

# PUPPY LOVE

BY: AUDREY

One stormy night, in Detroit, Michigan, Aspen, Scout, and they're siblings were born. They were NAID's, better known as Native American Indian Dogs. Aspen was the runt, and they were all the same size until you got to Scout. Scout was huge, the biggest, so he naturally named himself alpha of their little group. From the beginning, Aspen and Scout had a connection. It wasn't just that Scout felt like he should protect Aspen; it was that he loved his little sister. Obviously, she wasn't the only sister, but she was the youngest. And because Scout protected her, she followed him. She was his shadow, always by his side. He liked it, it made him feel important, like a protector, which he was.

*"Scout, where are we going?"* Aspen asked one day. They were heading, for the first time, the kitchen.

*"To a place the humans call the kitchen,"* Scout answered.

*"Oh,"* Aspen said simply. Then she was quiet. As they walked in, noises, sights and scents exploded in front of them, behind them, and all around them.

*"What is that smell?!"* Aspen exclaimed. They immediately started to sniff around, and a particular scent caught their noses.

*"Do you smell that?!"* Scout exclaimed. Their noses turned towards the freezer, where there happened to be a piece of cow hanging. Scout nudged the door open. *"Look at that!"* He exclaimed. They immediately examined it. And understanding from the scent that there were no poisons in it, they started to eat-until they're owner, a man large man named Harold Green, found them.

*"What 'er yer doin' yer nasty pups?!"* he yelled. He grabbed a whip from a nearby hook and started to whip their legs. Scout got in front of Aspen and growled, bearing his teeth at Green. *"Hahahahahaha!"* Green laughed, *"Yer think that'll stop me, eh, pups?"*

For an answer, Scout growled again.

*"Out!"* Green shouted. Scout left, and then Green blocked the way for Aspen. *"You'll fetch a good price with that fur of yer's, pup,"* he said. He picked her up

and carried her to a cage in the back of a rusty pickup, where she found another sibling, named Scotch. Scotch was whimpering, obviously frightened about something.

*“What is it, Scotch?”* Aspen asked.

*“Don’t you know? We’re being sold! We’ll never see any of the siblings again!”* Scotch whimpered.

*“Never see Scout? Or the others?”* Aspen started crying, just as Green came to the truck, “Shut up, ya stupid pups!” he yelled at them. Then he got in the front, and they felt the truck started to move. They traveled for quite a while, almost two hours, when they finally felt the truck stop. Green came and got them out of the back, and there they saw a man. This man was all nice looking, but Aspen’s instincts didn’t trust him. They saw him give Green a big wad of cash, then Green left, which they were pretty relieved at.

The man immediately loaded them onto a big machine that was loud, and it had other dogs in it. It was an airplane. He left, and as soon as he did the other dogs started to talk.

*“You poor pups. You’re too young to be out on your own. I’m Gruffy, this is Snort and Bub,”* he nodded to a couple others. They all nodded at Aspen and Scotch, then went back to their business.

*“Where are they taking us?”* Scotch asked.

*“To a dog pound. There, you’ll be found by a family, and taken away to live with them,”* Gruffy answered. After that, there was silence for several hours. All in all, they flew 4 ½ hours. When they landed, they were taken off and loaded onto another truck, and taken to a dark, dank place, filled with dogs of all breeds, colors and sizes. Aspen only had to wait for the pound to open, and the place was filled with people.

She only had an hour before she was chosen by a family, parents and two kids. They picked her up and claimed she was the one. They took her to their home, a clean, neat place, and placed her on a large, stuffed dog bed. Aspen sat there, confused at this new arrangement. The family smiled at her, happy, and offering her toys and food of all sorts. She obligingly took the food, but would not play. For several weeks, all she did was eat, drink, and look. They let her outside, and when they did, she would sit in the front and watch as the cars drove by. If she was

inside, she would look out by the window, watching the cars. She was always watching for Scout, her big brother and protector.

One day, she saw a large dog limping up the road. He stopped in front of the house, and turned up the sidewalk. Aspen started barking like crazy, scratching against the door and whining.

“Do you have to go, Aspen?” one of the children asked, not noticing the dog, he opened the door and let her out. She bolted to the dog and started to lick him, he did likewise.

“Oh, Aspen, no! naughty dog! No, no!” the child yelled. The mother and father raced to the door to help reprimand Aspen.

“Aspen, no! naughty, naughty!” the mother yelled. She walked out and started to drag Aspen away. The minute she did so, Aspen growled at her, and bared her teeth. The mother let go, startled.

“I do believe that Aspen recognizes this dog,” the father said, he had a way with dogs, and noticed her love.

“Aspen?” the mother asked. “Oh, Aspen!” she cried. Aspen was crying, as was Scout, they were happily together again.

*“How did you find me?”* Aspen asked Scout.

*“I followed you,”* Scout answered simply. It was one of the things dogs did.

“I guess we should check him out, you know, for rabies or anything. It looks like we get rid of Aspen or keep the other dog,” the dad said.

“Looks like it,” The mom agreed.

Let’s keep the other dog! Oh, please, oh, please, oh, please!” the kids yelled. They went up to Scout and hugged him. After that, Aspen was happy, as was Scout, and the family. Aspen finally played, much to the children’s delight, and to the parent’s.

THE END