



## Tiddles

“Mum! I want a dog! Oh please, please, please!” I begged her. It was 7:00 am on Saturday morning and I had woken Mum up with her burden of me wanting a dog. “For the last time Tabby, you’re not getting a dog.” She said firmly but sleepily. “It’s not fair.” I mumbled. “I think you’ll find it’s you that’s not fair, waking us up on Saturday morning at 6:00 am asking for a dog. What will you think of next?” And with that she rolled over so her back was facing me. I was about to speak but I decided not to. I checked the time, 7:04. Postie would be here any minute now! She said before she went to Canada that when she came back she would have so much to tell me! Just in case you didn’t know who Postie was I’ll tell you. She was the local post woman, and one of my closest friends. She had just flown back from Canada, and apparently she was bringing me a present. I zoomed down the stairs and flung open the front door. Where was she? She certainly wasn’t here. After a few minutes or so a post van pulled up. And a skinny looking tall lady stepped out. When she got closer you could see that she had blue eyes and blonde hair. “Sorry I’m late” said the lady. “Postie? I-I-i-is that you?” I stammered. “Who’s that? I’m Pricilla the post woman. But you can call me-“ I stopped her in mid sentence and slammed the door. That was it I had had enough.

That lunchtime Mum and Dad unusually sat me down so that I was sitting facing them. There was a spooky silence before Mum spoke. “We’ve been thinking about what you said this morning, and we’ve decided to get you a dog. But, you have to clean up its muck and take it for walks. If you agree to all this then I’ll drive you down to the dog centre this afternoon.” For the first time in my life I was speechless. I mean, your parents don’t just suddenly say they’ll get you a dog when you’ve been nagging them since you’ve been able to talk. The only thing I could think to tell them was thank you, so that is what I said. A bit too many times I think! “Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you!! What type is it going to be? Can it be a Labrador? When are we getting it? Can it be a puppy?” I said, saying only the things that came to my mind. Then Dad said

"Look, we can discuss all that I when we get there, because now we need to discuss if you'll agree to our terms and conditions?" "Yes, of course, whatever, can we just get in the car or all the Lab pups will be gone!" I exclaimed. "Tabitha Gammar if you do not take adopting a puppy seriously then you will not be getting a dog!" Mum shouted. There was another silence. Mum got up and went upstairs to the bedroom, collected her bag and came back downstairs. She looked me straight in the eye and I knew what she meant. I got up and grabbed my coat. I saluted Dad and he saluted back, it was just lucky that it was out of Mum's eyeshot.

As the door closed behind us I said to myself, that's the last time I'll see Dad without a dog, and then I said "I must be the luckiest girl in England." 2 minutes later I found myself opening the car door to see a tall building with lots of windows and as far as I could see there were desks with computers on them. "They keep dogs in there?" I asked Mum. "No no, that's the work office look over here, this is the dog centre." I was looking at a square building that wasn't very tall at all. It was more horizontal than vertical. We crossed the road to it and heaved open the door. A young man came and showed us around the building naming each dog as he went past them. Finally I asked him where the Labradors were kept and he said they were just at the end of aisle J next to the retrievers in aisle I. But I told Mum I was sure that they were at the end of aisle I next to aisle J. And I was right. There were 4 left to choose from. No. 1 was aggressive and was growling, so I crossed him off the list in my mind and moved on. No. 2 was scruffy and was making his contribution to the barking in the building but I didn't cross him off just yet. No. 3 was crazy and you could tell that because he had his eyes wide and was running in circles. No. 4 looked cute, huggable and just the part. "Can I have this one please Mum?" I said while pointing to No. 4. "Yes, ok. But we need to find that man first so we can pay him." We scanned the shop for him but he was nowhere to be seen. "You called?" I turned around to find him standing next to aisle K facing us. "Yes, I would like to buy this dog." She said, leading him to the dog. Then they had a conversation where when you listen to it you just don't know where it's going. One exhausting hour later we arrived home with the dog. I led him into the living room where Dad was watching telly. "Meet Tiddles, the newest member of the family."

The next day I woke up to hear the sound of smashing. TIDDLES! I suddenly remembered that yesterday it was Mum's idea to leave Tiddles in the kitchen for the night. I slung on my dressing-gown and slipped on my slippers and ran downstairs to find Mum's best vase smashed, Dad's new newspaper ripped to shreds and there only wedding photo cracked on the floor. Just then they came down "Hello Tabby, Hello Tiddles, who's the best dog in the world, you are of course!" Mum said as she fussed about Tiddles food and Dad complimented his fur. "Mum, Dad look at all the mess he's made! Mum that's your best vase gone forever and Dad that's your new newspaper shredded up before you've even read it!" I exclaimed. "It's just a phase!" they said at the same time. "But aren't you cross about the mess?" I asked.

"Cross? We're just cross that you didn't buy a dog years ago!"

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