



YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD DOG DOWN*

Jaine

What kills most dogs, Buddy ate. I'm not quite sure how it started, but my grandma had a habit of feeding him nearly everything that was banned on the veterinary's dog safety list. Snickers, more chocolate, grapes, raisins, left-over bacon grease, coffee, sushi rolls with avocado, raw and cooked bones, Cheetos puffs, cakes, and possibly more items that I was never around to witness in horror.

Abstractly so, Buddy gained more food privilege as he grew into his old-man self. The reason my grandma took him to his check-up in April wasn't for an average doctor's visit, but due to Buddy's refusal to eat and hold his pee. He peed everywhere in the house, outside on appliances and furniture, and on the tires of my Hyundai Elantra after I washed it. The vet reasoned that it was kidney or liver failure, which explains the week-left estimate. However, this diagnosis made Buddy raise his standards.

He refused to eat dry kibble. My grandma would fill his bowl up, only to come back to it half-full as the crows were picking off of it. Being an

innovative woman from a third-world country, she contrived an idea. It began with Vienna sausages. After two weeks or so, Buddy stopped eating again. Then the idea evolved to Vienna sausages and rice. Like clockwork, Buddy turned his nose up to the food. By mid-June, my grandma was feeding Buddy salmon on rice with sauce. By August, glazed rotisserie chicken with rice and shrimp. For comparison, I eat shrimp and spinach for dinner almost every night. *“Even I don’t have the luxury to eat like Buddy,”* I said to my grandma over the phone while reminiscing about his survival. *“Well you’re not a dying dog, now are you?”* She asked me in response.

**Excerpt*