

A Dog's Adventure

Hello, my name is Thunder. I'm a dog. I know it's weird I'm speaking, but I'm actually thinking. I'm a thinking dog. I can communicate to a person who loses me and truly believes I can come back to them. Anyway, let's talk about my life. My owner, John, loves me as much as I love him. He has one child named Jenifer. I've lived with them for a decade. One day, something terrible happened.

John got cancer and two weeks later he passed away. It was a stressful day for me. Jenifer went to stay with her aunt. I ran away as far as possible to relive my stress. I walked for almost a year. I walked for miles and miles, slept in horrifying dumpsters, drank from terribly contaminated rivers. I couldn't find a home that was just like John's. I realized I should just get a home so I did, two actually. It didn't go well.

My two owners were doing illegal things like murder and drug selling. My first owner was Dickson. He lived in a dumpster, which looked like a cozy home. What I didn't know was he was the countryside's most wanted criminal. I lived with him for four years. One day he brought back a dead body and I knew he would kill me too. That same night he ate the dead body then looked at me as though wanting to

eat me too. So I sprang out of the dumpster and ran away from him as fast as possible. Finally!!

My next owner was a drug dealer named Timothy. To me he did not seem like a drug dealer, he seemed like a boy who stole pencils in 5th grade. You know kids of these days. One day, I was watching T.V and I saw a familiar face. It was Jenifer!! I did not know what she was saying. Then Tom said she was looking for a dog-named Thunder. That was I!! It was that night that Tom told me that he was a drug dealer. So I had two reasons to run away. Off I went to go find Jenifer. Then I met this mailman who needed a dog for the protection of the mail. Then I knew this was my chance.

It would be my chance to reach Jenifer's address. It took ten years but it was worth it. We finally reached her house. She had a huge house. She was rich. I jumped out of the mail truck, ran to her and she was there but hesitant to see me. She was a grown woman. She thought I was some random dog from the street. When she read my collar, it said "IF THIS DOG IS FOUND RETURN TO 1546 HUMMINGBIRD DR." Although it did not say my name it did say her late dad's address. The she knew it was I! And that is my adventure.

The End