**Lost Dog**

I came home to Plum Street, where everything looks the same. All of the homes are built the same, painted the same, landscaped the same, and the people that live in them are the same. I came home from rec hockey sign ups, and pulled out my house *keys.* I was just getting used to using keys, because my mom got a different job in a different part of town- Plum Street. “The Fruit Loops” are what I like to call this bunch of streets. Obviously because all of the streets are named after fruits and everyone here are “loops”. I can’t find any words to describe what a loop is, but I bet it’s pretty easy to picture. Anyways, I let myself in and got the mail. My dog, Dozer, chased me excitedly through the house. Dozer is my best friend, and he’s always there for me, no matter what. “Stop I’ll play later!” I laughed. Sitting down at the counter, I looked through all of the mail. There was a lot of it because my parents’ job, especially my mom’s new one. Something caught my eye. A letter from my new school! I knew I should leave it for my mom so I dropped it on the counter and I went in the back yard to play with my dog, because I sure knew my brother didn’t play with him.

As soon as I stepped out there it looked like a dinosaur excavation site!

“Dooooozzzzeeeer” I whined. I knew my mom wasn’t going to like this. My mom has changed since our move. At our old house the appearance or the way we acted didn’t matter, but now it seems like we have to act like we’re rich. I feel like a Kardashian or something. I started to try to cover the holes as best as I could. They were all over! From the edge of our back porch to the edge of the fence! I started near the house and was about in the middle when my dad got home. I heard him yelling from inside.

“Jiiiim. JIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM” He does this all of the time, and it’s so, so annoying. He’ll do it even when he thinks I’m not there, or if he knows I’m in the next room.

“Out here dad!” I said, kinda nervous for his reaction to the dog’s mishap. He stepped out the sliding door, and with one look I knew he didn’t know what to do either. “Come on Dozer…” He said. Soon he grabbed a shovel and began filling holes with me. We worked until my mom got home. She didn’t even bother to look in the backyard or ask what we were doing.

“What do you guys what to eat?” She asked as we walked into the kitchen.

“Chinese” was the first thing my dad said. Chinese wasn’t my favorite (pizza is!) but I’ll go with it. My mom called the Chinese place and order some noodles and chicken things and even some dumplings. My dog loves dumplings for some reason, which is why my mom changed the order for two boxes.

**Two Weeks Later**

I started school today. My teachers are all weird. My Spanish teacher wears a *sombrero*, and my principal is like a body builder or something. He looks kind of like Arnold Schwarzenegger, but he sounds like the Rock. My reading teacher likes to talk in weird accents, and don’t even get me started on the math teacher. After I went to the ice arena for another day of hockey. I guess the German teacher is a hockey fan because when I was there he was helping out, and he thought it would be funny to use his weird German sandwich as a *hockey puck*. After hockey I came home, and while I was walking I saw my buff principle man at ballet, wearing a tutu, and that wasn’t even the weirdest part of my day. All the weirdness was kind of refreshing from my mom’s snobby behavior until I came home, and Dozer was gone. When I came in he didn’t swarm me, and my dad was taking a nap. “DAD!” I yelled, close to screaming. He didn’t wake up. I ran in the back yard, picking up rocks and clumps of grass. I started to throw them. I hit a hole in the fence, but I don’t care! I picked up another rock and threw it as hard as I can. I didn’t know what to do. There were still a few holes in the ground, but I didn’t notice it.

My dog has been missing for a few days now, and we still can’t find him. My dad, my brother and I were all worried about him, but my mom didn’t care. I was sitting in my room when I heard a party. How could anybody be having a party! My dog is my bestest best friend, and now he could be anywhere, roaming the city. I guarantee he’s not in Fruit Town Gated Community. He’s probably back at our old house. I know he misses it! All of a sudden I smelt dumplings, and it was strong. Those party people are rubbing it in my face! I am going to scream at them. I stomped down the stairs, and my mom yelled at me, but I don’t care, I’ve **mustered** up enough strength to stand up against my mom, who thinks we can live like the Kardashians because we live in this *awesome* suburb. I stormed outside into my backyard, which was still destroyed, and saw a light coming up from under the bush in the corner of my yard. As I came closer to the hole, the smell of dumplings and the sound of partying became stronger. I knew it was the neighbors on the other side of the fence. “GOD!” I yelled, “SHUT UP YOU GUYS!!!!!!” When I got no reply I knew it was time for a stake out. I went inside and got my big geography project, and came out and sat by the corner of the fence. I tried to get closer to the fence, and that’s when I fell into the Dozer hole, geography book and all. Next thing you know, I’m in the middle of a giant celebration. There are a bunch of Chinese people, and they were having a parade! There were carts that were selling food, and one of them was dumplings. I tried to take out my phone, but it wasn’t there! That’s when I knew, I wasn’t in Fruit Town anymore… I walked up to this old man, and I asked for help.

“Hi, I’m Jim” I said to him.

“Hi Jim, I am Po, a wise elder of this here city.” “Wow”, I thought, “this man is really proud of himself!”

“Well Po, have you seen a dog?” Po said No.

“Po, will you help me find my dog?” I begged.

“Only for a price”

“What is the price?”

“Some help with making me the best elder in the city.”

‘Okay fine” and then we began on our adventure. Weaving around the streets, we quickly asked people if they had seen my dog. Everybody said not, until we were at the end of the main street, and someone said yes. This person was more of a burden than a help because they did not know where he had turned to.

“Let us split” Po said, “it will be easier to find him” So, me and Po split, and I began up a giant, grassy hill to what Po said was the dojo. I walked and walked and walked until my legs were Jello. I finally made it up there, and I opened the door to the dojo. This crazy old man attacked me. He told me he was the sensei, and he ruled the dojo. While he was on top of me, fighting with me, I saw Dozer in the corner. He was wearing some very weird attire. I pushed the dude off and ran for my dog.

“What are you doing my child.’ Sensei hissed at me.

“This is my dog!” I screamed.

“No. That is my servant. He fills the water cooler for me”

‘Not anymore he doesn’t”

“Fine you can have this filthy thing if you fight me and win!”

“Bring it on…”

I charged the old man. I started punching him, but then he picked up his fighting stick. I picked up a stick too. I started using my mad hockey skills to beat this old man. I hit him down, and then hit him in the head, leaving him unconscious. He was stiller than a rock. I took the costume off of my dog, and we left. I quickly went down the hill, and started back on Main Street. The party seemed to move away from the spot where I appeared, so Dozer started digging there. I wanted to get out before Po made me his slave. Dozer dug until we heard my mom calling for me. Dozer went through the hole, and I came next. As soon as I stood up, my mom ran over and hugged me.

“Jim I’m sorry I’ve ignored you all this time” she cried to me.

“It’s okay mom” I hugged her, feeling happy until I realized my project and my book were still in Ancient China.