

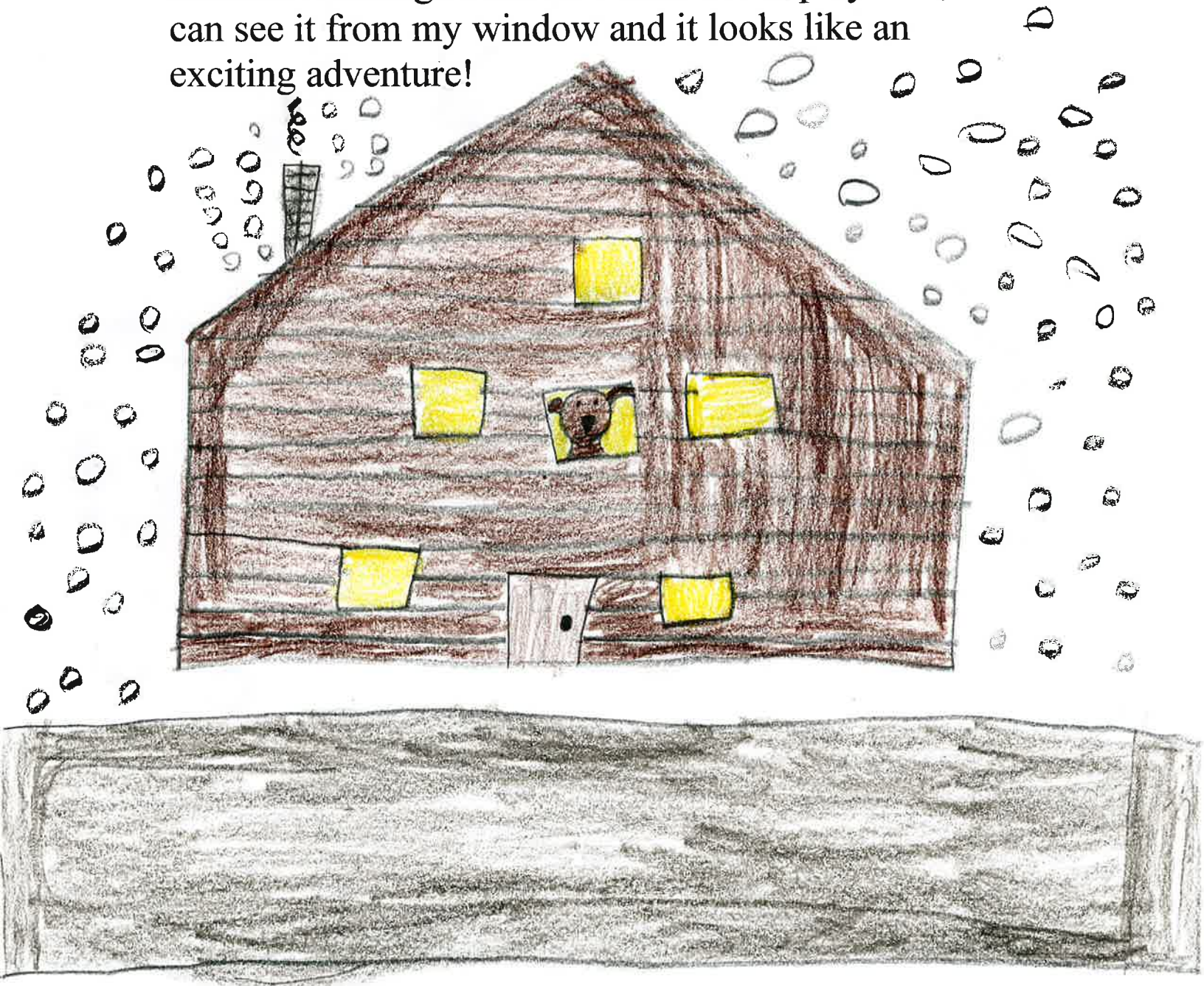
# Becoming Friends

by Noah Stanton





My name is Hunter, and I am an 8 year old dog. I live where cars whoosh and beep along the gravel road. Right now, snow covers the world in a white blanket. Although I haven't been out to play in it, I can see it from my window and it looks like an exciting adventure!

