



She drove us to a big building. I could immediately hear and smell that lots of dogs were here! We walked inside, and she handed my leash to a worker. She knelt down, told me to be a good dog, gave me a smile, and walked away. I tried to be a happy dog, to remember that life was good.

But the truth was...I was scared.

For the next few days I curled up in a ball on the cement floor at the back of our cage. I wanted to make myself small so that the other dogs wouldn't see how scared I was.

My mom nuzzled me and that made me feel better. And after several more days, my sister and brother left, both with a child squeezing their neck and squealing in delight. I was happy for them, but still a little sad, too.

