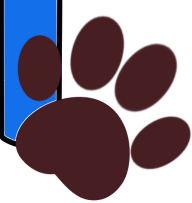


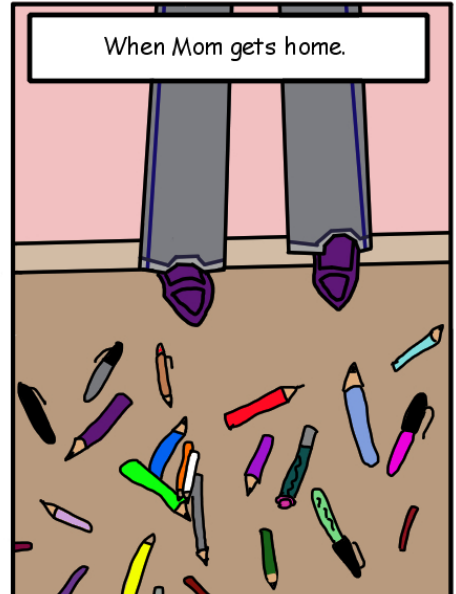
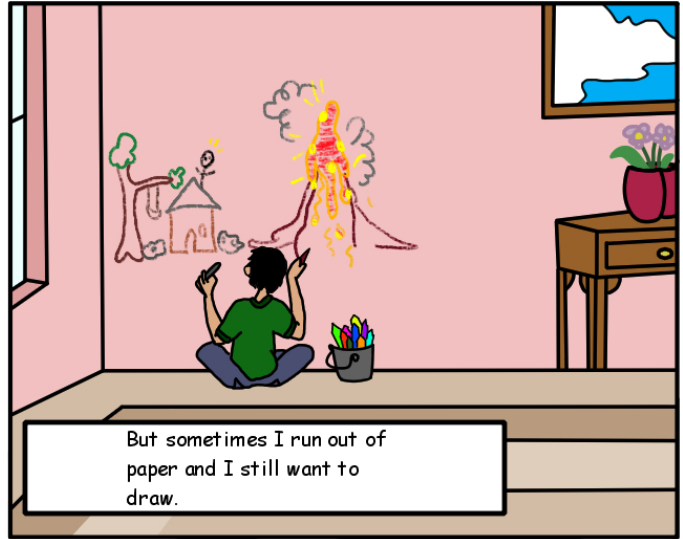
Georgi & the pound pup



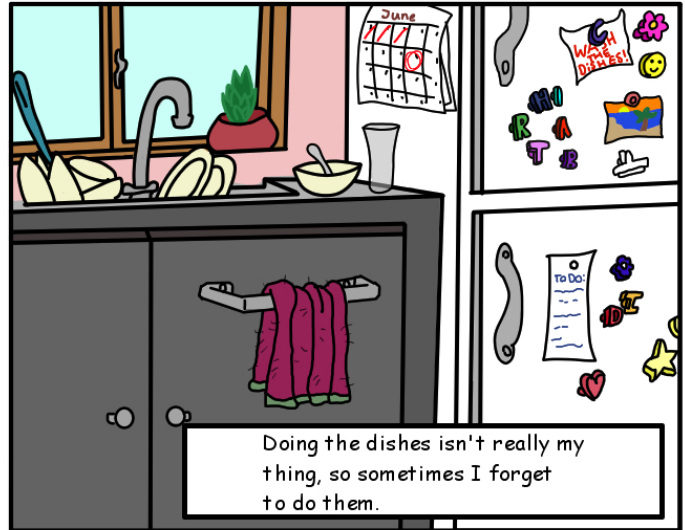
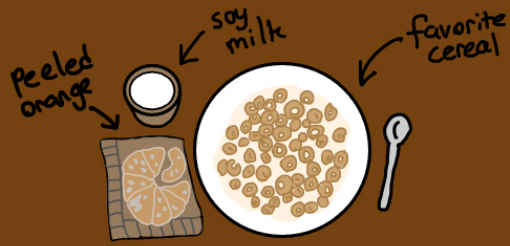
Written by: Matt S, Caitlin, Kassidi, Gideon, Jenny
Illustrated by: Kassidi, Caitlin, Gideon



