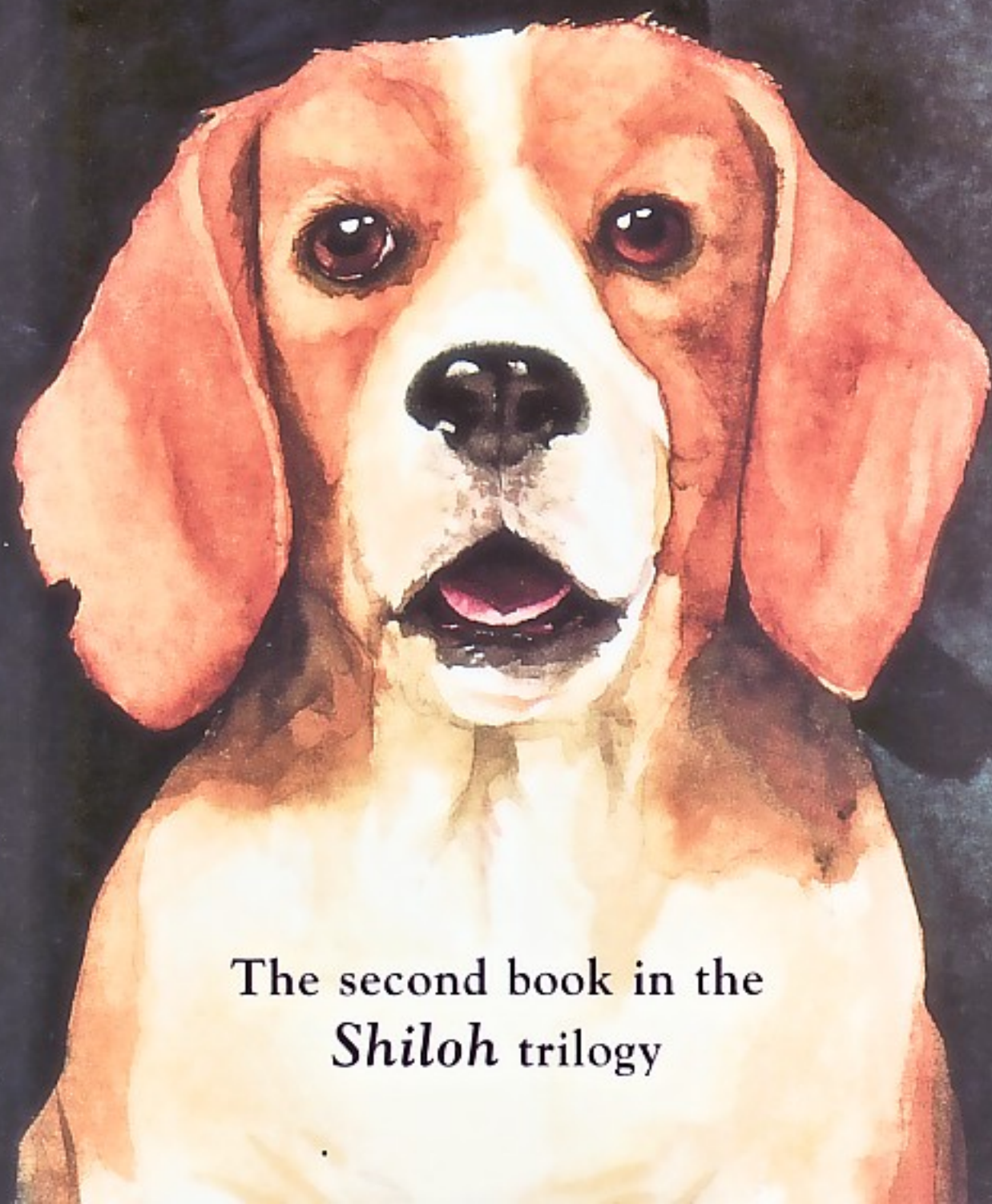


PHYLLIS REYNOLDS NAYLOR

Newbery Medal-winning author of *Shiloh*

SHILOH SEASON



The second book in the
Shiloh trilogy

One

After Shiloh come to live with us, two things happened. One started out bad and ended good. The other started out good and . . . Well, let me tell it the way it was.

Most everybody near Friendly, West Virginia, knows how Judd Travers treats his dogs, and how he bought this new little beagle to help him hunt, and how the beagle kept running away from Judd's kicks and curses. Ran to me.

