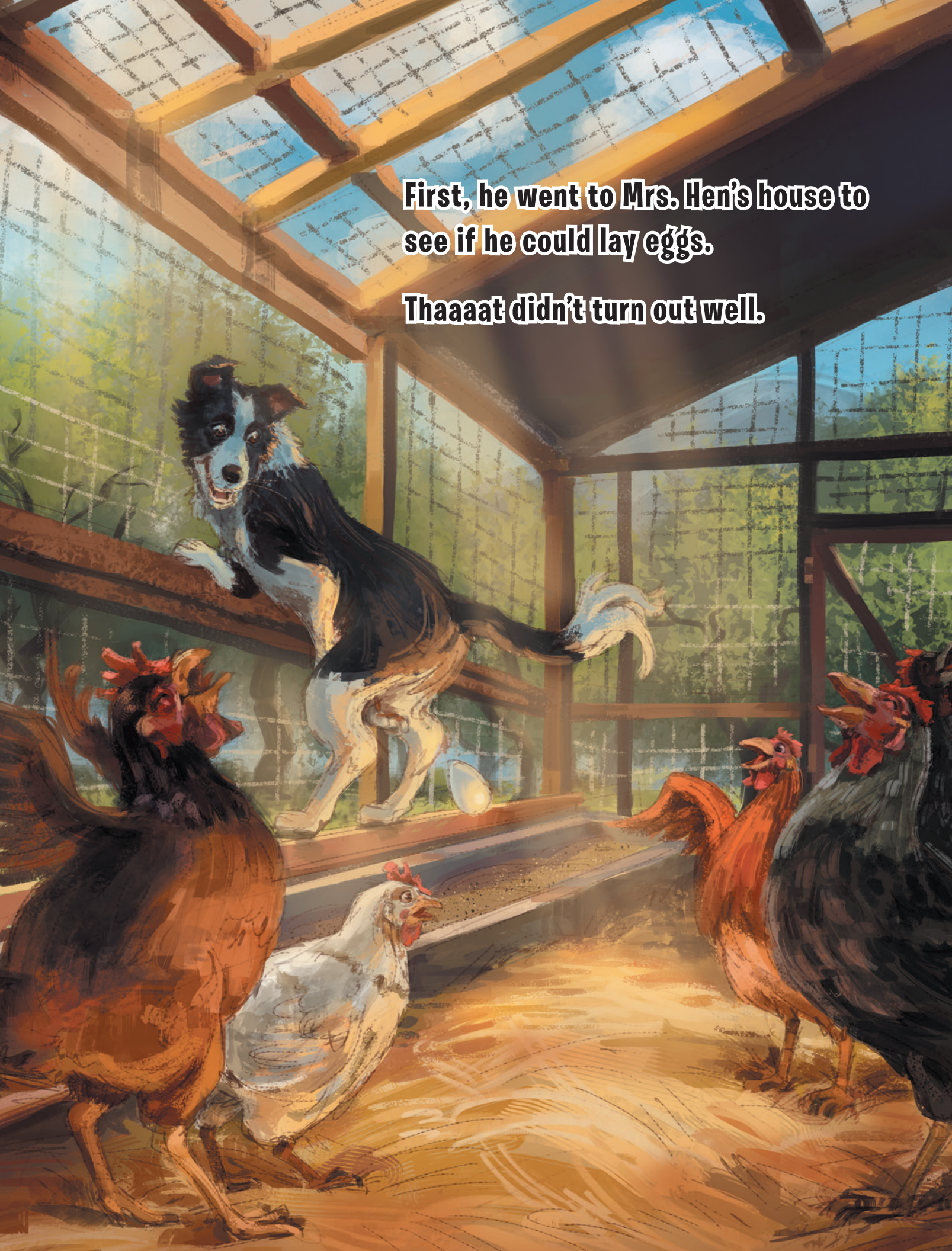
Dominic had no idea what his “talent” might be, but he was sure he had one, if he only knew where to look.

So, he went on a journey around the farm to see if his talents might be the same as one of his farm friends.



