

A special adaptation for young readers from the  
#1 *New York Times* bestselling author of *MARLEY & ME*

**JOHN GROGAN**



# Marley

A DOG LIKE NO OTHER

# 1

## And Puppy Makes Three



"Slow down, dingo, or you're going to miss it," Jenny scolded. "It should be coming up any second." Jenny was my wife. That

January evening in 1991, we were driving through inky blackness across what had once been Florida swampland. We had been married for a little over a year and decided it was time for another family member. A dog, to be exact. We were on our way to look at a litter of Labrador retrievers.

Our headlights shined on a mailbox. The numbers

on the side reflected back at us. This was the place. I turned up a gravel drive that led into a large wooded property. There was a pond in front of the house and a small barn out back. At the door, a woman named Lori greeted us, with a big, calm yellow Labrador retriever by her side.

"This is Lily, the proud mama," Lori said. Lily's stomach was still swollen even though she'd given birth five weeks before.

Jenny and I got on our knees, and Lily happily accepted our affection. She was just what we pictured a Lab would be—sweet natured, affectionate, calm, and beautiful.

"Where's the father?" I asked.

"Oh," the woman said, hesitating for just a fraction of a second. "Sammy Boy? He's around here somewhere." She quickly added, "I imagine you're dying to see the puppies."

Lori led us through the kitchen into a utility room. The puppies stumbled all over one another as they rushed to check out the strangers.

Jenny gasped. "I don't think I've ever seen anything so cute in my life," she said.

The litter consisted of five females and four males.

Lori was asking \$400 for the females and \$375 for the males. One of the males seemed particularly smitten with us. He was the goofiest of the group and charged into us. Somersaulting into our laps, he clawed his way up our shirts to lick our faces. He gnawed on our fingers with surprisingly sharp baby teeth and stomped clumsy circles around us on giant paws that were way too big for the rest of his body.

"That one there you can have for three hundred fifty dollars," Lori said.

"Aw, honey," Jenny cooed. "The little guy's on clearance!"

I had to admit he was pretty darn adorable. Frisky, too. Before I realized what he was up to, the rascal had chewed off half my watchband.

"We have to do the scare test," I said. I had told Jenny the story many times of picking out Saint Shaun when I was a boy. Sitting in this heap of pups, she rolled her eyes at me. "Seriously," I said. "It works."

I stood up and turned away from the puppies. Then I swung quickly back around, taking a sudden step toward them. I stomped my foot and barked out, "Hey!"

I didn't seem to scare any of them. But only one

# MAKE WAY FOR Marley!

When the Grogan family is ready for a dog, they choose Marley, a yellow furball of a puppy who quickly grows into a large, rowdy Labrador retriever. Marley has a zest for life, and as he grows, so does his enthusiasm. He has an appetite for whatever he can get his paws on—from fine jewelry to underwear—and the one thing he *always* finds is trouble. Marley even gets kicked out of obedience school! Can this rambunctious pup ever learn how to be a good boy?

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