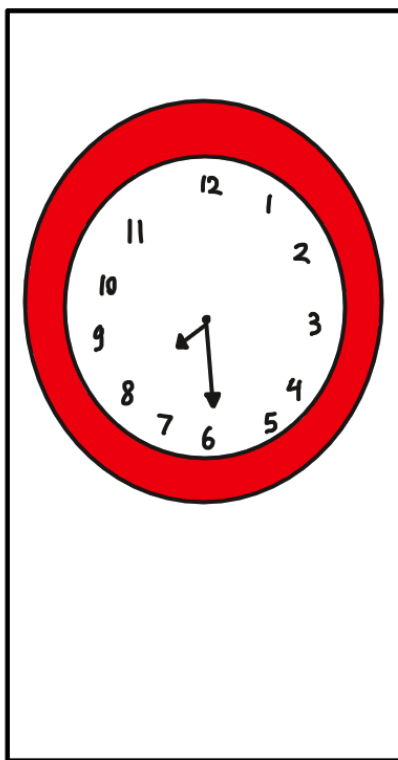
**For the kids who
don't understand God's
love.**



I make myself breakfast in the morning because my mom is too tired from working late.



Doing the dishes isn't really my thing, so sometimes I forget to do them.





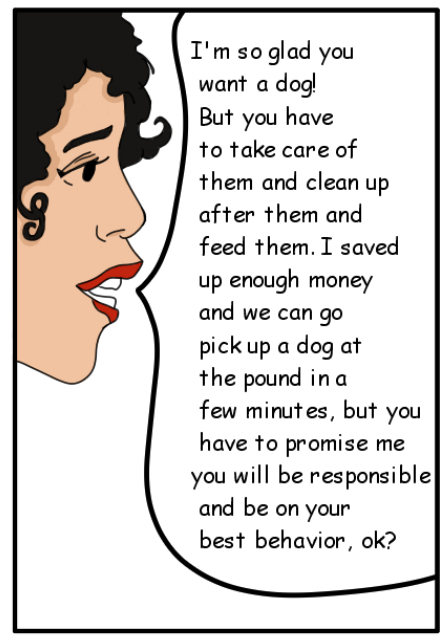
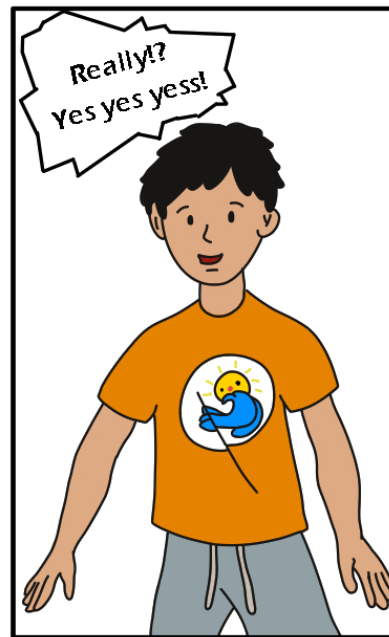
uh oh...

