

You know, of all the things in the world, I ended up being a dog. And not just any dog. An extremely unlucky dog. My master forgot to feed me, ... Again. I pawed at the door to tell him I wanted outside. He just kept watching "the news," The news isn't that good anyway. It's just two unknown masters speaking a language I don't understand.

Day turned to night, and I was still hungry. My master layed down on the large-and-somfy thingummy that I have heard him call a "bed." Suddenly, I noticed an interesting smell. I sat straight up. I barked once to awake my master. He didn't wake up.

The smell was stronger now. Oh no! Someone was coming in the house!

I jumped on my master to warn him. He woke up.

"Who?....." he said as he slowly woke up. "Wait a minute! Someone's in my house!"

The something in our house turned and looked straight at my master. He dropped the two bags he was holding and tried to run out the door... only to find it was locked. He tried to figure out how to unlock it, but nonetheless, he was unsuccessful.

As my master dialed the phone, I snuck up on the person. I bit the brute right on the bottom.

"Yyyyyyy oooooooowwwwwwwwwwwwwww!" he screeched,

My master came into the room, "You're under arrest,"

he said. "The FBI are on the way."

The next day, an article appeared in the paper. It read;

"At long last, Garret B. Ferguson, the bandit that attacked the Miller residence last night, has been captured and sent to jail."

I was a hero.

My master never forgot to feed me again. When I pawed at the door, he always let me out. He fed me extra dog treats. He gave me tummy rubs and played with me all the time. Boy, if I knew that was what it takes to earn my master's respect, I would have done that a million years ago!

That is, of course, if I was a dog.

Author's note;

Dear reader,

I suppose you are wondering about the end of this story. I am a kid. That's why I wrote this. I also used my hand to lock the door and trap the bandit in the middle of this story. And, if you are a bandit and are reading this, I advise you never steal again.

Sincerely yours,

~~Etjah. D~~ The Author