**First, he went to Mrs. Hen's house to
see if he could lay eggs.**

Thaaaat didn't turn out well.



Then he went to Mr. Sheep to see if he could grow wool to keep the family warm during the winter.

But Mr. Sheep told him, “You can’t grow wool! You’re just a dog!”

It was safe to say Dominic did not have a talent like Mrs. Hen’s or Mr. Sheep’s.





Next, he went to Mrs. Cow to see if he could make milk. But because he was a boy and a dog, Mrs. Cow told him he couldn't possibly make milk!

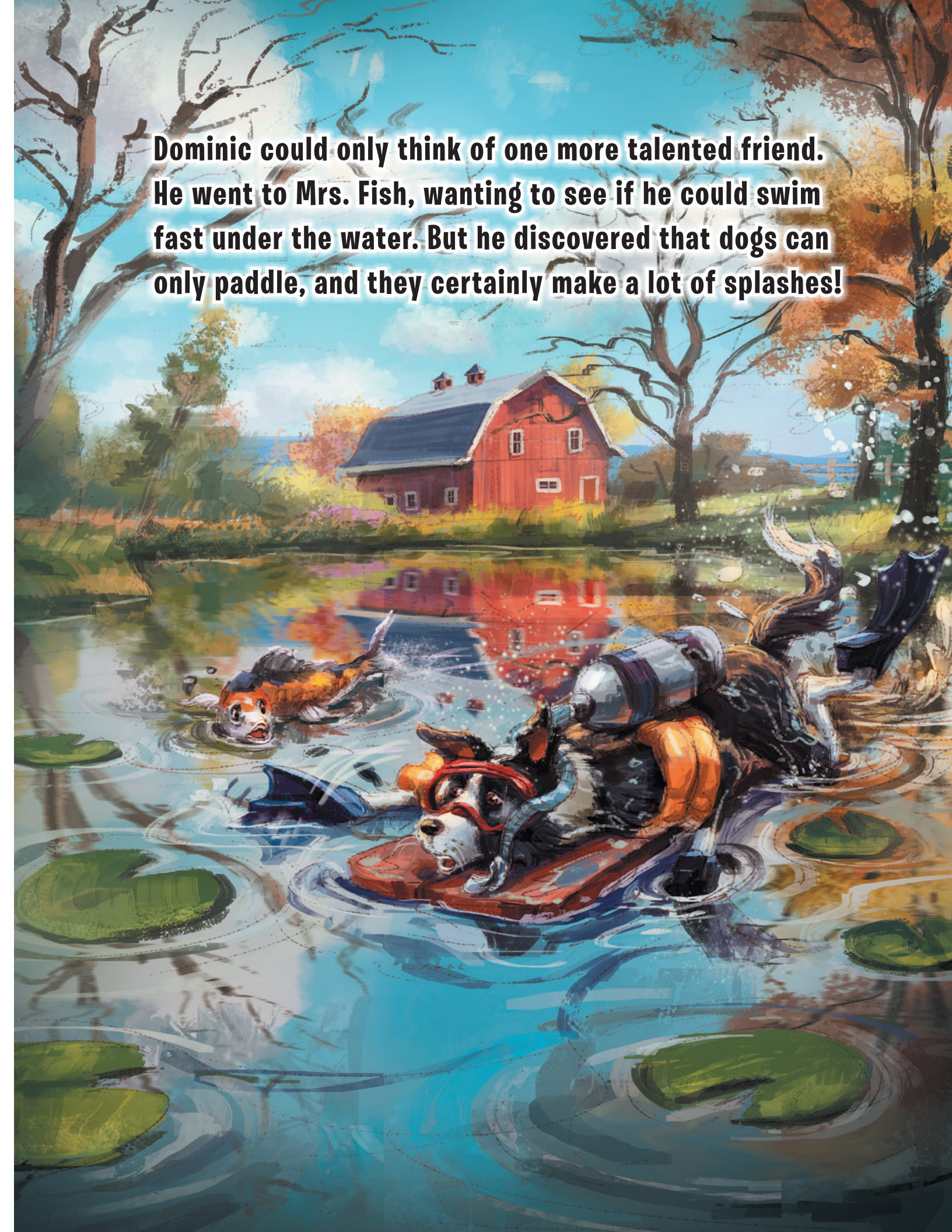
Then Dominic saw Mr. Owl and asked if he could teach him how to fly. But Mr. Owl said, “Dominic, dogs don’t have wings! They can’t fly!”



