

Jack the Homework Eater



Mitt Ray

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Written by Mitt Ray

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First Edition 2011

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New Dog

Alex sat on his chair in front of his study table with a pencil in his hand which rested on a white piece of paper, while he watched the cute British Bulldog stare at him. His feet were on his chair and he seemed scared like he was protecting himself. Instead of concentrating on his homework he was busy staring at this British Bulldog. He had to finish his maths homework for tomorrow or face a lot of embarrassment in front of his class, which he didn't like one bit, as his teacher punished him in front of everybody in class whenever he didn't finish his homework.

The dog distracted him from doing any work; it even prevented him from doing anything he enjoyed doing in the house. The dog was Jack. He was one harmless dog who actually liked Alex a lot. He even wagged his little tail while he watched Alex sitting on his table doing his homework. He wanted to make friends with Alex, but Alex wasn't ready; not because this dog did anything bad to him, but because he was scared of dogs. All dogs scared the life out of him.

Jack was brought in from a nearby shelter, he was brought in to replace Chester, a Rottweiler. Chester had lived to a ripe age of fourteen. Old age led to his death. Chester was the one who had instilled fear of dogs in Alex. Since the day Alex was born, Chester was always nice to him. Every day as Alex grew up, they became closer to each other. But when Alex turned six he did something stupid. Alex petted Chester while he was eating his food and this angered him and he bit Alex. Since that day Chester instilled the fear of dogs in Alex. Alex kept away from all the dogs he came across including Chester for more than three years. This is the reason why he was so scared of Jack.

As soon as Chester died Alex's parents Mark and Mary decided to replace him with a dog. Alex begged his parents to not bring in a new dog. At first they listened to him, but after spending a couple of weeks and missing Chester, and finding it hard to get by without him, they decided to replace him with a new dog and they went to their friend Rachel's dog shelter as she was begging them to adopt a dog from her shelter. Rachel had a really good dog shelter; so she needed to find them good homes, so that she could make space for new ones, so she had been begging her friends, Mark and Mary, to adopt a dog from her shelter even when they had Chester.

They decided to adopt a small dog, so that it wouldn't scare Alex. They felt that a small, cute dog would reignite the friendliness Alex had towards dogs and make him love dogs and get along well with them again. They had many choices at this shelter. There were Yorkshire terriers, Dachsunds, Beagles and many other tiny cute dogs. Some of the dogs were left free so that they could roam everywhere around the shelter freely, while a few of them were kept behind meshed squares. Mark and Mary took their time selecting their dog. They wanted to pick a friendly dog that could keep Alex company without scaring him. Rachel walked with them explaining the best and the worst qualities of each and every dog that approached them or each and every time they crossed a cage.

Dogs came toward them and they petted them. Also when they approached a cage the dogs in there came out to greet them – some with loud barks, while others with a wagging tail and a dangling tongue, which made them appear like they were smiling. Of all these dogs this medium sized brown and white coloured dog called Jack, caught their attention.

Rachel told them that Jack was an English Bulldog who got abandoned from his old home because of a tiny problem he had. At first it was a cute unique behaviour, but then it grew into a problem and this led to more and more problems which made them eventually get rid of it. Jack was a mixture of tan and white. His back and sides were predominantly tan, while his stomach and chest were predominantly white. Even his legs were white. His head and tail were a mixture of white and brown. His tail was mostly brown, but at the tip of it there was a white patch. His ears and the temples were brown while the rest of his face was white. His neck was also white. The white patch on the top of his head between the droopy and tiny brown ears really stood out. He had a cute flat snout and big brown eyes. As soon as he saw Mark and Mary approach his cage he approached the front of the mesh with his tiny white legs and greeted them by wagging his tiny tail and gave them a friendly look right in their eyes. He looked like he was lazy, but happy and loving – a typical characteristic of bulldogs.

As soon as they saw this Mark and Mary wanted to have him right away, they always had wanted a bulldog. They were known to be friendly, loving and protective, good with children and didn't need much exercise and they fitted perfectly into their lifestyle. They never got one as they were normally expensive and they always felt that it was not worthy to spend that much for any dog. Also the main reason why his previous owners left him didn't seem like a problem for Mark and Mary at all, so they asked Rachel to open the gate. As soon as Rachel opened the gate Jack rushed out towards them. Mark and Mary knelt down and began to pet him. He started wagging his brown tail with the white tip even faster. As soon as they saw this, they knew they had to take him home. So they told Rachel that they had made their choice and made her extremely happy. She gave them both a hug and even one to Jack.

She then placed a black collar around his neck and handed him out to Mary, who hooked the collar with a black leash that used to belong to Chester and walked him home.

This was Jack's first day in the house, but he was getting along well. He walked around the house, explored it and found out about most of the passages and all the rooms. Mary and Mark let him walk wherever he wanted to, as they allowed their dogs to be free. As soon as Alex got home from school he avoided the dog. He was surprised to see a dog at the door of the house as his parents had responded to his begging and told him that they wouldn't bring home a dog. Jack went up to him with a friendly wagging tail, but this still scared the life out of Alex and he screamed out "MOM, MOM, SAVE ME!" And his mother rushed out to see that the door was open and Jack was outside facing Alex who was outside the gate. It was obvious that Alex had fled outside the house as soon as he saw the dog.

