

# CHAPTER 1

Fear. Fear is a rather strong word. After all, to be afraid of something is to have an unpleasant feeling (sort of like that feeling you experience when you see the mailman walking through the beautiful green grass that you literally just marked . . . the nerve he has). Fear is a feeling that you might experience when you think of something dangerous, threatening, or creepy (like that lanky, brown spider, which is crawling towards your toes).

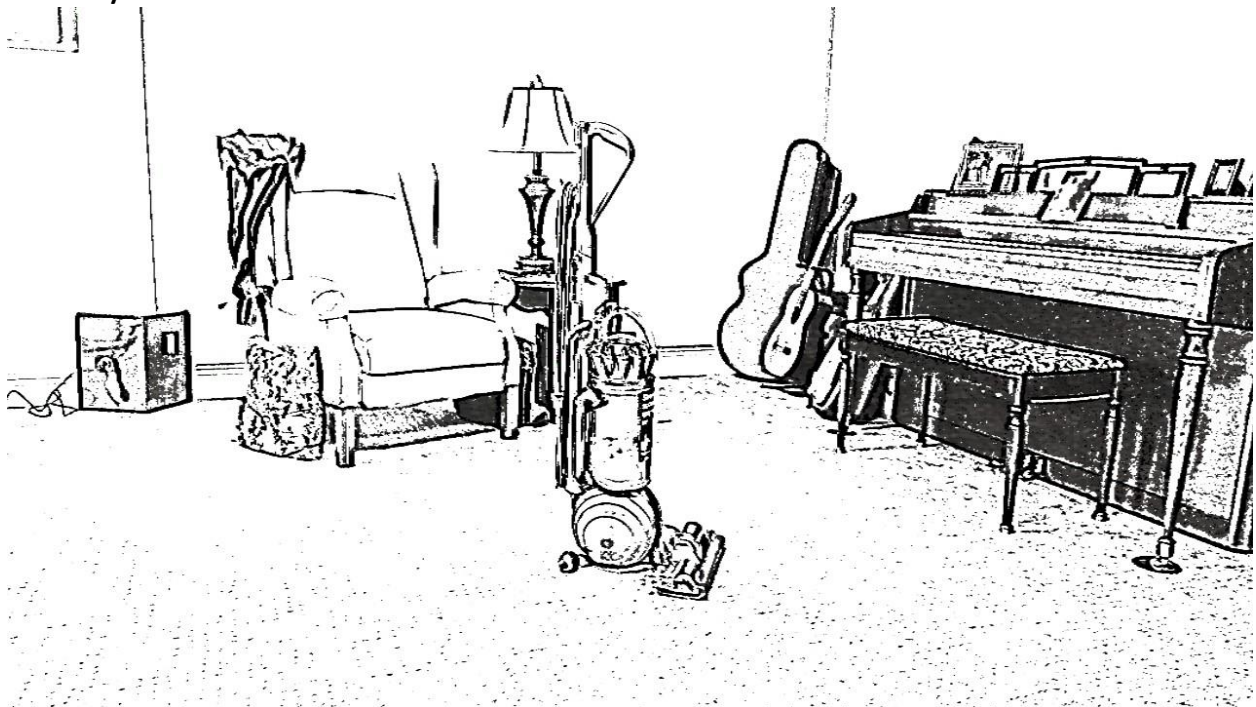
Everyone is afraid. To be scared is merely human, or rather canine, I should say. My name is Tucker, and I've experienced fear in every second of every minute of every day that I have placed my furry paws upon this Earth. "Like owner, like pet," all humans say, and although my owners do experience fear and anxiety here and there, their fear wouldn't compare with what I go through day by day. You may say I'm a coward, you may call me a wimp, but the fact that I'm scared is something I cannot help. It is the way God has made me and the way I will stay. One day, however, it might change.

It all started when I was a pup. The reader should know that this time, in my life, was right before my introduction into the family that I

live with today. Terrible place it was that I lived in at that time; however, I don't remember it much, in all honesty. Many things began to frighten me at a very young age.

First, there was this little white ghost (the horrid thing that it was). For no apparent reason, this monstrous beast would attack me whenever I was wet. Oddly enough, I would have to perform this weird ritual called a bath. My old caretakers (if that's what they were supposed to be anyways) would drench me in frigid, cold water. Then they would wipe me down with these smelly, fluffy clouds that would stick to my face and stay there until, well, I don't remember how I got them off, now that I think of it.

This ghost would slither down my back, crawl between my front legs, and wiggle past my hindquarters. They called it a "tow-wel", but I know it was the purest semblance of evil and an obvious associate of the enemy.



Secondly, they had this tower of terror, which grazed across the floor, making these hideous sounds from the depths of below. Amazingly, when my caretakers put it back in its natural habitat, concealed carefully behind a polished, white door, the floors and

carpets would be incredibly clean. I know, however, that it was a device of torture meant to remove all table scraps from under the tables and chairs which inhabited the rooms.

Finally, as if my miseries were too few, these people had a menacing villain (under the codename of "mail-man"), who sneaked across my lawn every day, disregarded my territory, and ignored my obvious authority. He wore a cap of black, and a jacket of blue, and down his shiny brown trousers, boots with my poo, which is why he would grumble and complain at our door. For there, a mutual dislike formed between us two. However, on my last day at this prison, we found out his name, a name which struck terror into the hearts and souls of men, his name was Dave.

Thankfully, after living this way for several weeks, a pen was fixed outside of our door, and a sign stamped to the ground, which none would ignore. There were puppies for sale, adorable wrinkly things that they were. These puppies barked and whined as the passing strangers examined them, stroking their gorgeous coats with glee. On that day, I met my family, and I will be more than happy to say that the changes to my livelihood were more than okay.

Fortunately, my new owners were not so fond of kennels, and before I knew it, my adorableness had easily won them over. I was sleeping on their beds, strolling through the entire house, and eating the most delicious, mouth-watering foods that a dog could've ever wanted. Life became simple for a dog like me, and before long, I was literally their king. Kisses, hugs, baby talk, and the protection of a family became commonplace. They were my pack, and I was their pup. Life would never be the same.