

bone is there!"

Bartholomew, but maybe your

Oliver hosted. "The graveyard

is a spooky place,

Oliver, for advice. "My bone is

friend, a wise old owl named

tasty treat. He went to his best

couldn't even sniff out a

Bartholomew was so sad he

Bartholomew shivered, the
graveyard was dark and
filled with mysterious
shadows. He wasn't sure he
wanted to go there, but his
love for his bone was too
strong. He crept through the
tall grass, past the mossy
tomstones, and finally
reached a large black
mausoleum.

to be found.

low, but his bone was nowhere

it dearly. He searched high and

bone, and Bartholomew loved

disappeared! It was a big juicy

But one day his bone

napping in the warm sun.

fetch with his bone, and

chasing butterflies, playing

a very happy dog. He loved

Bartholomew the ghost dog was

Bartholomew peeked inside.
The air inside was cold and
damp, but he could see it!
His bone was lying on a
dusty shelf. Bartholomew was
so happy he wagged his
ghostly tail! He jumped up
and grabbed his bone.

He was just about to leave
when he heard a small,
whimpering sound. It was a
tiny lost kitten, cowering
in a corner. Bartholomew
knew what he had to do. He
brought the kitten to the other
half of the bone, and the
kitten purred with delight.
Bartholomew felt happy
again, knowing he had
helped someone else.

Bartholomew and the kitten
walked out of the graveyard
together, sharing the bone and
enjoying each other's
company. Bartholomew had
learned that even though it
was scary, sometimes helping
others could make you feel
even happier than finding
your own bone.

The Ghost Dog's Bone

