

Welcome Home, My Puppy!

I carefully organized her toys, picturing her joy. My younger brother pored over the dog training book line by line – for the third time. Mom prepared her first puppy dinner, confidently bragging about her cooking skills as usual. Dad assembled her crate, determining that she should learn to sleep independently.

She's home!

I played with her endlessly, letting toys scatter everywhere. My brother couldn't stop petting her, forgetting all the rules from the book. Mom was suddenly worried about her appetite at dinner. Dad set up the couch, now convinced that co-sleeping would keep her comfortable.