

Mac's Short Adventure

Winston watched rain pelt down the window panes in icy cold needles. He sighed.

“This is just typical! School holidays and it rains!”

His younger sister, Hannah, didn't answer and carried on rolling around the floor with Grandma's dog, Mac, barking excitedly at her ankles.

A moment later, a key turned in the latch, the door opened and 16-year-old Sophie, headphones glued as usual to her ears, bounded upstairs shouting as she went, “Stay at the door, Trace, right.”

Mac certainly needed no second chance and was out of the lounge

and into the garden before Hannah could get to her feet.

“You idiot, Sophe!” Winston yelled pointlessly at the retreating figure.

“We’re supposed to keep him in. He doesn’t know his way around this end of town.”

Grabbing two coats, Hannah joined her brother on the step, just in time to see the black and white dog squeeze through an impossibly small gap in the hedge and start an easy amble up the road.

“No time to leave a note to Mum,” Winston decided, taking charge. “Let’s get him. The last thing Grandma needs to know when she’s in hospital is that we’ve lost her dog. Blasted thing!” he added under his breath. “Tell Sophe,” he ordered a surprised

looking Tracey. “And tell her it’s all her fault!”

Splashing through puddles, the two children rushed towards Mac. That was probably the worst thing to do because he decided they had come out to play a game. Wagging his tail vigorously and sending sprays of water onto the legs of a passer-by, he raced off towards the park.

“We’ll get him,” Hannah said confidently. “He’s only got little legs.”

“He’s doing all right on them, though,” Winston puffed, rounding the corner to see Mac turn down yet another street. “I just wish it would stop raining. My glasses are covered. I can’t see properly.”

Mac led his pursuers towards the gateway to the town park and set off at

once towards the duck pond. He'd not had so much fun for years.

Winston and Hannah were close behind but cannoned round the corner straight into a woman pushing a pram.

"Watch where you're going," she yelled, stumbling but grabbing the handle.

"Sorry," they mumbled. Hannah got up and examined her cut knee. She looked as if she was going to cry.

"I can't see Mac any more," Winston announced when the woman had gone on her way. "I thought we'd catch up with him by the ducks."

A few minutes of racing along the sodden paths in the park, finally convinced the children that they had lost Mac. But they could not give up yet. Grandma. Winston was keen to

keep trying. Hannah wanted to report him missing to the police. They both wished their Mum was with them. While arguing about the best course of action, they left the park and made their way up the High Street.

“We’re never going to find him by ourselves,” Hannah persisted. “I bet he’s frightened now, poor little thing.”

“I should hope he is!” Winston said, rather unkindly. “Look at the trouble he’s put us to! Oh look,” he yelled. “A bus! Come on! Let’s go home and phone Mum.” Before Hannah could argue, he had pulled his sister onto the bus and paid their fares.

Later, Hannah did try to tell him that she had said the bus was going the wrong way but by then it was much too late. They both realised they

were going east instead of west,
miles away from their own estate.

Hannah burst into tears. “I’m SO fed up,” she sobbed. “AND I’m cold. AND I’m scared because we’ll be in REAL trouble now. We’ve lost Mac!”

Winston tried to cheer her up but he’d never been very good at that anyway! The bus turned a corner into a small estate of retirement bungalows.

“Oh look,” said Winston. “Grandma’s house. Oh –” and his voice trailed off as he gazed in amazement at a small, very wet and bedraggled black and white dog sitting on the doorstep, waiting patiently.