

## **Bulgaria**

When I was growing up in Bulgaria, when I was six years old we got a dog, a German shepherd puppy. We named him Rex. He was beautiful, and I loved him. I loved everything about him. I used to play with him in our apartment, and he was just so fun! I would give him a kiss on his nose, and he would lick my face with his big pink tongue, and put out his paw to shake hands. We did that a lot!

But there was a problem. We lived on the second floor, and there was an old woman who lived below us who hated Rex, only because his claws made noise on the floor above her. She used to pound on the ceiling with a broom when she was mad, which happened more and more.

We all loved Rex so much that we decided to spend more money to move into a little house with a yard, so that Rex could be outside more, and we could get away from the angry old woman.

It was perfect! Rex was so happy in his new yard, and we were so happy that he was happy. But one day Rex got out of the yard, and went out in the street. We saw him out there, and went out to get him. A car was coming really fast down the hill, straight toward Rex. We were horrified.

Then the car barely stopped right in front of Rex. It was a police car. The policeman got out of the car, and stole Rex from us. We never saw him again.

It's Bulgaria.