

Mcenna and Danny

By Kamryn B.

Hi, my name is Mcenna. I'm a 12-year-old girl in Paris. I live in a poor family. My mom cares for me dearly, but my dad not so much. He'll fuss and scream over the littlest things. Like if you miss a spot while cleaning the floor, he'll kick you. I never had any friends, nobody to protect me or play with me. My life is pretty lonely here. This is my story.

"I'm home!" I heard nothing back. My mom wasn't coming to greet me like usual, so I decided to walk into my parents' room. I went in there and saw my mom on the bed on her phone. "Oh hi, honey. I didn't notice you were home." "Where's Dad?" I asked. "He's at work." I was silent for a second then I asked, "Can I go for a walk?" "Yeah sure," said Mom.

I put my sparkling pink sneakers on and headed outside and heard barking coming from the Johnson park where every kid's favorite place is in the neighborhood. As I walked over there, I saw an old lady standing next to a dog. The dog came running to me with a wagging tail and sat down so I could pet him. I did with a happy expression on my face. "He's never this nice to people," said the old lady, "He usually barks and chases the person off." I pet him once more and as I was about to leave, I heard, "Wait!" I stopped. "Can you do me a favor?" "What?" I asked. "When I die, could you please take care of Danny for me?" I nodded and left. Every day I go to the park just to see Danny. But one day, I got to the park and Danny was alone whining. Danny took me over to his house and I went inside. I saw his owner laying on the couch. I put my hand above her nose to see if she was breathing. My eyes widened and tears started taking over. My cheeks were red, my eyes were shiny, and I knew it was time to take Danny home.

So, I got home with Danny and I told Mom and Dad about the whole situation on why I had brought Danny home. "Mcenna, it's a really big responsibility," said Mom. But I persuaded her to say yes. I went to the house and got Danny's stuff and drove home.

Hi, my name is Mcenna, and this is my story.