Fred Goes to the Park

by Noelle Dilling
There once was a dog named Fred.
Fred really wanted to fetch balls and chase bugs and rumble and tumble with all the other dogs in the park, but...
...Fred was an inside dog.
Fred lived with Molly. Molly loved Fred very much, and Fred loved Molly too. Molly really wanted to take Fred to the park, but...
...Molly was too sick to go outside.
She was too tired to throw a ball, too slow to chase bugs, and too dizzy to rumble and tumble.
So they both had to stay inside.
Fred was a very good dog, but he wanted to go to the park so badly that one day, when Molly wasn’t looking, Fred crept across the floor, snuck out the door, and went outside alone.
When Fred got to the park, he found a ball. “Perfect!” he thought, “Now I can fetch a ball in the park like I’ve always wanted to do!”
So Fred sat down and looked around for someone to fetch with. But without Molly, there was no one to throw the ball for him.
“Oh well!” thought Fred, “Maybe I can’t fetch a ball, but I can still chase bugs!” Just then, Fred saw a butterfly flying beside a girl in a fuzzy yellow sweater. He decided to see if she wanted to chase it with him.
Fred ran up to the girl in the fuzzy yellow sweater to ask if he might chase the butterfly with her, but she did not want to.

“Shoo, shoo! Get away from me, dog!” The girl in the fuzzy yellow sweater squealed.

“How rude,” Fred huffed, “Molly would never shoo me away.”
Fred thought, “Well, maybe I can’t fetch a ball or chase bugs, but I’m sure I can still find another dog to rumble and tumble with!” So Fred went off to find a dog that might want to rumble and tumble.
The first dog he saw was tiny as a teacup with long, shiny fur. “Excuse me,” Fred asked politely, “would you like to play?”

But the furry little dog just scoffed at Fred. “If I played with you, my beautiful fur would get as dirty as yours!” And the snooty little dog walked away.

That hurt Fred’s feelings. “Molly would never hurt my feelings,” he thought.
So Fred went to ask the next dog he saw. This dog had floppy ears and it was very, very big. “Excuse me,” asked Fred politely, “would you like to play?” But the big floppy-eared dog was not listening. He was too busy rumbling and tumbling with a tiny grey puppy.

Fred did not like being ignored. “Molly would never ignore me,” he thought.
Fred was all alone. He had no one to fetch with, no one to chase bugs with, and no one to rumble and tumble with. “I miss Molly,” Fred whined. So he decided to go back home.
When Fred got inside, he snuck in the door, and crept across the floor to Molly. As soon as she saw him, Molly smiled. She had missed Fred just as much he missed her! And even though they were inside, Fred decided that being with Molly was much more fun than going outside.
So now, Fred knows that to be happy, he does not have to go all the way to the park...
… Because everything he needs is right at home.
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