

## Dear Mom and Dad,

I died today. You got tired of me and took me to the shelter. They were overcrowded and I drew an unlucky number. I am in a black plastic bag in a landfill now. Some other puppy will get the barely used leash you left. My collar was dirty and too small, but the lady took it off before she sent me to the Rainbow Bridge.

Would I still be at home if I hadn't chewed your shoe? I didn't know what it was, but it was leather, and it was on the floor. I was just playing. You forgot to get puppy toys.

Would I still be at home if I had been housebroken? Rubbing my nose in what I did only made me ashamed that I had to go at all. There are books and obedience teachers that would have taught you how to teach me to go to the door.

Would I still be at home if I hadn't brought fleas into the house? Without anti-flea medicine, I couldn't get them off of me after you left me in the yard for days.

Would I still be at home if I hadn't barked? I was only saying, "I'm scared, I'm lonely, I'm here, I'm here! I want to be your best friend."

Would I still be at home if I had made you happy? Hitting me didn't make me learn how.

Would I still be at home if you had taken the time to care for me and to teach manners to me? You didn't pay attention to me after the first week or so, but I spent all my time waiting for you to love me.

I died today.

Love,  
Your Puppy

Author Unknown