



## The Rescue

**T**en years passed, and Ron and Jeff, both of whom were older by this time, were still being cared for at their church home. One night, Ron heard a whine out of his window. As he got up to look out the window, he saw a German shepherd, bleeding from its head. So, Ron opened the window and brought the dog inside. After looking at the dog, he noticed that it had been stabbed. He cleaned off the blood with a towel and put his shirt on top of the dog's head to stop the bleeding. Since the nuns routinely checked to see that each of the children was in his or her room, Ron climbed hurriedly out of

the church window, carrying the dog in his arms, and ran down the street to the animal hospital so fast that his feet became sore. When Ron arrived at the animal hospital, he was completely out of breath.

“HELP!” Ron yelled, as he gasped for air. The door flew open, and the veterinarian quickly grabbed the dog.

“Is this your dog, boy?” asked the veterinarian.

“No,” Ron replied. “I just wanted to help him.”

“I am very glad that you brought the dog in,” said the veterinarian.

Ron went back to the church and told Jeff about the dog he had rescued.

“My God!” said Jeff with his mouth open.

The next night, Ron got out of the church again, and went to the animal hospital to check to see how the dog was doing.

“I am sorry, boy, but the dog has died,” said the veterinarian, with his hand shaking.

Ron quickly collapsed to his knees, and yelled, “NO!” He began to cry angrily, because for some reason, he wanted to save that dog.

“Where is your family?” asked the veterinarian?

“I don’t have a family,” answered Ron.

So, the veteran called the police. Ron started to run as fast as he could, but the police saw him and went after him.

“STOP!” yelled one of the officers.

Ron tripped on a garbage can, and fell to the ground. The police grabbed him off of the ground, and asked Ron, “Where do you live?”

“I live at the St. Maria Church,” Ron answered.

The police took him back to the church. When they arrived, they knocked on the door, and a nun answered.

“Ron, what are you doing out of the church?” asked Sister Elizabeth with a worried look on her face.

Sister Elizabeth took Ron to see Father Joseph, who talked with Ron about what happened.

“I just wanted to save the dog,” said Ron, pleading his case to Father Joseph.

“Ron, I don’t ever want you touching a dog again, because I was once bitten by a dog,” Father Joseph warned. Disappointed and sad, Ron went back to bed with a long face.