

August
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Fluffy

"Give him back." "No
he was mine first."

"Now boys," said Mrs.
Monroe. It was a
dark stormy night
and the Monroes had
just just moved into
their new house.

"Molly," called Mr. Monroe,
"I need help unpacking."

"Now you two boys
be good," said Mrs. Monroe.

"Okay Mom," said Tim.
"Sam we can share Fluffy,"
said Tim. "OK fine,"
said Sam. "Bedtime,"
called Mr. Monroe. The
next morning they awoke
to the sound of
whimpering. Fluffy was
shaking in a dark corner
with half his fur
gone. "We need to
do something," said Tim.