HUNTER: THE WAR HERO

Whoosh! I was sucked into the pages of my favourite book. I appeared on an island with humid heat. Suddenly, a man jumped out from behind a tree and captured me. Then, he took me to a training place that I passed with flying colours and I soon learnt that I was officially called a war dog, renamed as Hunter. One day, my handler, Rob, and 250 other soldiers marched down a narrow and rough track. At first, it passed pleasantly and I trotted for about 22 metres in front of Rob. I suddenly growled and snarled, baring my teeth, the hairs on my neck raised. Rob and the other soldiers dropped to the ground before bullets were fired and whizzed above their heads. A few minutes after the ambush, I could sense something hiding in the trees. I felt queasy and uncomfortable. I knew there was something there. I waited for a few moments for my handler. I froze. With my nose, I pointed to the left and then to my right. Rob soon saw two machine guns hiding behind the trees. He acted quickly. He fired at the machine guns and threw grenades at the leaves to destroy the snipers. I had saved my handler from three more attacks that day, and with my help, none of the soldiers were killed during the march. I was awarded with the American Purple Heart medal. Although I liked being a war rescuer, however, I wanted to go back home as well. At that moment, I found myself lying under the heater, looking at the faded pictures of Hunter: The War Hero Dog book. I wagged my tail till my whole body wriggled. My smile stretched from ear to ear.