

Sahara's Rescue

By Brooke Wittfoth

Once every year, our family goes on a camping trip to our favorite campground. It takes us about six hours to get there. When we finally get to the campsite, my dog, Sahara, always jumps out of the car and lies in the middle of the grass. Then we have to get our tent up. We sit at the picnic table to eat our dinner.

Last time we were there, when we were finished with dinner, Sahara heard something in the woods and ran away from us. I ran after her into the woods.

When I finally found her, she was face-to-face with a bear. The bear started to walk toward us. It was then that I realized the bear wasn't walking toward us; the bear was walking toward ME!

I stood there, not able to move, watching the bear getting closer and closer. When it was about two feet away from me, it stood on its hind legs and roared its loudest roar.

At that very moment, something amazing happened. Sahara jumped on the bear, giving me enough time to run back to the campsite.

When I got there, I told my dad everything. He followed me to where it happened. We couldn't find the bear, but we did find Sahara lying on the ground, whimpering. We took her to the closest vet and Sahara only had a broken leg.

The next day, we were all in the newspaper. Sahara got a broken leg that day, but she did save my life.