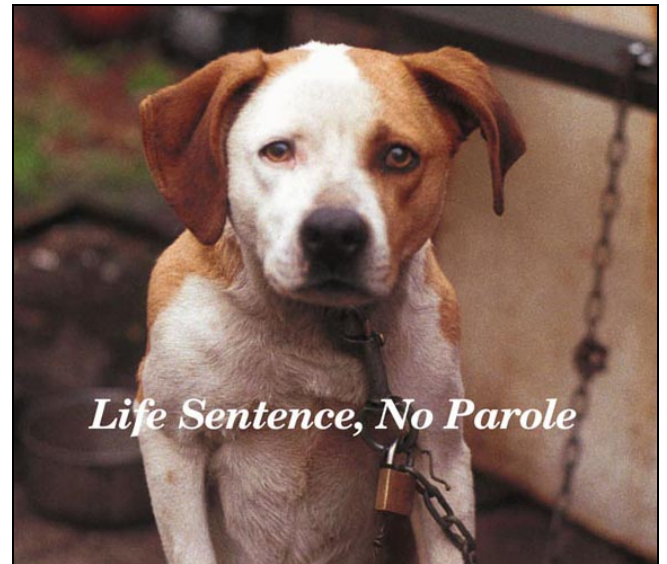


# Chained Dog's Plea

I wish someone would tell me  
What it is that I've done wrong.  
Why do I have to stay chained up  
And left alone so long?  
They seemed so glad to have me  
When I came here as a pup.  
There were so many things we'd do  
While I was growing up.  
But now the Master "hasn't time"  
The Mistress says I shed.  
She doesn't want me in the house,  
Not even to be fed.  
The Children never walk me.  
They always say, "Not now."  
I wish that I could please them.  
Won't someone tell me how?  
All I had, you see, was love.  
I wish they would explain  
Why they said they wanted mine,  
And then left it on a chain.



-- By Edith Lassen Johnson

# Do I Go Home Today?

by Sandi Thompson

My family brought me home  
cradled in their arms.  
They cuddled me and smiled at me,  
and said I was full of charm.

They played with me and laughed with me.  
They showered me with toys.  
I sure do love my family,  
especially the girls and boys.

The children loved to feed me,  
they gave me special treats.  
They even let me sleep with them --  
all snuggled in the sheets.

I used to go for walks,  
often several times a day.  
They even fought to hold the leash,  
I'm very proud to say.

They used to laugh and praise me,  
when I played with that old shoe.  
But I didn't know the difference  
between the old ones and the new.

The kids and I would grab a rag,  
for hours we would tug.  
So I thought I did the right thing  
when I chewed the bedroom rug.

They said that I was out of control,  
and would have to live outside.  
This I did not understand,  
although I tried and tried.

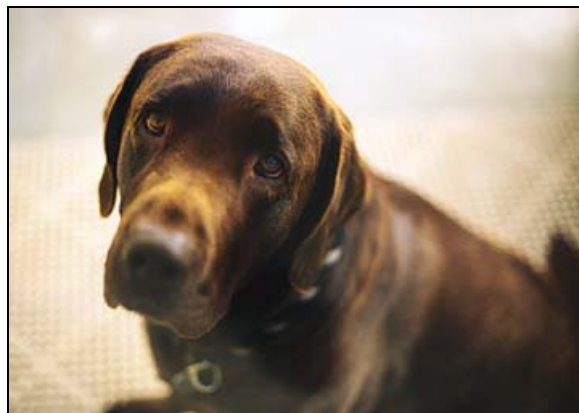
The walks stopped, one by one;  
they said they hadn't time.  
I wish that I could change things,  
I wish I knew my crime.

My life became so lonely,  
in the backyard on a chain.  
I barked and barked all day long,  
to keep from going insane.

So they brought me to the shelter,  
but were embarrassed to say why.  
They said I caused an allergy,  
and then kissed me goodbye.

If I'd only had some classes,  
as a little pup.  
I wouldn't have been so hard to handle  
when I was all grown up.

"You only have one day left,"  
I heard the worker say.  
Does this mean a second chance?  
Do I go home today?



# I'm Nobody Important

The sun spirited away my last drop of water,  
Fed it to an already-fat cloud.  
I run 'round the pole once to shake my rage.  
My paws pound my own stink into the already putrid earth.

But I'm nobody important.  
I'm just a chained dog.

A kid threw a big stone at me as he passed by.  
Only attention I've had all day,  
So I was kinda glad,  
But even gladder that he missed.  
I run again 'round that pole,  
A second whirl to let off steam.  
The chain catches my leg  
And I'm down.



"SHUT UP!" they yelled from the big house.  
I still won't stop crying.  
The heat covers me  
Like a blanket covers a fire.

But I'm nobody important.  
I'm just a chained dog.

-- By Barbara E. Rosen