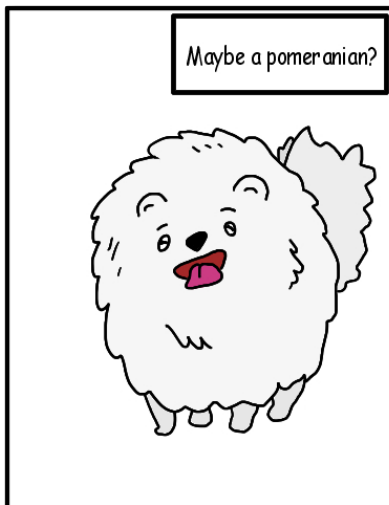
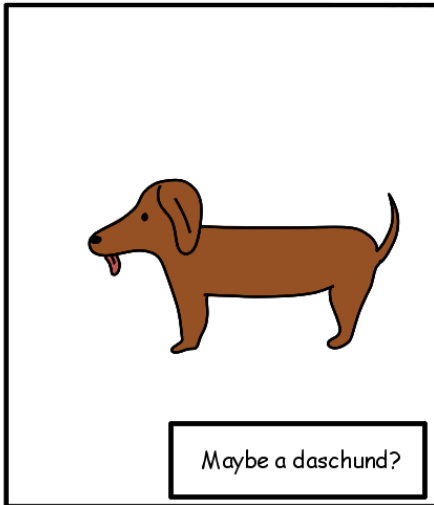
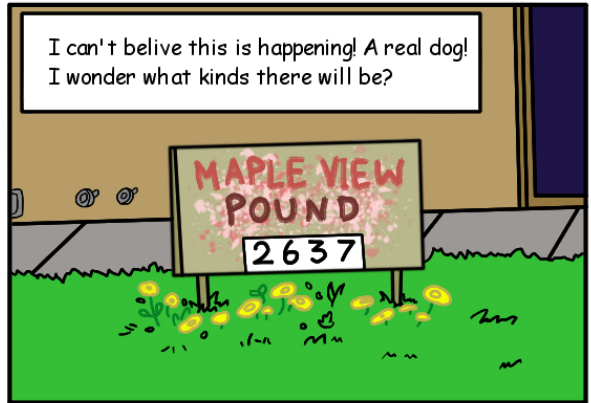
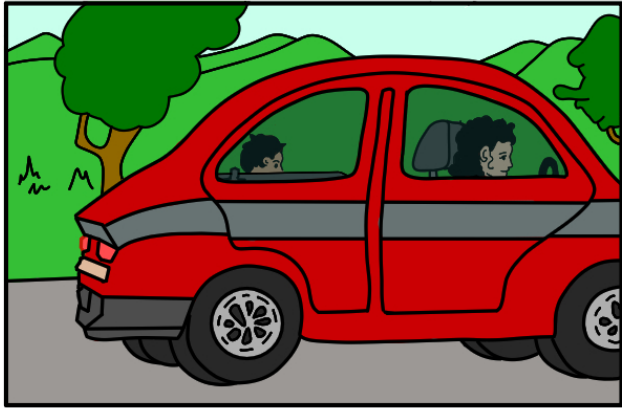


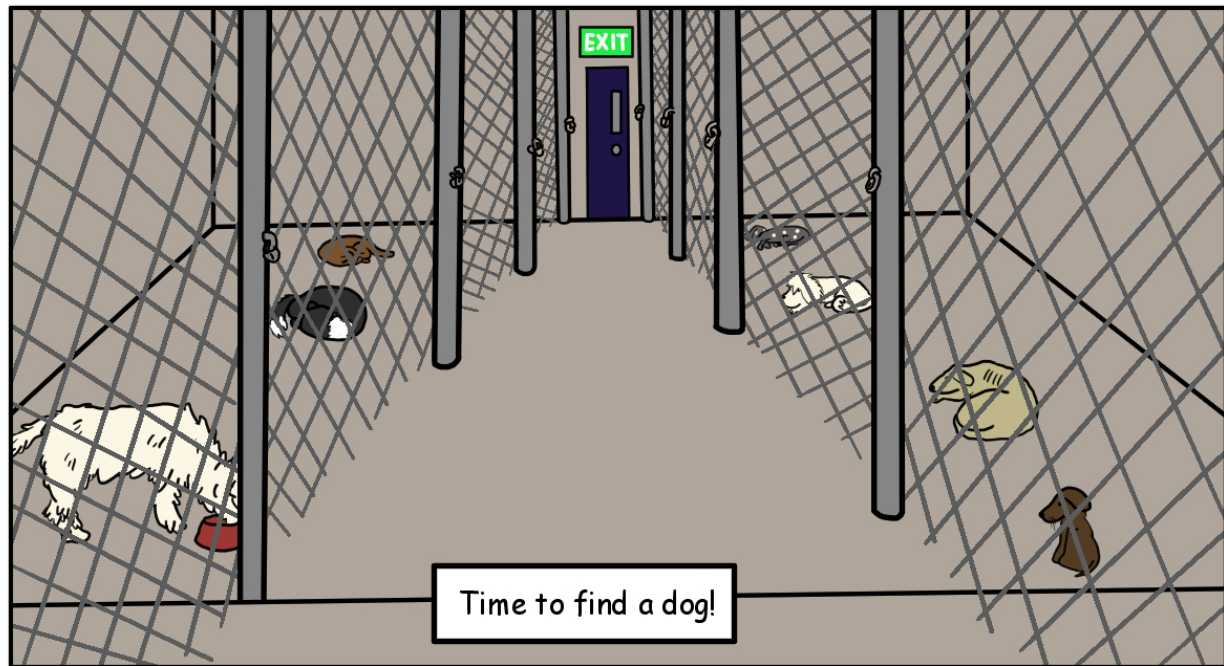
I got a long lecture and now I'm cleaning the wall. I feel really bad because I stressed mom out a lot. She was really sad that I didn't do dishes plus messed up the wall.