**Dominic did not listen and tried to fly just
the same, but Mr. Owl was right.**



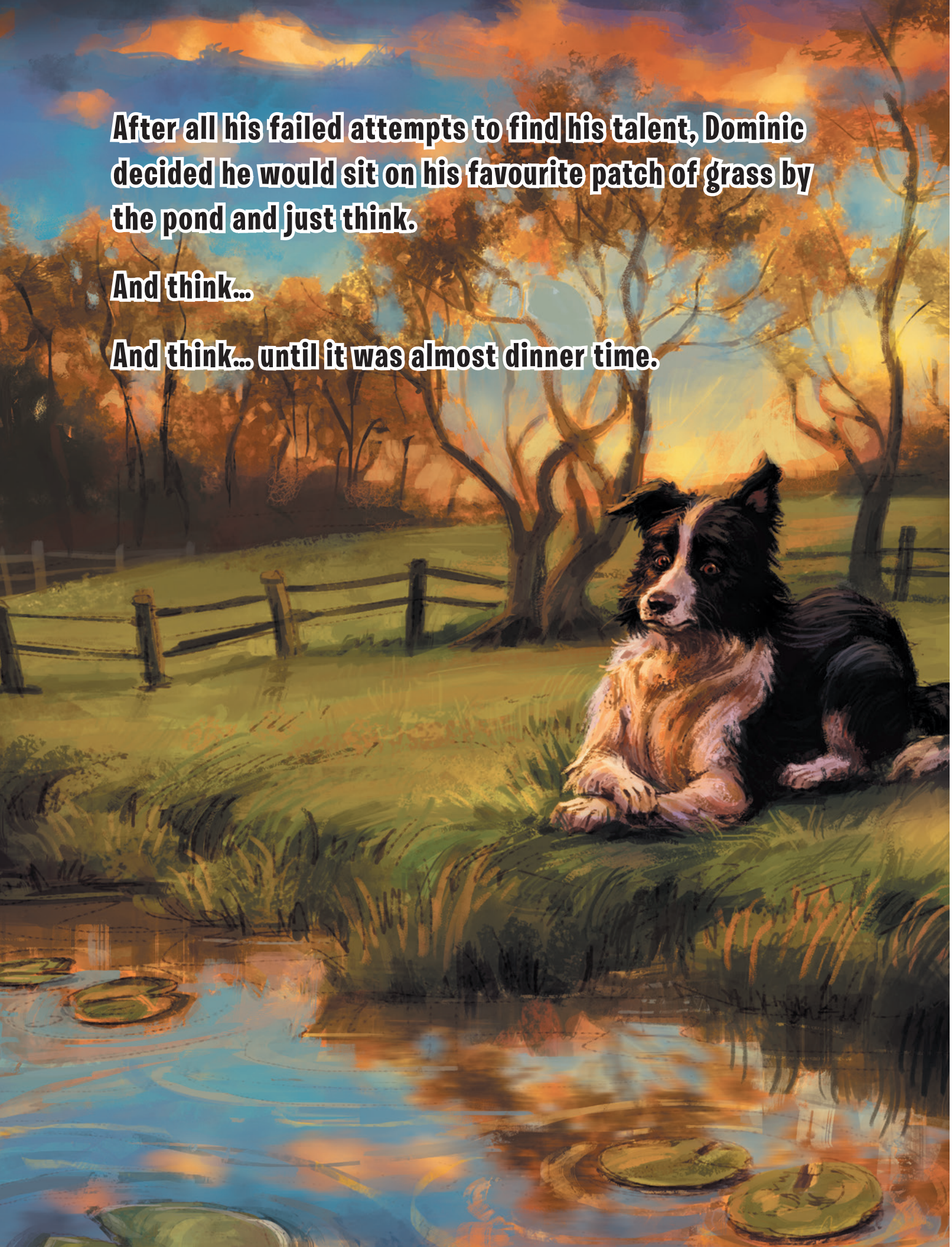
Dominic could only think of one more talented friend. He went to Mrs. Fish, wanting to see if he could swim fast under the water. But he discovered that dogs can only paddle, and they certainly make a lot of splashes!



