Raygan Rensing

Mr. David Turley

English 1 Honors

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My Last Days with Molly

During the autumn of 2011, my dog Molly got abnormally sick. She was an eleven year old German Shepard, who has fur as white as snow. For the next week, I spent as much time as I possibly could with her, because I had this unexplainable feeling in my chest that something was going to happen. As I go to her three day in my living room, I discover that she can no longer move. For her, there was no more running around like a pup in the backyard, no more walking around the house and leaping up on the couch, no more standing up at all.

Seeing as she is physically incapable of moving, my family and I have to do everything for her. We bring her food to her, even though she most likely ate better than we did.