Why are pets good COMpanions?

For many of us, pets are an important part of our lives. We feed them and care for them and often consider them to be a part of the family, but what do we get in return? Some would say that pets reward us with their companionship—their affection, loyalty, and good company. In “The Last Dog,” a boy’s powerful bond with a puppy helps teach him an important lesson.

**LIST IT** In a small group, make a list of reasons pets are good companions. To get started, use a list like the one shown. Then share your list with other groups.

<table>
<thead>
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<th>Why Are Pets Good Companions?</th>
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<td>1. Pets are fun to play with.</td>
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Sometimes an outsider has an interesting way of looking at things. Katherine Paterson is convinced that as the child of U.S. missionaries in China, she learned valuable lessons about life. But being an outsider wasn’t always easy. After returning to the United States at the age of five, Paterson and her family moved 18 times. She remembers feeling “small, poor, and foreign” on the playground. She was, in her own words, “a weird little kid,” but she states today that “there are few things, apparently, more helpful to a writer than having once been a weird little kid.”

**Background to the Story**

**Science Fiction**
In a work of science fiction, a writer combines real scientific information with elements from his or her imagination to create an altered universe. Science fiction stories typically take place in the distant future—in outer space or on a changed Earth. Plots often center on challenges characters face in these unusual settings.

**Meet the Author**

Katherine Paterson
born 1932

“A Weird Little Kid”
Sometimes an outsider has an interesting way of looking at things. Katherine Paterson is convinced that as the child of U.S. missionaries in China, she learned valuable lessons about life. But being an outsider wasn’t always easy. After returning to the United States at the age of five, Paterson and her family moved 18 times. She remembers feeling “small, poor, and foreign” on the playground. She was, in her own words, “a weird little kid,” but she states today that “there are few things, apparently, more helpful to a writer than having once been a weird little kid.”

**Vocabulary in Context**

Katherine Paterson uses the following words in her story about a futuristic world. In a three-column chart, define the words you know in the first column. In the second column, list the words you do not know. In the last column, provide dictionary definitions of all the words. Then use each word in a sentence.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WORD LIST</th>
<th>copious</th>
<th>disembodied</th>
<th>foresighted</th>
<th>posterity</th>
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<td></td>
<td>evasive</td>
<td>languish</td>
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Complete the activities in your Reader/Writer Notebook.
Brock approached the customs gate. Although he did not reach for the scanner, a feeling it might have labeled “excitement” made him tremble. His fingers shook as he punched in his number on the inquiry board. “This is highly irregular, Brock 095670038,” the disembodied voice said. “What is your reason for external travel?”

Brock took a deep breath. “Scientific research,” he replied. He didn’t need to be told that his behavior was “irregular.” He’d never heard of anyone doing research outside the dome—actual rather than virtual research. “I—I’ve been cleared by my podmaster and the Research Team...”

“Estimated time of return?” So, he wasn’t to be questioned further.
“Uh, 1800 hours.”
“Are you wearing the prescribed dry suit with helmet and gloves?”
“Affirmative.”
“You should be equipped with seven hundred fifty milliliters of liquid and food tablets for one day travel.”

“Affirmative.” Brock patted the sides of the dry suit to be sure. “Remember to drink sparingly. Water supply is limited.” Brock nodded. He tried to lick his parched lips, but his whole mouth felt dry. “Is that understood?”

“Affirmative.” Was he hoping customs would stop him? If he was, they didn’t seem to be helping him. Well, this was what he wanted, wasn’t it? To go outside the dome.

“Turn on the universal locator, Brock 095670038, and proceed to gate.”

Why weren’t they questioning him further? Were they eager for him to go? Ever since he’d said out loud in group speak that he wanted to go outside the dome, people had treated him strangely—that session with the podmaster and then the interview with the representative...
from Research. Did they think he was a deviant? Deviants sometimes disappeared. The word was passed around that they had “gone outside,” but no one really knew. No deviant had ever returned.

The gate slid open. Before he was quite ready for it, Brock found himself outside the protection of the dome. He blinked. The sun—at least it was what was called “the sun” in virtual lessons—was too bright for his eyes even inside the tinted helmet. He took a deep breath, one last backward look at the dome, which, with the alien sun gleaming on it, was even harder to look at than the distant star, and started across an expanse of brown soil [was it?] to what he recognized from holograms as a line of purplish mountains in the distance.

