Example Student

Ms. Eddleston

English 7H

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The Fast and the Furriest: The Next Day

The next morning, bright sun sparkled through the window, its rays dancing on the old wood floor. Kevin cautiously opened one sleepy eye, then groaned and quickly hid his head again under the covers. He could hear his younger sister, Izzy, laughing through his closed bedroom door. “Sisters!” he said to himself. Kevin dragged himself out of bed and opened his bedroom door. The delicious smell of sizzling bacon drifted up from the kitchen. His sister was humming happily to a cartoon.

As Kevin quickly showered and dressed, he thought again of yesterday’s frustrating breakfast with his dad. He decided after to take Cromwell to Horner Park for the afternoon. **Cromwell terrorized the pigeons again; they seem to like to taunt him.** Later, Kevin came home to finish building his fifth bluebird house, his summer hobby, before dinner. He decided not to bring up again the agility classes during dinner. After dinner, Kevin let Cromwell run phantom agility courses in the backyard. Thump! Of course, Cromwell lodged himself in the **tire** swing again and Kevin had to come to his rescue.

Kevin slowly walked down to Monday breakfast. Cromwell bounded up the stairs, frantically wagging his tail in an excited greeting. Some day he might be able to convince his parents to allow the dog to finally sleep in his room, instead of on the plush doggy bed stationed next to the **wood** stove on the kitchen floor.

“One step at a time,” Kevin grumbled out loud to himself. He lovingly petted Cromwell’s soft, furry coat. “Time for another attempt at reasoning with the irrational,” he quietly uttered to the dog.

**Kevin apprehensively entered the kitchen; Cromwell trotted happily close at his heals.** Howie sat at the kitchen table engrossed in his hearty breakfast.

“Good morning,” Kevin greeted, as he watched his father pick up a perfectly cooked piece of juicy bacon and take a crunchy bite. Howie’s lips smacked noisily as he chewed and smiled, his eyes crinkling slightly at the corners.

“Mornin, Kev. Was worried you might miss breakfast,” Howie responded.

“The bacon woke me up,” Kevin answered, “and Izzy’s cartoons.”

“Whatcha got planned for the day?”

“I thought I might try to build at least two more bluebird houses. I’d like to try to sell them to Mr. Carver’s hardware store.” Kevin closely watched his dad’s reaction.

Howie lifted his head from his plate and spoke deliberately, “That sounds like a great idea, Kev. I’ll bet ya might even make enough ta pay for Cromwell’s tire swing target practice classes.” Howie grinned at his own jest, and then took a large bite of toast, crispy crumbs dropping unnoticed on the linen table cloth.

“I doubt that, but it’s a start, I guess,” Kevin quietly replied. He decided to try a bargain. “If I pay for half of the classes, Cromwell’s half, would you pay for my half?”

“Hmmmm.” Howie stared at Kevin for a moment.

“You did say you’re happy to pay for anything I’m into, just not for the dog,” Kevin pressed on.

“Yup, that’s what I said, didn’t I?” Howie declared. “Now you’re making a good case.”

“Really? You’d pay for half of the Paw Patch classes?” Kevin inquired hopefully.

“Affirmatory, Kev. It’s for you.”

Howie pushed his empty plate away and sat back calmly, smiling quietly to himself. Then he secretly reached down and scratched Cromwell gently behind the ears. Cromwell thumped his tail happily on the floor in response.