

My First Pet

Based on the story by T. Albert



My name is Allie Kay and I would like to tell you about my first pet. However, before I can, you have to understand that I am a little older than you are and have a family of my own. Oh! Don't worry. I am not going to talk to you like a big person. I am going to let my imagination take me back in time to when I was 7 years old. The best part is that I don't have to try to remember everything. All I have to do is open my journal and read. If you are a girl, or a boy, and don't have a journal to write down all the special things, get one. As you grow you can read it and your imagination will magically send you back in time. Ah! There is the entry - My First Pet.

FOR THE TEACHER TO READ



Dear Journal: This morning I asked my Mom if I could have a pet and she said no. She said that pets make a mess and are a big responsibility. Then she said I wasn't old enough, or responsible enough, to take care of a pet. Well, I know I would take good care of a pet. I am so sad. I really, really, really want a pet of my own and I can't have one.

FOR THE TEACHER TO READ



After reading her journal entry, the magic happened. Allie Kay was transported back in time and was seven years old. Imagination and memories are the best time machine.

FOR THE TEACHER TO READ



I just got home from school and put my books down when my Mom said, “Allie Kay, if you have any homework you had better get it done now. Your brother is spending the night at a friend’s house so I have decided to take you to the carnival.”

FOR THE TEACHER TO READ



I shrieked in excitement and couldn't help doing my Happy Dance. They were always different. Sometimes I put my hands under my arms, like little wings, and strut like a chicken. Other times I spin around like a great ballerina. Today, for some reason, I put my hands in front of my ears, wiggled them, puffed up my cheeks, and moved around like a fish. "I will do my homework right now, mom." I said. Oh! I just couldn't wait. "I'm goin' to the carnival, I'm goin' to the carnival, I'm goin' to the carnival," I sang as I did my Happy Dance.

FOR THE TEACHER TO READ



Mom asked me what I wanted to do first. Without hesitating I said, “Cotton Candy. Let’s get Cotton Candy.”

Mom didn’t get any but I got the jumbo size, rainbow colored, fluffy, sticky, D-E-L-I-C-I-O-U-S spun sugar blob on a stick. It was wonderful. Mmm! I can still taste it.

FOR THE TEACHER TO READ



“Mom, let’s ride the ferris wheel,” I said excitedly. After a short time in line, it was our turn. We stepped up a few stairs, took our seat, and a man buckled us in. We were off. I shrieked with excitement as we started going around, higher, and higher. I screamed when we got to the top. It was really high. When we started going down I got a tickle in my stomach. It made me laugh. It was G-R-E-A-T!

FOR THE TEACHER TO READ



“Let’s play a game, mom,” I said. “There, that one where all the kids are throwing balls.” As I walked up to the game I saw fishbowls and each one had a fish in it. I really got excited. “Mister, Mister,” I said to the man behind the counter. “How does the game work?” The nice man said, “You get 1 ball for 25 cents. If you can get it in a bowl, you win a pet fish.” He said the magic word. PET! “Allie Kay, let’s go to another game,” Mom said. “I told you, you can’t have a pet.”

FOR THE TEACHER TO READ



“Oh, please mom, please,” I said in my saddest voice. Then the nice man looked at my mom and said. “Lady, it is really hard to win so I don’t think you have to worry.”

“Oh, please mom, please,” I said again. Then a strange thing happened. My mom said, “Okay Allie Kay, if you can get the ball in the bowl, in one try, you can have a PET FISH.”

FOR THE TEACHER TO READ



I didn't know what to say. Mom said I could have a PET FISH. As I looked at all the fish, and watched others tossing balls at the bowls, I spotted the prettiest goldfish I had ever seen. I just had to have him. I took aim, gently tossed the ball at the bowl, and then tightly closed my eyes. I just could not look.

