

My pet, by Hugo

 Pets are like another you,

 A smaller you that you never get tired of.



 I am playing with my dog now in fact.



I'm throwing sticks for him to catch in his mouth.



I lean backwards and I *pretend* to thrust my hand forward

And he is off;

He looks around for his stick,

He is puzzled.

He comes back with the spurting garden hose,

And ferociously sprays water at me.

Payback I think... SPLASH!

I love my dog!