

A DOG'S LETTER

Dear people,

I am writing this letter to you while doing one of my favorite things, going for a ride in the car. My owners are talking about me using words like "being put down" you don't know who I am, but I am going to tell you about one dog. ME.

I was born in January 2002. My mother was sweet and kind to me and she was devoted to the people who owned her and loved her. I never knew my father, but my mother did say that he was a fine looking dog and a Champion!

I really enjoyed being in this world. I was a happy healthy normal puppy. When I was about three months old I was sold. I didn't really want to leave my mum and I did cry a little at my new home. My new owners were nice people who let me do what I wanted. I could jump on them and grab their arms and bite, and also pulled them around. I also made a game out of jumping on people to see how many I could knock down (the kids were the easiest).

As I got older and bigger I also found out that if I growled and gave them a look I could really do anything I wanted! People that my owners knew started to call me a word. I think that it was "undisciplined". After being at this home for a year I was again sold. I don't really know why but a word called "uncontrollable" was used.

My next owners had a lovely home and a nice yard; they also let me do all my games with them. One day the woman was going to take my food dish while I was standing there. I bit her. I don't really know why I did that, but no one had ever taken my dish from me before. I was sold again.

The next owners decided I needed obedience training, I think I would have liked training, but the man really didn't give me a chance. He put a collar with spikes in it on me and started pulling and hollering words I didn't understand. So I bit him. I'm now being called "vicious". My owners are afraid of me and don't want me around.

I am two years old. I don't like the reputation I have and I don't know what really happened to me that I turned out this way. But I know that all of my owners were to blame for my downfall. I'm really not a bad dog. If someone along the way would have had the understanding needed to make a good dog and taken the time to teach me that jumping, pulling arms and biting were things you didn't do to people you loved, I wouldn't be going to meet my end. So please if you have a puppy, show him that you love him and teach him discipline, **DON'T** let him turn out like me!

Yours Truly,

Dog.