His mother then ordered Jack to stay while she welcomed her son home. Alex rushed into the house as quickly as he could and then the arguments started. He climbed on to one of the couches, still in his uniform which consisted of a blue tie on a white shirt and blue coat. He also wore blue trousers. He was so scared he didn't even wait to take off his shoes or his bag, before climbing onto the couch and standing on it. He had heard and read about bulldogs being dangerous as they were used to bait bulls. Also the bulldog looked dangerous to him, so he was more scared of it than he was of Chester. He at least knew Chester, but he didn't know anything about Jack, the bulldog. British Bulldogs can look very scary with their wide jaws, but they are actually very friendly with kids and everyone else.

As soon as Alex felt safe on the couch he started screaming, "You promised me you wouldn't get another dog?"

"I never promised you anything," said his mother Mary.

“You said you weren’t going to bring a new dog” replied Alex.

“No, you asked us not bring in another dog and your father and I said we will see, we never promised you anything,” said his mother.

“You always go back on your word, you never listen to me, no one cares about what I want, all of you just care about yourself,” said Alex.

“Look at the way that dog is staring at me! He’s going to attack and kill me, you’re going to lose your son to a dog,” he added.

“Stop acting stupid and get off the sofa, it won’t harm you, it’s a very friendly dog,” said his mother.

“So you trust the dog more than me now, you have known me for nine years, but suddenly you get a dog, which you have just known for a day and you trust it more than me, said Alex.

“I said stop making a big fuss about it,” answered his mother.

“Please mommy, please, take the dog away, I am begging you, please,” said Alex.

“No, No, No,” answered his mother.

“Mommy, I am giving you one choice, either the dog goes or I go,” said Alex.

Mary called his bluff and said, “the dog stays, you can go if you want to.”

Alex just stood on the couch and stared at his mother with anger and disappointment. He felt that that was the best thing he could do and it didn’t work. He would have to spend the rest of his life or at least till he was eighteen with that scary looking dog in his house. There was no way he could get rid of it.

“Why is it that I should listen to you, why don’t you ever listen to me and why are my opinions never heard in this house, it’s always you or dad and your own ways,” asked Alex.

“Well it’s my house and I am your mother, you will always have to listen to me, and that’s it, because I have said it,” answered his mother.

This angered Alex so much, that he sat on the couch disappointed and lost, with his legs still up on the couch. He knew there was no use arguing now. When his mother used the words “I am your mother and you have to listen to me,” he knew she was going to dictate over the whole situation and not listen to him one bit. So he gave up and sat down on the couch. There was nothing he could do, other than spend most of his time in fear now.

“Take off our shoes, and take your legs off the sofa, stop being ridiculous, the dog is harmless. Also come down to the dining room and have something to eat. I am making you some pasta,” said his mother Mary.

Alex took off his shoes and just sat there on the couch; helplessly staring at the dog. He was really, really sad. The dog kept staring at him, with its tail still wagging uncontrollably. It wanted to find out who this new person was. It was the first time it saw Alex. It had come across his scent earlier in the house, but this was the first time it had actually seen him and this really excited Jack. Jack wondered why Alex sat on the couch and stared at him instead of petting or greeting him.

After waiting for some time and not receiving any sort of affection at all from Alex, Jack made his way into the kitchen where Mary was preparing some food. After making sure that everything was safe. Alex got off the couch and had a shower, ate the food his mother prepared, and went out for a long walk to spend some time away from the dog. Then came home and then started doing his homework and so there he was on the study chair with his feet on the chair, and a yellow pencil in his hand, which rested on his half finished homework, staring at Jack, hoping to get rid of the fear caused by the dog and trying his best to concentrate on his homework.

With great difficulty and good focus he finished his homework. He never liked doing his homework. He only did it as he was afraid of being punished. If he got punished he was sent to the detention room in school and his parents were called up too and were told what their son had been up to. He hated this embarrassment and the angry scolding his parents gave him; so the best way to avoid it all was by doing his homework, so he did it.

He hated going to school too. He had no friends there, but had many enemies who bullied over him and troubled him day after day. He wasn't very good at his studies, or sports, and he was a very shy kid, so he found it very hard to make any friends.

After finishing his homework he had nothing else to do. He couldn't go out as it was late and he had no friends, so he went to his room, made sure that the dog was outside, closed the door of the room and climbed into his bed, and covered himself with a duvet and went to sleep. He wanted to watch some television shows, but he didn't want to do something in a room where he could be alone with Jack. The television was in the lounge where Jack could come and leave whenever he wanted. He went into his room, he felt safe there because he could close the door.

When Chester was home Alex performed his activities, right in front of Chester and wasn't this scared. Alex didn't pet Chester and when Chester got close, Alex always ordered Chester to go away. Chester would listen to him. Alex was still Chester's boss even though he bit Alex. As this dog was new in this house Alex didn't want to take the risk, so for today he tried to avoid the dog completely and go to bed and hoped that as time went by the dog would learn to avoid him.

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