It was, he pulled the scanner from his outside pouch and checked it, “hot.” Oh, that was what he was feeling. Hot. He remembered “hot” from a virtual lesson he’d had once on deserts. He wanted to take off the dry suit, but he had been told since he could remember that naked skin would suffer irreparable burning outside the protection of the dome. He adjusted the control as he walked so that the unfamiliar perspiration would evaporate. He fumbled a bit before he found the temperature adjustment function. He put it on twenty degrees centigrade and immediately felt more comfortable. No one he really knew had ever left the dome (stories of deviants exiting the dome being hard to verify), but there was all this equipment in case someone decided to venture out.

He tried to ask the clerk who outfitted him, but the woman was evasive. The equipment was old, she said. People used to go out, but the outside environment was threatening, so hardly anyone (she looked at him carefully now), hardly anyone ever used it now.

Was Brock, then, the only normal person still curious about the outside? Or had all those who had dared to venture out perished, discouraging further forays? Perhaps he was a deviant for wanting to see the mountains for himself. When he’d mentioned it to others, they had laughed, but there was a hollow sound to the laughter.

If he never returned, he’d have no one to blame but himself. He knew that. While his podfellows played virtual games, he’d wandered into a subsection of the historical virtuals called “ancient fictions.” Things happened in these fictions more—well, more densely than they did in the virtuals. The people he met there—it was hard to describe—but somehow they were more actual than dome dwellers. They had strange names like Huck Finn and M. C. Higgins the Great. They were even a little scary. It was their insides. Their insides were very loud. But even

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2. deviant (děv′ē-ənt): a person who does not follow customary or accepted behavior.
3. twenty degrees centigrade: a temperature equivalent to 68 degrees Fahrenheit.
4. Huck Finn and M. C. Higgins the Great: the main characters in two books that are often read by young adults.
though the people in the ancient fictions frightened him a bit, he couldn't
get enough of them. When no one was paying attention, he went back
again and again to visit them. They had made him wonder about that
other world—that world outside the dome. 

Perhaps, once he had realized the danger the ancient fictions posed,
he should have left them alone, but he couldn't help himself. They had
made him feel hollow, hungry for something no food pellet or even
virtual experience could satisfy. And now he was in that world they spoke
of and the mountains of it were in plain view.

He headed for the purple curves. Within a short distance from the
dome, the land was clear and barren, but after he had been walking
for an hour or so he began to pass rusting hulks and occasional ruins
of what might have been the dwellings of ancient peoples that no one
in later years had cleared away for recycling or vaporization. 

He checked the emotional scanner for an unfamiliar sensation.
“Loneliness,” it registered. He rather liked having names for these new
sensations. It made him feel a bit “proud,” was it? The scanner was rather
interesting. He wondered when people had stopped using them. He hadn't
known they existed until, in that pod meeting, he had voiced his desire
to go outside.

The podmaster had looked at him with a raised eyebrow and a sniff.
“Next thing you'll be asking for a scanner,” he said.
“What's a scanner?” Brock asked.

The podmaster requisitioned one from storage, but at the same time,
he must have alerted Research, because it was the representative from
Research who had brought him the scanner and questioned him about his
expressed desire for an Actual Adventure—a journey outside the dome.
“What has prompted this, uh—unusual ambition?” the representative
had asked, his eyes not on Brock but on the scanner in his hand. Brock had
hesitated, distracted by the man's fidgeting with the strange instrument.
“I—I'm interested in scientific research,” Brock said at last.

So here he was out of the pod, alone for the first time in his life. Perhaps,
though, he should have asked one of his podfellows to come along. Or
even the pod robopet. But the other fellows all laughed when he spoke of
going outside, their eyes darting back and forth. Nothing on the outside,
they said, could equal the newest Virtual Adventure. He suddenly realized
that ever since he started interfacing with the ancient fictions, his fellows
had given him that look. They did think he was odd—not quite the same
as a regular podfellow. Brock didn't really vibe with the pod robopet.

5. vaporization (vā′par-ə-là′shən): the process of making a thing disappear by changing it into a fog or mist.
6. interfacing (in′tə-fəs′ing): making connections.
It was one of the more modern ones, and when they’d programmed its artificial intelligence they’d somehow made it too smart. The robopet in the children’s pod last year was older, stupider, and more “fun” to have around.

He’d badly underestimated the distance to the mountains. The time was well past noon, and he had at least three kilometers to go. Should he signal late return or turn about now? He didn’t have much more than one day’s scant supply of water and food tablets. But he was closer to the hills than to the dome. He felt a thrill [“excitement”] and pressed on.

