

## **“Screech”**

I was walking in the woods when I heard a weird sound up ahead. I turned around and ran back to our new house in the forest.

“Dad” I yelled. “I heard a weird noise when I was walking, it sounded like “screeches.” “Probably your imagination” said dad. “Nothing is out in these woods”. “I am sure I heard something” I said.

I ran up stairs to my room. It was already 5:00 PM and I hadn’t done my homework yet. I wanted to sleep, but I couldn’t. I did my homework then slowly walked downstairs for dinner. “We’re having pasta tonight” said dad. “Yes”, I said in my mind—I loved pasta. I sat at the table and ate my pasta really fast. It was 9:00 PM and my bed time is 9:45 PM. I had a little time to read. I read for a bit then brushed my teeth and went to bed. I was anxious to go back to the place where I heard the screeching noise.

When I woke up, I did my morning routine and went right to where I heard the strange noise. “Screeeeeeech”. The noise again!!!

What should I do? I had no choice, I had to get to school, so I left. I thought about the noise all day long at school. At recess, I thought it could be killer bees. At lunch, I was pretty sure it was coyotes. By the end of the day I knew it had to be ghosts. But I knew one thing, I was going back.

I ran all the way home from school. This time I convinced my mom to come. She would believe me. I told her about the screeches, but when we got to the place, there was silence. “Where are the screeches?” I grumbled. “Come on buddy let’s go home” she said. I asked her if I could stay longer. Mom agreed but she said “quickly.” Right when I turned to go home, I saw it, but I couldn’t believe it. It was small, hot and growing every minute. I was a little frightened, but relieved I found out what the screeches were. I wanted to scream “FIRE” but for some reason I did not. I just started running.

I sprinted right back to my mom in the kitchen. I was sweating like I just played a two hour soccer game. Before I could tell mom about the fire she looked out the window and screamed "get the dog." I did not know where he was, so I rushed up to my room where his bed is. Oh no, Nugget was outside, but where?

The first place I looked was my back yard --no Nugget. Then I tried the bushes, and finally I looked in the garden. Where could Nugget be? Now I was really scared. Then I heard his sweet little whimper coming from the direction of the fire. I had to get to him very quickly. My mom and dad's voice was booming "let's get out of here" but I did not stop. I kept running. When I got to the edge of the woods, Nugget was in a firefighter's arms. After that, I knew we were safe.

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