

I Need a Dog!

By,
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Dear Dad,

I should have a dog.

-Dorman

Dorman woke up early the next morning to find a note underneath his pillow. It read:

Dear Dorman,

Why should you have a dog?

-Dad

Dorman quickly got his pencil and wrote:

Dear Dad,

I should have a dog. I am nine years old and I can handle it.

-Dorman

He slipped it under his dad's pillow.

He woke up the next morning and found another note under his pillow that read:

Dear Dorman,

Even I can't handle a dog. That means you can't. The work is too hard.

-Dad

Dorman started writing again. It read:

Dear Dad,

I should have a dog. I'm nine years old and I can handle it. The work is not that much, trust me I can handle it.

-Dorman

Dorman put the note on his dad's bed and got ready for school.

The next morning he wasn't surprised to find a note that said:

Dear Dorman,

I know it's a lot of work. But if you say you can handle it I'm sure you can. Remember you have to walk the dog every day. I think you would get bored of that.

-Dad

Dorman got mad quickly. He started scribbling:

Dear Dad,

I should have a dog. I'm nine years old and I can handle it. The work is not that much. Trust me, I can handle it. I love walking dogs and I'll never get bored of it.

-Dorman

He threw it onto his dad's bed and went to eat breakfast.

The next morning he woke up gloomily and read his dad's note. It said:

Dear Dorman,

*Fine, you won't get bored of walking a dog.
But, at night the dog will bother you!*

-Dad

Dorman launched for his pencil and responded:

Dear Dad,

I should have a dog. I'm nine years old and I can handle it. The work is not that much. Trust me, I can handle it. I love walking dogs and I'll never get bored of it.

The noises won't bother me. I sleep with a fan on. That's really annoying and I can sleep.

-Dorman

He slowly walked into his dad's bedroom and dropped it on his bed; then he went to brush his teeth.

The next morning Dorman hoped that his dad would finally say yes to getting a dog. He opened the envelope and read aloud:

Dear Dorman,

Ok, I know you sleep with a fan on and that it is annoying. But for a noisy dog I have to pay a lot of money!

-Dad

Dorman picked up his pencil, annoyed, and said:

Dear Dad,

I should have a dog. I'm nine years old and I can handle it. It's not that much work. Trust me, I can handle it. I love walking dogs and I'll never get bored of it.

The noises won't bother me. I sleep with a fan on. It's really annoying and I can sleep. And I'll make a deal with you. We'll each pay half the price of the dog.

-Dorman

Dorman shot out of his bedroom and bounced on his dad's bed. He lay the note down on his bed; then he went to practice his violin.

The next morning he woke up on the wrong side of his bed. He reached for his dad's letter.

It wasn't there. He looked around; no letter. He walked down not willing to go to school. But, he did end up going to school.

When he got home, he heard something unusual. Then, he smelled something unusual. He opened the door and right in front of him was a big, big dog. He gave a quick smile at his dad standing right behind the dog. "Syfer!" Dorman exclaimed.