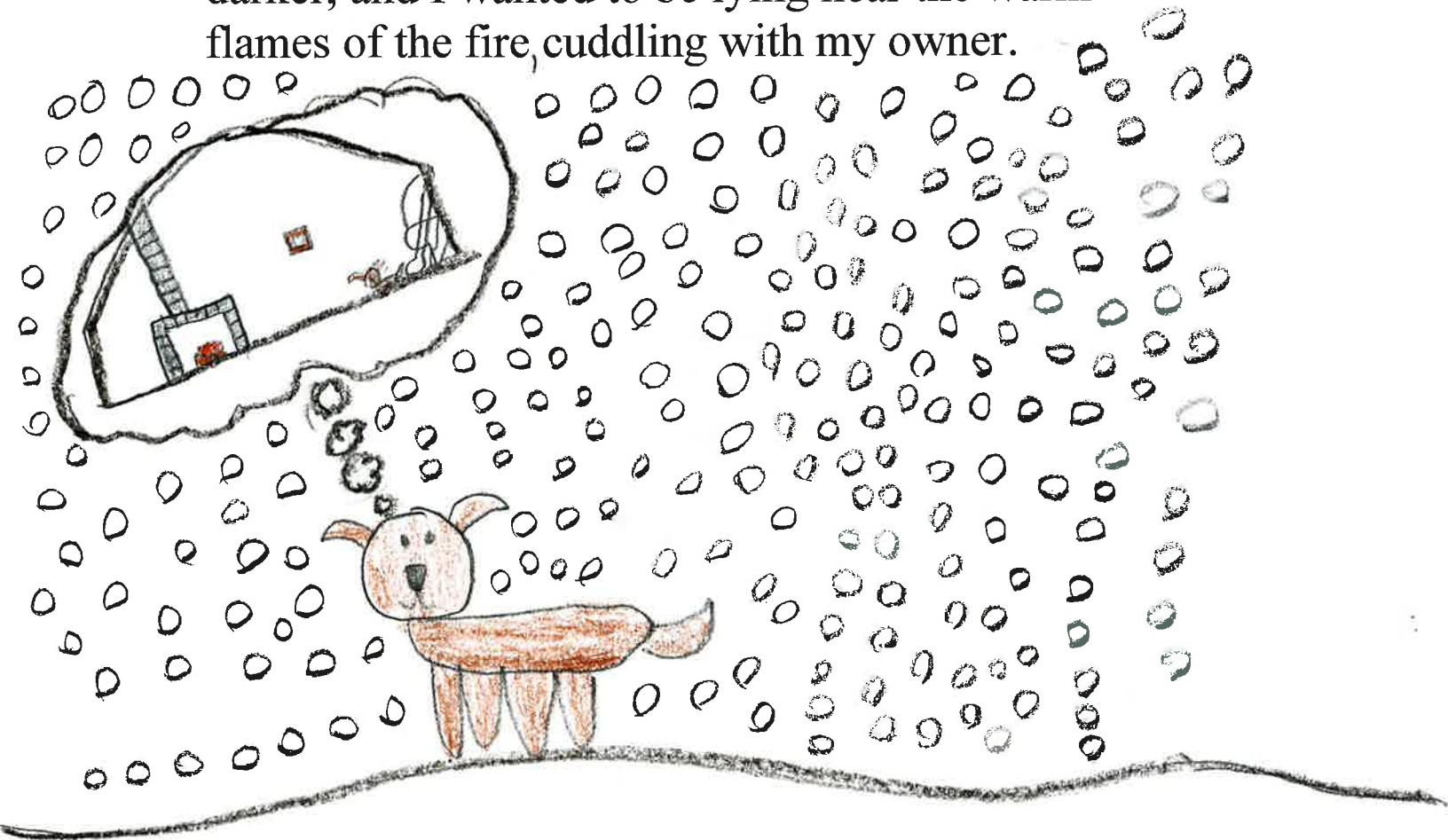


Everyday the same intruder in a blue uniform comes into my territory. I can smell him from far away. When I see him through the window, I growl and I want to chase after him, but after he leaves some papers in the metal box in the yard, he quickly hops into his blue and white truck and disappears into the snow. Next time he comes, I will be ready to defend my home again.





One day, my owner took me out for a walk. I could feel the cold snow and it was so fun to jump and hide. I was so excited to be free, I suddenly realized that my owner was gone. I saw some houses, but none of them looked familiar. It was getting colder and darker, and I wanted to be lying near the warm flames of the fire, cuddling with my owner.



All of a sudden, I saw the blue uniform man delivering papers. I was ready to bark, but he had a smile on his face. He had a nice sounding voice, and my fears disappeared. "Little guy, are you lost?" he said. He looked at my tags on my collar. "I deliver mail to your house!" He whistled happily and I followed him to his truck. We rode until I saw my house.





I barked happily to thank the friendly man in uniform. He opened the door and I zoomed inside my house where my owner was surprised and happy to see me. I cuddled with him by the fire and felt the warmth of the flames. From now on, whenever I see the blue uniform man, I wag my tail. He isn't an intruder and we are now friends.

