



Not just for Christmas By William Stevenson

I was playing in the back garden,(that's what I think it's called anyway), cold, white, soft stuff was falling slowly from the big blue cloud-filled thing above me. I was chasing my tail round and round, and trying to catch the white stuff on my nose, when suddenly I heard my two-leggers talking inside the house. So I scrambled as fast as I could to see what was happening. They were bringing a tall, green, bristly thing inside and covering it with lights and shiny balls; my tail dropped down with sadness, I remembered the last time I saw one of these; the memory terrified me!

It all happened a long time ago..... I couldn't see anything but I knew I was moving. Soon after, I felt myself drop and the movement stopped. Then I heard two-leggers talking to each other. Suddenly, light surrounded me, the whole house was twinkling, everything was shining and there was a tall green thing in the corner. The two-leggers were smiling and laughing, they began hugging me and lifting me in the air, they promised we would play together everyday; I loved it !

It continued on like this for a while, they would pet me, throw balls for me and give me tasty treats... but when the lights and the tall green thing disappeared, so did their love for me. After that, I was almost always kept outside in a barren, desert-like garden with barely any food or water; no-one ever talked to me! After a long, miserable time, I heard the two-leggers talking again; soon after I was lifted into a dark box and I began moving again. I was afraid but I wasn't sad to leave that place, in fact I was happy to be gone, even more so when I got to my new home.

Everyone there loved me! I had plenty to drink and even more food than I could eat , (and I can eat a lot). The two-leggers would play with me everyday. We would go on long walks together in the parks and the woods. I could chase fluttery things and other four-leggers. I was barely ever kept outside and even when I was, I didn't mind as it was a beautiful garden with brightly coloured flowers all around. The two-leggers even built me, what they called a 'shelter' for when it was cold.

Now, as I watched them making the tall green thing sparkle, I thought how lucky I was to have a family that really loved me. However, my tail dropped again. I began to panic; I love my pack; I love living here; I didn't want to leave. As I was worrying what would happen when the green thing disappeared again, a two-legged bent down, hugged me and said, "I love you, Harry". My tail pricked up and began to wag; I knew they would never abandon me.