

Dear friend,

Yesterday the most exciting thing happened. I was taking Bobby out for his morning walk up at the old field, which is where the sheep used to graze, when I heard a muffled yelp. After I walked on for about 10 yards when I realised Bobby was missing. I called him for about ten minutes before a dark thought crept to my mind. You know the old field; my dad told me there were mineshafts down there from 1924. You showed me last summer how easy it is to get lost up here so I did your stick trick with my crimson hoody. I ran down to my house and told my dad and mum. My father jogged to the shed where the quadbike was kept. A few minutes later, he drove out with several mountaineering ropes and I jumped on behind him. We drove up to where my coat was hanging and my dad gave me a surprised look but didn't say anything. We looked around for a few hours but when it started getting dark we had to turn back. All night I was worrying about Bobby; poor old Bobby all alone out on the field with the wild animals. At the break of dawn we went up again and searched until midday when I found him. He was lying at the bottom of a 10 metre deep mine shaft. I called my dad over and he secured me to one of the ropes. When I asked why, he said that I was the person who he trusted the most. I went down and gently called Bobby's name, it struck me that he wasn't responding because he normally he would jump up and down. As my feet touched the ground I could see that Bobby's paw was at a weird angle and that he was unconscious. My dad dropped a sling, which was attached to a separate mountaineering rope, as carefully as I could I lifted Bobby on the sling and told dad that he could pull the sling up. Back at the house we put his broken paw in a bandage. We placed him in his bed and let him wake up in his own time. If you wonder if he's going to be OK he woke up in the morning and raced around our feet tail wagging like a little propeller.

Yours Faithfully,

Ayushi