

Max and Lil'Bit's Big Adventure

story and graphics
by rachel cherry

<http://www.eltereglobaldesign.com>





*Dedicated to Jacque Robinson,
my Sister and my Friend*

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In a town called Hope, lived two very different dogs. Max was a big, black Labrador with a heart as soft as his fur.

Lil'Bit was a tiny white terrier, full of energy and curiosity. They belonged to a sweet little girl named Maya who loved them more than anything in the world.





One sunny morning, while Maya was at school, the wind blew the backyard gate wide open. Max and Lil'Bit, chasing a butterfly, didn't notice they had wandered so far from home until they saw all the other butterflies.

"Uh oh," said Lil'Bit, her ears drooping.

"We will find our way back", Max said confidently. "Let's stick together."

They walked along the creek bank until they saw a raccoon.

"Hey there," said the reccoon. "You two look like you are far from home."

"We are," said Max. "Can you help us?"

"I don't know your way, but I know the park. Lots of folks pass through here. Maybe someone can help."



They set off for the park where they met a scruffy, brown dog named Rusty. Rusty watched the two dogs as they approached him. Max asked Rusty if he knew how they could get home.

“I got lost too,” Rusty said. “I’ve been learning to get by and you are welcome to join me.”

Lil’Bit looked at Rusty’s muddy paws and torn collar. “You’re not like us,” she said.

Max nudged her gently. “Different doesn’t mean bad. Rusty’s kind. Let’s help each other.”



Together they wandered through the park, where three mockingbirds swooped down. “Lost dogs!” they chirped. “Follow the trail near the pond. It leads to the neighborhood!”

“Thank you!” barked Max.

“Wait,” said Lil’Bit. “Why are you helping us?”

“Because everyone needs a little kindness,” the birds sang as they flew away.



As they followed the trail, they met a long, brown lizard sunning on a rock.

“You are almost there,” the lizard said. “But the last part is tricky. You will need to cross the creek.”

“Rusty hesitated. “I’m not a good swimmer.”

Max smiled. “I’ll carry you. We are in this together.”

With teamwork and trust, they crossed the creek and finally saw the familiar white fence of Maya’s house. She was outside, calling their names with tears in her eyes.



“Max! Lil’Bit!” she cried, running to hug them. “And who is this?” she asked petting Rusty.

“He is our new friend,” said Max.

“He is different,” said Lil’Bit, “but he is brave and kind.”

Maya smiled. “Then he is welcome here.”

From that day on, Max, Lil’Bit and Rusty played together in the yard. They learned that being different made their friendship stronger and that kindness could lead anyone home.

