

THE
GOBLIN

OF

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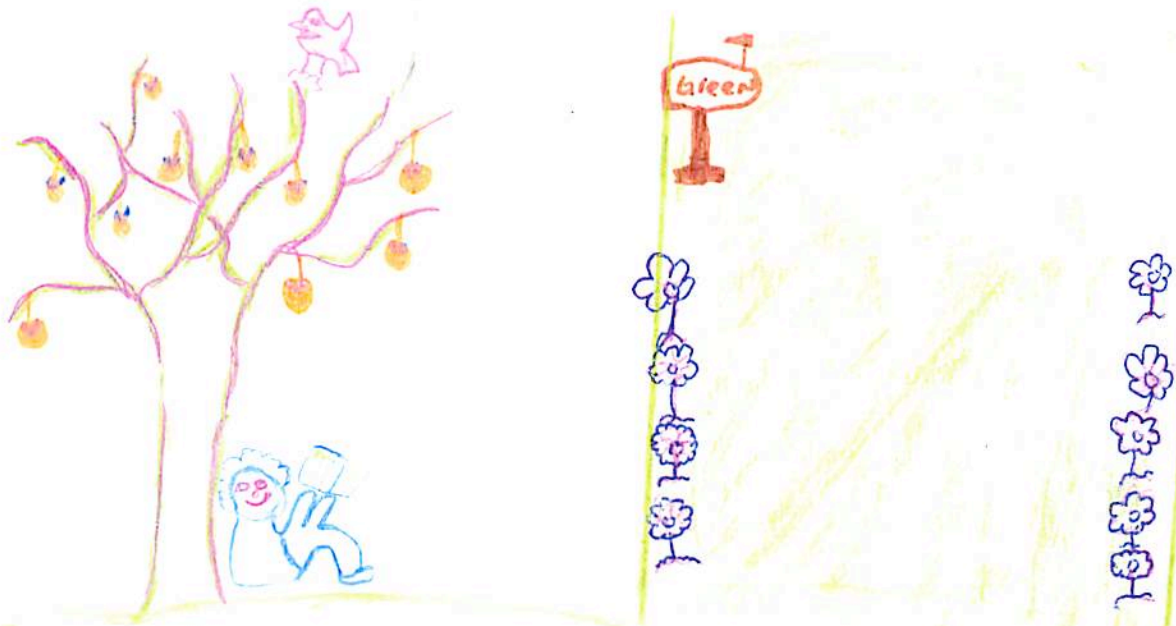
PARK!

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The Goblin Of The Park

Patrick loved persimmon trees. He liked the way they branched out, their color, and of course the fruit they gave. He would find all kinds of persimmon trees at a nearby park to try to climb, but the limbs were too bare for him.



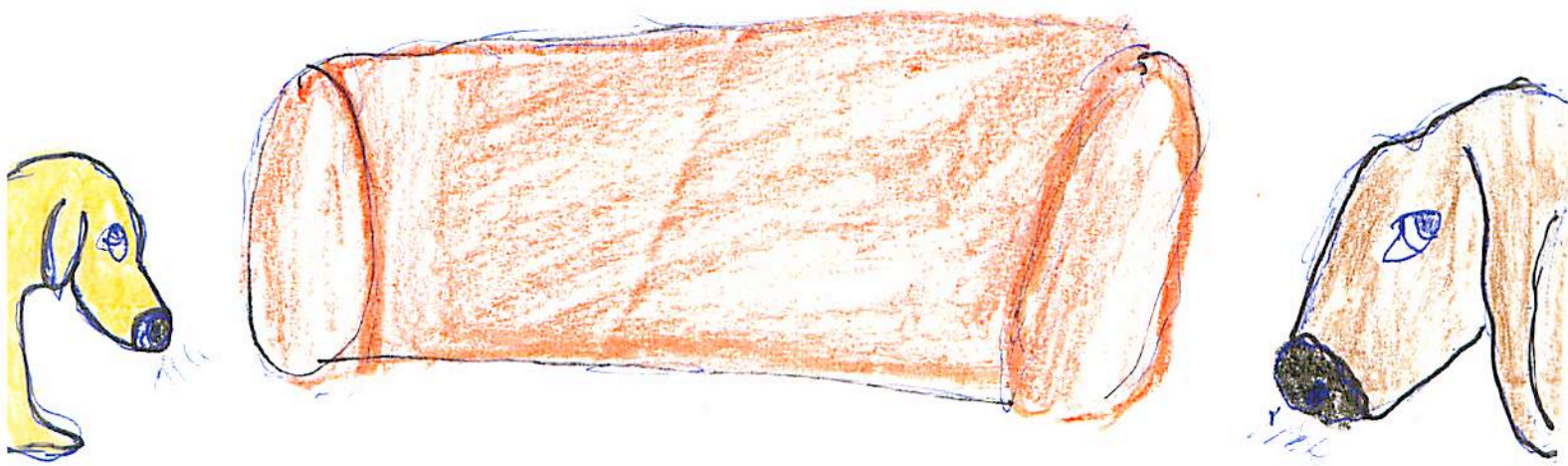
Patrick only had one tree that he knew he could climb. The tree belonged to a grouchy old man named Mr. Green who lived not too far away. He always wore dungarees and carried around an old rusty metal bucket around with him for his gardening.

