**EXPLODED MOMENT**

 **DOMINIC T.**

I saw the dog galloping at me, growling with its jaw open, running as fast as he could. It was like he could be in the Olympics. He was jumping like he was on a trampoline. He ran right into my face. I could smell his bad breath. I was scared. I was trying to block my face but I was too late. The dog’s teeth clamped down on my nose. A river of blood poured down my face. My white t-shirt was now red. I was yelling as loud as a lion. Suddenly, the vicious dog ran away.