

Pinkie

Once upon a time there was a young lady named Sherry. Sherry was 16 years old and lived in Rochester, New York. While walking home from school one day, a pink German Shepard jumped out from behind a bush and tackled Sherry to the ground. But just when she was about to let out a scream for help, Sherry realized that the pink German Shepard was only licking her face, not trying to bite it off. At that moment, Sherry decided to keep the pink German Shepard as a pet. And on the way home she decided to name her pet pink German Shepard "Pinkie."

When Sherry and her new pet finally got home, guess who was standing on the front porch? That's right, it was Sherry's mother, Dorothy. And boy was she surprised to see a pink German Shepard following Sherry into the yard! "What in world is that?" shouted Dorothy. "It's a pink German Shepard," answered Sherry. "Duh, I can see that, Sherry, but what on earth is it doing here?" said Dorothy. "It's my new pet!" answered Sherry. "Oh you think so do you?" remarked Dorothy. "I wouldn't get your hopes up. You know how your father hates dogs. But, well, I suppose you can keep him until your father comes home." And with that Sherry grabbed Pinkie by the scruff of the neck and led her new pet into the house--even though she knew her father was probably going to disapprove.

Once in the house, Sherry and Pinkie played and played, that is until Sherry's favorite television show, "Faulty Towers," started. At that point Sherry forgot all about Pinkie having an unsupervised run of the house. Half way through "Faulty Towers," Sherry was brought back to reality when she heard her father shout, "Stupid- Sherry, get your bum in the study room...NOW!!" With that Sherry rushed into the study room to see what all the fuss was about. When she entered the study room, there stood her father, Jeremy, pointing toward his foot stool. "Will someone please explain that?" asked her father. Then, as Sherry followed her father's finger to where it was pointing, she instantly knew what her father was so upset about. There, smack dab in the middle of the stool, was the biggest pile of German Shepard turds she had ever seen! "I don't EVEN want to know how that got there," said her father. "But you had better get it cleaned up now! And you had better get rid of whatever it is that could have done such a thing!" Well, knowing her father as well as she did, Sherry knew there was no sense even asking her father if she could keep Pinkie for a pet.

So without hesitation, Sherry set out to find where Pinkie was hiding. After a few minutes of looking, Sherry discovered Pinkie crouched beneath the table that Sherry played Table

Tennis on. "Come on, Pinkie, it's time to find you a new home. And hey, don't look at me that way, I'm not the one who did the dirty deed on the stool!" scolded Sherry. "Thanks to you I'll never get to have my own pet German Shepard!!" And with that Sherry led Pinkie out of the house and down to the local Pet shop. Sherry knew the owner would find Pinkie a good home.

So after saying good-bye to Pinkie, and thanking the owner of Pet-Mart, Sherry walked backed home and attempted to drown her sorrows by chugging a half dozen Diet Cokes. But Sherry's pity party came to an abrupt end when her father reminded her about the mess she had neglected to clean up.

And low and behold, midway through the clean-up, Sherry suddenly became thankful that someone else was going to have to take care of Pinkie from now on.

The End.