There were actual trees growing on the first hill. Not the great giants of virtual history lessons, more scrubby and bent. But they were trees, he was sure of it. The podmaster had said that trees had been extinct for hundreds of years. Brock reached up and pulled off a leaf. It was green and had veins. In some ways it looked like his own hand. He put the leaf in his pack to study later. He didn’t want anyone accusing him of losing his scientific objectivity.7 Only deviants did that. Farther up the hill he heard an unfamiliar burbling sound. No, he knew that sound. It was water running. He’d heard it once when the liquid dispenser had malfunctioned. There’d been a near panic in the dome over it. He checked the scanner. There was no caution signal, so he hurried toward the sound. 

It was a—a “brook”—he was sure of it! Virtual lessons had taught that there were such things outside in the past but that they had long ago grown poisonous, then in the warming climate had dried up. But here was a running brook, not even a four-hour journey from his dome. His first impulse was to take off his protective glove and dip a finger in it, but he drew back. He had been well conditioned to avoid danger. He sat down clumsily on the bank. Yes, this must be grass. There were even some tiny flowers mixed in the grass. Would the atmosphere poison him if he unscrewed his helmet to take a sniff? He punched the scanner to read conditions, but the characters on the scanner panel danced about uncertainly until, at length, the disembodied voice said “conditions unreadable.” He’d better not risk it.

He pushed the buttons now for liquid and pellets. A tube appeared in his mouth. It dropped a pellet on his tongue. From the tube he sucked liquid enough to swallow his meal. What was it they called outside nourishment in the history virtuals? Pecnec? Something like that. He was having a pe nec in the woods by a brook. A hasty consulting of the scanner revealed that what he was feeling was “pleasure.” He was very glad he hadn’t come with an anxious podfellow or, worse, an advanced robopet that would, no doubt, be yanking at his suit already, urging him back toward the dome.

7. scientific objectivity: a way of looking upon a situation and remaining true to scientific facts.
It was then, in the middle of post-pecnec satisfaction, that he heard the new sound. Like that programmed into a robopet, yet different. He struggled to his feet. The dry suit from storage was certainly awkward when you wanted to stand up or sit down. Nothing on the scanner indicated danger, so he went into the scrubby woods toward the sound. And stopped abruptly.

Something was lying under the shadow of a tree. Something about a meter long. It was furred and quite still. The sound was not coming from it. And then he saw the small dog—the puppy. He was sure it was a puppy, nosing the stiff body of what must once have been its mother, making the little crying sounds that he’d heard from the brook. Later, much later, he realized that he should have been wary. If the older dog had died of some extradomal disease, the puppy might have been a carrier. But at the time, all he could think of was the puppy, a small creature who had lost its mother.

He’d found out about mothers from the Virtuals. Mothers were extinct in the dome. Children were conceived and born in the lab and raised in units of twelve in the pods, presided over by a bank of computers and the podmaster. Nuclear families, as everyone knew, had been wasteful of time, energy, and space. There was an old proverb: The key to survival is efficiency. So though Brock could guess the puppy was “sad” (like that fictions person, Jo, whose podmate expired), he didn’t know what missing a mother would feel like. And who would whimper for a test tube?

Brock had never seen a dog, of course, but he’d seen plenty of dog breed descriptions on the science/history virtuals. Dogs had been abundant once. They filled the ancient fictions. They even had names...
there—Lassie, Toto, Sounder. But now dogs were extinct, gone during
the dark ages when the atmosphere had become warm and poisonous.
The savages who had not had the intelligence or wealth to join the
foresighted dome crafters had killed all animals wild or domesticated
for food before they had eventually died out themselves. It was all in
one of the very first virtual lessons. He had seen that one many times.
He never confessed to anyone how, well, sad it made him feel.

But obviously, dogs were not quite extinct. Cautiously, he moved
toward the small one.

“Alert. Alert. Scanning unknown object.”
Brock pushed the off button. “Are you sure you want to turn off scanner?”
“Affirmative.” He stuck the scanner into his pouch.
The puppy had lifted its head at the sound of his voice. It looked at
him, head cocked, as though deciding whether to run or stay.
“It’s all right, dog,” Brock said soothingly. “I won’t hurt you.” He stayed
still. He didn’t want to frighten the little beast. If it ran, he wasn’t sure he’d
be able to catch it in his clumsy dry suit.

Slowly he extended his gloved hand. The dog backed away anxiously, but
when Brock kept the hand extended, the puppy slowly crept toward him
and sniffed, making whimpering sounds. It wasn’t old enough to be truly
afraid, it seemed. The pup licked his glove tentatively, then backed away
again. It was looking for food, and plasticine gloves weren’t going to satisfy.

