

The Life of a Dog

I never quite knew where he went nor where he came from. Every morning, he would just leave on this yellow box that had wheels. Meanwhile, I just stay at home taking naps, eating, ripping apart some pillows, (which I know I shouldn't do) just waiting for that yellow thing to come back! It takes forever, but when it does, I'm right there at the window, watching him make his way towards me. When he comes in, I make sure to jump and lick all over him, just to tell him that I missed him and that he should never (ever) leave again. Apparently, my strategies don't work very well because I repeat the same thing every day and there's no difference! You know what? Let me go get my squeaky toy because I'm stressed and . . . Wait, is that it? The yellow thing is back! He's back!

I looked out the window and saw my owner with his playful smile and deep sea blue eyes. I noticed, as soon as he saw me through the window, his eyes lit up and a huge grin, from cheek to cheek, spread upon his face. "Doggie!" he said with such joy. I like when he calls me "doggie". If you think about it, it's a funny word, but the main reason why I like it is because it's only used when he expresses lots of emotion towards me. This way, I can tell when he's feeling strong emotion. He came in the house, immediately getting my favorite toy (the snake!!!) and running to the backyard. Of course, I followed him, how could I not? As soon as I walked past the frame of the backyard door, he threw the snake, as hard as he could, across the yard. I got the snake and started to play my favorite game. It doesn't necessarily have a name . . . yet, but it's easy to play. I just have to run across the yard without him catching me. It takes up a lot of my energy, but honestly, it's worth it! Finally, both of us got tired and went inside. I went to my bed and my owner went upstairs. I've never been upstairs, but if I try, my owner's two protectors (he refers to them as mom and dad; weird names) they spray me with water. Trust me, it's annoying!!! I don't know why, it just irks me. I didn't get to see my owner at all after he went upstairs. Best to sleep and see him tomorrow.

The next morning, he came downstairs with a smile on his face. He gathered his things and headed towards the door, towards that enemy yellow box. I didn't want him to leave. This time, I tried something new, I spoke to him "Owner! I'll

follow you to where you need to go, I can protect you.” He just smiled and left! Sometimes I question myself if he understands me. I, certainly don’t understand him. He’d tell me things like “sit” and that meant to put my butt on the floor. What is this terminology? It gave me trouble just saying it! Anyway, I needed to follow him. I was tired of him leaving me. Fortunately for me, my owner left the door open. I just barely slid through the door. I then followed the box holding my beloved owner. I was so excited! I could finally see where he was going everyday! It wasn’t long before the box came to a stop. I saw many owners coming out of the box, my owner last. “Owner!” I shouted. He turned around, shocked. His shocked turned to anger. “What are you doing here! Go back! NOW!” Although I didn’t understand him, I knew what he meant. I turned around and headed back to my owner’s shelter.

On the way, I reflected on what I did wrong. I kept asking myself “What did I do wrong?” over and over. Once I got to the shelter I took a nap. I slept for what felt like forever, and finally, the box came back. I didn’t greet my owner, I felt too much guilt. He entered, dropped his things and sat down on the floor. We didn’t look at each other, we didn’t do anything. One thing was for sure, we were both regretful. After a long silence, he snapped his fingers. This gesture meant for me to come. I went and sat down next to him. He ran his delicate fingers through my thick hair. Then, with just one glance, we forgave each other. He smiled. Smiled as always, from cheek to cheek. “It’s finally summer, doggie,” he said with much thrill, “It’s finally summer!” With that, he got my snake and rushed to the backyard. Happily, I chased after him. I learned, that very day, that patience is a great and powerful thing.