FOR THE TEACHER TO READ



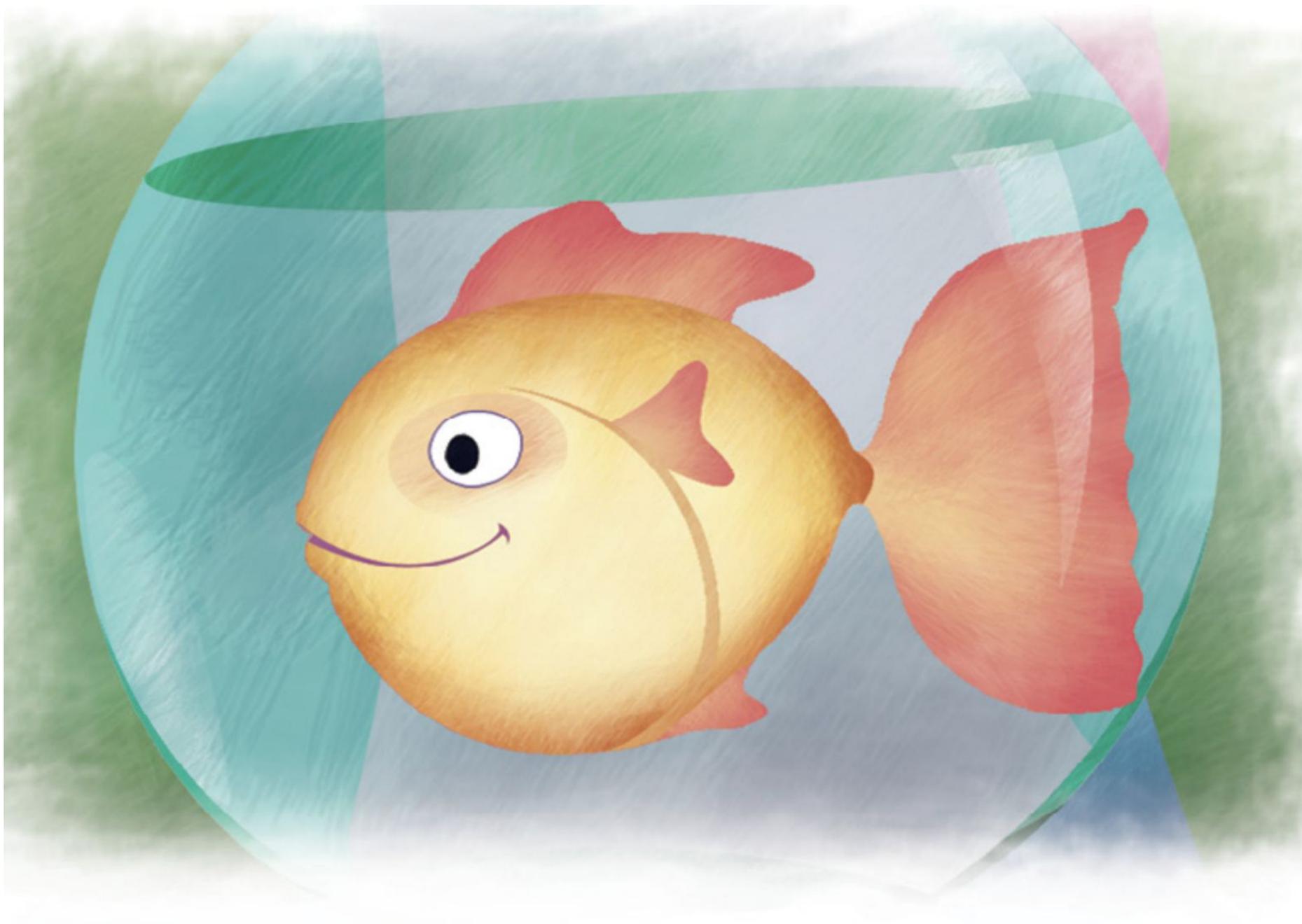
“We have a winner,” I heard the nice man say. When I opened my eyes, he was holding out the fishbowl and the prettiest goldfish for me to take. “I am going to name you Moebus,” I said to the fish. (I think I saw him smile). Then I looked at Mom. I didn’t know her face could look so funny. As we were leaving the game, the nice man said. “Remember, don’t feed him too much.”

FOR THE TEACHER TO READ



I had MY FIRST PET! When we got home, I told mom not to worry. I would be responsible and take very good care of Moebus.

FOR THE TEACHER TO READ



Every day I would feed Moebus and talk to him. I even tried to get him to do tricks. But that didn't work. After several days, Moebus didn't look too good. I asked mom what I should do but she didn't know. She said she never had a pet and that I had said I would be responsible for Moebus. I was sad and scared. I didn't want anything bad to happen to Moebus.

FOR THE TEACHER TO READ



“Allie Kay,” mom said. “The man down the street has a fishpond, maybe he can help Moebus.” I picked up the bowl and headed to my neighbor’s house as fast as I could. Mom was right behind me. I had seen the man many times and knew that his children were grown and had children of their own. But I had never talked to him. I was nervous and a little scared. But I rang his doorbell.

FOR THE TEACHER TO READ



“Hi,” I said in a bubbly voice. “My name is Allie Kay and I live down the street.” “Nice to meet you,” he said. “I am Ted but my Grandchildren call me Pop Pop, and you can too. Oh, I see you have a very pretty goldfish. What’s his name?” “Moebus,” I replied. Pop Pop continued. “Moebus looks like he needs his water changed, come on out back to my fishpond and we will refresh him.”

