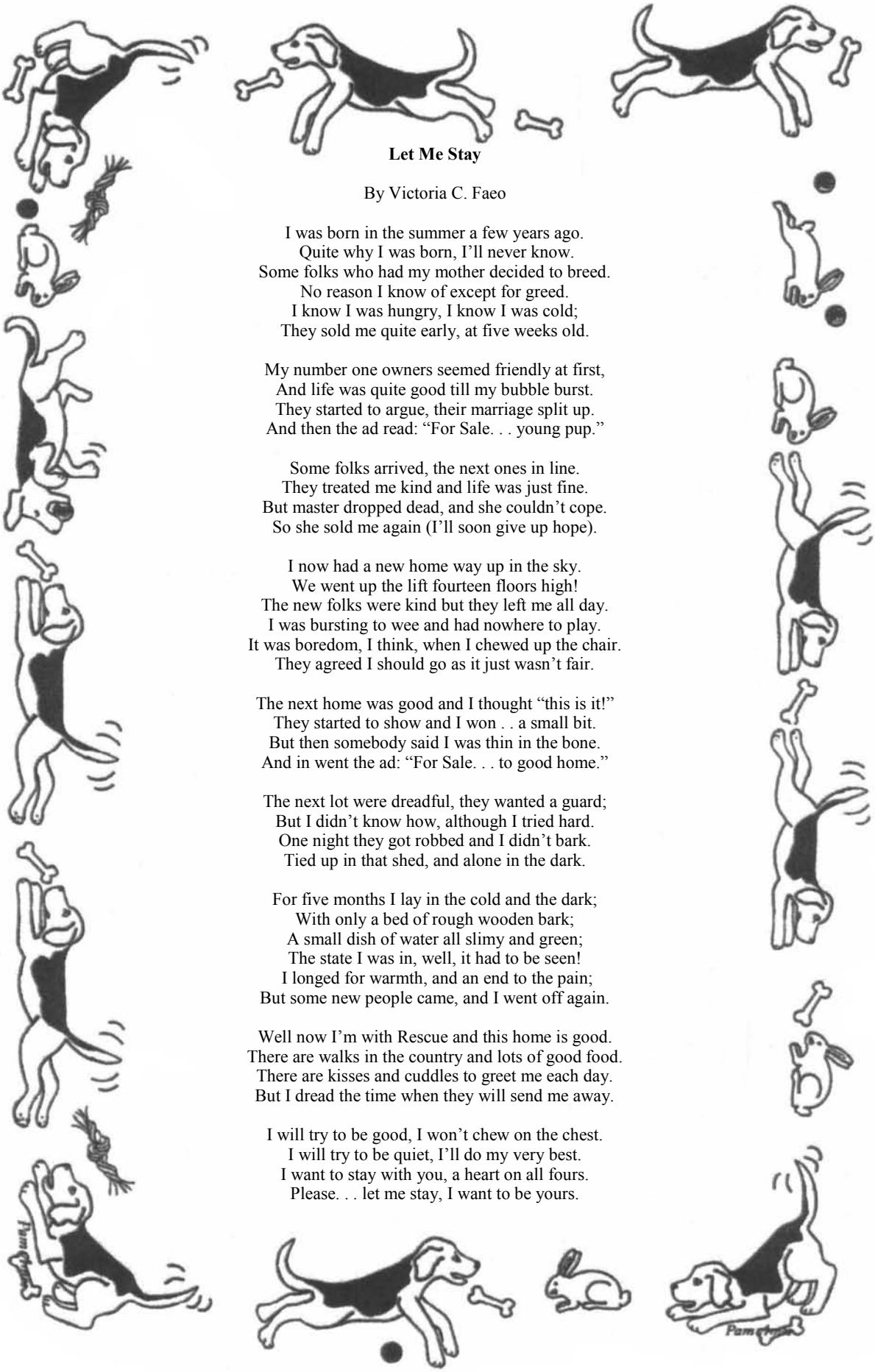

Let Me Stay

By Victoria C. Faeo

I was born in the summer a few years ago.
Quite why I was born, I'll never know.
Some folks who had my mother decided to breed.
No reason I know of except for greed.
I know I was hungry, I know I was cold;
They sold me quite early, at five weeks old.

My number one owners seemed friendly at first,
And life was quite good till my bubble burst.
They started to argue, their marriage split up.
And then the ad read: "For Sale. . . young pup."

Some folks arrived, the next ones in line.
They treated me kind and life was just fine.
But master dropped dead, and she couldn't cope.
So she sold me again (I'll soon give up hope).

I now had a new home way up in the sky.
We went up the lift fourteen floors high!
The new folks were kind but they left me all day.
I was bursting to wee and had nowhere to play.
It was boredom, I think, when I chewed up the chair.
They agreed I should go as it just wasn't fair.

The next home was good and I thought "this is it!"
They started to show and I won . . a small bit.
But then somebody said I was thin in the bone.
And in went the ad: "For Sale. . . to good home."

The next lot were dreadful, they wanted a guard;
But I didn't know how, although I tried hard.
One night they got robbed and I didn't bark.
Tied up in that shed, and alone in the dark.

For five months I lay in the cold and the dark;
With only a bed of rough wooden bark;
A small dish of water all slimy and green;
The state I was in, well, it had to be seen!
I longed for warmth, and an end to the pain;
But some new people came, and I went off again.

Well now I'm with Rescue and this home is good.
There are walks in the country and lots of good food.
There are kisses and cuddles to greet me each day.
But I dread the time when they will send me away.

I will try to be good, I won't chew on the chest.
I will try to be quiet, I'll do my very best.
I want to stay with you, a heart on all fours.
Please. . . let me stay, I want to be yours.