





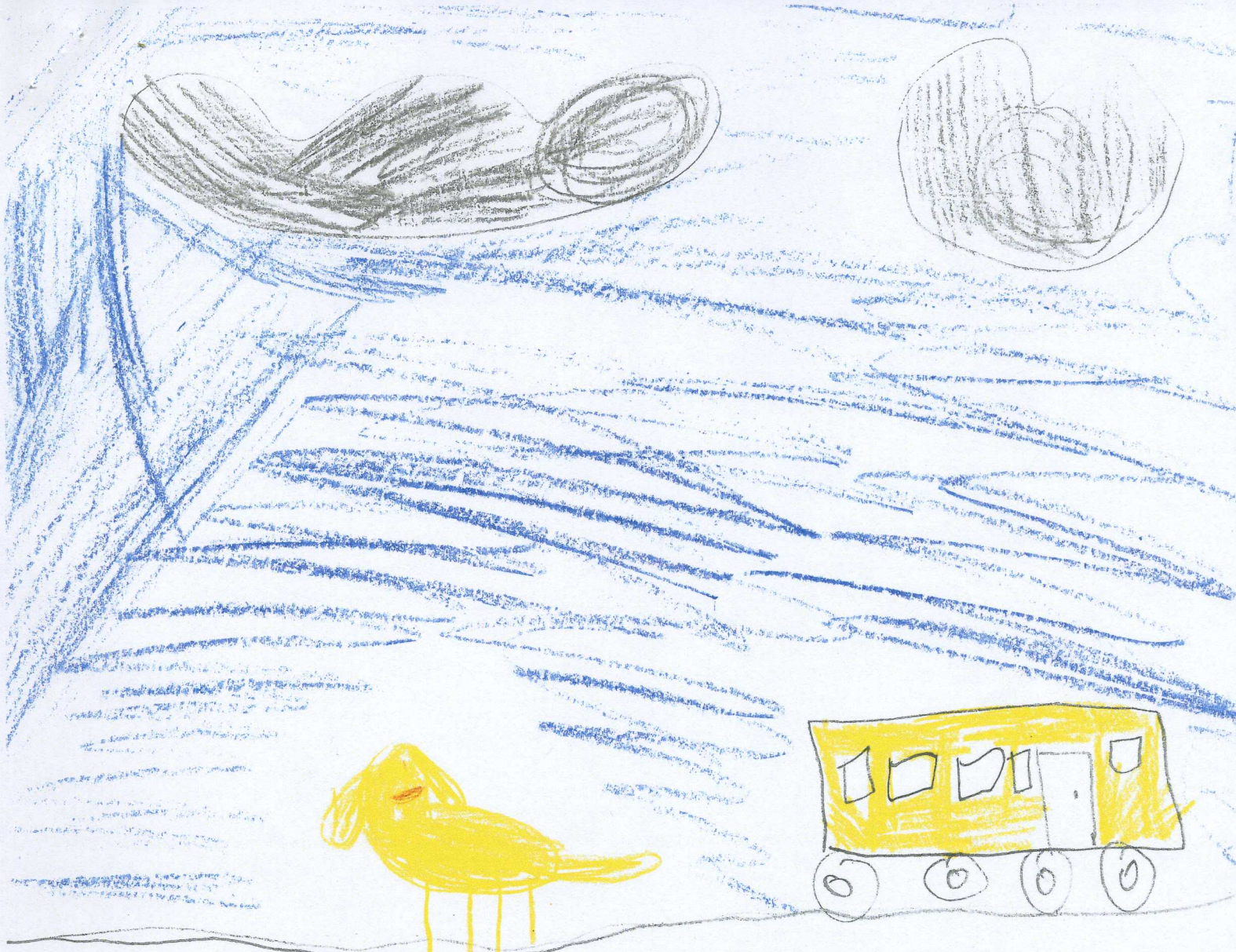
I am a golden retriever. I used to live on Park Street in a big red house that was falling apart. My owner didn't take very good care of me. He didn't feed me very good food and sometimes he forgot to feed me at all. One day I ran away. I ran and ran. Soon I was captured and taken to a shelter.





Soon a nice caring family took me home with them. It was nice there, but the family had to move away. One day a person who I didn't know came and took me away. I was scared so I scratched the person and ran away. I thought I was only a block away from home, but I was wrong.





I wandered around for five days. "Where are my friends?" I thought. I hoped they would come. "I give up. I need a family to come and find me." Finally a little girl saw me and wanted me. "Mommy, can we bring this dog home?" she asked her mom. They took me in a box with a blanket and a chew toy to the vet. The veterinarian did an exam to make sure I was healthy. I had a hurt paw and would have to stay at the vet through the night to have it treated.





The next day, the little girl came back to take me home. She had a special bed set up in her room just for me. She called me Diamond and told me I was home. Then she said, "I love you, Diamond."

I won't ever run away again.