

Maddie's Christmas

Every month is different. There are months that are lucky, some that are unlucky, and others that I cannot explain. January is lucky because it's my birthday, March are the happy days until a random event turns your mood upside down, April is the month where most of my classmates tease me, and the rest of them are pure unlucky months, but holidays are lucky and Christmas is usually the luckiest holiday! You may think this is an opinion, but it isn't. For me, it's true, based on my life. My name is Maddie Vega and I am 10 years old. Today is December 3rd and I cannot wait until Christmas. I made my Christmas list in March. I asked - well, I mean, I *begged* - my parents for a dog last April. I also hung Christmas decorations in July. Please, *someone* make it Christmas already! Finally, the bell rang, end of the school day and one day closer to break.

On my way home from school, walking through the woods, I heard barking. I followed the sound and found a pit bull tied to a tree. I have always wanted a pit bull but Mom and Dad won't let me get one because they are known to be fighting dogs. They repeatedly say they are ugly and violent. But I disagree, they are protective and sweet, and it's bad owners who make them violent. Anyway, I would never judge a dog by his looks. Nobody was around and that poor thing was only about 4 months old. He looked hungry and scared. So, I untied him and gave him my leftover sandwich, then he followed me home.

As we were walking home, I thought of a name for him, it was Lucky. It was really hard to hide him from Mom and Dad. I hid Lucky in a large box I found and made that his house. I left him in his box in the backyard and went inside to start my homework. When I finally

finished, I realized I had not fed Lucky. I brought him a bowl of water and food, I also added old pillows for his bed. I went back inside, just as dinner was being served. At dinner, I brought up the subject of having a dog. Even my brother tried! But, parents are hard to convince.

The next morning was a cloudy day; it seemed as if it was going to rain. That was a good thing because on those days, my big brother, Daniel, does not have football practice and hangs out with me. I heard thunder and then my bedroom door opened. "What's up, brat?" Daniel asked. "Nothing, dork. Wait! Was that thunder? Come!" I said as I ran to the backyard while he followed me. He looked in the box as I opened it. "Aww," Daniel gasped. "I named him Lucky, but I have to hide him from Mom and Dad," I said.

Daniel got busy bathing Lucky. When we finished with Lucky, he looked adorable. I felt a drop of water fall on my face. I looked up and the sky was as gray as an elephant. We all ran into the house and within an instant it started raining cats and dogs. We carefully put Lucky back in the box, but this time in the garage. "Daniel," I said, "it's December 4th, I can't wait until Christmas!" "Yeah, didn't you know that, brat?" "I *did*, dork," I said.

As the days passed and got closer to Christmas, I was taking great care of Lucky. On December 16th, during a spaghetti dinner, I told my parents all about Lucky. They were proud of me, but said I had to get rid of him. I guess I shouldn't have told them. *Bad* choice! I think I was too enthusiastic about having had my favorite meal for dinner.

"Maddie, you know we can't have a dog. It's too much work. Pit bulls, are violent," said Mom. "Who will pick up after Pucky?" Dad said. "It's Lucky, Dad," I said. "What we're saying, is having a dog is a big responsibility. And a pit bull! They're not even cute," Mom said.

At that point I got mad, she was judging Lucky by his looks. "Please, Mom," I begged. "It's a poor, abandoned thing. Why abandon him again?" Daniel asked. She just said no. My eyes got really teary. The next day, Daniel and I left poor Lucky in a dog shelter. When we were leaving, I put my head on Daniel's shoulder and tried to hold back the tears. "It's okay Maddie, I know you miss him. So do I."

As the days passed, they were long and sad, but luckily it was already Christmas Eve. I was getting into the Christmas spirit. I couldn't wait until tomorrow, the big day! My family and I had a big feast that night. As I went to bed, I prayed for Lucky. I even put Lucky on my Christmas list. I still missed him.

When I awoke, I ran downstairs. I saw lots of presents under the Christmas tree. When Mom, Dad, and Daniel awoke, we all started opening our presents. At last, I went to the biggest and heaviest one which reminded me of Lucky's (what I called) house. I was wondering how *his* Christmas was going. I carefully opened the box and was startled.

"Lucky!" Daniel and I yelled. It was a Christmas miracle! I hugged Lucky really tight and he licked my face. I had a broad smile. I missed him so much! "We knew you would miss him. After all, we've always taught you not to judge a book by its cover," Mom said. "You were right about the looks, they don't really matter," Dad said.

Like I said, some months are lucky and some aren't, some I can't explain - like my parents changing their minds - but, for me, holidays are always lucky!