

Perry S.

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SJCS

6th Grade

Happy Talks

It was thundering and lightning outside school and I was talking to Miss White. "Ruff, ruff!" Happy barked, "ruff, ruff."

"What is it, Happy?" I asked.

"Grrrrrr!" Happy growled, "grrrrrrrr!" A visitor was here. He thought I was going outside so he opened the door and held it open. Happy growled and ran towards the visitor, but to my surprise, Happy ran right past the visitor and barged past the door.

"Wait, Happy!" I cried as I ran after him. "Wait!" It was pitch dark black and raining and there were mud puddles on the ground.

Happy must have left a toy outside or was chasing something when all of a sudden, SPLASH. Happy slid in a mud puddle and lost control. BANG! Happy hit his head on an electric pole. SIZZLE! The electric pole was shorting out and it sent a shock through Happy's body. I saw the shock light up Happy's body. Happy was knocked out so I brought him in. "Phew!" Miss White said, "Happy's alright. Perry, I'm flying to Iceland and can't take Happy, so will you watch him?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said.

The next morning I poured Happy his food and I ate some Honey Nut Cheerios. I went to school with Happy. That afternoon we came back home. I went upstairs to do my homework. After that I raced downstairs. "Holy cannoli!" I screamed. The kitchen was covered in a thick brownish-red substance. "I really hope this is spaghetti sauce!" I said.

“Give me a break!” a voice said. “It was an accident.”

“Who said that!?!” I said grabbing a bat. When no one answered, I put down the bat. I looked at Happy. “Come here, boy,” I said.

“Who me?” Happy asked and looked around.

“D-did you just talk?!?” I said in confusion.

“What, you can understand me?!?” Happy asked.

I ran outside. “I think I’m going bonkers!!” I said and began to walk down the sidewalk.

“Are we going on a walk?” Happy asked. “If so, you better bring the pooper scooper.”

“Why?” I asked.

“Cause I really gotta go,” Happy said.

After that we walked to a hotdog stand. “Hotdogs. Hotdogs, Hot dogs, get them good and fresh!” a man called.

“Oh no! They’re made of dog!” Happy said. Everyone started spitting hotdogs, mustard and ketchup out of their mouths.

“Ha, ha ha!” I said after Happy and I hid back behind a corner. “Happy, they’re made of pig, not dog!”

The next morning we made a secret way of talking in dog-code. We went back to our regular lives.

(Might be continued...)