

## The Pet Sitter

My friend Lily Crumpet was taking a trip.  
She would be gone for a week and a day.  
“Would you watch my puppy?” she called me to ask.  
I said, “Sure!” What else could I say?

A puppy, to me, is a small fluffy creature,  
With a tiny, wet nose and bright eyes.  
I thought I would make a small bed for the pet—  
A shoebox should be the right size!

With the box in my hand, I knocked on the door,  
And her front door opened wide.  
That’s when I received the surprise of my life—  
“Down, Boomer, down!” Lily cried.

In the next instant, I was flat on my back,  
With a giant brown dog on my chest.  
As it licked at my face—and my ears and my hair—  
I decided that silence was best.

Trying hard not to laugh, but without much success,  
Lily ordered her dog to obey:  
“Heel, Boomer, heel! I mean it!” she said.  
Nevertheless, Boomer continued to play.

The dog—if that is indeed what it was—  
Grabbed the box and ran off with its treat.  
I took a minute to dry off my face,  
And carefully got to my feet.

“Look, Lily . . .” I started, but she did not hear,  
As she tackled Boomer with ease like a pro.  
“I’ll put on his leash,” she said to me then,  
“And he’ll almost be ready to go.”

She gave me a bag with his food and his toys,  
Then gave Boomer a big hug goodbye.  
“I’m so glad he likes you!” said Lily to me.  
“I was worried because he’s so shy.”

Word Count: 277

Flesh-Kincaid Grade Level: 1.5