

## A New Home

By Mykayla Fontaine

CLAP! CLAP! BOOM! My round eyes watered and my tail slipped between my legs. I nervously scooted to the back of the metal box. Earlier today my owner was arrested for animal abuse. I don't know what abuse means, but the claps of light coming from the sky brought back the awful memories of my owner slapping his belt against me. I curled up in the corner, shaking uncontrollably. Tears of anxiety and trauma slowly rolled down my soft furry cheeks while painfully listening to the other dogs whine. I felt alone, frightened, and completely unwanted.

The next morning I awoke to a bright spring day. The sun warmed my damp golden fur. Humans kept coming in and out of the room gazing at all of us with sorrow, happiness, and curiosity. My eyes met with many others as the day passed by. I heard a couple of times this quote from young girls. "I love coming to the animal shelter!" ANIMAL SHELTER! I had heard of these dreadful places. The people who work there stuff all the dogs and cats in metal boxes, much like the one I was in now. My appalled thoughts were put to the side when I saw someone in a long coat take one of the younger puppies out of the room. I watched the lady take the small spotted squirming beagle.

I stared at the wide open door for what seemed like forever until suddenly a girl strolled in with two adults. She slowly moved her head in my direction. Our eyes met, immediately the girl smiled a wide teeth showing grin and rushed towards me. Her sneakers squeaked on the floor as she skidded to a stop in front of me. The girl slowly knelt down to my eye level. "WOOF!" I yipped excitedly. My short stubby tail wagged back and forth so fast that you could hardly see it. I stuck out my moist tongue and placed my paws on metallic barriers to get closer to the girl. The adults carefully placed their hands on the girls' shoulders. "Is this the one you want Sarah?" the male adult asked. Sarah, what a beautiful name, I thought. Ooh, and maybe if they rescue me I could have a new home, with owners who will love me forever. But my thoughts were interrupted by Sarah. "Definitely," she answered the man, with her focus still on me. The man left and returned shortly with a worker. The worker unhitched the lock and scooped me out of the metal box gently.

Moments later I was in the warming arms of my new owner. It was incredible to think that this little six-week-old English bulldog could go from the trauma of being beaten and living in a metal box to the comforting arms of a sweet loving girl who would take good care of me.

A couple of hours later Sarah took me out of the brightly colored playroom and escorted me out of the building towards a large oddly shaped thing that took my new family and me home.

One thing's for sure, I'm a changed puppy, and I'm as happy as I'll ever be. As the oddly shaped box moved smoothly across the ground, Sarah lightly placed her hand on my side. I drifted off to sleep, grateful that I finally had a good home.