

Man's Best Friend?  
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(Margaret's 6<sup>th</sup> Class)

I was making my way down along the forest path when I heard a growl behind me. It was close, deep, threatening and terrifying. I could feel the sharp tingle of fear in the small of my back. There was no way I could outrun this ferocious wild dog. I had to think fast. The dog's eyes were deep black as if I was looking into a hole, its teeth were caked with dirt. Its fur was mangled and dirty and its paws had blood on them as if it had stepped on glass. It was night and dark and that was all I could make out. I was on my way back from a party so I was on my own and even if I screamed I was deep in the forest and nobody would hear me.

I took a step back slowly from the dog and it stood there and growled. The dog arched its legs and pounced at me, its teeth grazed my cheek and blood started pouring out slowly but I'd managed to avoid the full impact of the blow. I kicked out at the dog's legs and I connected with the dog's right paw, reducing it to a limp. I got to my feet and ran with the dog limping after me. It was moving quite slowly but the impact was enough to break most of the bones in my body. My body ached. The driver managed to pull me into his car before the dog reached the end of the forest. The dog came out onto the road, barking and jumping in the air but by that time I was on my way to the hospital.

When we got to the hospital I was immediately escorted to the emergency room where the doctor told me that I'd be incapacitated for a few months. After a few weeks in the hospital, I was awoken by barking coming from outside the window. I managed to pull myself up to the window and outside, sitting on the ground, was a dog with deep black eyes, its teeth caked with dirt, its fur mangled and dirty and blood coming from its paws. It bared its teeth as if it appeared to be smiling at me.

THE END