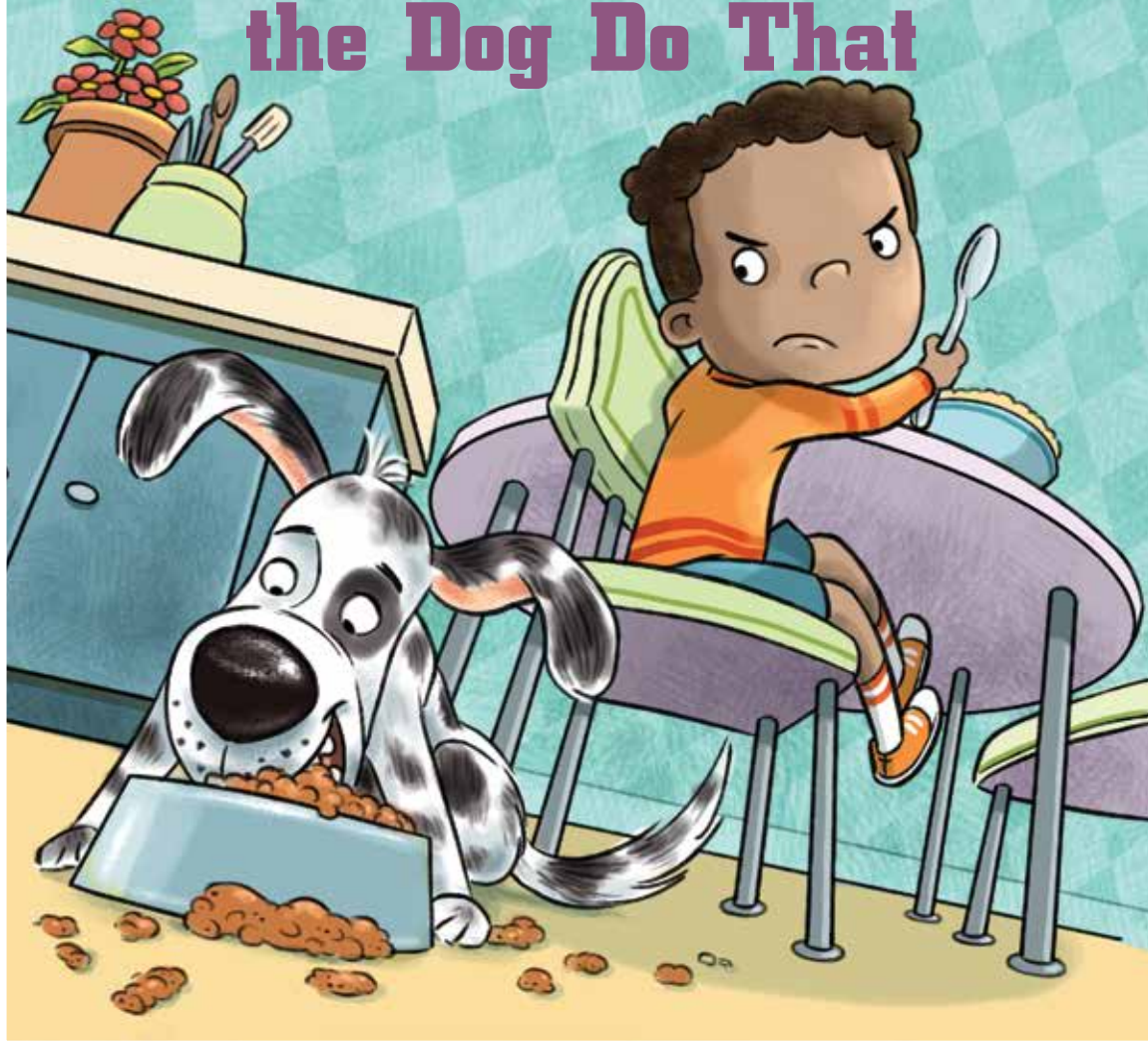


# No One Makes the Dog Do That



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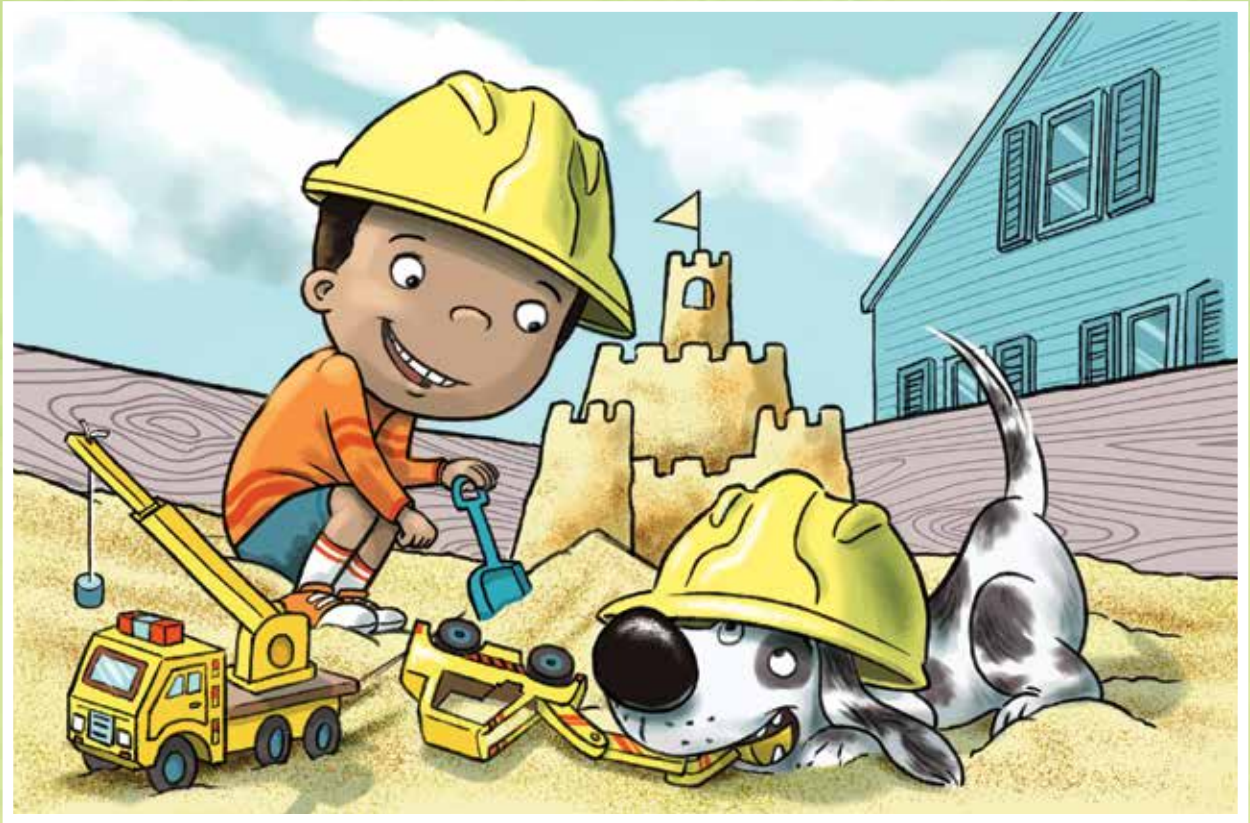
**I** was really mad. I was so mad I could have yelled at the top of my voice. I wanted to shout, “No one makes the dog do that!”

It all started this morning, when my mom gave me oatmeal for breakfast. I don’t like oatmeal. I looked over at our dog, Maddie. She was gobbling her breakfast. Her dog food probably tasted like a special, dogs-only birthday cake.

Mom said I had to eat three bites of oatmeal and finish my juice before I could go outside. Maddie doesn't have to finish anything. That is when I got mad. That is when I wanted to shout, "No one makes the dog do that!"



Instead, I ate three bites of oatmeal, finished my juice, and went outside to play.



I played with my trucks. I made a construction site. I played and played with all the sand toys in the sandbox. I was getting really thirsty. I ran to the house as fast as I could, but Mom stopped me at the front door. “Wipe your feet,” she said. “You don’t want to drag sand all over the house!”

But Maddie did. She ran right in, and nobody stopped her. I was mad! I came close to yelling, “No one makes the dog do that!”

Instead, I wiped my feet, got my drink, and went back outside to play.



Later, Mom came out to tell me it was time to put away my toys and come in for lunch. I didn't want to put away my toys. I was busy in my tree fort, playing pirate. I was searching for gold. I was thinking about leaving Maddie on a desert island.



