

A Year of Searching, a Lifetime of Love

The exact moment I saw him, I knew that he would be mine. My mom and I had a dog named Gertie. I had her for seven years when she passed away. My mom and I both knew we wanted another dog, so the search began a year later. We knew we wanted a puppy so we could form good habits in them while they were young; so they could grow up into a great dog, but finding the right dog was hard. For instance, we had to take pictures of our backyard and house to apply for a specific dog to make sure it was a good fit for everybody. Sadly, we did not get that dog

My mom ended up finding a lot of online websites. My favorite was a website called "Puppy Haven." I spent hours browsing that website. Finally, I found Janet, so we went to see her. We ended up seeing her sister and liking her more; we didn't get either of them that day. We saw other puppies and dogs, and of course, we loved all of them, but we couldn't take them all home. We ended up taking a break from looking, then we found a perfect website.

We drove for an hour and a half to Oklahoma City to meet Wilber. He was a six-month-old Great Pyrenees rescue, and he was ADORABLE!!! The moment we got out of the car, we saw him wagging his tail and practically bouncing with excitement. We walked over to Wilber and his foster father, who gave us all his information, likes, and dislikes. We stayed there for an hour and a half, then headed home. About 3 weeks later, we headed out to Stroud to take Wilber home! When we picked him up, he was the happiest dog on the planet, and he sure showed it.

When we got home, we played with him and ate dinner. We had to help him up the stairs (now he can *run* up and down those stairs). My mom and I would lie in bed, and *Willard* jumped

into bed and stayed there the whole night. We renamed him Willard. The first couple of weeks were pretty easy; the normal puppy challenges: crate training, potty training, and teaching him not to chew up remotes (he chewed up five). We also didn't take into account that he would be a nocturnal guard dog. His bread is for protecting sheep at night. After all the training, he was definitely a part of the family; he slept with us, he came with us everywhere, and he even contributed to all of our Halloween costumes.

By October, we will have had him for two and a half years; in those two years, we have been on so many adventures and had the best times together. I hope he stays with me forever, but I know one day our friendship will come to an end, and I am dreading that moment. So in the meantime, I will love him to the moon and back. I am so happy to have my barking guard dog, night watchman, and my best friend.

The End