Patrick and Mr. Green had a funny relationship. Patrick would come to climb his tree, and Mr. Green would shout at him to get down and go home. That was how they

knew each other. Like how a dog gets a stick whenever you throw it. Whenever he'd see Patrick he would yelp at Patrick, causing him to fall out of the tree and run home frightened.



One bright morning Patrick and his dog Spot were at the lake right near Mr. Green's house. Spot began sniffing at a nearby dog that looked like it was investigating something. Patrick noticed that Spot had been over there for a while and decided to investigate what he was so interested in.



As he began to walk over he saw both dogs sniffing around a log. All of a sudden, both dogs let out a yelp and ran the other direction of where Patrick was. Totally

forgetting about what the dogs had been doing, Patrick ran after Spot for a long time. Through the park, around the persimmon tree, and finally through somebody's picnic. I stopped running to catch my breath only to see that he had taken a spot in the shade right under the persimmon tree. Right as he thought he was going to get the dog and go home Mr. Green spotted Patrick.

"Hey boy, get off the darn lawn and away from my tree!" Mr. Green shouted as he banged his bucket against the wall. Patrick sprinted away with Spot, back home, away from the house and the persimmon tree.

That night Patrick was lying in bed trying to think of what Spot and the other dog were so scared of. Spot was not the type of dog to get scared that easily. Patrick promised himself that he was going to go back the park and find out what it was.

The next afternoon, Patrick got dressed and decided to go out and investigate. He had wondered whether to take Spot because the dog was still shaken up from yesterday. They both left the house and headed towards the park. When they got to the log where Spot was scared yesterday, he just ran up and played around there. Patrick figured another animal had just startled him. Still, he wanted to see for himself. He picked up a long stick for protection, and began looking around the area where Spot was scared off. He saw nothing but a big old log sitting there. He looked down it and saw a hole at the bottom. He gazed at it casually but ready in case something unexpected were to pop out at him. He got down closer and saw two glowing red eyes staring at him.



Having grown more horrified every second Patrick ran as fast as he could home, with Spot following right behind him.



That night Patrick called his friend James and told him about what had happened with spot in the park. James listened carefully and said,

“Let us go down there tomorrow and check out the thing in the park!” Patrick agreed and the next day the two boys met up in the morning they walked towards the park with Spot carefully on the following behind them. They walked up to the persimmon tree in Mr. Green’s backyard and sat there with the binoculars and waited. Taking turns looking through the binoculars and seeing what they could of the area where the log was.

“Woof, Woof!” Spot barked as he was playing through the grass around the log. He wasn’t usually this active of a dog but today he was feeling his breakfast.

While the two boys sat and watched the spot they ate big juicy persimmons that sat on the ends of the limbs on the tree.

“Do you think anything will jump out?” asked James.

“I have no idea I was so sure that I saw what I saw yesterday!” replied Patrick in a worried tone. At that moment Spot began to revisit the log. He came up close to where he had been frightened before by the thing in the log. Patrick and James were watching intently to see what was going to happen next. Patrick was proud of Spot somewhat because of his display of courage.

“I’ve never seen him be this proud before” Patrick said out loud. And not 3 seconds later it all happened at once. The tree branch they were sitting on broke, the dog began to yelp, and Mr. Green came out of his house yelling like an old parrot. The two boys sat on the ground dizzy, trying to find out what happened to the dog.

“I think the monster got him!” proclaimed James. While Mr. Green yelled in the background the two boys dusted themselves off and began to head over to the log.

“We should have never let him go out here huh?” Asked Patrick in a desperate tone.


“I guess so. We better find him and take him home.” Said James lamely.

On the way home James had stopped at Mr. Green’s house to apologize for breaking his tree branch, while Patrick went out looking for his heroic dog.

“Were sorry for breaking your tree. We just wanted to find the monster that was sitting in the log.” Said James.

“Monster? There’s no darn monster down there that’s just a bunch of old raccoons!” said the old man in an annoyed way. Feeling a little clumsy Patrick realizes that his dog was still on the loose. He looks around and sees something moving around in the water across from the park. He runs over to see Spot covered in mud jumping around in the water.

“Spot, come here right now!” Shouted Patrick. As soon as he said that Spot ran over and jumped on him, covering him with mud too. He got a good hold on Spot and they walked all the way back over to where James was.



"It wasn't a monster it was just some raccoons!" said James, feeling a little embarrassed.

"Yea I know Mr. Green told me too while I was chasing Spot." Replied Patrick.

"Lets go home and make sandwiches," said James.

"I couldn't agree more." Said Patrick with a big smile on his face.

