Hello, I'm Buddy. My mother's owner couldn't keep me, but tried hard to find me a home. All my brothers and sisters were adopted by families that seemed so happy to take them home.
I waited for my family to come, and I hoped to get adopted some day. I was dropped off at the animal shelter. It was cold, smelly, and it was LOUD. I was sad, lonely and scared. I saw people go by and they would look at me, but always pick a different puppy to take home.
I tried to get the people to notice me by being loud and jumping on the fence, but they still passed me by.
Every afternoon, a girl called Katie would come by the fence and pet all the dogs. She petted me and talked to me and made me feel happy.
Katie noticed that no one was picking me for their puppy, and tried to help. When ever anyone would come in looking for a puppy, she would tell them about me, pick me up and show me off. Day after day, no one picked me. Katie asked if she could train me to make me a better puppy, a puppy that someone would want.
She put a tug-o-war rope around me and it scared me at first. I went crazy, like I was attached to a sinking ship and I tried to get away. Katie gave me a treat to help me calm down and she hugged me to help me understand that she didn't want to hurt me.
I figured that the rope wasn't so bad and every afternoon we would practice with me walking around. I learned how to fetch, sit, rollover, and stay. She even taught me only to go potty outside. She told me I was a good dog. I was a good dog. Still, no one adopted me.
“Don’t worry,” Katie would say sounding worried, “someone will adopt you any day now.”
One day a man who worked at the shelter picked me up with his big rough hands. I had seen this man take other dogs and they never came back. I cried and was scared again. He took me through the big white doors and...