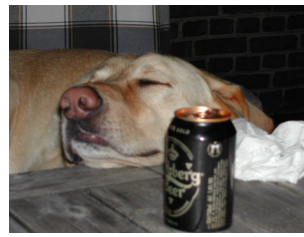


Pontus, my big clumsy dog. By Hannah Jacobsson



One day when I was six years old I stepped off the school bus as usual and started walking towards our house. Our house was placed in the middle of our farm, so I hadn't a long way to go from the bus stop. I was tired and dragged my feet on the ground. I opened the front door of our house and I turned around and saw my parents and my little sister standing in front of the door to the living room. They looked at me in a friendly happy way. I sat down on the stairs and started to pull off my shoes, when my dad broke the silence. "We have a surprise for you", he said and opened the door to the living room. Out came a quite big clumsy dog. He was light gold with brown deep eyes and a pink nose. He ran into me with his wagging tail and started to lick my face.

That was the first time I met my dog, Pontus. When we bought Pontus, he was only a puppy. He was found in the forest by the police. He had a lot of energy and needed to be outside a lot.

I remember how hopeless he was with the lead. He was really strong! One time when my best friend Melker was holding him, his big brother Martin threw a stick far away. Of course Pontus saw the stick and started to run with Melker close behind. Melker didn't drop the lead, he just started to laugh when he was dragging on the grass.

The years past and Pontus became older and tired. One day when I was thirteen, we decided to move to Stockholm. Pontus was too old to come with us. Dad said that he should stay at the farm *forever*. He meant that Pontus would move to the sky above us.

One day when Sarah and I was playing outside with a friend, Felicia. Dad came out and told us that we should go inside. It seemed liked he was in a rush. We did what he had told us to do. I looked out of a window and saw a car driving through our farm. A couple of hours later dad came in with small tears in his eyes. I realized that Pontus was no longer alive. I couldn't hold my tears, it was like a big black wave that went through me.

After a couple of hours of crying with the family I decided that I wanted to see Pontus. No matter that he wasn't alive, I just wanted to say goodbye before he moved to the Cemetery. Dad said that I wasn't allowed to go to him because I probably was going to cry even more. I ran into the stable and started looking for Pontus, he was supposed to lie in one of the horseboxes. Then a car stopped outside the stable and dad talked to the persons who came out. Dad came to me and said. "Well okay, you can see him before his gone." He opened one of the boxes. There he was. Lying in his basket with his blanket he got for Christmas and his favorite dirty football. He looked normal, like he was sleeping, but there was something different. His heart wasn't beating.