

DESTINY'S DOOG

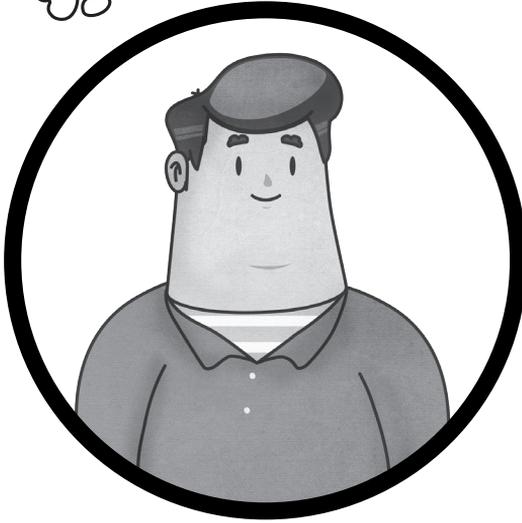


ANNE SCHRAFF





MEET THE



DAD

Age: 40

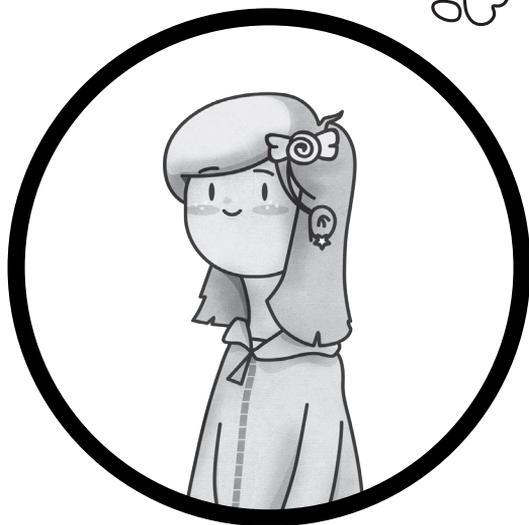
Hobby: rock climbing

Favorite Vacation: Yosemite

Dream Job: forest ranger

Best Quality: would do anything for his family

CHARACTERS



DESTINY

Age: 11

Best Subject: life science

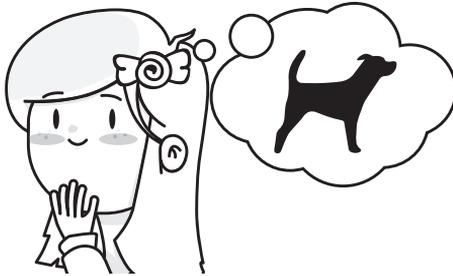
Favorite Sport: lacrosse

Pet Peeve: loud chewing

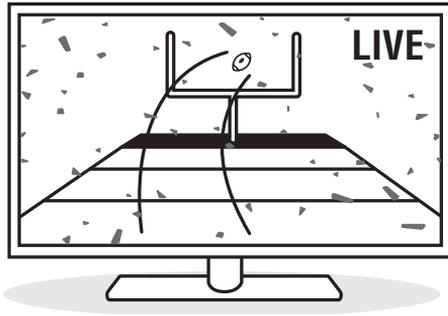
Best Quality: determination

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NO WAY

“I want a dog,” Destiny Means said. She’d asked a zillion times already. Maybe now she would get one.



Destiny was 11 years old. One year ago she started asking for a dog. She’d even begged. Her mom was a yes-or-no person. But not this time. “Go ask your father,” she’d said.



Destiny had gone to her dad. It was a nice fall day. Her father was watching football. His favorite team had just won. He was in a good mood. It seemed the perfect time.

“Hi, Dad. I’d *really* like to have a dog. Mom said I should ask you,” she said.

Dad’s good mood vanished. He frowned. “A dog? Why would you want a dog?”

“I love dogs,” Destiny said. “All my friends have dogs. They have so much fun playing with them. I want one too.”

“Honey?” Dad said. “I always give you what you ask for. Don’t I? You wanted a



guitar for Christmas. I got you a nice one. You hardly play it. And remember when you wanted a tablet? I got you one right away.”



“Yeah, Dad,” she said. “But I want a dog more than anything. My friend Imani has a golden retriever. Her dog is so fun. And my friend Bren has a cute poodle. I really want a dog.”

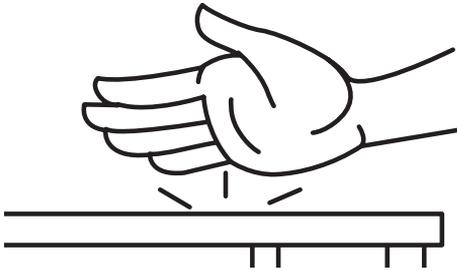
Dad looked upset. “Destiny, dogs are too much work. They bark. Neighbors get mad. A dog would dig up our garden. They make a mess.”



“I’d train my dog,” she’d said. “My dog won’t do bad stuff.”

“Dogs run away. You can’t find them. Then you end up crying,” her dad said. This subject seemed to upset him. “Think of something else you’d like. Maybe a new backpack. A cool pair of jeans. A pretty top for school.”

“I want a dog,” she’d said.



Dad had slapped his hand down. The coffee table shook. “No!” he said loudly.

She had never seen her father so upset. “But, Dad,” she said. “What’s wrong with getting a dog?”

“No! No!” her dad shouted. “No dog. No way. Never. I will not have a dog in this house.”

That talk hadn't gone well.

But Destiny didn't give up. She kept asking. The answer was always the same. Her mom would look sad. “Go ask your father,” she'd say.



Dad's answer was the same. “No. No. No.” But he didn't get as mad as that first time.

And now it was a year later.

Mom was frosting a cake.

“I want a dog,” Destiny said again. “Why won’t Dad let me have a dog?”

“You have to ask him,” her mom said.

Destiny wanted to cry. Why wouldn’t anybody tell her? What was the big secret?

