

Whitsunday Voices Short Story Competition

Grades 7 -8

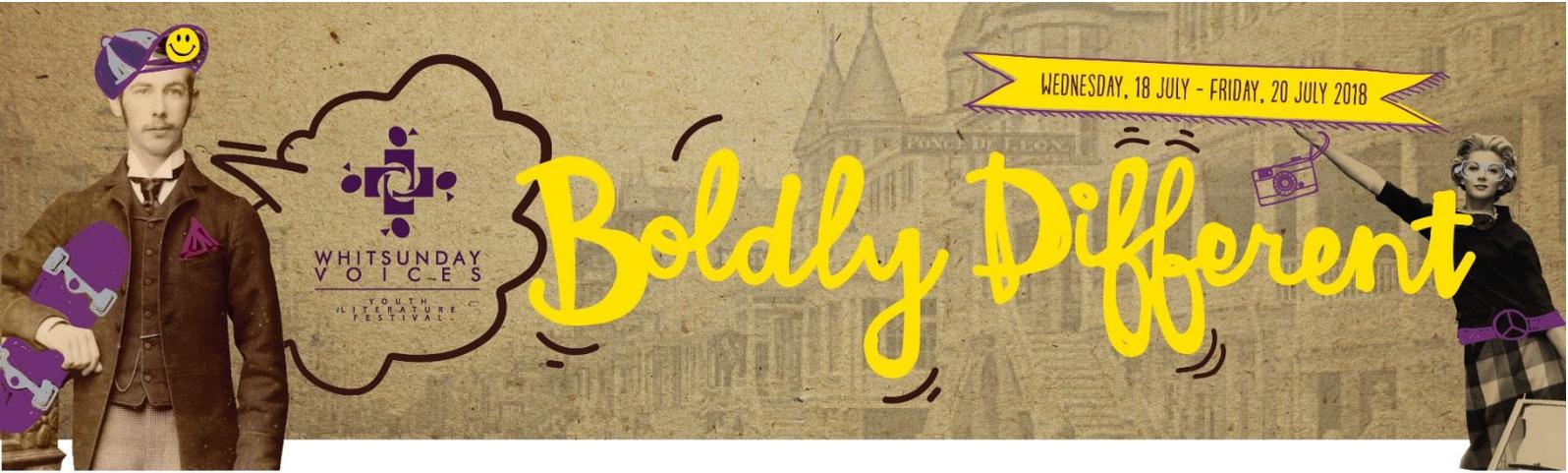
Highly Commended

Joshua Hall for

Hollie

'CRACK!' I was scared and alone. The deafening thunder seemed to shake the ground. 'BOOM!' I bristled up on the side of the house and called for my family. 'CCRRACCKK!' The lightning struck metres away from me and I was gone. I tore down the ghostly road and disappeared into the lonely night.

The next day I was a desperate, lost dog looking for my distant home. I checked every door, every farm, and every person, but they were never my family. Some people were not so bad. Some gave me water and the pat on the head I so desperately craved. However, at the end of each day of walking, searching and hoping, I was still a lonely homeless dog that just wanted to be home.

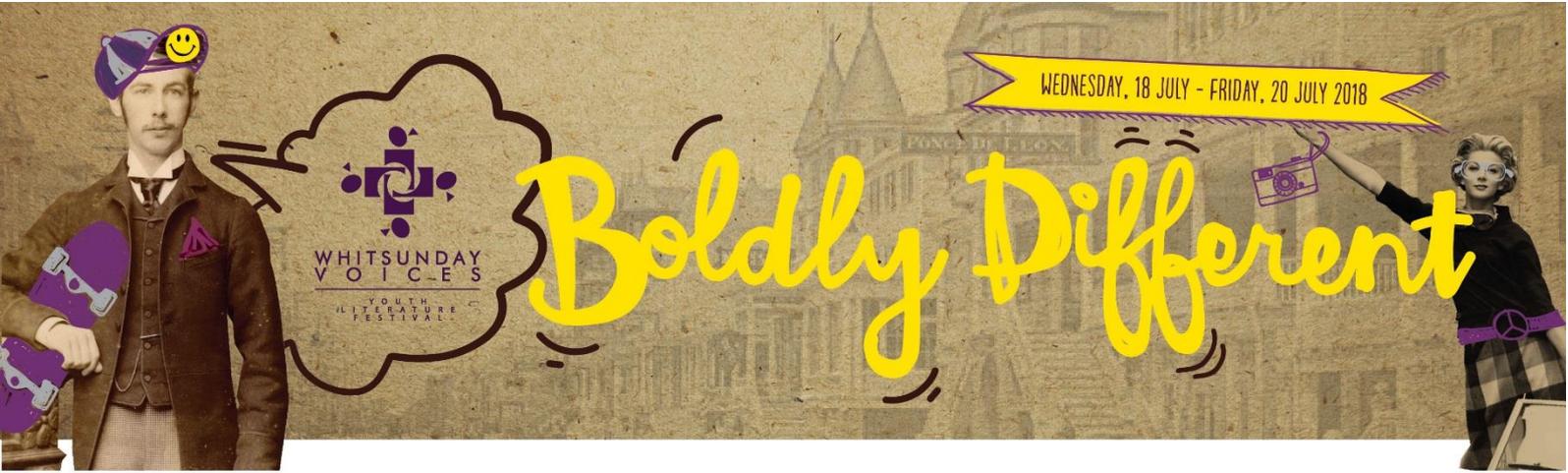


Each night was freezing and my thin coat barely kept me alive. Nevertheless, I kept on walking, even if my legs felt like jelly, searching, even if I had nowhere to look and hoping, even though my hope was running out.

I felt lonely. As I staggered onto an empty road I wondered what would have happened if I had stayed home. If I could just see my family one more time, I would be happy. A full bowl, an occasional bone or a swim in the creek. I used to take these things for granted but not anymore.

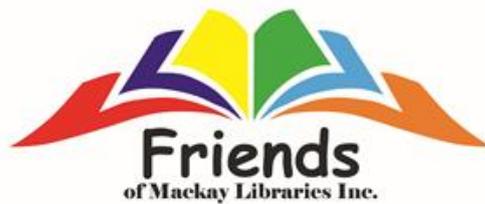
My thoughts wandered around in my head as I hobbled down the road, too tired to check for cars, thinking, "No one goes down this road." I was wrong. The car tried to swerve but it was too late. The black tyre clipped the back of my leg and sent me flying into the tall grass. The screech of the car was clear. My leg was twisted in pain. The whole world seemed to spin around me. I slowly closed my eyes as I imagined the warm caress of my owner.

Pain. I stumbled to my feet, looked straight ahead and kept on walking. I just kept on walking - walking until my legs failed me, walking until my breath was laboured, walking until my throbbing leg forced me to stop.



A smell. A familiar smell. The smell of home. Could this be it? I could see people running, yelling and crying. I was too shattered to bark or move, but I knew this was my family and this place, this farm, was home.

My home.



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