

"Stray"
By: Abbi Martin

It was June 1st 1999. I was walking home from school and I decided to take a different route. I was almost home and that's when I looked over and saw him a small, scrawny dog he was brown and you could see the fleas jumping off of him. He was pure skin and bones, he was tied to a tree with a home made dog box beside it. I remembered that hadn't eaten all my lunch so I got out the rest of my bologna sandwich and gave it to him. His tail started to wag I told my self, "This is my new route home." The next few days I made sure mom packed me a bologna sandwich for lunch. Every day I wouldn't eat it and I would give it to the little dog he seemed to like them too. One day I was sitting near the little dog and said, "Ya know you need a name he looked real excited. I thought for a minute and then said, "What about Stray?" He barked and it almost seemed as if he nodded. I knew he liked it! The next day at school I was thinking of Stray all day. I even put Stray down instead of subtract in math. When school was finally out I ran as fast as I could to get to Stray. As I was running I saw an old pickup truck near the tree where Stray was I started running faster I saw someone pick up Stray and undo the chain around his neck. I saw him being out into the truck. As I saw the person get in the truck I screamed, "Give me my dog!" The truck stopped. I saw the person get out of the truck. It was a man he had brown hair and tattoos. Again I told him to give me Stray back. He looked at me like he was gonna murder me. He stared at me and said, "Ya want him?" I kinda just stared at him finally I stuttered out, "Yes," then I asked him, "Why don't you want him anymore and why did you leave him here?" Then he told me, "Well, see this was my mama's dog, and a couple weeks ago my mama died and see she wanted me to keep this dog but I don't have the money to keep it and feed it so I left it here hoping somebody would find it and take it home. Yesterday I came by to see if it was gone and he wasn't so I was coming today to take him to a kill shelter." "So if you want him take him." He let down the tailgate and handed me the chain that was now again around Stray. I told him thank-you and then he drove off. I thought for a moment then realized Stray was mine! We walked home and when we got to the door I rang the doorbell because I couldn't open the door because I was holding Stray. When mom opened the door and saw Stray she didn't say anything. We stood there for about five minutes till mom said, "Honey, is this the dog that you have been talking about?" I told her yes then I said, "Please, please, please mama you won't even know he's here. I'll feed him and water him I'll even use my own money to buy the dog box for him!!!" She looked at me and then said, "The back-yard," "What is the next thing I said. "you have to keep him in the..." before she could even finish her sentence I was screaming thank-you. I took Stray to the back-yard right when we got out there the neighbors dog Paula came out I saw Stray look at her I knew before long we would be having Stray Jrs. And Straylets but, that is another story, my friend.

THE END