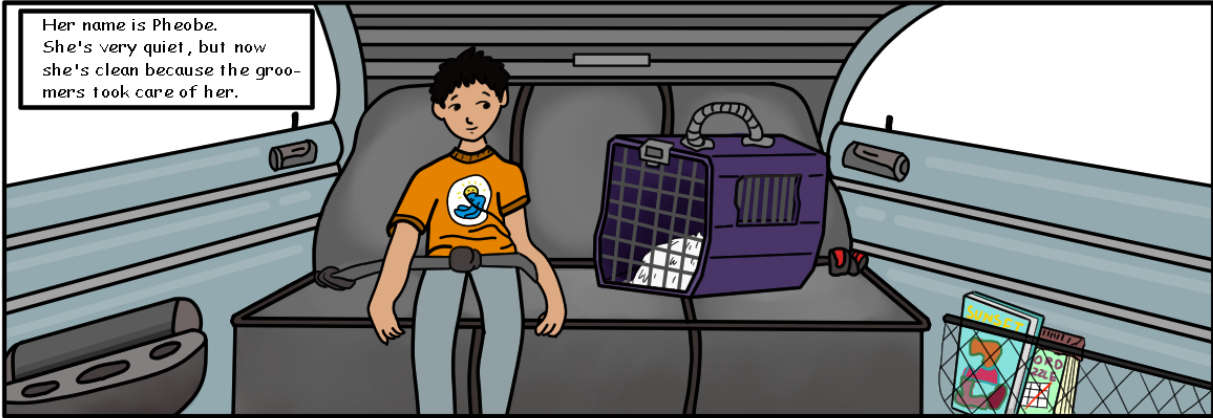


I don't understand why I feel so useless right now. I keep making my mom mad. I feel like if one more thing happens I'll just crumble. My mom said to pray about it, but I can't go to God yet, I'm not good enough.









Her name is Phoebe.
She's very quiet, but now
she's clean because the groomers
took care of her.



