

# “Special Place” Project

## Special Place: Grandparent’s House

My special place is my grandparent’s house because it’s a permanent memory. It’s not exactly happy, but it’s special. I’ve been there lots of times but, this time I can’t forget. My grandparents have a garage dog named Freckles. She’s a protective dog, if she doesn’t recognize someone she attacks, I found that out the hard way. I went up to her with my arm out and she jumped with open jaws right at my face. What I was supposed to do is whistle, but I don’t know how to whistle. So I fell back but Freckles still got me. She would have mauled me, but she had a leash on. She had bit me right in the stomach, and tore my shirt almost all the way around my waist. She got me with the K-9 tooth which is the sharpest and longest tooth. She also got me with her other 5 teeth. Luckily, my grandma was a nurse. So she had some gar’s, because it was way to big for a Band-Aid. It kept on bleeding through but we made it work. After I got bandaged up my sister’s and I went out and got ice cream. It made me fell better, but it didn’t make the pain go away. Now though I have a permanent

scare on my stomach, so it’ll never go away. The scare has 6 teeth marks going down. The 6th, (the K-9 tooth) is the most clearly visible. That’s why my grandparents house is special to me.

