

A Home is Not a Home without a Dog, or in My Case, Six
by Jordyn Mills

On the outside, my house may look like every other house you see on the block. Everything you can't see from the outside of my house is what makes my home a home. Inside this small, average-looking house is a mother, stepfather, two daughters and six, some little and some big, rambunctious things that complete my home. These six things are my dogs, and they are just as much as part of the family as the rest of us people living in my home.

On my third birthday, I got my first dog, Biscuit. Biscuit is a mutt, and he is golden brown, just like a biscuit. I got Biscuit as a present from my dad, and that present, by far, is the best present I have ever gotten in my life. Biscuit is now 11 years old, and since he's so old, he doesn't really do much. Biscuit is very protective of his territory, and he is missing many of his teeth.

After Biscuit came Annie. As soon as we saw Annie we just had to have her; kind of like love at first sight. We got Annie from the SPCA and her former owner abused her. When we first brought Annie home, Annie wouldn't get in the sofa or do anything else until she knew it was okay to do so. I knew all she wanted was a loving and caring family. It took her some time to realize that we are that kind of family.

My mom went to her friend's house one day, and she left without a dog, but when she came home, what do you know? She had our third member of the family, Daisy. Daisy was a stray dog found by my aunt and uncle. They couldn't afford to buy food for Daisy, so my aunt and uncle gave us the dog. Daisy is a 50-pound beagle-basset mix, and she thinks she's a lap dog. She always wants attention, and at random times, Daisy will run and jump on you. Daisy is now four years old, and she is very emotional.

We found dog number four on the internet. Her former owner shipped her to us from Tennessee, and she was not cheap. Sophie is what we named her, and she is a mix between bichon frise and shih tzu. Sophie is probably our most spoiled dog, and she gets everything that she wants. She is two years old, and she looks like a marshmallow. Sadie came as our fifth canine family member. We got Sadie from our neighbors whose dog just had puppies. We actually wanted the male puppy, but since he was already taken, we took Sadie instead. Sadie is a full-blooded bichon frise, and she is very playful. She is about a year old, and she is terrified of electric razors and scissors.

Last but not least is Buddy. Buddy is a golden retriever who just turned one, and he has been through a lot since we got him. We got Buddy at a flea market in Alabama, and when we got him, he had parvo. Just recently, Buddy was in the hospital because he had something stuck in his intestines. Buddy is a fighter and a lover. Fortunately, he has made it through everything he has been through.

All my dogs have stories behind them that make them special to my family and me. Looking at dogs, you would probably never know what they have been through, but on the

inside, their stories have scarred them for life. It's just like my house; from the outside it looks like every other house, but in the inside it tells the story of how my family came to be, including my dogs. A home is not a home without a dog, or in my case, six. My house wouldn't be the same without my dogs.