They know the story of how I hid the dog in a pen I made for him up in our woods and named him Shiloh. Judd just calls his dogs cuss words. And everybody in Tyler County, almost, heard how a German shepherd jumped into that pen and tore up Shiloh something awful, and then the secret was out. My dad drove Shiloh over to Doc Murphy, who sewed him up and helped him live.

And then, because my friend David Howard has the biggest mouth from here to Sistersville, most everybody knows how I worked for Judd Travers two weeks to earn

that dog. So now he's mine. Mine and Ma's and Dad's and Dara Lynn's and Becky's. We all just love him so's he can hardly stand it sometimes; tail wags so hard you figure it's about to fly off.

Anyway, the thing that started out bad and ended good was that I promised Doc Murphy I'd pay him every cent we owed him for fixing up Shiloh. I looked for bottles and aluminum cans the whole rest of the summer, but only earned two dollars and seventy cents.

When I took it to Doc Murphy, though, so he could subtract it from our bill, he says I can work off the rest, same as I worked for Judd. Next to Judd telling me I can have Shiloh for my own, that was the best news I'd heard in a long time.

And now for the good part that turned bad and then worse: after figuring that everything's okay now between me and Judd Travers—he even gave me a collar for Shiloh—Judd starts drinking.

Not that he didn't drink before. Got a belly on him like a watermelon sticking out over his belt buckle, but now he's drinkin' hard.

First time I know anything about it, I'm coming up the road from Doc Murphy's, Shiloh trottin' along ahead or behind. That dog always finds something old he's got to smell twice or something new he ain't smelled at all, and his legs can hardly get him there fast enough. I think he was down in the creek while I was working at Doc's, and he's trying to make like he was with me the whole time.

I'm following along, thinking how happiness is a wet dog with a full stomach, when I hear this truck coming up the road behind me. I can tell by the sound that it's going faster than it should. My first thought, as I turn my head, is

that if it don't slow down, it won't make the bend, and then I see that it's Judd Travers's pickup.

I take this flying leap into the field, like I'm doing a belly flop in Middle Island Creek, and for a couple seconds I can't even breathe—it's knocked the wind right out of me. I watch the truck go off the road a couple feet farther on, then weave back on again, over to the other side, and finally it starts slowing down for the bridge.

Shiloh comes running back, licks my face to see if I'm all right. The question in my mind is did Judd try to run me over or didn't he even see me, he's that drunk? And if Shiloh had been behind me instead of up front, would I be looking at a dead dog right now?

"Judd almost ran me over!" I say that night at supper.

"He *what*?" says Ma.

I tell my folks what happened.

"He do it on purpose?" asks Dara Lynn. Ma's fixed white beans and corn bread, with little chunks of red ham in the beans, and Dara Lynn's counting out the pieces of ham on her plate. Wants to be sure she got as many as Ma gave me.

"I don't know," I tell her.

Ma looks at Dad. "This is serious, Ray."

Dad nods. "I guess I've been hearing right, then. They say Judd's been stopping off at a bar down near Bens Run. Does his drinking nights and weekends."

Ma's anxious. "You'd best keep off the road, Marty," she says. "You, too, Dara Lynn. You hear his truck coming, give him plenty of room."

"All he's going to do is get himself arrested," I say. "Why's he start drinking so hard all of a sudden?" Even I know that when a person does that it means he's bothered.

"Maybe he's thirsty!" says Becky, and we all laugh.



SHILOH IS MARTY'S DOG NOW

Marty Preston's troubles should be over. He's spent two weeks doing the hardest, meanest jobs Judd Travers could think of so he can call Judd's abused beagle, Shiloh, his own. And he's working for Doc Murphy to pay the bill for fixing up Shiloh after he was attacked by a German shepherd.

But with hunting season approaching, Judd has started drinking again, and Judd Travers, beer, and a gun are a dangerous combination. What if Judd tries to hurt Shiloh? What if he tries to hurt Marty or someone in his family? Marty knows something about Judd no one else does, and if anything terrible happens, the secret bargain Marty struck with Judd could make it Marty's fault. Is it time for Marty to speak up? And can he find the courage to do so?

A Publishers Weekly Best Book

★ "Taut with suspense, touched by a fine sense of humanity. . . [a] compelling page-turner."
—*Booklist*, starred review

★ "Naylor maintains the previous work's lump-in-the-throat vibrato."
—*Publishers Weekly*, starred review

ALADDIN PAPERBACKS

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Ages 8-12

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