**That Claw**

Now to begin with the dog I am writing about is amazing. Nothing could replace him. It all started on the coldest day ever. I had to take Claw out but it’s dangerous out there. He was whining.

“Claw, ye may get stolen or lost,” I said. He did this thing where his eyes virtually popped out. In the end I took him out.

Snow bit my eyes and my boots trudged hard when Claw disappeared! “Claw!” I shouted “C,L,A,W…C,L,A,W!” He had gone. My face was giving way. I was frozen to death. I had to find him.

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Claw was lost, he was howling. MASTER. His thoughts screamed out. He was panting hard. He saw a light. He barked! MASTER! He ran, a powerful run it was. Then Claw heard a voice “GET the dogs and shoot ‘em up make a gown out of their fluff.”

After on hour of investigating………………..

Now for the sequel. Claw had followed the poacher up to the edge of the mountains when he turned round. Claw’s fur spiked up into little tufts.

“Well, it be my lucky day,” the poacher snarled. Claw howled. It was a very odd thing for a fascinating dog like him to do. Claw was feeling very hurt. It was as though he wanted to lunge up and bite that horrible man’s face off. Claw was very different as I have mentioned earlier and that was because he could think. Now, I don’t mean what you darn humans can do. Claw could come up with a plan in seconds. His doggy brain missed his master so much he realised that the Yukon was down there.

He had to try his luck. With one paw he grabbed the poacher and jumped off the Alaska range. He saw stars and fell unconscious.

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Three weeks later Claw opened his eyes. A familiar face rose above him. “Don’t ever leave me again.”

By Fergus Robertson

Western C of E Primary School, Hampshire.