Brock looked first at the dead mother whose source of nourishment
must have long dried up, then around the landscape. What would a dog
eat? A puppy on its own? He took off his glove and reached through his
pouch into the inside pocket that held his pellet supply. Making every
move slow and deliberate so as not to startle the dog, he held out a pellet.
The dog came to his hand, licked it, then the pellet. It wrinkled its nose.
Brock laughed. He didn’t need the scanner now to tell him that what he
felt was “pleasure.” He loved the feel of the rough tongue on his palm and
the little furred face, questioning him.

“It’s all right, fellow. You can eat it.”

As though understanding, the pup gulped down the pellet. Then
looked around for more, not realizing that it had just bolted down a
whole meal. When the dog saw there was no more coming, it ran over to
the brook. Brock watched in horror as it put its head right down into the
poisonous stream and lapped noisily.

“Don’t!” Brock cried.

The puppy turned momentarily at the sound, then went back to
drinking, as though it was the most normal thing in the world. Well, it
was, for the dog. Where else would a creature in the wild get liquid? If
the streams were not all dried up, they must have learned to tolerate the
water. But then, it was breathing the poisoned atmosphere, wasn’t it?

foresighted (för’si’tid)
adj. having the ability
to anticipate the future
and prepare for it

Grammar in Context
Look at lines 188–192. Notice that Paterson uses punctuation marks
and the coordinating conjunctions but and and to make her
sentences clear and easy to understand.

Sequence in Plot
What sequence of events leads to Brock’s touching the puppy?
Why hadn’t it hit Brock before? This was a fully organic creature on the outside without any life support system. What could that mean? Some amazing mutation must have occurred, making it possible for at least some creatures to breathe the outside atmosphere and drink its poisoned water. Those who couldn’t die, those who could survived and got stronger. Even the ancient scientist Darwin knew that. And Brock had come upon one of these magnificent mutants!

The puppy whimpered and looked up at Brock with large, trusting eyes. How could he think of it as a mutant specimen? It was a puppy. One who had lost its mother. What would it eat? There was no sign of food for a carnivore. Perhaps way back in the mountains some small mammals had also survived, keeping the food chain going, but the puppy would not live long enough to find its way there, much less know how to hunt with its mother gone. For the first time in his life something deep inside Brock reached out toward another creature. The thought of the puppy languishing here by the side of its dead parent until it, too . . .

“You name is Brog, all right?” The ancient astronomers had named stars after themselves. He had discovered something just as wonderful. Didn’t he have the right to name it sort of after himself while preserving the puppy’s uniqueness? “Don’t worry, Brog. I won’t let you starve.”

Which is why Brock appeared at the customs portal after dark, the front of his dry suit stained, carrying a wriggling *Canis familiaris* of uncertain breed.

If there had been any way to smuggle the dog in, Brock would have. But he couldn’t for the life of him figure out how. As it was, every alarm in the area went off when he stepped into the transitional cubicle.

The disembodied voice of the monitor queried him:

“Welcome back, Brock 095670038. You’re late.”
“Affirmative.”
“And you are carrying contraband.”
“I pulled a leaf.”
“Deposit same in quarantine bins.”
“Affirmative.”
“Sensors denote warm-blooded presence not on official roster.”
“I found a dog,” Brock mumbled.

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8. **mutation** (myoo-tay-shun): a change within a creature’s genes that results in a new trait or characteristic.
9. **Darwin**: Charles Darwin (1809–1882) was a British naturalist who founded the theory of evolution based on natural selection.
10. **carnivore** (kar’na-vor’): a flesh-eating animal.
11. **Canis familiaris** (kan’is fa-mil-i-ar’as): the scientific name for the domesticated, or household, dog.
12. **transitional cubicle**: a small compartment where one is examined before moving from one environment into the next.

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**SETTING**

Reread lines 209–220. How is finding the puppy changing what Brock has always believed about the outside?

**languish** (läng’gwish) v. to remain unattended or be neglected
“Repeat.”
“A dog.”
“Canis familiaris is extinct.”
“Well, maybe it’s just a robopet that got out somehow.”
“Correction. Robopets are bloodless. Leave dry suit for sterilization and proceed to quarantine inspection.”

The officials in quarantine inspection, who rarely had anything to inspect, were at first nervous and then, as they watched the puppy happily licking Brock’s face, interested despite themselves. An actual dog! None of them had ever seen one, of course, and Brock’s dog was so much, well, more vital than a robopet. And although, on later reflection, they knew they should have terminated or expelled it, they couldn’t quite bring themselves to do so that night.

