HERO DOG!
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HERO DOG!

By Hilde Lysiak
With Matthew Lysiak
Illustrated by Joanne Lew-Vriethoff
To my dad, who taught me about being a reporter. To my mom, who never “clipped my wings.” To my sisters, Izzy, Georgie, and Juliet, who keep me on my toes. To my Mimi, who loves me with all her heart. To my PopPop, who is a war hero. And to my grandparents, Gina and Arthur Lysiak, who I miss so much and think about every day.

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Selinsgrove

**Eighth Street**
- Mrs. Taggart's house
- Mrs. Hooper's house

**Orange Street**
- Mr. Macintosh's house
- Kind Kat Café

**Market Street**
- Police station

**Pine Street**
- Susquehanna River

**Important Places**
1. Police station
2. Mrs. Taggart's house
3. Mr. Macintosh's house
4. Mrs. Hooper's house
5. Kind Kat Café, Hilde's house
Introduction

Hi! My name is Hilde. (It rhymes with build-y!) I may be only nine years old, but I’m a serious reporter. I learned all about newspapers from my dad. He used to be a reporter in New York City! I loved going with him to the scene of the crime. Each story was a puzzle. To put the pieces together, we had to answer six questions: Who? What? When? Where? Why? How? Then we’d solve the mystery!

I knew right away I wanted to be a reporter. But I also knew that no big newspaper was going to hire a kid. Did I let that stop me? Not a chance! That’s why I created a paper for my hometown: the Orange Street News.

Now all I needed were stories that would make people want to read my paper. I wasn’t going to find those sitting at home! Being a reporter means going out and hunting down the news. And there’s no telling where a story will take me . . .
**Confession:** when someone finally admits what he or she did

**Confirm:** to make sure information is correct

**Deadline:** time or date a story is due

**Exclusive:** a story only one reporter is covering

**Investigate:** to dig deeper into a story

**Notepad:** where a reporter keeps clues, quotes, and important notes

**Press pass:** a photo ID worn by reporters

**Source:** a person who gives information to a reporter

**Tip:** a new bit of information about a story

**Witness:** a person who sees something happen
There I was, standing outside the Selinsgrove police station in the pouring rain. I needed to get inside, but the door was locked shut. I needed information — fast!

I rang the buzzer.
And waited.
I rang it again.
But the police were still not answering.
I had gotten a tip that someone broke into a home on Orange Street!

Orange Street didn’t happen to be just any street. It was the street my family called home.
I needed to investigate right away.

I had hardly noticed the heavy rain during the four-block ride from my house to the police station. I had other things on my mind.


I knew when the break-in happened: early morning. But I needed a lot more answers if I wanted to have a story fit for the Orange Street News.

The question right now was where: Where did the break-in happen? As soon as I found out which house was broken into, I would call my older sister/photographer, Izzy, to take pictures.

The clock was ticking and I was on deadline. My story had to be posted online by 6 p.m. today!

I checked my phone. It was 12:30 p.m. My hands felt cold. My socks felt squishy.

I rang the buzzer again.


A tall police officer answered.

Finally!
The police officer peeked his head out the door, careful not to get wet. My heart sank. I remembered this guy: Officer Wentworth. He was never helpful.

“Hi, I’m Hilde from the Orange Street News,” I said, pulling out my notepad. “Could you please give me the address of this morning’s break-in on Orange Street?”
The officer sighed. “It is an open investigation.” That’s police talk for “I am not telling you anything.”

“But the people of Selinsgrove have a right to know!” I said.

“We aren’t giving the address out to the press,” he said, before closing the door.

I’d just have to uncover the address myself. Time to start knocking on doors! If a reporter knocks on enough doors, answers are bound to follow.

I slung my tote bag over my handlebars and sloshed through a puddle.
I was about to make a right onto Orange Street when I slammed on my brakes.
It was the Mean-agers!
Donnie, Leon, and Maddy: teenagers with rotten attitudes.

I pulled up a safe distance away. That way I could skip all the teasing. Especially their favorite: “Hey, Hilde, how is your cute little baby paper?”

I hated when people made fun of the Orange Street News. It isn’t cute. It’s a serious newspaper. And serious reporters always need to make sure they aren’t missing out on a story.
So I began eavesdropping . . .

The Mean-agers were talking about a band coming to town.

“I’ve heard Noise Pollution concerts are epic,” said Donnie.

“All three of us are totally going!” said Maddy.

I’ve seen a few Noise Pollution music videos. The band is just a bunch of angry grown-ups screaming into a microphone.

“Tickets are two hundred and fifty dollars,” I overheard Leon say. Then he spotted me and shot a stink eye my way!

I pedaled right out of there. This didn’t sound like a story anyway.
I pulled up to the first house on Orange Street, climbed the stairs, and knocked.

An old lady spoke through a crack in the door. “Hello.”

Her blue robe and curly gray hair reminded me of my grammy.

I cleared the strands of wet hair out of my eyes. “Hi, I’m Hilde from the Orange Street News,” I began.

She smiled. “Hello, Hilde. I’m Mrs. Taggert. What can I do for you?”

“I was wondering if you know anything about the break-in that happened on your street,” I said.
“I heard about that,” she said, rubbing her chin. “But I don’t know anything.”

“Are you sure?” I asked. “Any information might help!”

Just as I was about to put my notepad away, Mrs. Taggert began talking.

“Well, I did hear some noises.” My ears perked up.