

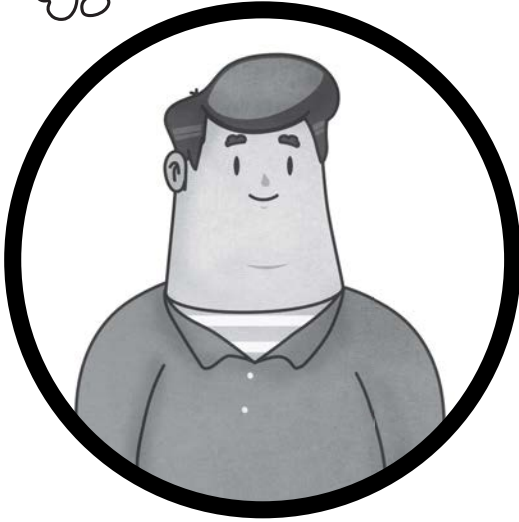
# DESTINY'S DOOG



ANNE SCHRAFF



MEET THE



DAD

**Age:** 40

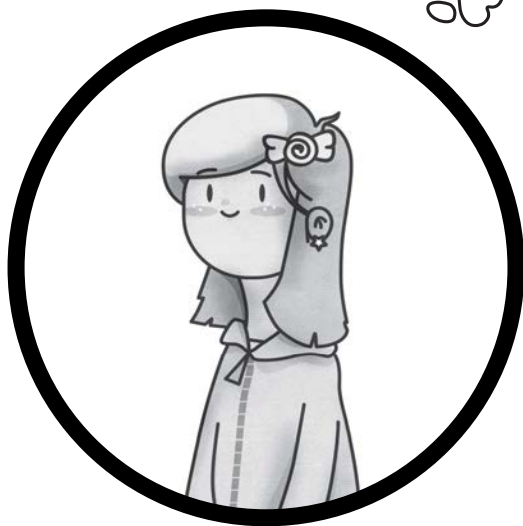
**Hobby:** rock climbing

**Favorite Vacation:** Yosemite

**Dream Job:** forest ranger

**Best Quality:** would do anything for his family

# CHARACTERS



DESTINY

**Age:** 11

**Best Subject:** history

**Favorite Sport:** lacrosse

**Pet Peeve:** loud chewing

**Best Quality:** determination

1  
NO DOG

“Can I *please* get a dog?” Destiny Green begged. She’d asked a thousand times already.

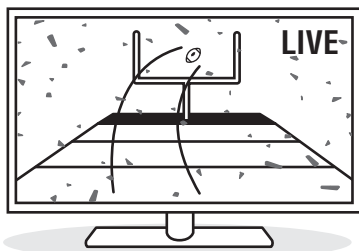


It had all started last year. Destiny had asked for a dog for her birthday. Her mom was a yes-or-no person. Usually, she said yes. But not that time.



Instead, Mrs. Green had sighed. “Go ask your father.”

Destiny had rushed off to find her dad. He was watching football. His favorite team was winning. That put him in a good mood. It was the perfect time to ask.



“Hi, Dad.” Destiny waved. “Do you have a minute?”

“Sure. What’s up?”

“Well.” She gulped. “My birthday is next week. I’d *really* like a dog. Mom said I should ask you.”

Mr. Green’s good mood vanished. He frowned. “A dog? Why?”



“Dogs are great,” Destiny said. “All my friends have them. I want one too.”

“Destiny.” Mr. Green rubbed his temples. “We always give you what you ask for. But, well . . . the guitar you wanted two years ago? That just sits in your room. It never gets played. Remember when you asked for a tablet? You got one for your birthday. Is it even charged right now?”



“This is different. I want a dog more than anything. Imani has one. His name is Gio. He’s a golden retriever. They have so much fun together.”



Mr. Green leaned back in his chair. “Dogs are too much work. They bark. Neighbors get mad. Plus dogs slobber and shed. Most of them chew stuff too.”

“I’d train my dog,” Destiny said. “He wouldn’t do anything bad.”

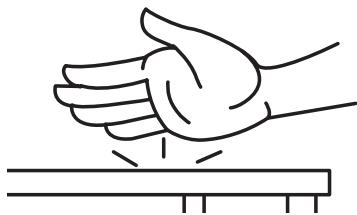
“What if your dog runs away? Or worse. He could bite someone.” This idea seemed to upset Mr. Green.

“That won’t happen. I—”

“No dog. Think of something else you’d like. Maybe a new bike. Or a cool pair of jeans.”

Destiny stared at the floor. “I want a dog,” she mumbled.

Her dad slapped his hand down. The coffee table shook. “No!”



She had never seen him so upset. “But Dad—”

“I said no!” he shouted. “No dog. Stop asking. We will not have a dog in this house.”

That talk hadn’t gone well. But Destiny didn’t give up. She kept asking. Sadly, nothing changed.

“Go ask your father,” her mom would say.

Then her dad would give a firm no. But he never got as mad as that first time.



A year had gone by. Now Destiny was turning 11. She and her mom were frosting her birthday cake.





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

Mrs. Green shrugged. “You’d have to ask *him* that question.”

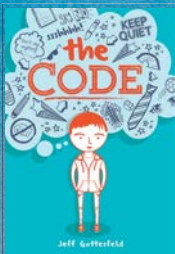
Destiny wanted to cry. Why wouldn’t anybody tell her? What was the big secret?



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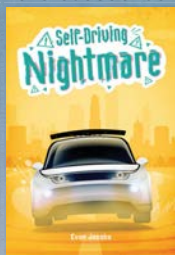
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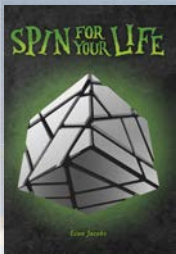
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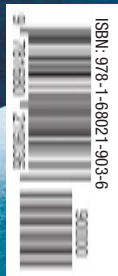
# DESTINY'S DOG

Dogs are the best, but Dad disagrees. Can anyone convince him to let me get one?



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