After all his failed attempts to find his talent, Dominic decided he would sit on his favourite patch of grass by the pond and just think.

And think...

And think... until it was almost dinner time.



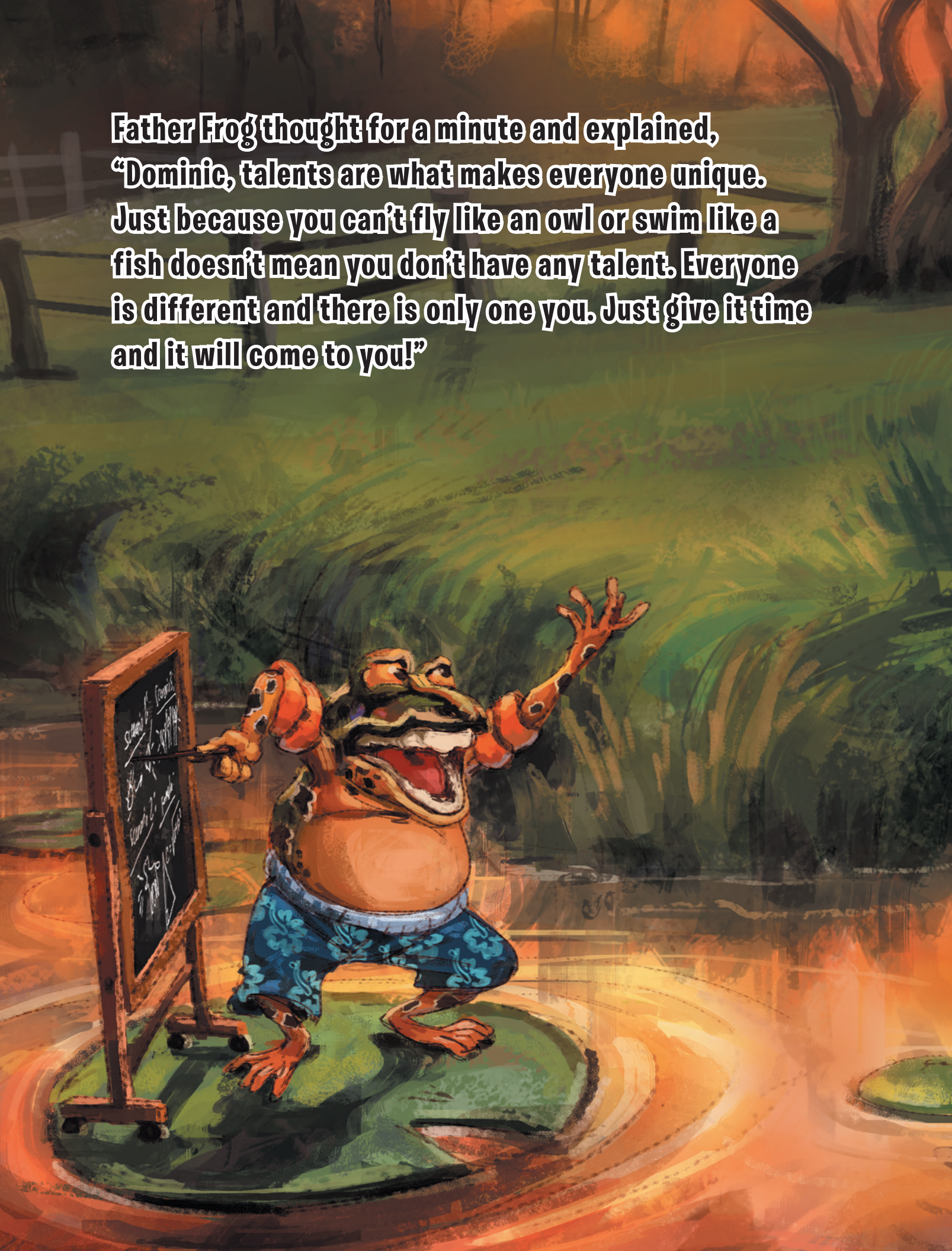
All this thinking was making Dominic sad. Just as he was about to give up and go inside for dinner, Father Frog floated by on a lily pad.


