writingsamurai85@gmail.com
www.writingsamurai.com

Topic: An Unexpected Incident

Pictures given: A dog, a skateboard, a lock

By Celeste Ong

"Woof! Woof!" a dog whizzed past me. I was taking a walk in the park and images of my amazing dog, Clover, started to surface in my mind. I will never forget that day even if I lived to a hundred years old…

"Sarah! Go take Clover out for a stroll in the park!" Mother shouted across the kitchen. Gladly, I grabbed the leash and Clover came running towards me. I attached the leash to Clover and my five-year old sister, Sofia, demanded, "I want to go too!" Soon after that, I was closing the door behind me as we set off for the park.

When we reached the park, there were lots of people, and they reminded me of ants on an anthill. My right hand was holding my sister's and my other hand was holding on to the leash.

"Ring! Ring!" My phone rang.

I shoved my way through the people and found a bench to sit on. I instructed Sofia to stay there, take care of Clover, and wait for me. She nodded. I went to a quieter place to answer the call from a friend.

Few minutes later, I came back and my mouth dropped open.

"Sofia! Where did Clover go?" I boomed.

"Clover was barking so I unleashed him," Sofia answered, looking nonchalant like she had not done anything wrong.

"Ughh!" I grabbed Sofia by the arm and we began our search for Clover.

After fifteen minutes, we still could not find Clover. I was worried sick that something might have happened to him. He had been my companion since I was six.

Suddenly, I heard a familiar barking. "Woof! Woof!" The barking continued. It sounded urgent. My heartbeat quickened and I followed the sound, with Sofia trailing behind. All of a sudden, something caught my eye.

"Clover have you been a good boy?" Sofia said. Clover, however ignored her and continued barking.

When I saw Clover, I was relieved. I then noticed a young boy beside Clover. He had a cut on his leg. Clover was prancing up and down, still barking. I realised that Clover was trying to get attention to help the boy. I decided to bring the boy back to my house to dress the wound. He held onto my arm for support and hobbled back to our house.

"Oh dear, what happened?" Mother inquired upon seeing the limping boy. Sofia and I told her what happened. We fetched the first aid kid. Mother used to be a nurse so she knew how to dress the wound properly.

After she cleaned and bandaged the wound, the boy thanked us profusely. We called a cab to send him home. When the boy was gone, I looked at Clover, feeling a deep sense of pride. I had such a great dog!