“It will have to go to Research,” the chief inspector finally declared.
“Permission requested to hand carry the dog known as Brog to Research,” Brock said. There was a bit of an argument about that. Several inspectors sought the honor, but the chief declared that Brock, having shed his dry suit and being already contaminated, should be placed with the dog in a hermetically sealed air car and transported to Research.

The scientists in Research were predictably amazed to see a live Canis familiaris. But being scientists and more objective than the lower-grade quarantine inspectors, they kept a safe distance both physically and psychically from the creature. Only the oldest scientist, dressed in proper protective clothing, came into the laboratory with Brock and the dog.

13. **psychically** (sĭk’tik-lō): in a manner related to the mind or spirit.
He scanned and poked and prodded the poor little fellow until it began to whimper in protest.

“Brog needs to rest,” said Brock, interrupting the scientist in the midst of his inspection. “She’s (for by this time gender had been indisputably established) had a hard day. And if there’s some actual food available—she’s not used to pellets.”

“Of course, of course,” said one of the researchers through the speaker in the observation booth. “How thoughtless. Send someone out for a McG-like burger without sauce. She may regard it as meat. Anyhow, it will seem more like food to her than a pellet, affirmative, Brock?”

The scientists, Brock soon realized, were looking to him for advice. He was, after all, the discoverer of the last dog. It gave him sudden scientific status. Brock had sense enough to take advantage of this. After Brog had swallowed the McG-like burger in three quick gulps, Brock insisted that he be allowed to stay with Brog, so that he might interact and sleep with her. “She’s not like us,” he explained. “She’s used to tumbling about and curling up with other warm bodies. In the old myths,” he added, “puppies separated from their litters cried all night long. She will need constant interaction with another warm-blooded creature or she might well die of,” he loved using his new vocabulary, “‘loneliness.’”

The scientists agreed. After all, research was rather like quarantine, and since Brock had touched the dog ungloved and unprotected, he might well have picked up some germ from her. It was better to keep them both isolated in the research lab where proper precautions would be taken.

For nearly a week, Brock lived with Brog in the research center, eating McG-like burgers, playing “fetch,” teaching Brog to “sit,” “heel,” “come”—all the commands he could cull from the ancient texts. The dog quickly learned to obey Brock’s commands, but it wasn’t the automatic response of a robopet. Brog delighted in obedience. She wanted to please Brock, and those few times when she was too busy nosing about the lab and failed to obey instantly, those times when Brock’s voice took on a sharp tone of reproof, the poor little thing put her tail between her legs, looked up at him with sorrowful eyes, begging to be forgiven. Brock was tempted to speak sharply to her even when there was no need, for the sight of her drooping ears and tail, her mournful eyes was so dear to him that he did what Travis Coates had done to Old Yeller.14 He hugged her. There was no other way to explain it. He simply put his arms around her and held her to his chest while she beat at him with her tail and licked his face raw. Out of the corner of his eye he was aware that one of the scientists was watching. Well, let him watch. Nothing was as wonderful as feeling this warmth toward another creature.

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14. Travis Coates . . . Old Yeller: In the novel Old Yeller, Old Yeller is a stray dog who becomes friends with 14-year-old Travis.
or the first week, the researchers seemed quite content to observe dog and boy from their glass-paneled observation booth and speak copious notes into their computers. Only the oldest of them would come into the lab and actually touch the alien creature, and he always wore a sterile protective suit with gloves. The others claimed it would interfere with objectivity if they got close to the dog, but they all seemed to behave positively toward Brog. No mention was made to Brock of his own less than objective behavior. So Brock was astounded to awake in the middle of the night to the sounds of an argument. Someone had forgotten to turn off the communication system.

“Cloning—it’s the only thing to do. If she’s the last, we owe it to posterity to keep the line going.”

“And how are we going to raise a pack of dogs in a dome? One is nearly eating and drinking us out of test tube and petri dish. We can’t go on this way. As drastic as it may seem, we have to be realistic. Besides, no one has had the chance to do actual experiments since the dark ages. Haven’t you ever, just once, yearned to compare virtual research with actual?”

“What about the boy? He won’t agree. Interfacing daily with the dog, he’s become crippled by primal urges.”

“Can you think what chaos might ensue if a flood of primordial emotions were to surface in a controlled environment such as ours?” another asked. “Apparently, emotions are easily triggered by interactions with primitive beasts, like dogs.”

