

Bilbo

Carol

It had been a long day. I didn't know where I was, but it was dark and cold. I always found my way back home but tonight was different.

The streets were quiet, no humans or other dogs and now it was starting to rain. That's when I saw her, she seemed lost too. She went into the red box with windows where the humans talk to a strange device they hold next to their head. She was crying and talking. She was there for a while, I waited. When she came out she had stopped crying. She saw me and said "Hello" with a small smile. I looked up at her and gave her a wag of my tail.

We walked together for a while, she told me I was a handsome boy and I should go back home, but I didn't know where that was. She stopped and looked at me. I looked at her. She said "Well, this is me, it was nice to meet you". I looked up at her, after a few moments she said again "Well, Are you going home?". I just looked at her. She pulled the door open and said "You're welcome to come in". I didn't hesitate. I quickly entered. I followed her scent and stood at another door, when she caught up with me we went in.

It was a small place, it was quiet, no little humans. I didn't like the small humans, they were always too noisy, always running around.

There was another human there, he was tall, but I could sense a kindness in him. They offered me food but I was too tired to eat. I

jumped onto the bed and fell asleep- the best sleep I had ever known. I felt safe and wanted.

The next morning I woke up. I was hungry, the bowl of food was still there. I ate it. I went out with the girl. She got me a collar and a leash. We walked for a long time. We met other humans who smiled at me and even petted me: it was wonderful.

They called me “Bilbo” after a great adventurer. I loved my new life, we went everywhere together.

I loved being with them. I was king of the castle, the only one with fur. What memories we made. I remember the girl took me to the shop. She left me outside tied to some milk crates. I waited happily for her, she always talked to me on our walks. But then I saw him, big rebel, a hairy beast, coming round the bend. I'd met him before. I took off running. I was having him. Next thing: chaos broke out. I took the crate with me, scattering the rest, milk bottles everywhere. It bounced around behind me. I could hear the girl calling me but I kept going.

When she caught me she was laughing and crying at the same time. I won't repeat what she called me but I knew she was happy to catch me.

I had the best home ever. I loved when the other humans came to see us. We would go to the park and hang out.

But I never lost my need to wander. After all, I was a street dog and these streets were my kingdom. I even ended up in doggy prison but they came and got me out. They brought me home on their noisy

motorbike. It was amazing. So many smells and I was safe and warm tucked inside her jacket.

We moved around a lot living in different houses. Although I wondered, I always found my way home. Sometimes the other humans would take me home. One day we moved again. This place was different. Lots of green places and I was unfamiliar with these streets, so much to explore.

The girl started going out regularly without me. She told me she had to go to work. It was just me and the taller human. I decided I had to explore my new kingdom so I sneaked out. But I wandered too far that I couldn't find my way back. Again, I was on my own just like the first night I met the girl. That's when I met him. A young lad lost and lonely. I walked up to him, he gave me a pat on the head. He had tears in his eyes. He told me had lost his best friend, Patch. I realised that he needed me now, just like the girl did all that time ago.

I lived my best life with him. I stopped wandering as much as I did. I lived with him.

I never forgot the girl. I loved her so much, but my job there was complete.