

My Three Thankfuls

I'm thankful for so many things but I'll narrow it down for you. Three things I'm most thankful for is my older brother, Cameron, my brother's dog, Willy and my home, the shelter I have to live in.

I'm thankful for my brother because he's there for me. One time my younger brother and I were playing Kinect on two player mode and my little brother ducked under my neck. Then he jumped up to get more coins. His head hit my jaw so hard; blood was flowing out of my gums. My brother ran to get ice and my mom.

I am thankful for Willy because, like other dogs, he can tell when I'm sad. Even when I walk outside for a second and come back in, he greets me the same way he would greet a stranger. He jumps up on me and licks my face until my face is covered in slobber. He's the kind of dog that doesn't bite when he's being petted.

I am thankful for the home I live in because in other parts of the world other families don't have a roof over their head every night, but I have that. I have a bed to sleep in every night, I can turn up the heat when it's too cold. I'm thankful that I have a roof over my head every night.

I am thankful to have an older brother who looks after me a hyper crazy, loving dog and a home where I can live with my family.