

## I remember

I remember the blissful day when my father-like uncle bought home that scrappy puppy with those big brown beaded eyes and fresh smell. It instantly was bought to my attention as it jumped up and licked my soft young skin. I felt its soft velvety fur rub against my low cropped trendy jeans – well, what I thought was fashionable back in those days. I could hear the screams of my erratic older cousins excitedly running towards my big uncle, the dog and me. The dog. I could already sense that I was going to like this dog. Again, the dog the dog. My jolly uncle and hyper cousins decided to name my rough lovable doggy a name which to this day I cannot comprehend or remember. Tyson. He looked like a Tyson and smelt like a Tyson, even though I have no idea how. That name suited him well and I still think of that name whilst I play in the glistening grass on a wet miserable day in Handsworth. I felt even closer to him now that we had a secret-cool-name-identity-thing going on between us. I felt important. I had another friend close to my heart, even though it wasn't human. And although he was just a dog from a local pound he was beginning to have an affect on me. That moment was ruined by my idiotic cousins that - if I remember correctly - were betting on how fast he could run. Pfft, boys. I had a large family so it was not as if Grandma and Granddad actually missed me and to be frank, I honestly came more and more often just to see my Tyson. I felt proud and loved when I was able to claim him as mine. I was shocked to see how much he grew. He grew bigger, taller and sharper. Although his main frame grew stronger and his teeth gave off a vicious vibe, I could still see the innocence in his intense soulful stare. One that wouldn't hurt me. It was around the age of four when I thought of him as my protector. My security guard. Thinking of it now, I would have laughed at the time. My protector as a dog? I should have known I was getting too close to this animal. Too close that thought of him as someone to always go to. A friend. I was young, practically still a toddler – from what I have been told. Was it right for me fall so deeply into this friendship, with a dog that could easily run away? Or was I a fool to think of a dog s my friend? A being that did not even sum up to the kind of brain power us humans have. My daddy always did tell me quite rapidly that's animals were useless. I felt betrayed by him and I remember that distinct moment where my heart practically bled for Tyson. He was mine, and always would be mine. Could my father not see how much I loved him? I was very much close to tears. I could feel them erupt in my already-glistening eyes as I ran to find my loving, endearing friend. My Tyson.