“Shh. Not now. The speaker is—” The system clicked off.

But Brock had already heard. He knew he had lost anything resembling scientific objectivity. He was no longer sure objectivity was a desirable trait. He rather enjoyed being flooded by “primordial emotions.” But he was more worried for Brog than for himself. It wasn’t hard to figure out what the scientists meant by “actual experiments.” Cloning would be bad enough. Ten dogs who looked just like Brog so no one would know how special, how truly unique Brog was. But experiments! They’d cut her open and examine her internal organs, the way scientists had in the dark ages. They’d prod her with electric impulses and put chips in her brain. They’d try to change her personality or modify her behavior. They’d certainly try to make her eat and drink less!

In the dark, he put his arm around Brog and drew her close. He loved the terrible smell of her breath and the way she snored when she slept. They’d probably fix that, too.

The next day he played sick. Brog, faithful dog that she was, hung around him whimpering, licking his face. The scientists showed no

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15. cloning: the scientific process of creating several identical plants or animals from a single ancestor.
16. primal urges . . . primordial (prī-mōr’dē-əl) emotions: feelings or desires that have existed from the beginning of humankind.
particular concern. They were too busy plotting what they might do with Brog.

Brock crept to the nearest terminal in the lab. It was already logged in. The scientists had been doing nothing but research on *Canis familiaris*. COMMON CANINE DISEASES. Brock scrolled down the list with descriptions. No, *distemper* wouldn’t do. The first symptom was loss of appetite. He couldn’t make Brog fake that. On and on it went—no, *heartworms* wouldn’t do. What he needed was a disease that might affect *Homo sapiens* as well as *Canis familiaris*. Here it was! “Rabies: A viral disease occurring in animals and humans, esp. in dogs and wolves. Transmitted by bite or scratch. The early stages of the disease are most dangerous, for an otherwise healthy and friendly appearing animal will suddenly bite without provocation.”

Rabies was it! Somehow he would have to make Brog bite him. There was no antirabies serum in the dome, he felt sure. There were no animals in the dome. Why would they use precious space to store an unneeded medication? So they’d have to expel him as well as Brog for fear of spreading the disease. He shivered, then shook himself. No matter what lay on the outside, he could not stand to go back to the life he had lived in the dome before he met Brog.

He crept back to bed, pulling the covers over Brog. When one of the scientists came into the observation booth, Brock pinched Brog’s neck as hard as he could. Nothing. He pinched again, harder. Brog just snuggled closer, slobbering on his arm.

Disgusted, Brock got out of bed. Brog hopped down as well, rubbing against his leg. Pinching obviously was not going to do it. While the scientist on duty in the booth was bending over a computer terminal, Brock brought his foot down on Brog’s paw. A tiny *yip* was all he got from that cruel effort—not enough sound even to make the man look up. “Feeling better, Brock 095670038?” The oldest researcher had come into the lab.

“Affirmative,” Brock answered.

“And how are you, puppy-wuppy?” The old man tickled Brog under her chin with his gloved hand. *If I were a dog, I’d bite someone like that*, thought Brock, but Brog, of course, simply licked the researcher’s glove and wagged her tail.

That was when he got his great idea. He waited to execute it until the proper moment. For the first time, all the scientists had gathered in the lab, all of them in protective garb, some of them twitching nervously in their chairs. They were sitting in a circle around Brock and Brog, explaining what must be done.

17. *Homo sapiens* (hō’mō sā’pē-ə-nəz): the scientific name for the species of human beings now on Earth.
“It has to be done for the sake of science,” they began. Then they went on to, “For the sake of the dome community, which is always, as you well know, short on food, and particularly short on water.” Brock listened to their arguments, nodding solemnly, pretending to agree. “It won’t be as if she’ll really be gone, you know. We’ve made virtuals of her—a special series just for you to keep. You can virtually play with her whenever you like.”

That was the cue. Brock turned and bit Brog on the tail so hard that the blood started. Brog, surprised and enraged, spun around and bit Brock on the nose.

There was a shocked silence. Every scientist leaned backward, body pressed hard against his or her chair back. Every eye was on the two of them.

“I—I don’t know what got into me,” Brock said. “I’ve been feeling very weird.” The scientists continued to stare. “I was checking the historical records. . . .”

All of the scientists fled the room. Someone ran to a computer terminal.

When Brock offered to take Brog out of the dome and let her loose in the mountains, no one argued. Neither did they say, “Hurry back,” or even, “Take care.” No one came close as he loaded his pouch with water and food pellets. The customs gate monitor asked no questions.

