Topic: A Bad Idea

Pictures given: A growling dog, a man kayaking without a jacket, a boy climbing a tree

“I can’t believe Mum won’t let us keep a dog! She promised us that we could!” my younger brother protested as he stomped down the path.

My mother had just told us that we were not allowed to keep a dog because we were too irresponsible. We had a huge quarrel before we slammed the door and left the house in protest.

“She asked us if we wanted a fish instead. A fish!” I fumed incredulously.

Just then, we heard a loud “woof”.

I instantly knew that there was a dog hiding somewhere. Suddenly, a huge dog rushed up to us.

“Aww, it’s so cute!” my younger brother exclaimed. I looked at the dog and sighed. My brother called everything cute. But still, it was a dog and it would be nice to bring it home. Ooh! I had an idea!

I turned to my brother and said, “Jotham, we could keep the dog and tame it! We don’t have to tell mum! When she’s not at home, we can play with it.”

“But it’s a stray dog, and mum is going to find out,” my brother whispered.

However, as he always followed my lead, it did not take long for him to agree to the idea. We bought some dog food and managed to get the dog to follow us home. When we got back, we lured the dog into our room and shut the door. We found a box big enough to hold the dog, put it in, and shoved the box under our bed.

“Bethany let’s play with it!” Jotham insisted.

“Sssh!” I hushed him down. “Wait till mum and dad are out.”

Not long after, mum went to her friend’s house to collect something, while dad was called on by our elderly neighbour help to change a lightbulb in her kitchen. The moment my
parents were out, we scrambled to release the dog which was getting restless. Thinking it was a good idea, my brother thought it would be funny to try and scare the dog with cat mask which he once adorned for a Halloween party. He crouched behind a wall, on fours, wearing that silly mask, and waited for dog to approach his direction. Just as the dog was passing by, Jotham stuck his head out.

“Boo!” he shouted.

But that was soon followed by a loud scream.

“Help! Bethany, help!”

I gasped in horror as I saw the dog had its jaws clamped on my brother’s face. I tried to pull it off and shouted loudly to my father for help. Luckily, he could hear my shrill cries and he rushed over just in time to see my brother bleeding from his face. My father yanked the dog away and locked it away in the bathroom, where it paced around anxiously. He called the ambulance, then the SPCA.

Within minutes, the ambulance came and placed my wailing brother on a stretcher before rushing off. The SPCA came later and took the dog away in a cage. At the hospital, my father glared at me and asked for an explanation. When the truth was out, he reprimanded me harshly. I deserved that tongue lashing.

Once bitten twice shy. Literally. For all my brother’s vanity, he now had a huge scar on his face. I regretted coming up with that irresponsible idea in the first place. No more stupid ideas!

By Jolene Tan, P6