

# My dog — Lucky

Yolanda





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In a hot holiday.

"Let's go hiking," says Daddy.

Therefore, we set off on a mountain climbing trip.



The air in the mountain is as fresh as green grass. It makes us feel good.







Suddenly, we hear a sound.  
It sounds painful.

We walk into bushes,  
and find a poor fluffy dog.





"Why is it bleeding?" I ask nervously.  
"It's the damn trapper," Daddy answers angrily.



The poor dog must be hungry and scared.  
I give it some water and pat it, too.  
Hope he would feel more comfortable.



After a while, Daddy finally open the trapper and we wrap it in Daddy's T-shirt. We take it to the vet. "It's brutal. What a poor dog!" says the vet.



The vet immediately performs an operation. The dog is asleep and doesn't feel that painful.





The dog recovers quickly and is happy to see us. Mommy says we should find someone to keep the dog.



"Please! Can we keep the dog?" I ask Mommy. Mommy is not sure but after a while, she says yes. She thinks it is cute, too.



"Lucky" is the dog's name. We wish  
it happy forever. He gets a  
vaccination and does a ligation.  
After a week, I have a cute  
friend to be with me. I'm so happy.









