



Sample Paper 2

Score for Ideas _____

Boomer

I thought I'd be 40 years old before I would get my first dog. I had been dropping hints and flat out begging to get a dog for months. Then one day my Mom picked me up from school and whisked me off to a farm where golden retriever puppies were for sale. We left with a great puppy that we named Boomer. The name fit perfectly.

From day one, he just boomed through the house. Boom! Into the couch. Boom! Into the cupboards. Boom! Into the bedroom door. We loved Boomer, but it wasn't easy. He chewed on everything, including my dad's watchband, the newspaper, tablecloths and bedspreads, laundry, the carpet, and lamp cords. It seemed like everything we owned was either damp or full of holes.

Puppies leave other messes, too. Boomer didn't get the part about going outside before "doing his business," as Mom called it, so I had some unpleasant work to do cleaning the kitchen floor, the bathroom floor, and the living room carpet! After a month of messes and stains, Boomer was finally trained, but by then, we needed new carpeting.

If I had known how much trouble Boomer would be, I would probably have left him at the kennel. That would have been a huge mistake. Boomer sleeps by my bed, forgives my bad moods, puts up with cold baths or getting stuffed into the crowded back seat of a small car, listens patiently to every story like it's the best thing he ever heard, keeps me company on walks no matter what the weather is like, takes my side in every debate (I can tell by his expression), and is always up for a game of Frisbee, day or night. You can't ask for more from any friend.