

# Abandoned Puppy

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My first short story ever! Let me know what you think:) This is a story about a little Terrier finding her person.



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It was Cloudy Friday afternoon where I first saw her. This sad little Terrier sitting on the sidewalk, I wondered if this little dog belonged to anyone, but that thought quickly faded when I saw that had only three legs and no collar. A gasp escaped my lips as I observed the poor pup: It was very small, maybe a puppy, and it had sandy brown fur (or dirty white fur). And then I saw the animal's eyes; her eyes were a bright blue, like Sky Blue, and she gazed at me with those bright blue eyes. I felt her loneliness then; she projected toward me as if she wanted me to understand. She DID want me to understand. She had nobody else to understand her, feel her pain from isolation, and hear her stomach growling from hunger. I wondered why she did not bark, I am a stranger after all, she just stared at me with those soul piercing eyes. I started towards her expecting a growl, but nothing came just staring and a faint whimper. I took out my small bag of chips and help a little piece out for her. To my surprise, she slowly started over to me; head hung low, tail tucked.

She is afraid of me, I thought. But I knew I would never cause harm to this sweet little puppy. She cautiously took the bit of chip from my steady hand and licked my palm in thanks. I rubbed her head and she scooted closer to me, My mother will never let me keep this sweet animal, I thought, but deep down I knew, I did not care. I scooped up the puppy and placed her in my bag (it's a pretty big bag) and, to my satisfaction, she fit perfectly, snuggled in the bag with plenty of space. She tucked herself in so I could zip up the bag a little and peeked at me through the opening I left. you're coming home with my, sweetheart, I said to the pup, this is no place for a puppy. I started home with haste for I wanted to explain to my mother why this pup must stay with us before I forget. I ran down the sidewalk, nearly knocking an elderly woman with a cane (who I quickly apologized to) off her feet! I slowed my pace to jog after that little incident. I finally got home and my mother was in the kitchen, YES! She's home, I thought; now I just hope she listens. Mommy! I shouted, even though there was no need.

I found something, look! Yes the idea was to seem excited; I hoped it would get her in the mood to be positive. I gently lifted the puppy out of my bag and held her close to my chest, despite her smell. The puppy stared at my mother with her button like blue eyes intently, yet thoughtfully, and let a little whimper slip as if she already knew she could not stay. Angles and Heaven! What is this? She shouted, this creature is filthy, Milaya, what were you thinking? This animal could have rabies! I wanted to explain to my mother how I knew this dog was rabies free, but I didn't feel it like it so I said, Mom the dog is fine, see? She just needs a bath and some food. And maybe a check up too, I thought. Milly, this dog only has three legs! She said a bit dramatically. Isn't that a good enough reason to keep her? I asked. (And, I'll admit, I felt pretty proud of myself). Milly we can't keep this dog it is beyond help, She said, why don't we just take it to the pound. This wasn't exactly a question, more like a forced suggestion. Mommy, this dog needs a person, I said, not a pound they'll kill her there. My mother grabbed the bridge of her nose with her thumb and index finger, (her I've lost the battle gesture), and said, If she pees in this house ONCE I'm taking her to the pound, She said, attempting to scare me the pressures of housebreaking. \* Later that night I made a little bed for Lily (that's what I named her) out of an old pillow and a ragged blanket. Lily followed me around the entire day, but now she arranged herself on her little bed. I went to bed after my shower, curled myself up in my thick blankets, turned off my lamp on my nightstand and daydreamed out of my window, staring blindly at the dark sky. My eyelids felt heavier with slumber. As I drifted off to snooze I heard Lily snoring quite loudly, but I didn't mind, I felt fine knowing she wasn't alone anymore, she was here with me, safe, cared for, and loved.

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