**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 and showered me with toys.  
I sure do love my family, especially the little 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.

These are the things I'll not forget - a cherished memory.  
I now live in the shelter - without my family.  
They used to laugh and praise me when I played with that old shoe.  
But I didn't know the difference between the old one 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 that I was out of control and would have to live outside.  
This I didn't 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 they each kissed me goodbye.  
If I'd only had some training 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 that mean I have a second chance? Do I go home today?

