

## THE DOG SANDY

When Donna was a little girl, she had a dog named Sandy. Sandy was a furry, brown, medium-sized dog. She weighed about 25 lbs., and was a happy dog. Donna was only 10 years old, and couldn't remember a day in her life without Sandy by her side. Sandy was Donna's best friend.

The two could be seen together on most days. Donna cared for Sandy every day. She fed her, brushed her, and played with her. Donna went with Sandy whenever it was time to take her to the veterinarian's office for a physical checkup. Donna always wanted to be with her furry friend on those occasions because she didn't want Sandy to feel alone and afraid. Donna was also responsible for cleaning up after Sandy, which meant picking up her poop. Donna didn't mind though. She loved Sandy.

One day, Donna and Sandy were coming home from the park. They were walking down the street near their home when Donna let Sandy off her leash. Donna knew she wasn't supposed to let her off the leash, but she always did when they were just a few houses away. Sandy would run into the yard, yelping and howling while waiting for Donna to get home.

This day was different though. Sandy saw a cat across the street and started running after the cat just as Donna's neighbor was driving home. Sandy was hit and killed by the speeding car as Donna screamed in shock. "No!" yelled Donna, but it was too late. Sandy was gone. Donna was very sad. She blamed herself

for Sandy's tragic death, but her mom told her that Sandy was happy in Heaven now. Donna held a little service for her doggie and buried her in the back yard so that Sandy would always be near her. Donna knew they would be together again.