

PUPPIES FOR SALE



*(Our sincere thanks go to Dan Clark, the author of this story for granting Tri-Development Center permission to reprint. It was taken from his book, **Puppies for Sale and Other Inspirational Tales**. Mr. Clark can be reached at P.O. Box 8689, Salt Lake City, Utah, 84108. Phone: 1-800-676-1121)*

A store owner was tacking a sign above his door that read "Puppies for Sale." Signs like that have a way of attracting small children, and sure enough, a little boy appeared under the store owner's sign. "How much are you going to sell the puppies for?" he asked.

The store owner replied, "Anywhere from \$30 to \$50."

The little boy reached in his pocket and pulled out some change. "I have \$2.37," he said. "Can I please look at them?"

The store owner smiled and whistled and out of the kennel came Lady, who ran down the aisle of his store followed by five teeny, tiny balls of fur. One puppy was lagging considerably behind. Immediately the little boy singled out the lagging, limping puppy and said, "What's wrong with that little dog?"

The store owner explained that the veterinarian had examined the little puppy and had discovered it didn't have a hip socket. It would always limp. It would always be lame. The little boy became excited. "This is the little puppy I want to buy."

The store owner said, "No, you don't want to buy that little dog. If you really want him, I'll just give him to you."

The little boy got quite upset. He looked straight into the store owner's eyes, pointing his finger, and said, "I don't want you to give him to me. That little puppy is worth every bit as much as all the other dogs and I'll pay the full price. In fact, I'll give you \$2.37 now, and 50 cents a month until I have him paid for."

The store owner countered, "You really don't want to buy this little dog. He is never going to be able to run and jump and play with you like the other puppies."

To this, the little boy reached down and rolled up his pants leg to reveal a badly twisted, crippled left leg supported by a big metal brace. He looked up at the store owner and softly relied, "Well, I don't run so well myself, and the little puppy will need someone who understands."