

Jasper the Black Dog

By Jessica Robach

One night the snow was falling and the wild wind was swooshing, pushing. I could see out my window – it was a blizzard! I crawled under my blanket to see my dog, Jasper. His tongue tickled my cheek. I hugged him.

Jasper is black. We found him when he was just a puppy. We got all his shots, and now he is mine and my family's. When I got out of bed, my big sister was dancing with joy. "What are you doing, Molly?" I asked.

"Oh come on, Jess!" Molly said. "Goo-goo!" said Abby, my other sister. She didn't say anything else – she's a baby!

Molly stood on her tiptoes. "IT'S CHRISTMAS EVE, PEOPLE!" she said.

Oh boy! I went back up the stairs. "Jasper!" I yelled. But he was not anywhere. Then, magically, he appeared. "Jasper!" I yelled, "Where were you?"

"I was talking to Santa!" Jasper said. Jasper handed me a note from Santa. I read his note, and this is what it said:

Dear Jasper,
You are invited to take Rudolph's place and join me and my other reindeer. Ho, ho, ho! Merry Christmas. Hope I see you tonight!
Sincerely,
Santa

My eyes were as big as lollipops, but I knew it was a joke.

That night, with our stockings ready for Santa, I went to sleep. When I woke up, it was three in the morning.

"Jasper!" I yelled. No answer. I went to the end of the bed – no Jasper.

I looked out the window and saw Santa and Jasper! The note was not a joke!

Jasper came to me. "Merry Christmas to all!" he yelled. I hugged him and said, "Merry Christmas to you!"