

A Dog's Perspective

A long time ago my mom left in the morning like normal. I woke her up bright and early to go outside. She grumbled and groaned, but I was so happy. We played fetch and I ran until my heart pounded and I could barely catch my breath, I love playing ball. We went inside and she gave me my breakfast then disappeared for a little while and came back wearing different clothes. She sat down and grabbed her shoes. I knew it was almost time for her to go. I settled into my crate as she threw in my favorite toys.

"I love you and I'll be back as soon as possible," she said.

I watched her walk out the door and started waiting. I don't know where she goes during the day. Sometimes she brings me with her, but that's only to go visit my friends. I've gotten good at knowing when she's supposed to be home. I normally wake up from my nap right before she gets home, except that day she didn't come home when she normally did. I thought she must just be late, it's happened before, but then she wasn't the next person to come home like normal.

My mom's mom, my grammy they called her, came home first, which was weird, she normally left early and came home late. She called for my mom, but of course my mom wasn't there. My grammy called my mom as she let me outside and gave me dinner. My mom didn't answer the phone, at least that's what I think because my grammy didn't stay on the phone very long. Me and my grammy played for a while, she didn't seem that worried so I wasn't worried either, Mom must just be busy.

My grammy's phone rang after a little while and she answered it. She answered and then panicked and started crying. She rushed around grabbing things and put me back in my crate. At first I thought that maybe she just had to go somewhere, which happened sometimes, but she seemed so scared. I want my mom.

My grammy didn't come back until after it was dark and I really needed to go outside. She came in with tears going down her face and she was still alone, but she pretended to be happy when she talked to me. It didn't work. I knew that something was wrong, but I couldn't tell what.

This pattern continued for a while. My grammy stayed home everyday and continued to pretend to be happy when she talked to me, but she kept crying and my mom still didn't come home. I tried to make my grammy feel better, I wagged my tail and licked her face, but she just cried harder. Eventually my grammy started leaving again, even if she cried as she walked away.

Now, I am in my crate again, waiting for someone to come home. I still wonder why my mom never came home.

Don't drive distracted or drunk, your dog will never understand why you didn't come home.