

99 WRITING

# Worried

by Kevin, 826DC

**TYPE**  
**NARRATIVE**

I was sitting on sand that felt like little rocks tickling my feet. I was eight years old and was in Ocean City, where the ocean was like a rusty car. I came to spend time with my family. I like to go to Ocean City because it is enjoyable, and I get to be with my family.

While we were there, I was worried about my dog because he was still a puppy, and it was the first time we let him stay at the house alone. I was scared that he would do something big that would hurt him badly. I did not tell my family my fears because I thought they would get worried and leave the beach, and I did not want to go.

My dad was watching me. He asked, “What’s wrong? You look sad.”

“Oh nothing, I’m just sleepy,” I said. But I couldn’t hold it in, so I said, “Nevermind. I’m sad because I’m worried that our dog will be hurt! He is still a puppy and it’s the first time we left him alone.”

My dad said, “Don’t worry, he is intelligent and knows how to protect himself. He will be okay.”

“How come you’re saying that it will be fine?” I asked.

“Remember I told you to bring the iPad?” Dad asked. “I brought it to see what our puppy is doing.”

“With the camera you put on the wall? Oh, I get it now,” I said. Dad is nice and friendly, and he always makes me happy like a wishing star.

I calmed down and did not worry too much. Then, we talked of other things and went swimming together in the ocean. I also made a puppy out of sand and took a picture of it for the memories of the beach that had made me so worried about my dog.

When we got back home I saw the little puppy snuggling on his blanket. He was okay, and I was happy that nothing happened to him.

I learned that when you tell your family things it can make you happier and calmer, and you’ll be free of any secrets or bad feelings you have.