“Why are you so blue, Dominic?” he asked.

Dominic said, “I don’t have a talent. I’ve tried everything but I’m not good at anything.”



**Father Frog thought for a minute and explained,
“Dominic, talents are what makes everyone unique.
Just because you can’t fly like an owl or swim like a
fish doesn’t mean you don’t have any talent. Everyone
is different and there is only one you. Just give it time
and it will come to you!”**



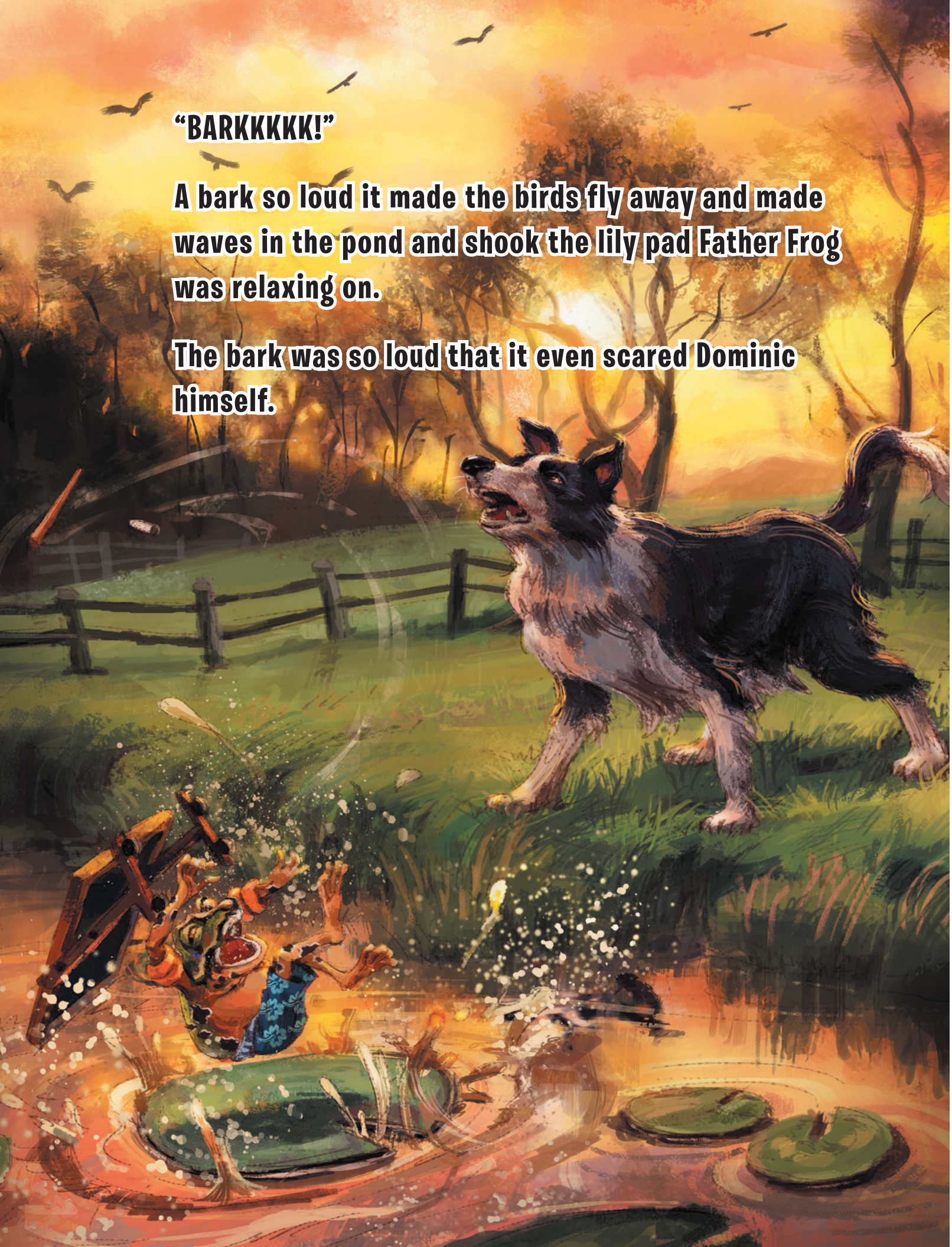
A dramatic, painterly illustration of a black and white dog, likely a Border Collie, shown from the chest up. The dog is looking upwards and to the left with its mouth slightly open, revealing a red tongue. Its fur is rendered with thick, expressive brushstrokes, showing a mix of black, white, and grey. The background is a vibrant sunset or sunrise sky with warm orange, yellow, and red hues, and dark, silhouetted trees in the distance. The overall mood is one of anticipation or awe.

