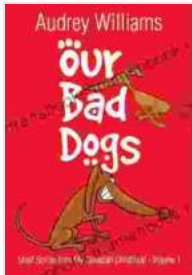


Our Bad Dogs: Short Stories From My Jamaican Childhood



Our Bad Dogs (Short Stories from My Jamaican Childhood Book 1) by Audrey Williams

★★★★☆ 4.6 out of 5

Language : English

File size : 94 KB

Text-to-Speech : Enabled

Screen Reader : Supported

Enhanced typesetting : Enabled

Word Wise : Enabled

Print length : 12 pages

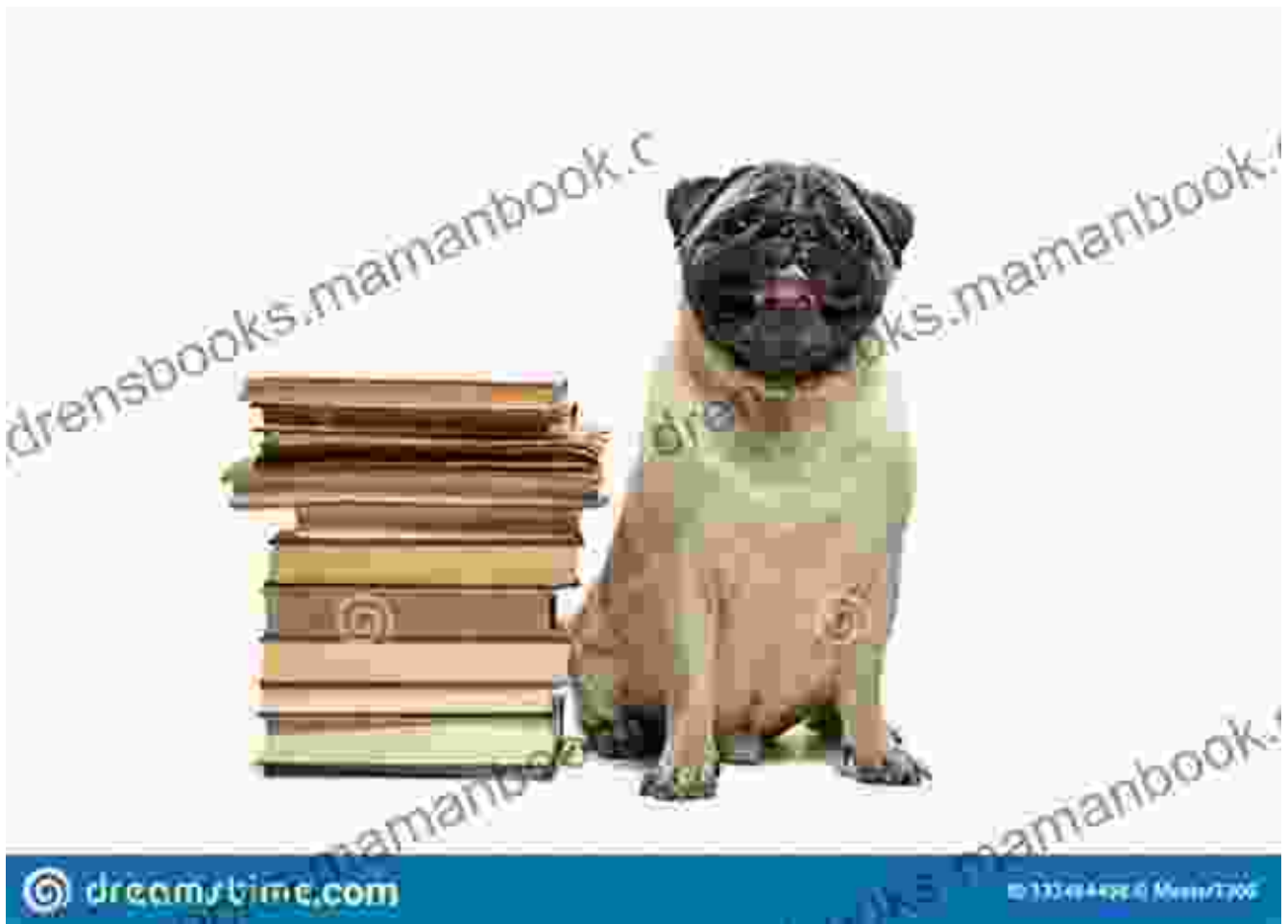
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The Dog Who Ate My Homework



I was in the third grade when our dog, Max, ate my homework. I had spent all night working on a social studies project, and I was so proud of it. But when I woke up in the morning, I found Max sitting on my bed, chewing on the last page of my project.

I was so mad at Max. I yelled at him and chased him around the house. But it was no use. He had already eaten my homework, and there was nothing I could do about it.

I ended up having to stay after school and redo my project. But I couldn't help but laugh when I thought about Max sitting on my bed, chewing on my homework. He was such a bad dog, but he was also so lovable.

The Dog Who Stole My Girlfriend



I was in the sixth grade when our dog, Shadow, stole my girlfriend. I had been dating this girl for a few weeks, and we were really hitting it off. But one day, Shadow came between us.

I was playing basketball in the driveway when Shadow ran up to my girlfriend and started licking her face. She giggled and petted him, and I could tell that she was smitten.

I tried to get her attention, but she was too busy playing with Shadow. I finally gave up and went inside. But I couldn't shake the feeling that Shadow had stolen my girlfriend.

The next day, I found Shadow and my girlfriend cuddled up on the couch. I knew then that I had lost her. Shadow was a bad dog, but he was also a great wingman.

The Dog Who Saved My Life



I was in the eighth grade when our dog, Lucky, saved my life. I was playing in the woods behind our house when I fell into a deep hole. I couldn't get out, and I was starting to panic.

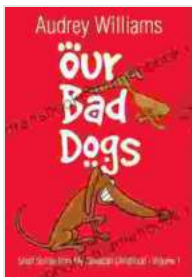
But then, Lucky came to my rescue. He barked and pawed at the edge of the hole until my parents came to help me out. I was so grateful to Lucky

for saving my life.

Lucky was a bad dog in many ways. He chewed on furniture, barked at strangers, and ate everything in sight. But he was also the best dog in the world. He was my protector, my friend, and my hero.

These are just a few of the many stories I could tell about our bad dogs. They were always getting into trouble, but they were also some of the most loving and loyal companions I could have asked for.

I hope you enjoyed these stories. If you have any stories about your own bad dogs, please share them in the comments below.



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