

Getting a puppy

[Business](#)



Day 5, that was it. A puppy. That's what I wanted for my birthday. My birthday was four days away and I had finally decided what I wanted.

I wanted a pet and a friend that I could play with all the time and keep close to my side. A pet where if I did something bad I could blame it on the dog. But not just any dog, I wanted a big one. So if I was ever attacked it could protect me and simply because I thought big dogs were cool. I felt that it would be a great present for me.

But my mom obviously agreed otherwise and said no. Almost instantly I was shut down and started crying into the palm of my hand. Tears flooding my cheeks and blurred my vision with tear droplets I could feel my heart sinking to the bottom of my stomach. I felt a tantrum approaching. My hands clenched into a fist and I began screaming and begging my mom for a puppy but her decision stood. My Mom explained to me that having a pet came with a big responsibility and that I wasn't old enough to take on the challenge of raising a pet.

I was seven years old at the time. I felt like my life was over it was the only thing I wanted. Later that day I realized that I had to do something to convince my mom that I could really take care of a dog. The clock struck 9pm. It was quiet and dark in my fluffy pink bedroom. Surrounded by princess pillows and colored pencils I went to work.

Cutting and scribbling drawing on a paper that never seemed to turn out good enough to my liking I would try again. This was it the finished product. A paper cut out dog. It was pure genius. It looked just like a real dog.

My mom was sure to believe that I could take care of a real dog if I could handle a fake one right? Wrong. As I slowly approached my mom the next morning with my new “ friend”. I slowly crept through the hallways into the kitchen almost as if I was playing a game of hide and seek and didn’t want someone to find me. The floor was cold as my bare feet tip toed through feeling like the longest journey to the kitchen. What was I doing? If I wanted to show her I could handle a dog I had to run in there and show her my dog. “ Come in here spike” I yelled after plunging into the chair at my kitchen table.

My mom instantly gave me a look. “ Who is spike” she asked in a curious tone. I’m pretty sure she thought I was going insane. “ My New dog I said running and grabbing him from the hallway. I had noticed that one of his glued on ears had fallen off. I had to think fast and to how I could save him.

I panicked. Oh no “ My dogs gunna die” I yelled to my mom. My plan was ruined, now it was about saving my dog spike. I ran for the glue stick and quickly reattached his ears. I was safe.

This was going to be a long 3 days.