

The Ghost Dog

By: Anja Spaulding

My name is Sam. One afternoon I was walking home from school, past the cemetery. I hated walking there, but it was the fastest way to school and I didn't want to be late. Suddenly, a sharp bark interrupted my thoughts, and a chill went down my spine as something white went past me - no, THROUGH me I realized. I whirled around to find Cookie sitting there, tongue lolling to one side. He had been gone for years. Now he was a ghost!

I don't think he was really very aware of being a ghost. He kept floating up randomly, and in a little breeze he would start to drift away. I bent down to read his collar, it was a different one than the one we had given him. An alarming thought struck me. What if a ghost had owned him? I looked again. It was definitely not English. Since I couldn't think of anything else to do, I brought him back home.

As I walked into the house, Cookie set off to sniffing every corner because we had recently moved. Our new house was huge! It was a really old house. It had 2 stories and a large banister that was fun to slide down. I wasn't worried that my mom would find Cookie because she was staying late at work.

I brought Cookie up to my room where he could hide when my mom came home. He immediately started sniffing out all the corners again! He even seemed to recognize Ginger, the cat, who slept in my room. Although, she was confused that she didn't smell him coming. I arranged a bed in the corner but I don't think Cookie could actually feel the blankets.

Looking back, I feel like I should have expected something like zombies or skeletons or zombie-skeletons, after all I had taken an undead dog from the graveyard and brought him home to live with me! But I was still super surprised that I woke up to Cookie barking and a huge crowd of ghosts and skeletons in my room. I was terrified. I didn't really know what scared ghosts or skeletons. Usually they did the

scaring. So I ran around waving my arms, but then I got really cold and the ghosts went downstairs after Cookie.

I never knew my mom had such a temper. I mean, I had seen her temper and it can get pretty bad, but when she came home and saw the ghosts and skeletons, she dropped the groceries, grabbed the broom and went to town on them. She knocked down kind of a lot of stuff, and the broom went right through the ghosts, but not the skeletons!

As the ghosts slowly drifted away grumbling things like “How dare she!” and “How rude!” my mom whirled around and started for Cookie. “Mom!” I said “It’s Cookie!” She gave me a blank face. “Cookie!” I said again, “Our dog. Can’t we keep him?” I gave her puppy eyes, and so did Cookie. “Aaaaargh” she said, “fine. But no one can EVER see him.” “OK thanks!” I said, and bolted for the door before she could change her mind.

The End