

Emily J.

### Sit, Stay, Love

It was another Monday morning. I woke up to the sound of my owner, Emily, running around the house. I could obviously tell she was stressed. I do know how she feels. I get super stressed whenever I can't catch that dumb squirrel. I chase my tail for a bit until Emily comes over to my cage.

"Who's my favorite pug?" I wag my tail viciously.

"Is it...Mr. Pug?" I stop wagging my tail.

"Or, is it Ellie?" I jump up and down and end up smacking my head on the cage door. Emily opens the cage and I come running out. I stand by the door, scratching it. Emily opens the door and I run to go to Ellie's Potty Pavilion.

I look through the window and see Emily grabbing papers left and right. She sits down panicked. I can sense what's going on...it's finals week! Every time finals week comes up, Emily turns from happy to paper-loaded maniac. After I finish doing my business, I look at the hole in the fence. I slowly waddle over to it. I sniff around it, and then I see it.

Butterfly! I run from out of the fence onto the road. I follow the butterfly, which we'll name Flutter, until I'm out of breath. I look at my surroundings and notice; I'm not at home anymore. I don't recognize this part of the neighborhood. I walk a bit further up the road, and ...still nothing. Flutter really did not like Emily if he led me here. I sniff around trying to find Emily's scent. I smell bacon, grass, and dog poop? Anyway, I trot over to the nearest place I could find, the public park.

Kids run around from left to right and well, no sign of Emily here. A little girl approaches me. "Mommy, can we keep it?!?!? I look around making sure there isn't a frog behind me or something. Which there isn't. The little girl's mom comes up to me. She kindly replies to her daughter, "Let's take her to the vet and see if she has a microchip. If not, then I guess if no one claims her, we can keep her." This worries me. What if they really do adopt me? Will I ever see Emily again? Will I ever get to eat leftover bacon again? I whine quietly and look down at the concrete.

Soon enough, I feel warm hands against my fur. I look around again, and before I know it, I'm locked in another cage . . . the car. The drive to the vet felt like it took 2 hours, but it really took like 2 minutes. The vet lady, Doctor Johnson lays me onto the bed. She scans me and what do you know? I have a microchip! Doctor Johnson called Emily! I did my happy dance, which is basically me wiggling my body around until I look like I'm doing the worm. Turns out, I wasn't the only one worried. Emily had been looking for me for about an hour. I was so happy to see her. It was like getting a steak treat, but 100 times better!

After a long time of hugs and kisses, Emily takes me back to the car, which I nicknamed after me, the pug mobile (pronounced like automobile, just pug replacing auto.: )

After today, I learned a valuable lesson; never trust Flutter, or the holes in the fence.

I guess I can just stay at Ellie's Potty Pavilion. I also hope I didn't stress Emily out even more...