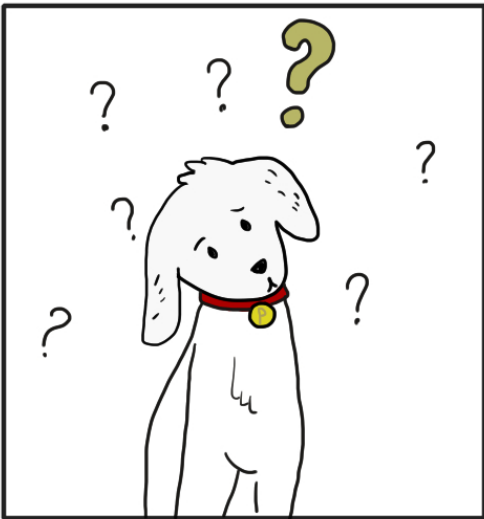
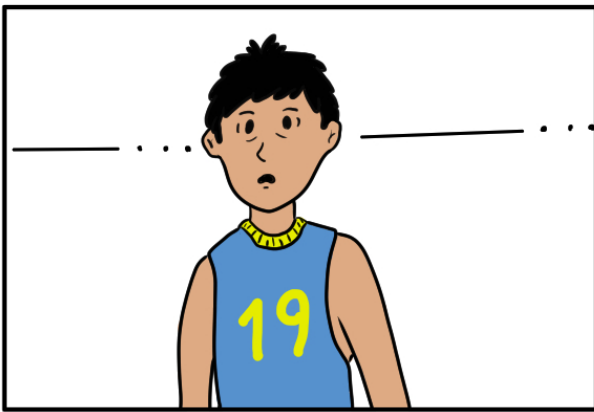
We got home and all she
does is slink around. I still
love her even though Mom
thinks we should have gone with
another dog.

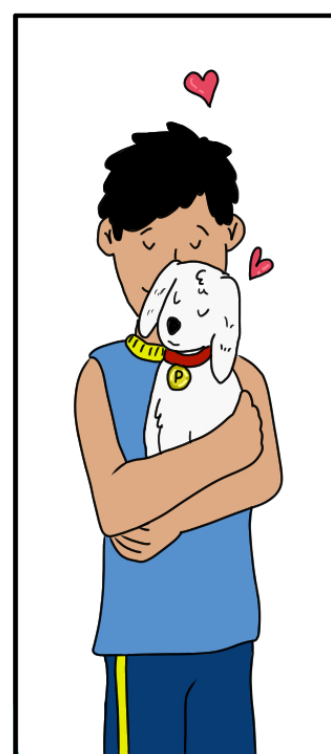
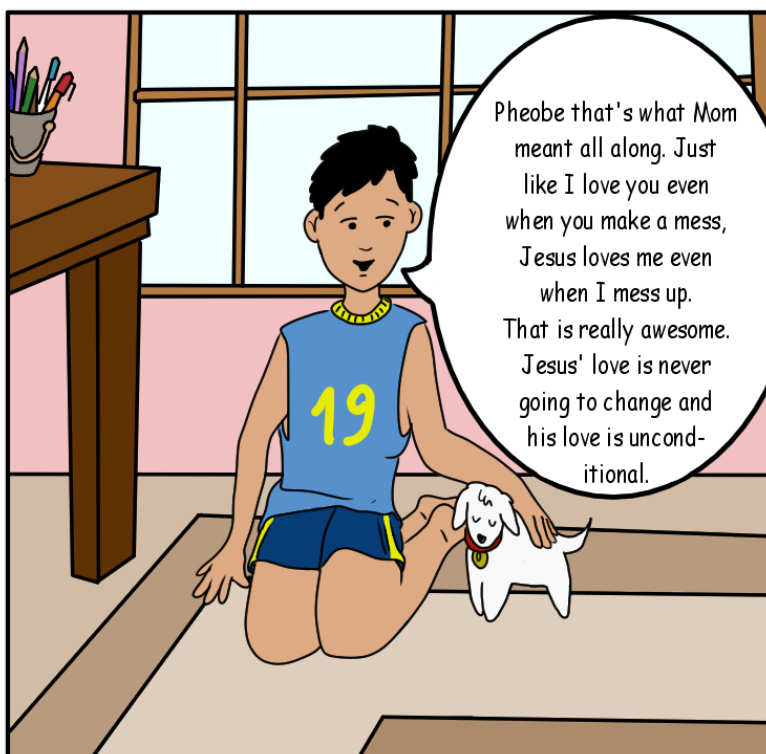


We put Phoebe back in her
crate for the night, but
I left the door open just in case.



But I should
have closed it.





The

End