Out of sight of the dome, Brog was delirious with joy, jumping and running about in circles around Brock’s boots. Why wasn’t the

**SEQUENCE IN PLOT**

How does Brock get the scientists to release him and Brog?
atmosphere choking Brog if it was as poisonous as the dome dwellers claimed? His heart beating rapidly, Brock unscrewed his helmet just enough to let in a little of the outside atmosphere. Nothing happened. In fact, he seemed to be breathing perfectly normally. He took off the helmet entirely. He was still breathing freely. But his heart was beating so hard, he couldn’t be sure. He waited for the choking sensation he had been warned of. It didn’t occur. Could they be wrong? Could the outside world have healed itself? Perhaps—perhaps the reason the scanner had so much trouble reading the outside atmosphere was because it wasn’t within the range of computerized expectations.

Could it be? Could it be that fear had kept the dome dwellers prisoner many years longer than a poisoned environment would have?

He unfastened the dry suit and slowly stepped out of it into the sunlight.

It was wonderful how much faster he could walk without the clumsy suit.

“Who knows?” Brock said to a frisking Brog. “Who knows, maybe out here you aren’t the last dog. Your mother had to come from somewhere.”

Brog barked happily in reply.

“And maybe, just maybe, where there are dogs, there are humans as well.”

They stopped at the brook where they’d met, and both of them had a long drink. Brock no longer carried a scanner, but he knew what he felt was excitement. The water was delicious.
After Reading

Comprehension

1. Recall In the first half of the story, how does Brock know what emotions he is feeling?

2. Clarify Why does Brock fool the scientists into thinking he and Brog have rabies?

3. Summarize How does meeting Brog change Brock’s life?

Text Analysis

4. Make Inferences What would you say is the setting of the story? Give details from the text about both the time and the place.

5. Identify Sequence in Plot Review the chart you created as you read. Identify which events in the plot occur in a flashback. What new information about the people in the dome do you learn in the flashbacks?

6. Analyze Setting One way to consider the importance of setting to a story’s plot is to imagine the same story happening in a different time or place. Think about what might happen if you found a puppy. How would your experience be different from Brock’s? Use a Venn diagram to compare and contrast which details might stay the same and which details might be different. Explain what your diagram suggests about the influence of setting on a story’s plot.

7. Draw Conclusions Why do you think the people in the dome live the way they do? Think about their food, their fears, and their attitude about the outside world. Then consider how their history and their environment might be affecting them. Support your answer with details from the story.

Extension and Challenge

8. SCIENCE CONNECTION Read the article “‘Spot’ Goes High-Tech” on page 65. Then do research to find out what other kinds of tasks or functions robots are being asked to perform. Note at least three. In a small group, discuss how new technologies might have both a positive and a negative impact on our lives.

Why are pets good COMPANIONS?

Go back and review the list you created to answer the question on page 46. How do you think Brock might answer this question? Explain why you think Brog’s companionship was important to Brock.
Vocabulary in Context

**VOCABULARY PRACTICE**

For each item, choose the word that differs most in meaning from the other words.

1. (a) journey, (b) expedition, (c) foray, (d) climb
2. (a) perceptive, (b) foresighted, (c) careless, (d) prophetic
3. (a) evasive, (b) clever, (c) bright, (d) knowledgeable
4. (a) numerous, (b) copious, (c) plentiful, (d) thin
5. (a) trail, (b) ail, (c) languish, (d) suffer
6. (a) separated, (b) apart, (c) disembodied, (d) together
7. (a) ancestor, (b) posterity, (c) grandfather, (d) veteran
8. (a) blame, (b) reproof, (c) position, (d) criticism

**ACADEMIC VOCABULARY IN SPEAKING**

| contemporary | element | identify | influence | structure |

Which idea from “The Last Dog” most reminds you of life in contemporary society, or where you think society is heading? Discuss the positive and negative aspects of this idea with a small group. Use the Academic Vocabulary words in your discussion.

**VOCABULARY STRATEGY: ANTONYMS AS CONTEXT CLUES**

Context clues can often be found in the words and sentences that surround an unfamiliar word. These clues can help you figure out the meaning of the word. **Antonyms**, or words that mean the opposite of each other, can be one kind of context clue. For example, a sentence in “The Last Dog” talks of “actual rather than virtual research.” The words *rather than* signal that *virtual* is an antonym of *actual*. Since you know *actual*, you can figure out *virtual*.

