

Jet

By Evelyn S.

I'm not a country girl, but every now and then I find myself in a part of Texas where the grass grows tall and the cows are grazing. And I see some interesting stuff. I was cruising on day on my way to Paige Texas. The ride was uneventful, but the trip was worth it. I met a big black dog and the next thing you know, I'm in love with his sleek black coat and coal eyes. His name was Jet, and he loved to play fetch. I must have thrown that ragged old ball fifty times before dinner. After dinner, I went out again and picked up the ball. Feeling strong, I hurled the ball over the trees of the woods. Jet chased after it. It was a couple minutes before I saw his eyes on the edge of the woods. But as he sneaked closer, I noted gray and white on his coat and then I realized that it was not Jet, but a wolf! I dared not move as the wolf suddenly bolted towards me. What happened next is something I couldn't explain.

The wolf stopped

He just stopped

Then I saw Jet running towards me, ball in his mouth. He dropped it at my feet, and suddenly I had an idea. I threw the ball and hit the wolf in the stomach. Jet chased after it and also ran into the wolf. Jet caught it and brought it back to me. Next, I threw the ball and hit the wolf in the leg. Jet followed. Finally, after a few more tries, we scared away the wolf. I patted Jet behind the ears and on his tummy. "Thank you" I whispered.