

Truly, a Man's Best Friend

By: Evonne T.

They say a man's relationship with his dog can never be broken, but my dog and I have something really special; like a one of a kind special. I will never forget the deed she did for me the day she died.

The evening I met Blackie was May 8, 1842. That was five years ago, but I still remember that day like it was yesterday. At that time my family was very poor, so I learned at an early age to pick-pocket and to do whatever I could to get money or food. Even though I started being a thief at a early age I wasn't very good at it, most of the time I got caught and I would come home with a bloody nose or a messed up face. After they beat me up they would still hold a grudge, they would kick me, trip me, and even punch me. On May 8th it got worse.

I was coming home after I stole a couple of coins from Thomas. Thomas's family is so rich that they probably had jewelry worth more than me. Anyways, I managed to get Thomas's money because Thomas was so clueless that he didn't even know that he dropped his wallet. I was about to go to a pawn shop to buy some food when these large, filthy, mean looking kids came my way. Before I knew it I was cornered. All of the sudden the largest, meanest, and

surprisingly cleanest, pushed through the other kids. I tried to hide Thomas's wallet in my pocket, but he saw me and asked "Hey, what's in your pocket little thief boy?" He motioned his hands to two other boys to grab me, the two boys grabbed me by my arms and pulled out Thomas's wallet from my pocket. He chuckled as he took the wallet. "Wow, I'm rich now baby!" He said as he looked through the wallet. "You took my money, can I go now?" I said sarcastically. I guess he didn't understand my sarcasm so he said "Wow, you think you can just go for a couple of coins? Well you're wrong." He was about to give me a knuckle sandwich when this large gray wolf popped out of nowhere! It was so large it made that huge kid nearly fall backwards! The other kids were scattering around trying to get away from that wolf, I knew this was my chance to escape. I ran to the forest nearby hoping none of them saw me. When I thought the coast was clear I looked back and saw her. She was majestic! She had long locks of fluffy white and gray fur and pointy ears, she looked exactly like how a wolf would look like. She walked over to me and I started to tense up. She was HUGE! Then, something weird happened! She started to lick me! At first I was still as a statue, but slowly I relaxed. Even though she looked scary, she had a soul of a dog. It was nearly midnight and the stars were getting brighter. I took one look at her and I knew this was a start of an amazing friendship.

Honestly I don't remember why I decided to name her Blackie, maybe it was because of her eyes, maybe it was just a good name? I wasn't sure during that time. A few days after I named her I thought it would be a good idea to team up and steal. Maybe with her I could steal more easily, with Blackie's scary looks this duo could work.

Turns out making that duo was the best idea I came up with at that time! We were known all throughout town and we could do whatever we wanted. Even though we make a great team there was one person we could not steal from, he was Jack "The Hammer" Wanna know why they call him "The Hammer"? It was because his fists can pound so hard it can send nails right through a block of wood! That day I felt pretty good about myself and I decided to attempt to steal from "The Hammer", but little did I know it was the worst mistake of my life.

I had a great plan, I thought could not fail. Since Jack "The Hammer" went out every afternoon to help his dad chop wood, that would be the time I could steal things from his wood workshop. I've been to his workshop a couple of times and I saw that he kept his coins in a drawer in his office.

The day I went to steal from "The Hammer" was the most terrifying thing I ever dealt with. Quietly, I went to his workshop. I looked around the workshop to see if the coast was

clear, but as soon as I took my first step "The Hammer" was there. "Why was he in his workshop?" I thought. He looked down at me, I looked up at him. I took a big gulp. Instantly, I bolted out of his workshop, but I made a wrong turn into a corner. I panicked as I tried to look for an escape. He was coming closer and closer. **shuffle, shuffle** When I heard that noise I panicked more! Was it Blackie? I wasn't sure! "The Hammer" came over. He grabbed me by my shirt and said "What were you doing in my workshop?" I said nothing. "Well, I finally can use my fists on something other than wood." He was about to punch me when Blackie leaped out of the trash cans and blocked his punch with her chest **yelp* *thud** She fell to the ground. "The Hammer" let go of my shirt. I dropped the ground looking at Blackie. All it took was one look and I knew she was dead. I was about to give "The Hammer" a piece of my mind, but he was gone. I just sat there not knowing what to do.

Even though that was five years ago, I still regret what I did that day and I still blame myself for her death. She saved my life twice, but I couldn't do the same. I will always remember you Blackie.