

There are a million things that anyone could be grateful for but there is one thing in particular that I'm grateful for. I am grateful for my dog. I am grateful for my dog because she is very close to me and she listens when I tell her things. She also is very playful when you fool around with her, she might bite but it just tickles.

My dog isn't one of the big ones. She is one of the small ones, a chihuahua to be exact. She isn't big but she is a big part of my life and family. When we got her, she was a small, shivery one. The only bad thing about having her is that I can't play games without needing to clean up her necessities. She is the best pet I have ever had. When there is someone at the door, it does get a little annoying. She starts barking like crazy and it doesn't stop until the person is inside, only if she recognizes them. If she doesn't recognize the person, she won't stop barking until the person leaves, not even if they enter. She barks once and then a few minutes later she keeps going. She always gets comfortable around people she does know that only visit a few times. Overall, she is a sweet dog but just not a quiet one. One memory I really loved from when we first got my dog was when we took her to a suit store/place, she was so small that my dad had hidden her in the pocket of his sweater. Another amazing memory is hearing her first bark, which was because of me. I was playing around with her hanging off of my couch and she came running towards me, so I lifted myself and we kept playing like that. It took a few more times until I finally heard her first bark and was the most precious thing I have ever heard.

My dog is great and all but my sister is the funniest baby but in a weird way. She makes me laugh when she does weird things. For example, she makes me laugh when she speaks in a language she made up for just speaking complete gibberish. When i talk in english to my brother, she tries to mock me but she can't even say half of the words right. She always makes weird movements to also make people laugh. When she isn't trying to be funny and fooling around, when it comes to puzzles and things that require hard work and smart things, she is the one to always be there and overcome that. Our parents always buy her a puzzle of 10-20 pieces and she finishes it in 10 minutes if she is locked in. When there is a problem that is happening to her, she tries to solve it before getting help from our parents or me. The only bad thing is she doesn't listen at all and she is starting to behave badly. She keeps fooling around with the dog and she doesn't learn her lesson because she keeps getting bit but she doesn't want to stop bothering the dog.

For my sister and dog, it's been an ups and downs but I will never forget any of our memories. You could say they were always there for me and my dog was considered my "best friend" and everytime i would feel sad, she would try to play around with me but I refused so she just sat down right next to me. For my sister, she would always ask me "What happened, Dylan?" I would always answer "Nothing, Mia" because she was too little to understand the problems I had but she always gave me a hug and tried to cheer me up. I can't remember when they haven't taken care of me, despite their age and height.

Overall, these two things that were once little and cute, are all grown up now and experiencing things they need to learn the easy way or hard way. The only things that they won't remember were our first memories together and the way we get along is a thing that will always find space in my heart and squeeze through memories.