

My Pet Dog

By: Henry G.

When I was 4 years old I had a little dog Beverly. She was a faithful dog to our family. She used to take care of me when I was little. My mom always trusted Beverly because she would never leave me alone. One day when I was in the house playing with my toys, Beverly was not with me. I knew that the back door was open and could go outside without being seen. So I got my toys and went outside then I started walking down the lane to the canal when I felt something pulling on my pants. I looked around and there was Beverly I was angry and I slapped Beverly but she knew what I was doing wrong. She pulled me home and I got home my mom and sister were looking for me. When they saw Beverly pulling me they shouted, Beverly and she wagged her tail my mom put me to bed, but gave Beverly a big piece of meat.