The Joke

Word count 956

        What if you were walking down the street, would you be scared if you saw a zombie dog?

Well, I was taking my dog for a walk when he randomly started barking. His name was Bubbles. Bubbles ran up against my leg, and I felt his blonde fur. I felt his long soft hair, and it felt like I had a cotton blanket rubbed up against my leg. Then his leash broke in half like this lightning bolt was in front of me. He was running so fast. I never saw him after that. He ran so fast. But I knew someday I would find Bubbles. I knew Bubbles would come home eventually. So I kept walking and walking, trying to find him. I knew he would come to me. Well, I was screaming his name. So I finally stopped yelling because it was just before dusk. So I wasn't going to try all night, so I walked home. When I walked home, I saw these people in a cemetery trying to dig up a grave, or they were digging a grave. So I tried to ignore them and kept walking, but then I heard this sudden yell for help.

I walked over there, and they started just explaining what had happened.

“So we were just walking when we saw this arm reach from the ground. The arm was all black and blue with blood on it.”

They explained it to me.

“ Bloody hand. Why would you investigate a bloody hand? What is wrong with you?”

I yelled at them. I didn't understand why anyone would investigate with a bloody hand. What if someone was trying to lead someone over to make it, so they turned into a zombie or something crazy like that?

I said

“ Well, if someone needed help, we wanted to help them. We didn't want to watch someone go to heaven.”

They said.

But then this person came up from the ground and tried not to pass out. They have been under the ground for so long. But these people came out from the trees all around us. They said it was supposed to be a joke but thought it would go differently. So then I asked

.“Why don't we bring him to the hospital?”

“Cause if we bring him to the hospital, we will have to explain to them what happened to him, and we could go to jail if we explain it to them,” they said to me.  Then I said,

“Well, if you don't want to watch your best friend die, I would take him to the hospital.”

We carried this boy to the hospital because we had no car. We didn't know his name. He never had enough air in his lungs to say anything. They said he has severe bruising and brain injuries. Then the doctor asked,

“ How long was he under the ground? We need to know it because this could be so bad if he were under there for more than two hours.”

Then one of the people that put him under the ground said,

“ Hi, my name is Noah. I am the one who had the idea of burying him. He was only under there for thirty to forty five minutes.”

“What is his name? I can probably get his medical files?”

The doctor says.

“ His name is Oliver, and he is only fifteen years old,” Noah says.

So then the doctor goes and tries to get the medical file. Then she returned with the medical files, at least that is what we thought. Then we heard this loud beeping noise. It sounded like it was a tornado warning. It pierced our ears so badly. But then we turned around, and Oliver’s blood pressure and oxygen went all out. The doctor says,

“I am sorry, but I don't think he will return. His brain injuries are too severe. I'm so sorry.”

Noah and all of the other people that were in on this joke just started sobbing. They felt so bad.

“ Maybe if you didn't do this in the first palace, he wouldn't be dead.”

I said I didn't understand why anyone could be so stupid to bury their friend for a joke who is that stupid. So we all went home distraught. But I knew they could get over it, and so could I. A week later, we all went to go to Oliver's funeral. I was still upset that Bubbles hadn't come back yet. But then, right when we started to say things we cherished about Oliver, I heard this sudden bark. It sounded like Bubbles. Did bubbles come back? Did he finally come back? Then I screamed Bubbles! He came running from the trees, but it wasn't my beautiful blonde dog. It was a zombie dog. But then Bubbles started attacking people. He was biting everyone. They were screaming so loud I bet you could hear it from miles away. But then he ran up to me and started rubbing up against my leg like before he ran away. Then I brought him to the vet to see if I could get my baby Bubbles back. So I walked to the vet, and he followed me. Then when I got there, they gave him a shot, and they said that it was going to take thirty minutes. Thirty minutes later, he started to look normal again, not like a zombie dog. So I finally went home, and I and bubble were finally able to relax and watch his favorite movie, Superdogs. I knew he would come back someday. I never lost faith.