

The Christmas Dog

By: Raquel O.

One day, fourteen year-old Bryan walked into his house from school and slouched on his torn-up couch. He and his mother lived in a torn-up home along with all their other torn-up furniture. But despite their looks, they weren't as "poor" as they looked. In fact, they were so close to being wealthy. Bryan's black and brown fluffy Labrador, Bone, strolled down to him and licked his knee. Bone had been living with them for 13 years but in dog years he was 74! Later on, Bryan brushed his teeth and went to bed. The next morning started another, boring day of school. The principal called his name to come to the office and he went home for some reason. When he got in the car, Bryan's mom was crying. "Bone died." she said through tears. "How could this happen!?" Bryan screamed. "He got run over by our neighbor." "Charlie?" "Yes sweetie, his mom." Bryan sighed and buckled up. Charlie was Bryan's best friend since the 2nd grade and they were in 6th grade. 6th grade! It was so close to Christmas, and things were already going wrong. More boring days came, and Bryan shot more dirty looks at Charlie, and then those days turned into weeks, and finally, it was Christmas Eve. "Honey, have you made your Wish List yet?" Bryan's mom asked. "No, I don't want anything." He replied. "Okay." That night, Bryan couldn't sleep. Not because he was so excited for Christmas, but because he kept on thinking about Bone. He had great memories with Bone. So, that night he went to his mom's room and asked "Can I get a new Bone?" "No Bryan, we can't afford another dog." "Oh, okay." And with that he walked past the non-lit Christmas tree and went to bed. But if he were paying more attention, he would have seen the smile on his mom's face. The same night, Bryan had a nightmare. He was playing with Bone when a storm came. Then came a black-out then **"EO OM:!!"**. Lights came on and Bone was on the floor, lifeless. Bryan screamed and screamed until something awoke him. **"Ban.g! Ol.a.n...g!"** **"JMGLE BLLS, JMGLE BLLS, JMGLE ALL TE WAY!"** He heard bells and muffled voices of carolers on the streets. Could it be? Bryan looked out his bedroom window. Yes! It's Christmas Morning! He ran down the hallway, past the tree, and to his mom's room to wake her up "maturely". He screamed "It's Christmas! It's Christmas!" until he lost his voice. He ran all the way to the Christmas tree, which was just a small little pomegranate tree, where there lay a "big" present and some

other presents. Bryan knelt down and picked up the "big" present. It was from his mom. But as soon as he did, it moved. Then the box made a "**Bark**" sound. Then, "**Bark, Bark bark!**" Bryan threw open the present and found a black and brown Labrador looking up at him. Bryan looked at the dog's tag and read aloud: "Bone 13 yrs. old If found please call: _____ . I thought you couldn't afford it!" Bryan said "I wanted to surprise you." replied his mom. Bryan was about to say something else when the doorbell rang. Bryan opened the door. It was Charlie. "Sorry about your dog" said Charlie. "It's okay." Bryan mumbled. "Oh! I forgot to show you! Come in!" said Bryan. He showed Charlie the new Bone. "Wow! He looks exactly like Bone! Can I pet him?" asked Charlie. "Sure!" replied Bryan. And at that exact moment, two friend's relationship grew even stronger.