

Peppy: The Dog Without a Home

By Donna Bishop

The truth is I do have a home it just isn't the right home for me. Mind you, I have a good home. My problem is it just doesn't feel like the right place for me and that keeps me in a lot of trouble.

In the beginning I remember being close to my mother's warm body with all these other wiggly little bodies pushing for my spot. Mother was so soft with curly black hair and a tongue that tickled my whole body when she licked me clean. I loved that feeling. Soon Mother was teaching us proper behavior for Poodle puppies. Standing tall and proud was a must. Mother said we were very special dogs and would be going to just the right homes. What? I already had the right home.

Soon a man and woman took me to their house. Could this be the right home for me? The woman held me close to her but she sure was not soft like mother and certainly didn't smell right. The couple left me alone every day. I was so bored and lonely. Now I didn't mean to be a bad dog but I just kept getting myself into one mess after another. When I was outside in the backyard I could hear children yelling and laughing next door. I would poke my head through the wood fence and watch them at play. How I wished to be on their side of the fence.

That is when more trouble started. How do I get over the fence to what looked like the right home for me? First I tried barking to get the children to come play with me. We played a game of chase back and forth on either side of the fence. I loved that! Sometimes I would be lifted over the fence so I could play with the three children. Eventually I went to live with the family in the house next door. I was so happy. At last I had the right home. At least I thought I did.

But then I discovered a spot next to the gate in the backyard that I could just squeeze through and off I went! Well that was the beginning of the end of that right home. Neighbor after neighbor would find me in their yard and bring me back home. I was always pleased to see my family but I just couldn't stay put in my own yard. I was a bad dog again.

Up the block an older lady lived alone. We became good friends. She was always home, gave me good treats and may even have smelled a bit like my memory of my mother. She said I was such a good dog and so handsome. I knew I had searched the neighborhood long enough. Mother was right. I am a special dog and now I have found just the right home for me!