

~~Intro to College Writing~~~~9/24/09~~

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Blind Innocence

The summer before I started college had finally begun! The sun was as bright as ever and the cool blue swimming pool was all that was on my mind. I had recently gotten a call from a friend of mine; they were headed to the beach and were in desperate need of a house sitter. "I can do it," I told them. They have a tremendous house in a very nice neighborhood with a pool! It didn't hurt that they had, yes, a dog too! Ever since I can remember I have always been so into dogs. I didn't even think twice before I said yes. They were going to be gone for a whole week, and my responsibilities were very minimal. Since I was about to go off to college I had this whole responsibility thing down! So basically all I had to do was tend to the plants, feed the dog, check the mail, and get the newspaper for a week and I got money for it too. I can handle that or so I thought.

Here I am, setting out on this week long adventure of being away from home and getting a little taste of college early, how splendid is that? My first day was a piece of cake. I did everything on my list, check, check, check, and check. After I finished all of the rigorous chores around the house, I set off to the backyard to enjoy my day by the pool with the dog! The dog's name was Tiffy and she was a poodle. Tiffy's coat was snowball white with brown dirt spots all over. She had a long tongue that stuck out of the side of her mouth at all times, never fail. Tiffy was also as blind as a bat! She couldn't see a hand right in front of her and completely depended on her other four senses to get around. Tiffy was actually pretty ugly thinking back on it, nevertheless, she was a very sweet dog. The pool was everything that I had hoped for and more, it was the infamous first summer swim. The sun was sparkling off of the aqua blue water, and I looked over to see Tiffy plopped right down beside me, under the lawn chair, ending her quest for just a hint of shade. After

the enjoyable day outside I ventured back into my temporary house. Finding little to do, I decided I would go the extra mile and clean the house! Impressive, right? The next day I woke up early with Tiffy scratching at the door, looking to get let out for her morning stroll of the backyard. So, I decided to give her some attention in order to help her cope with missing her owners. After we finished playing together, I gave her one of her beloved treats, a beggin strip. Tiffy never forgot about her treats, and was insistent in following you around until she got her prize of the day.

That night I had big plans, plans to have a group of friends come over to swim. Man this week was going just as planned, ideal! My friends started coming and coming and finally the party had begun, I know what you are thinking. You are thinking that the party got way too out of hand and I got caught or something was broken or that maybe the cops showed up, but none of that happened. After all of the guests left little Tiffy jumped off of the couch and sprinted right for bed. She and I were really becoming friend, this week was perfect! The next two days were what I would say, uneventful. They were both very enjoyable, with the bright sun, good friends, and Tiffy, but nothing dramatic happened that truly sticks out in my mind. On the fourth night I had some friends over, yet again. The crisp air felt perfect along with the warmth of the pool water. There we six of us in the pool playing water basketball with Tiffy off to the side rooting us on. We were using a little goal off to the side of the pool to shoot into. One of my rather intelligent friends thought that this little plastic basketball goal would hold up the weight of an eighteen year old boy. Would you be surprised if I told you that he was wrong? Well, he was. Tiffy was watching this whole situation pan out and you could see it in her eyes that she was worried. Let's just say that the night came to a quick end after the rim to the basketball goal was in shambles. It wasn't anything a little super glue couldn't fix. The rest of the week was going flawless, which is a very big deal because house sitting is not a job to be taken lightly. Towards the second half of the week I would wake up every morning and decide to take the dog on a short walk. We were just bonding as I thought of our awesome week coming to a close.

My splendid week was coming to an unfortunate quick ending. I got a wakeup call at about eight thirty that morning and the owners said, "We will be home about eight!" I replied, "Sounds great...see you when you get here." When I was really thinking, oh no!! I thought they were getting in later than that. I tried to talk myself through this situation, no big deal I have this under control. I ran like a maniac around the house making sure everything was clean, and all of my responsibilities were taken care of with Tiffy running right by my heels. Tiffy did great all week. There was only one present left for me in the house during the whole week, and that was when she had been left for too long. After I looked at my list, check, check, check, and check, I was good to go. One last swim in their refreshing pool was all that I wanted before they came hurrying in from their long trip. I gave in and let some of my friends come over for one last swim too, but I wouldn't let anyone in the house and told them not to mess anything up. I was so close to completing my very first house sitting job successfully I could almost smell it. I didn't want anyone to ruin it.

After swimming with my friends for about an hour, my mom showed up. She was doing one last run through of the house just to make sure that I had the house all spic and span, and that I left it better than what it was when I got there. She was just about to leave when she asked, "Where is Tiffy?" Seriously! It was two hours before they arrived home from their vacation and I had just lost their dog. Well, technically I did not lose the dog; she compressed her way through the fence, not my fault. We searched the house, high and low, up and down. Tiffy was nowhere to be found. I called the owners and asked them if this happened often, she laughed and replied, "Yes, all the time, she squeezes her way through the fence, but always comes right back." Good, I was off the hook. Just to be safe though I decided I would go out and look for her. Tiffy was really good at this whole game of hide and go seek, I even had the whole neighborhood seeking and they were just as empty handed as the rest of us. I have never searched so hard for anything. I cannot describe the way I felt at that moment, it was probably the worst feeling I have ever had! The trees behind their house were hanging low as if they knew something I didn't. I called the owner again, and yet again, she

reassured me there was no problem and Tiffy would come back at any moment now. Yeah, right. So, I waited and waited. Deciding that the process was going to take too long I went and looked, yet again. Nothing found. The dog never showed. Eventually, the owners came home and began to help me look in the dark woods by the fresh running creeks. We searched for another thirty minutes and still came up without any luck at all. With faces of dismay they told me to head home and to not worry, they would find her. They pressed on and continued to look for Tiffy. Later that night I got a text message that Tiffy was found back in the woods and was not doing too well but they thought that she would make it! She had been in the hot woods for a good seven hours and was suffering from heat exhaustion. This news was awesome; Tiffy was found and was going to make it! The next day rolled around and I wanted to check on Tiffy. I sent her a text and all I got in my reply was, "The dog passed." I was speechless. How could this have happened, yesterday they said she was going to make it. I felt so bad and did not even know how to begin and reply to that text. I cried over this and had to force myself to the conclusion that I did not do anything wrong.

Sometimes life will dish out tough things. Even in some cases if you do everything just right, it still might not all turn out as planned. Let's just say this was one of those special cases. Tiffy was a great dog, and we had an excellent week together, and her life came to an unfortunate ending. Later that week my mom and I brought the family food and apologized for the incident, just as if someone had passed away. Even though everything has been mended, I still do not think I will be house sitting for them anytime soon. Always remember, some things are out of your control, and all you can do is your best.