How I feel about dogs and my personal experience

Good bad and the ugly

I love dogs. I can't get enough of them. Me , being a dog owner , have been through and currently still rolling through the joy of owning a dog. There are things about dogs that make me love dogs and things that make me worrie about dogs. For example you get so use to having a companion with you every day and then wham the day comes when you have to put the dog Down. Very devastating. I only wish the dog would live as much as I would hope I would live. A full hundred plus years hopefully. But this is reality. Things like that never happen.

During One of My evening walks with my dog who's name is Henry, I came across a lot of good thoughts on owning a dog the good, bad and ugly. Those thoughts are what this essay are going to be on.

My dog Henry is one of the best dogs I have ever had period. I mean I have had some other okay dogs that were very playful and fun but none match up to my Henry. He knows tricks like shake , lie down and high five low five. When ever I call his name he usually runs down the hall to come and find me. I usually hide. And he always is smiling. Other than these things I can't imagine having a better dog. Athough I do that Henry's life will end eventually i am ready for that reality. As the saying goes nothing great last for ever.

I was thinking about what my life would be like once Henry leaves this earth. I mean I hope he lives much longer than the Internet says but I understand that that might not be the case. One time Henry got outside the house and went a bit down the street. I didn't notice this until he was about three blocks down. I went though every room and closet. This really did make my heart fall to the floor. This however hasn't happend for a very long time. From here on out he is going to stay my companion dog for as long as he lives.

At this time in my life I am trying to spend as much time with my dog. I try and stay all day. When I'm not around I usually get nervous or agitated. I feel that my Henry gets scared or worried when I'm not there. It's interesting that I have better relationships with pets espaialy my Henry. We are so close in freindship that I describe him to most people i meet that he is my little brother. Henry sure does make me very happy.

When Henry passes away , I told my dad that it will be a bitter sweet day. Bittersweet as in Henry's going to gone but a whole lot of stress will be taken off of my chest. For example my dad and I love to travel to places out of town. Like San Francisco and Seattle. With Henry we have to find someone to watch him for the time. To be honest it's usually me because like I said before Henry is my brother and I can't stand to be gone from him for long. We usually find a great sitter but they usually have other jobs and can't stay the whole time while we're out. One time I even cancelled going on a big trip to Alabama just so I could stay with Henry. Worth it. But when Henry's time does come I will go on those awesome trips with my dad not once worrying anymore about Henry.