

# The Story of Kindness

When you think of kindness, what do you think of? Sitting with a lonely kid at lunch just because they are alone? If that's what you call kindness then you are wrong. Kindness comes from the heart and not just a cover up to make everything fine and dandy. One person came into my life and showed me kindness beyond measure. It truly touched me lightened up my soul. How? Well here is my story. Once upon a time in Houston, Texas somewhere in Sugar Land was me, an average sized Yorkie named Duffy. I was always sad, because I had no home, no family, and no love. Every day I would go out on the streets and find scraps of food to eat. On good days I would find McDonald's leftover fries or chicken, on bad days, crumbs of fries. During the night I would go to the nearest bush, or alley way squeeze myself in and go to sleep. It wasn't so bad, after a while I got used to it. One day someone ended that pain and filled up that hole in my heart that my last owner dug. What hole, you ask? Well, 3 months ago I lived with my old owner James, yes, James Anderson. James took me in only because he was alone. His apartment was average as well as his car - a 2010 Toyota Camry. Every day was normal, he fed me and gave me a small bed to go to sleep in, but once every few days he would lock me out of the

bathroom. I would sometimes stay out and listen. James would go on and on about how his job was not stable on his phone. Somedays he would come home upset about how he lost his job. This happened so many times James started drinking alcohol to lighten up his mood. Then weeks later James started having problems paying for his apartment. James got so desperate to keep the apartment that he realized that paying for my food and water and other needs took most of his money. So one night while I was sleeping, James took me in his Toyota and drove far away to a place I have never seen or been to. Then he dumped me and left. No goodbyes, no last words, nothing. Then I woke in the morning and later realized what happened to me. I was sad but then I got used to it. That is where I am now, 3 months later, but today, out of all days was extraordinary. I woke up in the alley way between McDonald's and an apartment complex. I did what I usually do, went to the nearest bush and took care of business. Then I went around the area for food. While I was walking around, the most beautiful woman who looked like she was 24 years old came around and looked straight at me. For at least 5 seconds we looked at each other, almost like a staring contest. I thought she would be disgusted and call me an ugly mutt like other people did but she didn't. She finally gasped, "You poor thing!" Then she did something unexpectedly and opened up her

wallet. She said urgently, "Wait here!" She sprinted to the McDonald's and was there for 5 minutes or so. Then she rushed out with 2 McDonald's paper bags. I really thought this was a dream but I still hear the cars and people passing by. The woman asked me, "Are you okay?" She then ripped open the bag and took out some burgers, ripped off the plastic wrapping and started to rip the bread, beef, fries to pieces. The woman put all the ripped food on the burger plastic. She then quickly put the small food on the plastic and finally looked up at me. The woman said, "Eat, or you'll starve to death." I'll tell you I didn't need her to tell me twice to eat that load of food. I really tried to eat slow and calmly but she practically read my mind and said, "It's okay, just eat." That was it, I started to eat and stuff more than I can chew and swallow into my mouth. Then she said, "Easy boy, I not going to take the food back." I felt kind of ashamed but then again, when you have been eating scraps for 3 months, such a meal like that is a feast. Then she spoke and said, "I'm sorry that I spooked you when I said you would starve, but I was serious because I'm a vet." That cleared up a lot for me and made me feel better. Then she looked at my old tag that read "Duffy," she continued "That's your name?" I looked up from eating and gave a light bark to say "Yes." Then she looked at me with a worried look and asked me, "Did your owner dump you too?" I also gave

her the bark that meant “Yes.” I think she got my “Yes” bark and kept quiet. Then she asked, “Do you believe in miracles, because I’m thinking of adopting you Duffy, and my name is Laura, Laura Henry.” I thought this was dream but when I looked into her kind, serious eyes I realized that this was no joke. So I followed Laura to her workplace where she did a checkup on me. Then she took me to an adoption center and registered everything for me. It took us some time to do everything, but Laura and I finally walked to what I can finally call home again. When Laura asked if I believe in miracles, well I do, especially when one just happened. We loved each other and I was the happiest dog in the world. From that day on I never was sad or uncomfortable again. When people should think of kindness, that is what they should think of.