

Lost and Found

By: Avery J.

I looked down at the paper on my desk and every word looked like "dog". I could not even write because I was sad thinking about how my dog, Wishbone, died.

"Ring," my next class I had was math. Even though math was my favorite and every day I get all happy for this class, today it was not that way. Mrs. Reese said my name three times today because I wasn't paying attention. This is so my luck, bad days always get worse!

At home, I just stared at all of Wishbone's toys. Then, I saw a star in the nighttime sky and that was on my list of things to wish for. So, I closed my eyes and made a wish. Out of nowhere my sister, Madison, came and said, "What are you doing?" I said nothing back. Once again, Madison said, "Moms making dinner," but still there was no response.

I skipped dinner and just went to bed. In the morning, I got ready and went to the bus stop, but I had missed the bus! So, I went home and I thought to myself, "My life is so bad." I always say I have a bad life.

The rest of the day I ended up at the mall looking at stores. I found a pet store and they had dogs of all shapes and sizes there. You would never think that Wishbone was in there, but he was! All this time I thought he died but really I had just lost him and he ended up at the pet store! I went inside and got him back. I was so happy!

The next day at school, my day was better. I really made friends. Now I know not to judge a bad day or it will get worse. Then, summer came and it was the best with Wishbone by my side. He even gave me good luck and because of that luck I ended up making three home runs at my softball games that summer.