

Mac's Short Adventure

Winston watched rain pelt down the window panes in icy cold needles. He sighed.

“This is just typical! School holidays and it rains!”

His younger sister, Hannah, didn't answer and carried on rolling around the floor with Grandma's dog, Mac, barking excitedly at her ankles.

A moment later, a key turned in the latch, the door opened and 16-year-old Sophie, headphones glued as usual to her ears, bounded upstairs shouting as she went, “Stay at the door, Trace, right.”

Mac certainly needed no second chance and was out of the lounge and into the garden before Hannah could get to her feet.

“You idiot, Sophie!” Winston yelled pointlessly at the retreating figure. “We're supposed to keep him in. He doesn't know his way around this end of town.”