

## A DOG'S DREAM

My name is Charlotte. I don't like my name, so people call me Charlie. I live in Devon with my Dad and dog, Mist. Mist and I are kind of buddies. We were born in the same year, same month. We are both eight years old and love playing around in the garden. We both love sleeping too. Sometimes we just sit down on the sofa and sleep. When I am awake, I sometimes see Mist whining and twitching and I wonder what dogs dream about. I like to get down a pen and paper from the shelf and jot down my ideas of a dog's dream. This is one of my lists:

- A big juicy bone
- A lot of other dogs to play with
- A walk
- 5 meals a day
- The biggest bed in the world
- ~~A girlfriend or boyfriend~~

I crossed the last one out – Dad wrote that just to annoy me. I wonder whether dogs do dream of these things. I wonder if they like dreaming. I wonder if dogs like being dogs. Dad says I wonder about a lot of things. But now I really *am* wondering: what do dogs dream?

I am Mist. I like sleeping. I like playing. I like dreaming. I'm having a dream right now. I'm in a bright and colourful land where the grass is blue and pink, and the trees are lollipops. The houses are tall and thin, all in a row with strange dome shaped roofs. But as I walk, I notice something very strange. Birds are building nests on the ground, cats bark and eat bones, and dogs purr and chase mice. Strangest of all, the humans walk on four legs and bounce around like rabbits. As I trot further into the village, I start counting how many pink houses there are. But I'm not looking where I'm going and suddenly, I'm in a big white cloud.....

I can't see or hear what is going on so I work my way what I think is forwards. I blink and I'm in a different village that I call home.

I'm in front of a house and somebody steps out of the door. It's Charlie! I bound up to her and try to lick her and get my ball from her but I just pass right through her. She looks sad. I follow her to a graveyard. In a little box there I lie, still and lifeless. I don't understand.

She places the ball into the box and walks away. She passes through me again. I blink and I'm in the white cloud again. But when I blink again, I'm not in the village or the colourful land. I realise I am awake now, curled up on the sofa with Charlie. She is smiling.

“Come with me, Mist”, she says. She leads me to the car and her dad drives somewhere for what seemed like hours. Suddenly he stops. “Here we are”, he says. I am in the colourful land! Charlie lifts me up and whispers, “Is this the place you dream of?”.

I wonder how she knew. I wonder how they got here. I guess I wonder things too!

**This** is a dog’s dream.

By Bridget Ashby