**Modern Stories : A Mysterious Memory**

Let us enjoy reading this one of Modern Stories of **A Mysterious Memory**.

 Though it is one of the faded memories of my life today, there are times when I remember his face clearly, especially his eyes. As he had yellow spots on his eyes we called him spotty. He would have been a stray dog, until, he came to me.

 I was seven years old. My dad had just got transferred to Nasik. We had shifted into a rented house. The house was surrounded by lots of bushes and vines. It was raining very heavily on the day we shifted.

 I went out and felt those refreshing raindrops with a cool breeze on my face. It was a cold dark night. We had our meal and went to sleep.

 Somehow in the midnight I heard a loud thud outside the main door. I mustered courage and peeped out through the window adjoining the door and I was really amused with what I saw outside.

 There was a small puppy lying on an old rug which my mother had put outside the door. It was wet and shivering. At first it was difficult to see the little one. It had a black body which was darker even than a black rainy cloud. It was the yellow spots on its eyes, which made me realize its presence.

 It was trying to get inside the curved rug to avoid the chilling air outside and it had managed to get in as I could see only his head outside the rug.

 I saw that the flowerpot kept on the window sill had fallen down. I felt pity for poor soul. I went in and came out with an old towel. I went near the innocent one and held it in my hand and wiped the puppy till he had become dry. I took it inside and made a bed for him with a woolen rug and a small pillow. He seemed very comfortable in his new bed as he went to sleep immediately.

 The next day morning, everyone in the family came to know about the unusual guest. “Shall we keep him with us?" I questioned my mom.

 Like any other parents would, my parents first totally refused my idea but I and my sister convinced them to keep Spotty.

 Slowly Spotty got easily mingled with everyone and became one of the family members. We got used to all his small habits and pranks.

 Days passed on and one evening when Spotty returned from his long walk, he appeared very exhausted. He came to my room and sat near me. It was then I saw that his hind leg was injured and was bleeding. I called out my mother and she quickly tied a bandage around his leg and gave him food to eat.

 I was very upset. But the next day, Spotty was up to his usual pranks though he limped a bit.

 After this incident my relation with Spotty became more intense. I really admired him a lot for his courage.

 Almost a year later, one midnight we heard Spotty barking breathlessly. We came out and saw that he was barking continuously heading somewhere.

 After some time Spotty became quite. I patted him on his back and came inside. The next day morning, my heart skipped a beat when I didn’t see Spotty. I searched for him in each and every corner but he was nowhere. And this time he had gone and would never come back. I cried and waited for him. We waited for one long week. But there were no signs of him.

 Then one day my Dad got transferred to Mumbai. We shifted back to Mumbai. What would have happened to Spotty? Would he have died? These were the only questions in my mind, but they all remained unanswered forever.