

You won't believe what happened to me on my way to the shop today. I was just walking down the street, minding my own business, when suddenly a small, fluffy dog came running straight toward me. It stopped right in front of my feet and dropped a bright red ball at them, then looked up at me and barked as if it were clearly asking me to play.

So I picked up the ball and threw it as far as I could, expecting the dog to chase it and bring it back like any normal pup would. But instead, the dog sprinted after the ball, grabbed it, and then just kept running in the complete opposite direction, leaving me standing there all alone.

I stood there for a moment, completely confused, wondering what had just happened — and then I couldn't help but burst out laughing at how silly the whole thing was. Later, when I got home and told my mom the story, she laughed for five minutes straight.

Writing activity

Write your story from the point of view of the dog instead of yourself. What was the dog thinking when it dropped the ball? Why did it run away?
