

It's a dog's life

[Literature](#), [Books](#)



Is that him? It sounds like him. I cower under the bed, and wait. It's nice under here; he can't get to me. Good, it's only the paperboy-he likes me. I run to the door, and take the paper in my mouth, he waves at me through the glass, and I jump up at the door, and bark excitedly. He barks back playfully, and I wag my tail. I wish I lived with him, a sweet, innocent little boy who would never lift a finger to hurt me.

I smile and lay on the cold, tiled floor, he will be back soon. I do hope he's had a good day. I don't know if my frail old body could take much more of his harsh beatings.

He used to be such a gentle, loving man, but ever since poor Sally and Marie died in a car accident, he's become cruel and nasty. A day rarely goes by without me feeling the bottom of his shoe, and that's if I'm lucky. Sometimes he goes for days without feeding me, or he'll grab me by the throat and yell in my ears, and when he's had a bad day, he'll kick me and laugh cruelly.

My battered body is racked with a trembling that I cannot stop as I hear him coming. I can hear his keys rattling, I think I'll just keep out of his way for tonight. He turns the key in the lock, and kicks the door open. Seems like he's in a bad mood, I'll just stay under the bed. He's coming in the bedroom now-his face is flushed. I know with a harsh recollection of his wrath, that in a minute he'll beat me.

" Dog, get your miserable body over here now, I've got some food for you," he bellows at me. I struggle as I lift my scrawny carcass off the ground, my poor old bones ache. I lower my head and waddle over to his armchair. He pours beer over my head and hurls a can of dog food at me, it hits me on the leg

and I whine in pain. I collapse on the floor, then he walks over and kicks me in the ribs. I yelp, and hear a loud voice. Surprisingly, it's not his voice. I painfully lift my head, and see a stranger standing outside the window.

" Hey, Mister. You can't do that to a dog!" shouts the stranger, and pushes past the open door. He tries to run, but there is a struggle. He bangs his head on the wall and falls on the floor. The stranger walks up to me, and holds out his hands. " It's gonna be all right little fella, I'm going to take you somewhere, where a whole load of nice people will look after you and find you a decent home, I promise."

He strokes my weak head and I lick his salty palms. He carefully lifts me into the back of his car, and drives me to a big kennel, full of other dogs and cats and animals that I have never seen in my life before.

A tall man with a kind face walks over to me and smiles, not a snarl of a smile or an evil grin, like he used to flash me when he hit me, but a kind smile, straight from his heart. Now I feel reassured, I know that now I'm in good hands and things are going to get better.

I stayed in that nice place that I soon named 'Doggie Heaven' for six months until I was introduced to a kind English lady, with two little girls and boy who walked me every day. I liked them so I was allowed to stay with them for a whole week. The lady and the tall RSPCA man talked, and the next thing I knew, the gentle RSPCA man was waving goodbye to me.

I would miss him as well as all the other kind people, but I knew that could live a happier life without him. My thoughts were broken by the sound of a

kind, gentle voice, calling my new name. " Come on, Kizzy, we're having dinner now. " It was Timmy, the little boy who would take care of me for the rest of my life.

Timmy turned around to go back into the house, and I got a sudden warm feeling. I felt for the first time in a long while, that I had a home, and a family who actually cared about me. I belonged.