

February 14

Lucy My Dog!

(I have, you have, he has) If you don't already know, I **have** an awesome dog named Lucy. (I saw, you saw, he saws) When we first **saw** Lucy

at the pound she had 5 hours to live and she **was** super skinny. I really liked her and took

so many pictures. I kept thinking to myself I cannot let this dog go. (I called, you called, he called) We **called** for a helper

and we **decided** we would take her. (I signed, you signed, he signed) We **signed** a bunch of papers and she got spayed so

she was missing a lot of hair on her stomach. We got in the car and I sat in the passenger

seat so I held the dog. The dog was shaking, I'm sure she was scared. She was wrapped

in a blanket and she didn't do much. (I think, you think, he thinks) I **think** she didn't know where she was, where she

was going, and who we are. So it must have been freaky to her. When we got back to the

house we let her walk around for a little bit. I could already tell she liked me. Already 8

months later and she is doing great. She can walk and run. She has all her stomach hair

back and my room is her castle. If you walk in my room she will growl. If I say stop she

will stop. She sleeps with me, right next to me every night. She always follows only me.

She is the dog I have always wanted. I take her on walks, buy her new toys, get her a new

dog tag every few months or so, clip her nails, give her a bath, brush her, play with her,

etc. . . . My point is that I love her! She is a Chihuahua by the way.

—Layne Dentinger
Grade 8