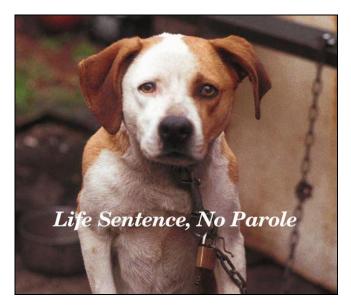
Chained Dog's Plea

I wish someone would tell me What it is that I've done wrong. Why do I have to stay chained up And left alone so long? They seemed so glad to have me When I came here as a pup. There were so many things we'd do While I was growing up. But now the Master "hasn't time" The Mistress says I shed. She doesn't want me in the house. Not even to be fed. The Children never walk me. They always say, "Not now." I wish that I could please them. Won't someone tell me how? All I had, you see, was love. I wish they would explain Why they said they wanted mine, And then left it on a chain.



-- By Edith Lassen Johnson

Do I Go Home Today?

by Sandi Thompson

My family brought me home cradled in their arms. They cuddled me and smiled at me, and said I was full of charm.

They played with me and laughed with me. They showered me with toys. I sure do love my family, especially the girls and boys.

The children loved to feed me, they gave me special treats. They even let me sleep with them -all snuggled in the sheets.

I used to go for walks, often several times a day. They even fought to hold the leash, I'm very proud to say.

They used to laugh and praise me, when I played with that old shoe. But I didn't know the difference between the old ones and the new.

The kids and I would grab a rag, for hours we would tug. So I thought I did the right thing when I chewed the bedroom rug.



They said I was out of control, and would have to live outside. This I did not understand, although I tried and tried.

The walks stopped, one by one; they said they hadn't time. I wish that I could change things, I wish I knew my crime.

My life became so lonely, in the backyard on a chain. I barked and barked all day long, to keep from going insane.

So they brought me to the shelter, but were embarrassed to say why. They said I caused an allergy, and then kissed me goodbye.

If I'd only had some classes, as a little pup. I wouldn't have been so hard to handle when I was all grown up.

"You only have one day left," I heard the worker say. Does this mean a second chance? Do I go home today?



UnchainYourDog.org / UnchainedMelodies.org / DogsDeserveBetter.org / 757-357-9292

A day in the life of a back yard dog

6:30 a.m.

I can see and hear people moving around in the house but no one comes outside to check on me. They are talking and laughing; I wish I could be with them.

6:30 a.m.

I'm hungry and thirsty. I tipped over my food and water bowls last night when I got tangled in my chain. I'm still tangled in my chain.

6:45 a.m. The chain is too tight and it's

cutting into my neck.

8:15 a.m.

The people who live in the house are all leaving. I try to run toward them with my tail wagging, hoping they will notice me, but my chain snaps me backward and I fall to the ground. It's no use.

8:15 a.m. to 2 p.m.

I'm not sure what I'm supposed to do with myself. I can't protect the house from my chain. I don't have any toys to play with and there are no other dogs to keep me company. Maybe if I bark, someone will



show me what to do. I decide to bark all day.

2:30 p.m.

A bylaw enforcement officer arrives and posts a notice on the door of the house. He looks pityingly at me. Do I look bad? I know I'm dirty but it's hard to stay clean when I'm always sitting in dirt. I pace in circles and growl at him because I don't know what else to do. I growl at other people passing my yard, too.

3:15 p.m.

The smallest person from the house has returned. Maybe he will play with me! He does not. I go to the bathroom in the same place I always go, a few feet from my shelter.

5:30 p.m.

The rest of the people are home. One of them removes the notice left by the bylaw enforcement officer and yells at me to stop barking. I pace back and forth, confused.

6 p.m.

I smell food in the house. I am still hungry and thirsty.

7 p.m.

One of the people from the house comes out to see me. He fills my food and water bowls and I am so happy for this attention that I jump up in excitement, spilling both bowls and dirtying his clothes. He scolds me and delares that this behaviour of mine is one of the reasons I am not allowed to live in his house with him.

7:30 p.m.

Another lonely night. I dream about being on a chain because it's all I know.

