

Ava LaRue

Creative Writing

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### Home

Sitting on my dusty shelf, watching people stroll along nonchalantly, I am so utterly bored of this. People squeeze me and small kids plead to try and convince parents that their dog “needs me”. I observe the people who stop, look down my aisle and continue to walk the other way. I notice a short girl with long, cascading brunette hair is coming towards me, she has a different look on her face than the others who rush by. Gently, she picks me up and gives a small smile. I think I may have found my new home. I hope.

What is my new home going to be like? Who will I be living with? Will a new dog rip me to shreds or cherish me? I am taken out of a claustrophobic, white plastic bag, and hidden behind her back. I hear the unmistakable sound of paws scratching against the hardwood floor and learn that his name is Red. I am then presented to a dog that is so excited his slobber is hitting the floor where he sits. Once I am clenched between his teeth he doesn't let me go. He parades around the house for what seems like hours, his teeth are tiny and barely puncture through my thin skin.

Weeks have passed and I can proudly say that I am Red's best friend. I spend every minute with my new friend, except for when he's eating. We spend each night cuddled on his half chewed, fur encrusted cushion on the floor, he rests his soft head on me as his pillow. When everyone in the family comes home I am once again flaunted like a trophy, shown to every member. Everyone knows me now. Red sometimes forgets to put me away and leaves me in the

middle of the floor. His owners don't like it at all, they will sometimes kick me to move me out of their way, they don't mean to hurt me. Red comes to the rescue and brings me back to the safety of his bed.

I am so happy to have found a lifelong buddy. We do absolutely everything together. From going on walks, taking midday naps, and of course, playing. My pink skin is starting to get slightly dirty. Patchy dried slobber has covered one half of me. I still have my squeaker in my center and contain all my fluff. I am scared for the day I start to lose fluff, will Red abandon me?