Maddie never has to put away her toys! She just drops them when she is done playing. I could feel myself getting mad. I wanted to bellow in my loudest pirate voice, “No one makes the dog do that!”

Instead, I put away my toys and went inside for lunch.

Maybe things weren't so bad. I was having a peanut butter and jelly sandwich with no crust and green grapes. Green grapes are my favorite. I was just getting ready to grab one when Mom said, "Go wash your hands." Well, that made me mad! Couldn't she see how hungry I was? Couldn't she see that my hands were just a little dirty? Couldn't she give me a break?



Then I saw Maddie. She was chewing on her dog bone. She had drool hanging out of her mouth, and her paws were muddy. No one made Maddie wash up! I was so mad. I looked up at Mom and I tried to holler, "No one makes the dog do that!"

Instead, I cried. I cried loudly. Mom came over and hugged me.

I told her, in a nice voice, that no one makes the dog do anything, ever. Then Mom told me that she loves me the best. She told me that she doesn't expect the dog to grow up and have nice manners. She told me that I'm the best little boy in the world. She told me that we could play after lunch. I wasn't mad anymore.



That night, Mom read my favorite story to me. She pulled the blanket up to my chin. It felt warm and cozy. As I sleepily wiggled my toes on the soft sheets, I quietly said, “No one lets the dog do this.” 🐜