Dominic understood. At that moment he began to feel something coming deep from his chest. He thought he might just burst, so he opened his mouth and out came...

“BARKKKKK!”

A bark so loud it made the birds fly away and made waves in the pond and shook the lily pad Father Frog was relaxing on.

The bark was so loud that it even scared Dominic himself.



Dominic sat back and thought to himself, “Did that come out of me?”



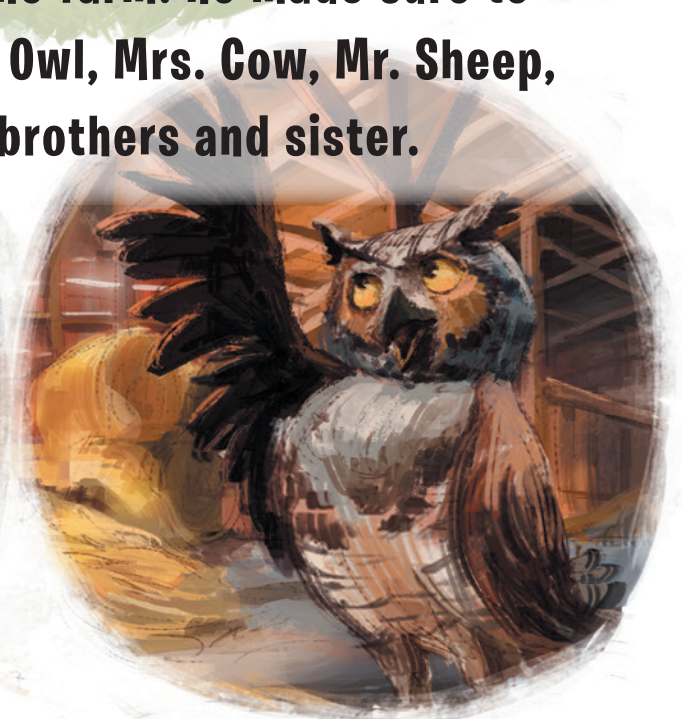


Dominic thought he had heard it all. On the farm he heard growls, clucks, baas, moos even hoos and ribbits.

But nothing as loud as this.



Dominic was so happy with his discovery that he barked all the way through the farm. He made sure to stop and show Mrs. Fish, Mr. Owl, Mrs. Cow, Mr. Sheep, Mrs. Hen, and especially his brothers and sister.



