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Title: My furry friend and I .... In the pound?

I refuse to believe this! I just can't believe this is happening right now. My beloved puppy Joe disappeared last night. I left my bedroom window open last night to try and get a better sleep but when I woke up, he was gone!

I ran to my workplace and hoped that I could track him down with the chip I attached to his collar. But that chip was missing and there wasn't any trace I could find.

At this point I was freaking out. I could not lose him because he was my only best friend. It's a fact that dogs are a man's best friend.

I finished my work early and started a journey of finding my precious puppy. I scoured the street, looking up and down, left and right and even dug through the dumpster. But I was not lucky today.

I started losing faith and believed that Joe was indeed lost. I fell on my knees and started crying at an empty park. I felt hopeless, sobbing into my hands. I felt as if I would never see him again.

Suddenly, out of somewhere, I heard some little sound of static electricity coming from the bush. I lifted the hairy shrub up and saw a red collar there. It had a dog tag with Joe's name on it! Gosh! The chip was totally smashed, so the glitch sound released. If that was the case, it meant Joe had been here! But literally it didn't seem the broken chip was done by Joe. So I was thinking maybe it was done by another but who was that dog?

Meanwhile, on the ground, I saw there were some footprints of the boots with imprinted words. Then I took a close-up and saw the words saying "ATEP" backwards, "ATEP" backwards...

I ran up to a big building nearby and rushed inside. At that moment, I saw a billboard with some big words on it. It clearly showed "PETA". While I was walking inside the building, I couldn't believe my eyes. There were many poor dogs were locked in small cages and kennels. They were whimpering for help. I deeply felt their speechless fear as they had been waiting for their owners for so long but unfortunately nobody came to save them.

I kept looking for my dear Joe and luckily I found him at last. When I saw his soft strawberry blond fur, beautiful green eyes and lovely twitchy nose, my tears were rolling down. I could not lose him again because I thought of him as if he was my son.

I ran over to him. I spotted that he had another collar on his neck. He was wearing a new tag which had a four-digit code on it. Oh my! He was not called "6412". His real name is Joe!

I marched up to the office, my blood boiling with anger. I stood in front of a snobby lady filing her nails and popping her bubble gum. How such a cliché can this girl get?

“I am here to retrieve my pet.” I demanded. “Sorry, owners are not allowed to take back their pets. It is our company policy.” The woman spat out in her high pitched voice. I slammed my fists on the table and looked at her dead in the eye.

“Listen you, I don’t care how much money I have to pay. I just want my pup back. Do you know how heartbreaking it is? To see your beloved gone and lost, seeing them being trapped in such a ruthless prison for no reason at all? You know, I love him so much and I would do anything to get him back. If you have decency and a heart, you would let him go.”

I couldn’t help but let my tears fall. At last the lady sighed and stood up. Then she unlocked Joe’s kennel and sent him right into my arms. I yanked the torture device off his neck and gave him a hug. Then he licked my face and curled up in my arms.

Now I knew my puppy was back and I would never let him go again.