

This is a story about my special dog, her name was Lilly. She was a border collie.

We got her when she was already an adult dog. She was abused by her old owner. She was kept in a very small pet kennel. She learned to eat laying on her stomach with the food bowl between her feet and legs.

She joined our family and she learned to trust our family to love and care for her.

She was very protective of me and my sister and played catch, fetch, and tug on a stick.

When it was bath time she would run to the back of the backyard, would hide under a bed when time to cut her claws.

She would sleep in my bedroom blocking the door, to keep out anyone while we slept, and she would bark at knocking on door.

She loved corn dogs and would hold stick in her paws and eat corn dog.

She loved "belly rub," lying in floor with anyone's foot.

She would get in bed when left alone in house and make a nest.

We had to live with my grandmother Carol for awhile. We then had to leave there and we were homeless and could not take Lilly with us.

When we went to live with our Me Me Kay our grandmother Carol would not let me have Lilly back so she is living outside at my grandmother Carol's house.

I miss and love my Lilly girl.