

Years 3 & 4  
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### Chasing Dreams

As I am chasing Lucy for the fifth time this week, I am thinking about what my mum has always said to me, 'Always follow your dreams!' I wasn't sure if chasing your dream was the same thing, you see it's always been a dream of mine to own a dog of my own and here I am chasing her yet again. Once again Lucy has managed to pull her lead out my hand; she is stronger than she looks! She is running as if she were a cheetah hunting her prey. Her leash is whipping wildly behind her, I just can't keep up and I'm running out of breath. As a painful stitch burns across my stomach I wonder, "Will Lucy ever get tired and slow down?"

The local shop keeper watches me with a look of bemusement on her face, others just stare at me looking horrified. I wonder, "What must they be thinking?" Distracted by the onlookers I didn't see the pothole in the road so my toe got caught and I stumble forward sliding on my knees, ouch!! I get back up I was grazed and bleeding but I kept running, I had to catch her.

Lucy was nowhere to be seen and I started to panic! Then I saw her bolt out the butchers shop with seven fat sausages hanging out her mouth. She fled past and I leapt at her desperate to catch her leash, but she was too quick. I go to run across the road after her but something stops me. I feel instant pain rushing through me and my body flying through air, something has hit me, something large.

The next thing I know is that I'm lying in a bed, my head is pounding, my back aches and my leg is throbbing. I can hear my mum talking to someone outside the room. They are talking about my injuries and mostly about my leg. I look down and see a white cast and start to realize what may have happened; in fact I know exactly what happened! I got hit by a car!

Is Lucy ok? Is she hurt too? Mum and the doctor come into my room and mum says "I can take you home now Bonnie." I slowly slide out of the hospital bed, grab the crutches and hobble to the elevator with Mum. I ask "Is Lucy okay?"  
"Yes she is fine," Mum replied.  
"Thank God," I whisper under my breath.

On the drive home Mum is quiet and I can tell she is upset, I'm worried that Mum might make me get rid of Lucy. When we get home, Lucy is lying on my bed, she is unusually quiet, I wonder if she feels bad or if she understands what happened. I lay next to her and she gently nudges her soft muzzle underneath my hand, her warm body quickly sends me off to sleep.

The next day I wake up to see Lucy next to my bed with a bottle of water in her mouth. I couldn't believe my eyes when she gently laid the bottle next to me.  
"Thanks Lucy," I say as I take a sip.

The weeks pass slowly but Lucy is always by my side. Yesterday I dropped the remote when I tried to turn on the TV but then Lucy picked it up in her mouth and placed it beside me. She also helps me to be more positive about things like my leg. I know she is trying so hard to be a good dog now and she is like my loyal companion.

Finally the day has come to get my cast removed. Unfortunately Lucy can't come but I can rely on her to be waiting very patiently at home. I hope it's not long until Mum agrees to let me walk Lucy again.

I am so excited to take her on a walk as it's been six weeks since the accident and I just know Lucy will behave herself this time. I grab her leash and clip it onto her collar; she is so well behaved, sitting quietly and not at all like she used to be. She isn't jumping, pulling, or spinning on her own tail. It feels good to be walking without my cast on; we leave the house and head towards our favourite park.

The sun is warm and a gentle breeze blows Lucy's long coat, swirling it and puffing her up like a big fuzz ball. As I am admiring her snow like coat shining in the sun she catches sight of the butchers shop ahead in the distance. Before I know what happened she bolts, her leash slips from my hand and off she goes. A loud laugh bursts from me, I smile and hurry after her, I guess she just wants to chase her dreams too. Here we go again . . .

The End