FOR THE TEACHER TO READ



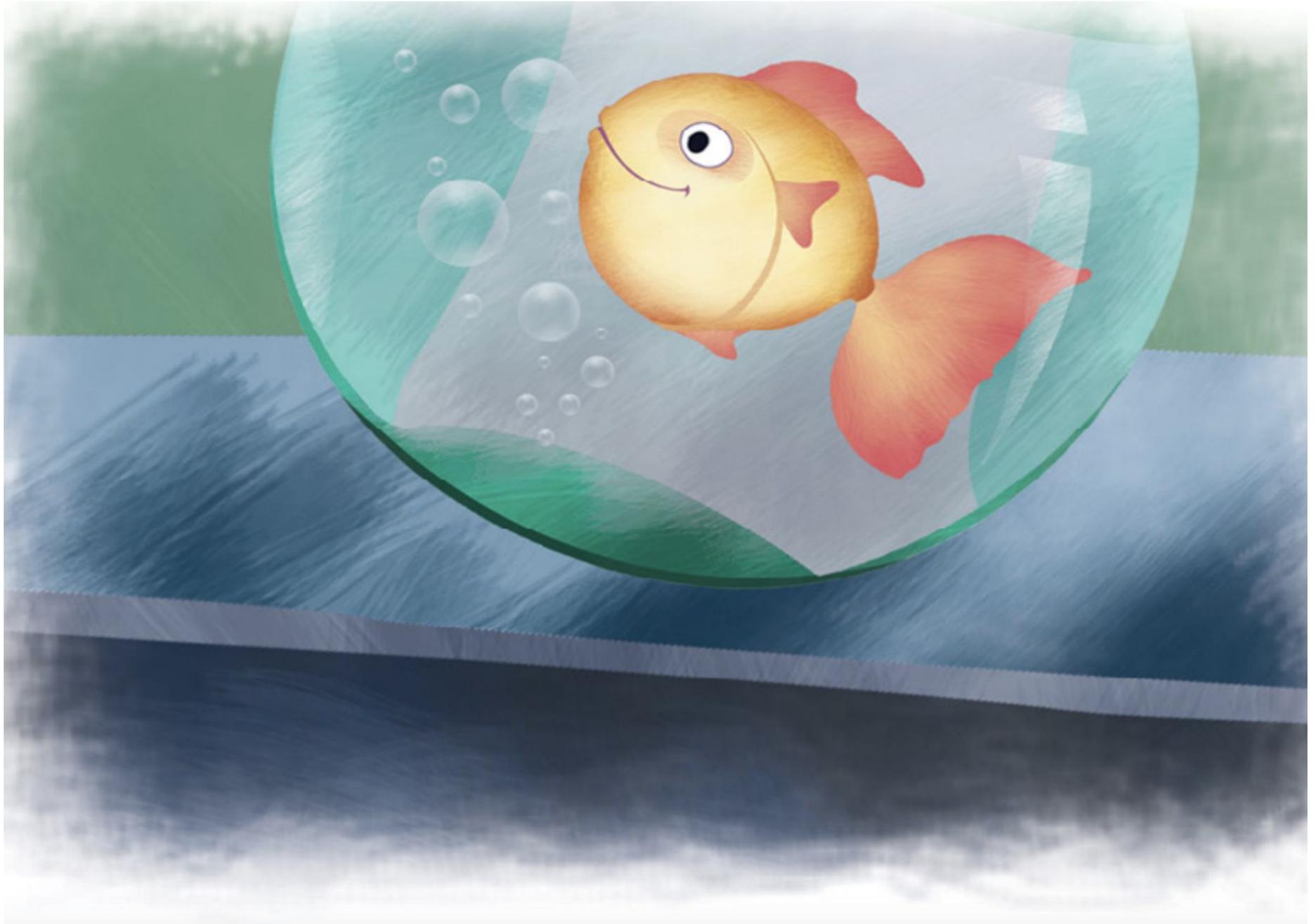
Pop Pop said. “Allie Kay, you are a very responsible young person. You recognized that Moebus was a little under the weather and got him some help. Others may have just let him live in dirty water, getting sicker, and sicker. You must really love Moebus.” “Oh! I do,” I said. “Moebus is my first pet. Will he be alright?”

FOR THE TEACHER TO READ



At that, Pop Pop put Moebus in the fishpond with all the other fish. I started to say something and Pop Pop said. “Don’t worry. Let’s get Moebus a bigger bowl (I’ll trade you this small one for a big one).” How could I refuse? Pop Pop then gave me a big bowl and said go get some gravel, wash it, put it in the bowl, and fill the bowl with water. I did and by the time I was done, Pop Pop had Moebus in a net and ready for his new home. My mom and I thanked Pop Pop and as we were leaving, he said two things. To me - “Remember to change his water every three days and if you need help please ask.” To my mom – “You must be proud to have such a responsible and caring pet owner as your daughter.”

FOR THE TEACHER TO READ



As mom and I stood by the table and watched Moebus swimming in his new home, she gave me a hug and said, “I am glad you got your first pet.”

FOR THE TEACHER TO READ