

## The Puppy



by Abby G

Beep! Beep! “Ohhh,” I yawned as I sleepily opened my eyes. I look over at my alarm clock. 6:01 A.M.!! I can't believe I forgot to turn it off last night. I am suddenly wide awake. It is my first day helping out at the vet clinic. I have always wanted to be a vet when I get older and now I was actually going to get to help a vet with their work. I pulled on my clothes and raced downstairs. I grabbed a waffle and stuffed it into my mouth almost choking. I gulped down milk. COLD!! “Bye mom,” I said rushing out the door.

“Do you want me to dri...” but I was already out the door. As I ran I imagined myself giving a shot to a dog.

When I got to the vet's clinic the vet, Olivia, said, “Whoa! Whoa! Slow down.”

“What can I start with? What can I do? What...,” I said.

“Wait. Slow down. First you can clean out the cat's cages. Then you can take the puppies out for a walk. Then when you are done, straighten up the place. Then yo...” but she didn't get to finish because I was already out the door. After I finished all my chores I wandered around until I saw the vet giving a shot for worms to a puppy, then giving him to his owner and saying to bathe him in flea shampoo.

After the customer left I came over and said, “I finished all my chores. I took out the guinea pigs and built them an obstacle course out of blocks.”

“My you are an eager beaver, huh, aren't you?” I nodded.

“Will you please teach me some stuff so I will be ready to become a vet when I am older?”

“Okay. I have a little something for you. I had this when I was a little girl,” Olivia said holding out what looked like a first aid kit. I opened it up. In it there was a shot, a type of liquid, bandages, and lots of other stuff.

“Is it a first aid kit?” I asked

“Yes, it is a first aid kit for animals.” Olivia said.

“Really? Thank you so much.”

“You're welcome. I also have this for you, she said, holding out a silver name tag with bold letters S-L-O-A-N-E!!”

“Thank you so much,” I said. As the day went by I caught glimpses of Olivia helping patients. When the day was over I had a pretty good idea how to inject shots and wrap bandages. “Thanks again for letting me do this. I'll be back on Monday but after school.”

I was going home on my bike when I heard whimpering coming from the left side of the road. I went closer to investigate. There was a small puppy about the size of a fire hydrant. He had matted fur and you could see his ribs. He kept itching so I guessed he had fleas. I crouched down so I wouldn't scare him. “Hey fella. What are you doing out here?” The puppy only whimpered. From my knowledge I thought he was a golden doodle. He had no collar. I suddenly remembered that I had a dog treat in my bag. “Here boy,” I said as I tried again to get the puppy to come closer. This time the puppy inched closer and closer until he was in my arms. “Hi,” I said stroking him. I felt his body relax beneath me. I started to get up, but then a sudden thought struck me that if I left him here he would die. I made the decision to take him home with me and treat him myself with my kit because the clinic is not open on Sundays.

When I got home my mom came in and stopped, staring at the puppy in my arms. “Can we keep him please? I think he is sick,” I said.

Mom finally found her voice, “Oh fine, but on two conditions. One you have to buy his food from your own allowance. Two you have to take care of him. Deal?”

“Deal.” I said it calmly but inside I was bursting with joy. I gave him some medicine and then I took him upstairs for a bath with flea shampoo. He did not like it one bit, but I finally got through it. He was much cleaner now. I decided to name him Griff. I fed him and dragged a beanbag into my room for him to sleep on. We went to sleep. The next morning I woke with Griff licking my face. “Hey boy. Feeling much better now? You

look much better too.” Griff barked in agreement. As the day went by Griff got better, and by the next morning Griff was fully recovered. After school I took him down to the vet’s clinic on a leash. When I walked in I was greeted by a chorus of barks.

Then Olivia walked in and said, “Why hi there fella. How are you doing?”

“Hey I need your help I found this puppy on the side of the road and I thought he was sick. I gave him medicine and a bath. Could you check him out?”

“Sure.” She took him into the examination room and checked him out while I did my chores. When I got back, Griff was waiting for me. “He is okay. You took great care of him.” I nodded. When the day was over we went home and I took Griff outside while I did my homework. I was so transfixed on my homework that I didn’t see the neighbor’s dog, Carder, jump over the fence. Carder is not a friendly dog. I looked up when I heard a whimpering sound. Griff lay on his side, barely breathing, blood pooling around him.

I ran in the house and shouted, “MOM! MOM!” I started crying. Mom came racing downstairs.

“What happened?” Mom asked

“It’s Griff. He is hurt!” I ran outside while Mom went to get some rags to clean up the blood. Then I remembered my animals kit. I ran inside and got it. Outside I opened the kit and bandaged all of his wounds. Mom came out with the rags and cleaned up all the blood. I gave Griff a pain shot and he winced, but let me do it. We carried him over to the car, laid him in the back, and stepped on the gas at the speed limit. When we got to the vet Griff’s breathing was ragged as we carried him in. Olivia was just getting ready to leave.

“Please help us,” I pleaded.

“Bring him in,” Olivia ordered. We sat in the waiting room. When Olivia finally came out and said, “I am going to keep him here over night.”

“Is he okay?” I asked.

“We will have to see if he survives the night.” We went home and tried to go to sleep, but I couldn’t as all my thoughts went to Griff.

The next morning we went straight to the vet. My palms were sweaty. We walked in and Olivia was writing notes. She saw us and waved. She came out from behind the desk, but before she could get a word out Griff came bounding into my arms. I was so filled with joy as I hugged my puppy. We left and I knew I was never, ever going to lose this puppy. He was MINE!!!