

I Am Thankful For My Dog

By Aavia Jones

When I first met my dog Dallas, I was getting off of the school bus. All I saw was a huge pit bull jumping on me and licking my face. So I ran down the street until I got home. When my sister and mom got home I asked why the dog was here. My mom told us that he's our new dog. I said, "I hate him!"

Months later, I started to like him and realized he could protect us, and he did but it was really harmful.

A couple of years later my mom, aunt, step-dad and my aunt's friend were fooling around and they threw my aunt in the pool. My dog thought that my aunt was hurt (but she wasn't) so he attacked my aunt's friend and broke his arm.

Now, Everyone is fine and we still love Dallas and surprisingly none of us are scared of him. He only lets my little sister bring him around because when my other sister tried he dragged her across the yard by her dress. I guess what i'm trying to say here is that he's a big teddy bear.