

Emma was frozen in place.

“Wait, you won’t leave without your dog? Is she hurt too? Let’s take a look.” Smelling like the v-e-t, he snapped the rubber gloves he was wearing. It reminded me of the last time I saw the v-e-t, and I had realized I was truly lost. That my people were far away. I got sad just thinking about it and my heart hurt. Blinking, I saw there was a camera laying on the ground not too far from my face.

I flinched as he touched my right paw. He said, gently, “Those cuts look pretty bad.” Wait, they did? I rolled up on my belly to look. No they didn’t. Oh, he *was* good. Very good. “It looks like she will need to see a doggie doctor, but she can go with you in the ambulance for now. Okay.” He was amazing, simply amazing. I must shake his hand. I sat up and held out my injured paw.

“Look at that. You are very welcome,” he said smiling that smile, shaking my paw gently. “Head on over to the ambulance. I will be there soon.” Emma stood up and I followed, and we walked towards the flashing lights. Actually limping, I had to admit the booty did cushion my paw from the hard ground. Don’t tell the booty I needed it.