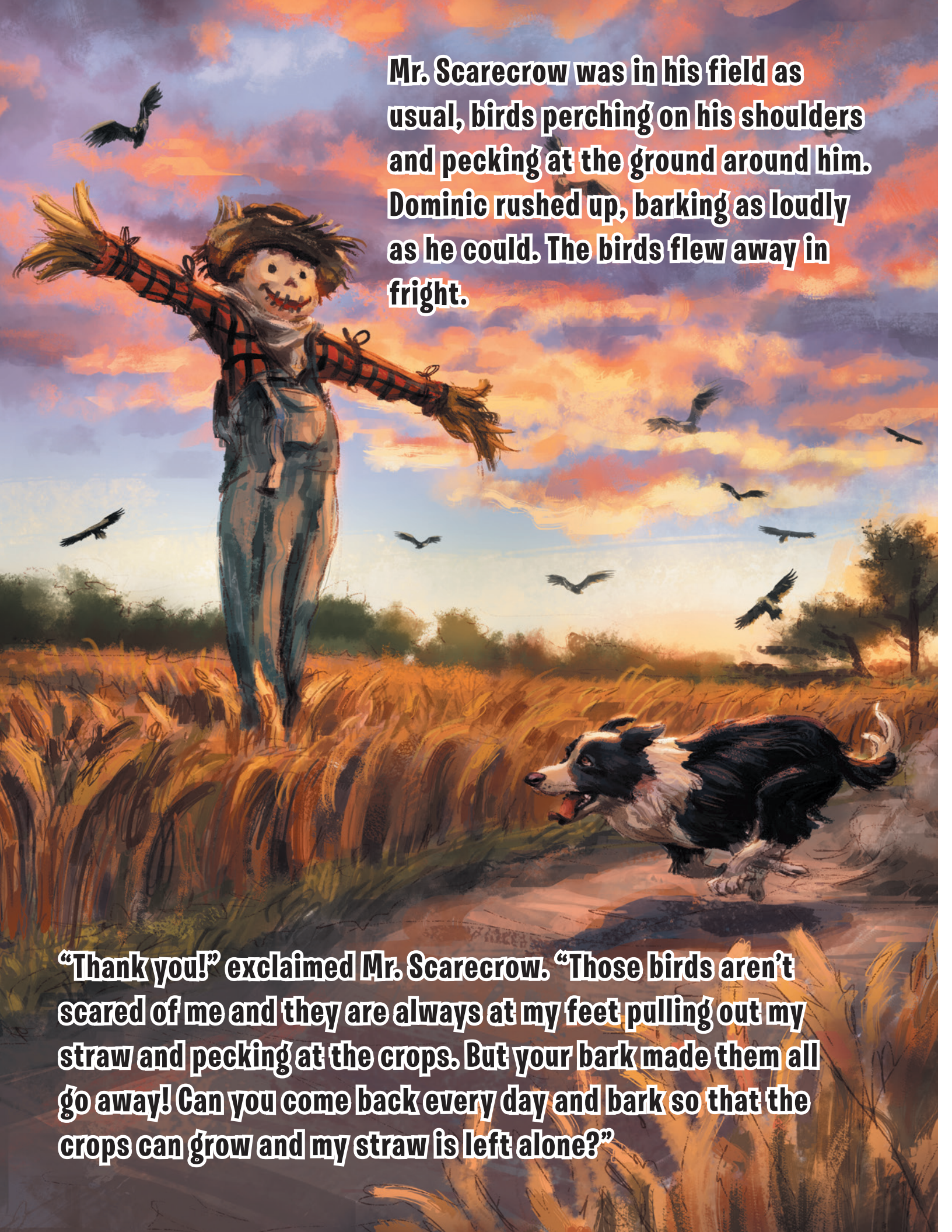
But his brothers and sister said, “What use is a loud bark anyway?”

Dominic didn’t know. He went back to wise old Father Frog.

“Well,” said Father Frog. “Why don’t you go and see Mr. Scarecrow? I think he might have an idea.”

Dominic had often seen Mr. Scarecrow standing in his field, but nothing exciting ever seemed to happen over there so he didn’t visit much.





Mr. Scarecrow was in his field as usual, birds perching on his shoulders and pecking at the ground around him. Dominic rushed up, barking as loudly as he could. The birds flew away in fright.

“Thank you!” exclaimed Mr. Scarecrow. “Those birds aren’t scared of me and they are always at my feet pulling out my straw and pecking at the crops. But your bark made them all go away! Can you come back every day and bark so that the crops can grow and my straw is left alone?”

**Dominic was delighted. He had
found his talent! He had the loudest
bark on the farm.**



What else can a dog do?



THE END.

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