

Search for the Kindness

In my neighborhood, there was a mean dog that tried to bite everyone. It was abandoned. He would bark and growl every time you got close, but whimper when you left. He was an adult black lab.

Every day I passed, I felt sorry for him. I had always wanted a pet. I was an only child and used to being by myself. I never liked it. My mom said I had to prove I was responsible enough to own a pet. I asked my mom if I could have the dog. She said " Why would you want a dog that is mean enough to bite you?" I didn't have an answer. I just wanted someone to play with me. "When you prove that you are responsible, we will get a nice, friendly pet."

The next day, I was getting close to the dog's pen. There was an elderly man giving the dog some food scraps. "Hello!" said the man. My parents told me not to talk to strangers, so I didn't know whether to talk to him, or go to my friend's house. He looked safe so I said hello back. " Is this your dog?" I asked him. " No, he isn't my dog. He looks like he would be a great pet, but I'm too old to own a dog. I just feed him my scraps." "I wish I had a dog," I replied. The man said, "He needs a home. I'm moving in with my son next week, and I can't take care of him anymore. Will you take care of him?" I didn't know what to say. I didn't like the dog. I didn't want that dog. I wanted a nice, friendly dog. "I don't know. My friend is expecting me, so I need to go." "Of course!" he said. "Just think about it."

I thought about it all day. When it was time to go, it was raining. I just walked at first. Then lightning flashed. I started to run. I ran right past the dog

pen. The dog whimpered and stared at me. "You can defend yourself." I said. Lightning flashed and thunder boomed. He was so scared. He didn't have a house to go into. I knew I had to do the right thing. I opened the gate, and walked inside. I said, "Come here boy." He ran to me. There was a rope hung over the fence. I took him home with me. He had growled at me many times, but today he needed a home. When I got home, mom threw a fit. I took him outside to the shed. The next day, I built him a house and a pen. I had to teach him not to do certain things. In a month, he was the best dog ever. Soon, my mom finally liked him. A month ago, no one liked him at all. Now, he is the friendliest dog ever. He just needed someone to see the good in him.