Dog Anxiety

*In Dog Anxiety, Zara her neighbor about the terrible dog she’s been babysitting.*

**ZARA**:

My friend Cheryl asked me to watch her puppy, Oscar. I said sure, I mean, how bad could it be to watch an innocent, harmless, cute little puppy? Right? Right? WRONG! It was a nightmare if there ever was one. Look at me! Do you see the bags under my eyes? I look like I went twelve rounds with Muhammad Ali. I look horrible!

Cheryl tells me, like it’s noooooo big deal. She says, “Zara would you mind watching my puppy for me for three days?” I said, “Sure, no problem.” No problem!

Her dog has NOT stopped barking his tiny sqeaky voice, *(imitates dog)* Maar, Maaar,Maaaaaaaaaaaaaaaar! Didn’t stop barking for the entire night. Maaar, Maaar, Maaaaaaaaaaaaaar! Like a wolf howling in the night. Kept me up all night long! I tossed and turned and tossed and turned some more. I felt like a 1980’s break dancer.

When I stepped foot into my kitchen the next morning, I found myself sliiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiding alllllllll the waaaaaaaaaaaay ACROSS the kitchen and FLAT DEAD ON MY BACK! I have bruises the size of boulders…You know what Oscar did. Oh yes he did. Thankfully no number twos.

He ate my socks, my backpack and my favorite sweater while I went out for a walk by myself. I had to get away from the D-O-G. My parents’ couch, the one they just recently purchased is destroyed! When they get home from work, I’ll be destroyed.

Oh no! That’s the garage door. My folks are home. What am I going to do? *(Calling and looking around)* Oscar! Here Oscar! Os…...car! Where are you? *(Stops and thinks)* Hey, maybe he ran away! That’s great. No, that’s bad! What am I going to tell Cheryl? I lost her dog? *(Runs off calling for Oscar)* Oscar! Oscar! Here boy. Oscar, come!