

Fox

I don't get along with people too good, and sometimes I am alone for a long time. When I am alone, I like to walk to forests and places where only me and the animals are. We do everything together. Hunt, fish, walk, eat and sleep together. My dog's name is Fox. 'cause he looks like an Arctic Fox. Fox and I used to live in this house with a pond behind . That pond was our property. The only thing allowed on it (that we allowed) was ducks & fish. If another person or dog would even look like going near that place, Fox and I would run them off in a frenzy. There was a lot of rocks around, so I would build forts and traps for any body even daring to come near. The pond had a bridge & soak our feet, well, I would soak my feet, Fox, just kinda jumped in.

At night, the pond was alive with frogs, so I would invite this kid over, (he was a guy like me) and catch frogs. After we had a couple each, we would pick the best looking one out of our group and race them. The winner gets the other guys frog.

In the winter, the pond would freeze over, and I got my iceskates out. The pond was now an ice skating rink Fox would chase me as I went round & round the pond.

After about a year, I was riding my bike patrolling the area around the pond. With Fox at my side, I raced downhill toward the pond. I tried to stop, but my back tire went into a skid. I went face first into murky, shadowy waters. When I went down, a minute later I felt something pull on my shirt, I grabbed it, not knowing what to think, when I hit the surface. I saw that it was

Fox

Fox, pulling on my shirt as if he was trying to save me. He was too little to save me if I was really drowning, but it was the thought that counts, I owe him one.

Another year passed. One day my mom got home from the store, and she bought me a rubber raft. I was just a cheap one, but it was mine. I blew it up with a tire pump. It was just the right size for me & Fox. Out of respect for Fox. I named it the USS Fox and christened it right in the pond.

On sunny days, I would take the raft out & lay in the sun with Fox on my legs.

One day, when I was asleep in the raft, the wind blew pretty hard and blew my raft right into a bunch of sticks and rocks, the USS Fox was given a sad salute, and then was no more.

Another year passed, and this would be our last year by the pond I admired and respected that pond more than I ever did that year. But at long last, all good things must come to an end, we moved to another town. Fox & I still visit the pond, but it'll never be like them 3 years when she was mine.