

Ever since I was born I have been attached to people. That's why I was named Sticky. I was born on August tenth as part of a litter of seven Golden Retriever puppies, four boys and three girls. After a while I got used to the fact that people would come in to feed my mother and pet and play with us. After we noticed that this was our home we warmed up to a lot more people. One day I noticed that it had gotten colder outside. That same day someone I had never seen before came in. It was a little girl with her mother and father. The little girl started petting the puppies and the mother and father went to talk to one of the people I recognized. While they were talking, the little girl stepped into the cage and started to hold my sister, Rose. The little girl hummed softly and Rose warmed right up. She started wagging her tail and sticking out her tongue, breathing lightly. The girl stood up and talked very loudly to her parents. "I want this one!" She said enthusiastically. "Just a second honey," The Mom said. After a while the Dad came over to the little girl and talked to her. "Do you have a specific one that you want?" He asked. "Yes, I want this one," The little girl said pointing at Rose. After a while they left and something really strange happened that day, Rose left too and never came back. It was all really strange and I felt really tired so I decided to go and take a nap.

When I woke up I yawned and realized that there were more people here. This time a little boy and girl came in and reached their little hands down onto my brother Rocky. Rocky squirmed at first but then eased into their hands. They went over to their parents and soon after they left. Rocky and Rose were gone and there were only five of us left. I felt scared because everyone kept leaving. The next day three more of my litter mates left us and there was only me and Bailey, one of my brothers. Bailey left the next day and it was then just me and my Mother. Later I heard one of the familiar voices talking. "I don't know what to do with him, nobody wants him!" She said, "We'll figure it out!" A deeper voice said.

The next day a girl stepped into the cage. She looked to be about nine with her long dark hair. "This is the only one that is left," A familiar voice said. The girl stood up and did some more talking. A few minutes later the girl picked me up into her arms. There was something that I didn't really like about her. She took me out away from my mother. I felt scared and started shivering. "Stop it!" She snapped at me. I whined and started shaking even more. When we got to her house she tied me up outside and I started to howl. I could smell different dogs and something very bad happened to every single one of them. I had to get out! I started pulling and barking but I wasn't strong enough. It was starting to get dark outside and it was then that I realized that I had never slept outside

before. I missed my mom and littermates so much, it felt like I might drift away. I wouldn't give up though, I had to get free! I tugged and tugged so much by then that my neck was sore and red. I tugged one last time, it was a hard one and finally it broke free. Part of the rope that was holding me on had snapped and it was dragging behind me. It took me a moment to realize that I was free. I barked one more time and ran off. I ran so fast it felt like I might stumble and fall but I kept going. I kept going and going until I couldn't go any further. I spent the night in an alley of a town I had never been in.

The next morning I woke up and a young boy came into the alley. He was scared and there were big mean kids in front of him. He tried to tell them to go away but they were older and bigger than him. I leaped in front of the boy and started barking at them. It took awhile but eventually they left. I went up to the boy and licked his hand. He smiled and took me home with him. I wasn't sure about it, but I was cold and hungry. He went into his house and urged me to follow him. I stepped inside and followed him through his house. "Mom?" He asked. "Yes?" a young lady's voice said. "I found this puppy in the alley and I want to bring it to Andrew," He said. "Can I see him?" she asked. He picked me up and a minute later we were in a brand new place. We were in this thing that the boy called a "car." It was weird because it felt like we were moving. We finally stopped and I happily stepped out of the car. We went up to the door and knocked, unlike how the boy did it earlier. A woman answered the door. She looked sad and dreary. I licked her legs and she jumped a little. "We wanted to bring this pup to Andrew and cheer him up," The boy said. "That is so kind!" she said. We went up to Andrew's room. I could tell he was sick. I hopped up on his bed and licked his face. Andrew woke up and talked to the other people. "Where did you get him?" Andrew asked. "I found him." "Why did you give him to me and not just keep him?" Andrew asked. "Because I thought it might make you feel better?" The other boy said. "Oh," Andrew said. I curled up on his bed and slept for a while. When I woke up I knew this was my home.