**PRACTICE** Identify the antonym of each boldfaced word. Then define the word.

1. Though he tried to **facilitate** the cleanup process, he complicated it instead.
2. Her costume was **ostentatious**, but her cousin’s was quite plain.
3. You should praise your brother, rather than continually **disparaging** him.
4. Unlike Isabel, who had an **antipathy** to snakes, Luisa seemed to love them.
5. Jeremy was as **pugnacious** as his brother was peace loving.
Language

◆ **GRAMMAR IN CONTEXT: Use Correct Punctuation**

A run-on sentence, sometimes simply called a run-on, is two or more sentences written as though they were a single sentence. Use one of these methods to correct a run-on:

- Insert an **end mark** and start a new sentence.
- Insert a **coordinating conjunction**, such as *and*, *but*, *or*, or *so*, after a **comma**.
- Change a comma to a **semicolon**.

*Original:* Some people like having an animal companion, others may think a robot is just as good.

*Revised:* Some people like having an animal companion, *but* others may think a robot is just as good.

**PRACTICE** Use the correct punctuation and coordinating conjunctions, as necessary, to rewrite the following run-on sentences.

1. Both types of pets make people feel needed *people like feeling needed.*
2. Animal pets really do *need us, robot pets are just* machines.
3. *How can a metal dog take the place of a furry one, you can't hug a robot.*
4. It might help to have a robotic dog *it can't take the place of a real one.*

*For more help with run-ons, see pages R64–R65 in the Grammar Handbook.*

**READING-WRITING CONNECTION**

Explore the ideas presented in “The Last Dog” by responding to this prompt. Then use the **revising tip** to improve your writing.

**WRITING PROMPT**

*Extended Constructed Response: Across Texts*

Look again at “‘Spot’ Goes High-Tech” on page 65. Both Brock and the elderly people in the article enjoy having the **companionship** of a pet, be it an animal pet or a robot. Is a robot pet as good as an animal pet? Using examples from both selections, write a **two- or three-paragraph response**, describing the benefits of each pet.

**REVISIONING TIP**

Review your response. If you have any run-on sentences, revise them by using the correct punctuation or by adding a coordinating conjunction and the correct punctuation.

Go to thinkcentral.com. KEYWORD: HML7-64
ONLINE ARTICLE  Robotic pets, such as the ones in the dome, are not just futuristic fantasy. This news article describes a contemporary project that is testing whether robotic dogs can bring joy to senior citizens.

‘Spot’ Goes High-Tech
Researchers Try Robotic Pets as Companions for the Elderly

Researchers in Indiana are trying to find out if robots—which no one has to feed or walk—can do the same job as flesh and blood animals.

Rosewalk Common is an assisted living community for seniors in Lafayette, Indiana. Rose Lawson, 90, has lived at Rosewalk for four years and recently joined other residents to meet “Aibo” (pronounced “I-bo”), a frisky, silver and black robotic dog.

Aibo made its way around a circle of seated residents, playing fetch, responding to spoken commands, sitting in laps to be petted—and winning friends.

“Do you like me? Do you like me?” Lawson asked Aibo. The robot responded with an electronic “Ohhh,” winning a big smile from Lawson. . . .

Can Robots Make People Happier?
The robotic dogs were brought to Rosewalk by researchers at Indiana’s Purdue University as part of a project to determine whether robots can make people happier.

Alan M. Beck, a professor at Purdue and director of the Center for Human-Animal Bond at the university’s veterinary school, said one possible benefit may be better socialization.

“We find people who in nursing home settings might be socially isolated and don’t routinely chat with each other have something to talk about together, to have fun, to have reminiscences,” said Beck. . . .

Programmed to Generate Human Feelings
Robotic dogs are programmed to respond to commands, to wag their tails if told they are “good.” All of this is supposed to lull humans into feeling . . . attached—to a robot.

The very concept of robots that seduce people into thinking they are real is just too much for sociologist Sherry Turkle, director of the Initiative on Technology and Self at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

“T think we should take it as a wake-up call and really say, ‘Now, why are we giving robot pets to old people?’ And the answer, I think, is that we really have been struggling to figure out how to give enough people to old people.”

Assistant professor Nancy Edwards, of the Purdue School of Nursing, acknowledges the preference of human contact. But she still sees value in the Aibo study. “We know human interaction is best, we know human-animal [interaction] is probably second, but if these people are having no interaction, what we’re saying is, will some interaction with a robot help in some way?”

“You can see smiling, laughing, remembering of good things, and talking among each other,” said Beck. “This is more than just diversion. This is kind of a therapeutic event, where people really, I think, benefit from the experience.”